

PROTESTANT CONTROVERSY.

BY A PROTESTANT MINISTER.

LXXXIII.

For special reasons I will adjourn the consideration of the Spectator's criticism of Doctor Griffin, in order first to consider as thoroughly as possible the Massacre of St. Bartholomew's Eve, in all its aspects.

The common way of controversy is this. When a great crime has been committed in the past by our side, we always plead in mitigation the spirit of the age.

For instance, Lanning, who is a good illustration on account of his insidious lightness, which makes him a mere straw on the current, always treats every act of Roman Catholics in the past which is contrary to the accepted ethical standards of our time precisely as if those who committed it were in no way different from robbers and assassins of to-day.

When in the morning Star, I called his attention to the unreasonableness of this, instead of accepting the correction like an honest and candid man, he turned upon me and charged me with defending the massacre of St. Bartholomew!

I was terribly angry, I acknowledge, but when you strive with fools you must expect that they will behave like fools.

Dismissing this poor waif of rotten driftwood, let us turn to men of sense and right reason, such as the great Frenchman and Protestant Guizot, whose ardent sympathy with the Reformation shines through every page of his History of France, but who never forgets to treat the Catholics as having been as truly Christians as the Huguenots.

I refer especially to the voluminous history written for his grandchildren, giving his latest judgment of these matters.

Guizot declares, emphatically, that wherever the French Protestants had resentments to gratify or dangers to obviate, they were to the full as merciless as the Catholics. The facts from beginning to end bear him out.

Our common Protestant view of the Reformation is that it was a sudden revival of Christian righteousness and spiritual experience against mere worldlyness and wickedness. We view it as having been like the Gospel itself as its origin, and if we are a little ignorant to Catholicism, we are willing to own it as having been, on a much higher scale, not altogether unlike the rise of Franciscan and Pietism in Germany and Methodism in England were undoubtedly true revivals, and we conceive the Reformation as having been like these, but far more illustrious.

This view has been still more thoroughly settled among us by Marie d'Amboise's slouching and untrustworthy, but picturesque and pleasing, religious romance, commonly known as "The History of the Reformation," which is a thoroughly unreligious, but being utterly unreligious, he makes all his characters as good as himself. Not only is the darker side of Luther completely hidden from us, but Philip of Hesse, tyrant, drunkard, adulterer, as he was, comes out into view as a satulity Josiah.

The real character of the Reformation, as a whole, is very well expressed by an eminent Presbyterian friend of mine, as having been "a political revolution rather than a religious revival." Not only is this the true view, but it is decidedly for our interest, as Protestants, to accept it. Taking this position, we are much less embarrassed by Luther's indecencies, and the Landgrave's and the Elector John Frederick's immoralities, and Henry VIII's brutalities, and Elizabeth's diabolical behavior, than if we insisted on treating them as so many apostles.

Elizabeth's diabolical behavior, which I surmise to have been keen. The original Reformation in France was much more nearly a true revival than almost anywhere else, unless it were in Scotland. The first Reformers there seem fairly to have been driven into revolt. They only wished, without breaking unity, to protest against theological petrification and episcopal immorality. At the very time when Rome and Catholic Louvain were founding colleges for the study of Greek and Hebrew, the fossilized Sorbonne was denouncing their studies as heretical! Not only did Lefevre allow ways keep within the Church, and observe even her non-obligatory devotions, but Louis de Berquin, the eminent Christian, noble and scholar, who was strangled and burnt under Francis the First, not only was no Lutheran, but was steadily hostile to Luther's writings. Indeed, had the reforming Fathers of Trent come then into the hands of the Sorbonne, I doubt whether they would have escaped alive. It is not so strange, then, that a good share of the serious Christians of France, despairing of doing anything under the Sorbonne, which condemned Rome and hated Luther almost equally, and really cared for nothing but its own emoluments and power, should have seceded outright from the unreformed French Catholicism and set up a discipline of their own, which, if stern and hard, was at least pure.

Unhappily, remarks Guizot, the new organization did not regard itself as provisional and incomplete, but as perfect and definitive. It also was thoroughly persuaded that it had the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. Catholicism allows for large tracts of truth yet to be apprehended and brought out. Its central fixity,

therefore, is consistent with a great pliability and elasticity, with large theological progress. Calvinism, on the other hand—and this much more than Lutheranism—crystallized itself from the very beginning into a hard and unprogressive definiteness. It caught the fixity of Rome, but not her plasticity. Calvin's system seemed to regard itself as being a theological Minerva, springing from the mind of the Godhead mature and completely equipped. Any thought, therefore, that a Catholic conscience also was to be treated with respect and reverence forbearance was wholly alien to French Protestantism. It was not so fixed but that it had a certain measure of indulgence for Lutheranism, but for Catholicism, none. It lived only in the hope of seeing it utterly extirpated from France. Even after many years of fruitless endeavor should have shown the folly of this hope, Anthony of Bourbon, heir to the throne, reverting on his death-bed to his original Protestantism, declared that if God raised him up, he would suffer "only the ginapel," that is, only Calvinism, to be preached throughout the kingdom.

For a good while the Calvinists of France were few and unorganized. They were not competent to war, but only to martyrdom, which they endured with firmness and dignity. Yet their utter want of regard for the Catholic conscience led them, almost from the beginning, into acts of contumacious violence against the images of the saints, of the Virgin, of Jesus himself. It was not only an illiterate wood carver, a Leclerc, who committed such outrages. The learned William Farel, the first greater propagator of Calvinism in France—counted it, as I remember a special mission and honor to penetrate into the churches during the Mass, or to break up a party accompanying the Victim, and snatching the Host from the hands of the priest, to trample it under foot.

How could the most cold-blooded race of the world have been expected to endure such outrages against the very heart of their religion? Above all, how could the intensity of the French nature endure such things? It is a wonder that, so long as the Calvinists were counted only by hundreds in France, there were any of them left alive.

As they became more numerous, I have the impression that they learned to restrain themselves from direct attacks upon the Mass, but their attacks upon the churches and images became more frequent. They roamed the country, burning monasteries, murdering the monks, plundering the treasures of the churches, breaking the images of saints and kings, shattering tombs, and throwing the bones of bishops and abbots and monarchs about the church yards. This last outrage also again and again occurred in Protestant Germany, in the hope of fending God and gems buried with the dead. At last, after having thoroughly plundered the splendid cathedral of Orleans, a band of Calvinists, headed by the great reformer Theodore Beza, as I learn from the Churchman, forced their way in and blew up three great pillars, bringing down the whole western front.

Not to speak of the fierce sixteenth century, what would come to pass in England in the twentieth century if the Catholics were prowling around the Protestant churches and cathedrals watching to lay them waste in this fashion? CHARLES C. STARBUCK.

12 Meacham Street, North Cambridge, Mass.

IMITATION OF CHRIST.

Of the internal discourse of Christ to a faithful soul. I will hear what the Lord will speak in me. Happy is the soul which heareth the Lord speaking within her, and receiveth from His mouth the word of comfort.

Happy ears which receive the breathings of the divine whisper, and take no notice of the whisperings of this world.

Happy ears, indeed, which hearken to the voice which soundeth with out, but to the truth itself teaching within.

Happy eyes which are shut to outward things, but intent on things internal.

Happy they who penetrate into internal things and endeavor to prepare themselves more and more by daily exercise for the receiving of heavenly secrets.

Happy they who rejoice to be wholly intent on God, and who shake off every worldly impediment.

Consider these things, oh my soul, and close up the doors of my sensual desires; that thou mayest hear what the Lord thy God speaketh within thee. Thus saith thy beloved, I am thy salvation, thy peace and thy life.

Keep thyself with me and thou shalt find peace. Let go all transitory things; seek the eternal. What are all things temporal but seductive snares? and what avail all created things, if thou be forsaken by the Creator? Cast off, then, all earthly things, and make thyself pleasing to thy Creator, and faithful to Him, that thou mayest lay hold on true happiness.

We think of death as being near to others but as far from ourselves.—Abbe Maguire.

The chains of a habit are too small to be felt until they are too strong to be easily broken.—Aron.

Man looketh on the face, but God seeth into the heart.

Man considereth the actions, but God weigheth the intentions.

FIVE-MINUTE SERMON.

Third Sunday After Easter.

LABOR FOR TIME AND FOR ETERNITY.

"What is this that he says, 'A little while' we know not what he speaketh." (John 16, 18)

In the gospel of this Sunday, our Divine Saviour announces to His disciples His approaching departure from this world, at the same time consoling them with the promise of a speedy reunion in Heaven. He calls the number of years intervening between His departure and their death, 'a little while.' This the apostles could not comprehend.

"What is this that he says, 'A little while' we know not what he speaketh." (John 16, 18) My beloved brethren, there are many Christians at the present time, who are as slow of comprehension as were the apostles. In fact, the majority do not wish to comprehend that, according to the words of our Lord, this earthly pilgrimage is only a little while, a fleeting moment, when compared with eternity. Their hearts are so deeply absorbed in temporal affairs that they no longer seem to understand the solemn words of our Divine Saviour. "For what doth it profit a man, if he gain the whole world, and suffer the loss of his own soul." (Matt. 16, 26.)

The patriarch Jacob served his uncle Laban for fourteen years to obtain his daughter Rachel, and, although occupied all day in the most arduous labors, these years seemed but a few days, "because of the greatness of his love." (Gen. 29, 20.) My dear brethren, do we not also find innumerable Christians who, "because of the greatness of their love" for temporal goods; the one for mammon, the other for honor, a third for pleasure, cheerfully serve, for years, and consider the labor as nothing? What privations will not the miser undergo to fill his coffers with gold! From early morning till late at night, he labors assiduously, often suffering the pangs of hunger and cold. But what is the result? He is frequently an object of laughter for the devil and the ungrateful heirs of his riches. Take the ambitious man, he toils and labors in the painful endeavor of obtaining the princely offices of honor! What difficulties does he not undergo, what humiliations does he not endure, what cringing and money! All this he does cheerfully, and what follows? He learns after death, that the remains of a king do not differ from those of a beggar. Again, what will not the drunkard do to satisfy the cravings of his vice! Day and night he remains in the dram shop, undermining his constitution, and flinging away his fortune, heedless of the contempt of the world, heedless of the tears of his wife, of the hunger of his children, he loses his mind and degrades himself to the level of the beast, and sinks into an early grave. Ask these idolaters of shameful vice if they find difficult and laborious the efforts which bring them into bondage for time and eternity. In one word they will answer, oh no, we do this cheerfully, ah! that it lasts only so short a time!

In question of serving the world and sending the soul to hell, there is no thought of toil and hardship. How different when there is question of serving God and of obtaining Heaven! Then, for many, the slightest privation is too irksome, the lightest work too burdensome. If they are asked to pray, to visit the Blessed Sacrament, to go to confession and holy Communion, they answer, we cannot, we have no time. To stand for hours before the mirror frizzing their hair, powdering their face, arranging their dress, or to spend whole nights dancing, gambling carousing—for all this they have an abundance of time. When the ember days or vigils occur, or when the holy season of Lent approaches the very thought of fasting makes them feeble and weak. To fast or abstain is impossible! cries innate effeminacy; it would ruin my health. Sensuality and dissipation require most extraordinary feats of endurance; for instance at a ball or carousal these persons can endure almost impossible. Ah! yes, for the devil and the world, all things can be done; but for God and Heaven nothing can be endured. To purchase eternal damnation they have time, money, strength and will; to save their immortal souls, these poor deluded sinners, who call themselves Christians, can neither move hand nor foot. Oh! terrible blindness, oh! shameful negligence! What a fearful awakening from the intoxication of pleasure will it be for them, when the flickering light of the blessed candle, which they hold in their trembling hands, casts the shadow of death on their agonized features! Ah! then they will see and understand what they did not wish to know and believe: that the world is a base deceiver a delusion, there was but one thing necessary, namely, to save their immortal soul and to secure their eternal happiness. Of this they never thought, for this they had no time, no will. Oh! how bitter are not their tears of sorrow. How gladly would they retrieve what they lost—but in vain! Time will never return, the past cannot be undone. Nothing remains but remorse for their folly, and the account which they must give to the Eternal Judge.

Happy, indeed, the Christian who learns the true wisdom of life while in health, and not only at the hour of

death! Happy he who learns from Jesus, that our life on earth is but a little while! He will not cease to think of the impending eternity; he will save his soul he will prepare for death by a life of penance and fidelity in the service of God. When that most terrible hour has come, he will watch its approach without fear and trembling, and his soul will calmly depart in the peace of the Lord. Amen.

THE PRIEST.

Do you know what it means to be a priest? asks the Louisville Record. Let us give you an example. A young Irish priest, in the first year of his sublime dignity, the priesthood, was lying ill in bed in one of our western dioceses. The door bell rang violently. It was 8 o'clock at night. It was an urgent sick call. A messenger had come thirty-six miles in all haste to summon him; for the proper pastor of the sick man happened to be absent just then from his mission. The poor sick priest hesitated not a moment. He arose from his bed; he bade the messenger to return and announce that he would follow as quickly as possible. His house-keeper and those around him remonstrated, saying his going on that call would prove his own death. He had to go; but not a conveyance was to be had. Commending himself to God, he started. It was a terrible march. The rain poured down incessantly. Involuntarily he paused on his journey several times to still the turbulence of his fevered blood, and to implore strength from God. As he approached the termination of his journey he reeled and tottered; he was faint and weary and sick. It was an all-night's walk. Were it not for the friendly darkness, passers-by would have thought him intoxicated, so much did he totter. He reached the sick man, himself more dead than alive. He was yet in time. The agony was beginning. Mustering all his remaining strength, he heard the poor man's confession, consoled him, and administered to him extreme unction. The Holy Viaticum the dying man was not able to receive. And while giving him the last blessing the young priest felt his own approaching death. The blessed sacrament which he had brought with him, and which the dying man was not able to receive, he administered to himself, as Viaticum, and scarcely had he received it when he sank on the floor, beside the bed, a corpse. Such is the life of the priest.

WHISPERING IN CHURCH.

The worst of all kinds of sounds in Church is that of human voices not engaged in the services—worst in influencing, worst in moral transgression. Even religious conversation is wrong; secular conversation is profanity. Comments on the service itself, if favorable and friendly, are impertinent; if critical are disgraceful; if comical, or calculated to provoke laughter, are infamous.

The insult lies against His courts, against the authorities of the Church, against the congregation. A whisper reaches farther than a whisperer imagines. And wherever it reaches it may rightly stir indignation. It is a form of ill manners, the more deplorable because it is scarcely capable of rebuke and suppression by any other means than a general sense of good behavior and a right education.

"The Strength of Twenty Men" When Shakespeare employed this phrase he referred, of course, to healthy, able-bodied men. If he had lived in these days he would have known that men and women who are not healthy may become so by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. This medicine, by making the blood rich and pure and giving good appetite and perfect digestion, imparts vitality and strength to the system.

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OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. Neatness in Girls. Neatness is a good thing for a girl, and if she does not learn it when she is young she never will. It takes a great deal more neatness to make a girl look well than it does to make the boy look passable. Not because the boy, to start with, is better-looking than a girl; but his clothes are of a different sort, not so many colors in them, and people do not expect a boy to look so pretty as a girl. A girl that is not neatly dressed is called a sloven, and no one likes to look at her. Her face may be pretty, her eyes bright; but if there is a spot of dirt on her cheek, and her finger ends black with ink, and her shoes are not laced or buttoned up, and her apron is dirty, and her collar is unbuttoned, and her skirt is torn, she cannot be liked. Learn to be neat, and when you have learned it, it will almost take care of itself.

Girls With Red Hair. Auburn hair is itself beautiful, but one rarely meets an auburn-haired girl who knows just what colors suit her best. The girl whose hair is of any shade of so called red must never, under any circumstances, wear pink, red or bright yellow. These colors will only accentuate the reds in her hair and the contrast is exceedingly unbecoming. She may, however, wear golden browns and plenty of them. These will bring out the ruddy gold tints of her hair. She may also wear light and dark shades of blue and green, dark purple, gray, white and lavender with a blue cast. And when properly dressed, the red-haired girl is a real beauty.

Best Books For Boys and Girls. A priest in Australia, being asked what books were best suited to mould the moral character of boys and girls, replied that it was quite obvious that the principles which ought to be instilled carefully and constantly into the minds of all young persons were truth, justice, honor, kindness, gentleness, piety. To promote such instruction, he said, the best books, in his judgment, are: For truth, "Lingard's History of England"; for honor, Fenelon's "Telemaque"; for kindness, "Pater's Lives"; for gentleness, St. Francis de Sales' "Introduction to a Devout Life"; and for piety, the Bible. These books are all complete on the broadest principles of truth and morality, and hence cannot fail to instruct and improve every one who reads them.

Sources of Charm. It is well for our girls, and boys to remember that a gracious presence and cheerful, well modulated voice have more power to create beauty than money can buy. The parent teacher also can not overestimate the moral value. They forestall opposition, allay irritation and prepare the way for receptivity. What is called "personal magnetism" is largely capable of analysis. If a uninteresting person has general kindness and sincerity, though he may be transformed by correct training into a husky, dull, or weak voice, he may become pleasant and clear, a slight enunciation may become elegant, slouching gait dignified, and an unattractive person may become winsome. The charm of manner consists in grace, its simplicity and sincerity. Cultivate a pleasant manner of life. Keep the voice sympathetic and cheerful.

Look with interest, but without starting, at the person with whom you are talking. Do not let your wander over his clothes or around the room. Be simple and sincere in your talking. In talking to a number of people scattered around a room, though you are telling the truth, especially to one, let all the others that their presence is recognized, and their interest is appreciated. Each one pleasantly with you.

A Rich Boy. "Oh my!" said Ben, "I wish I were rich and could have things like the boys that go to our school." "I say, Ben," said his father, "you are talking about a number of people scattered around a room, though you are telling the truth, especially to one, let all the others that their presence is recognized, and their interest is appreciated. Each one pleasantly with you."

"For my legs!" said Ben. "Yes. What do you use them for?" "Why, I run and jump, and ball, and—oh, everything!" "That so," said his father. "You would not take \$10,000 for them, would you?" "No, indeed!" answered smiling. "And your arms—I guess you wouldn't take \$10,000 for them, would you?" "No, sir."

"You sing quite well, and I can talk a little bit. You would you with that \$10,000 would you?" "No, sir."

"Nor your good health?" "No, sir."

Your hearing and your taste are better than don't you at the very least; \$50,000?" "Yes, sir."

"Your eyes now. How like to have \$50,000 and be blind to your life?" "I wouldn't like it at all, I think a moment, Be thousand dollars is a lot

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