

though we committed fornication and murder a thousand times a day".—This is the ennobling doctrine! to be inculcated by the saint to whom all Protestantism has recently been screaming its Paeans! It is more immoral than the doctrine of indulgence proclaimed by Tetzel at Tuck of Drum. If a holy one committed fornication and murder, say only once a day, he would have required to have paid very heavily to Tetzel for remission; but he could spare his purse by becoming a Lutheran, and wash out the shame of fornication, and the blood off the hands of murder, by simply asserting faith in Jesus-Christ. Reformation, indeed! the watchword of its Hierophant is "Esto Peccator et Pecca Fortiter;— Be a sinner and sin boldly."

Saint Martin was possessed of an ungovernably bad temper. If he were alive now among those who belaud him they would require to learn to keep at a respectable distance from him, lest, as marks of his Christian lovingkindness, they should have their eyes blackened, or their teeth broken. Whining Stiggins, in his little Bethel, knows as much about Luther as he does about the Digamma or anything else under the sun. He simply turns up his lack-lustre eyes and whines his platitudinarian prayer to his own placed fetish. He would be as surprised to hear that Luther was an ill-tempered brawler as that he washed baby napkins; and yet we have the brawling vouched for by Melanethon, and the napkin washing by Luther himself. Says Melanethon: "Ab eo saepe copaphos acepi—I have often received blows from him" (Luther). His blessed Lord flogging the merchants out the Temple with a scourge seems to have afforded an example that was emulated by this disciple of the great master when he whacked poor Melanethon, the mildest of all the reformers.

I have said that Luther evidently considered Christ's row in the Temple worthy of zealous imitation. There was another passage in Holy Writ to which he attached more than ordinary importance, viz: "Multiply and replenish the earth." But, above all, to him the most precious things in the Book of God were the pure and holy words to be found in Hosea i. 2: "Go take unto thee a wife of whoredoms and children of whoredoms." As far as this was concerned, the saint could lay his hand on his heart and say, "Lord, I have kept thy Word." His house at Wittenberg became a harem of run-away nuns. The light of the harem was the cloistered courtesan, Catherine Von Bora, whom he married in defiance of his vows of celibacy,