

SECRET HEART REVIEW. PROTESTANT CONTROVERSY.

BY A PROTESTANT MINISTER.

CXL

The rest of Dean Hodges' first lecture contains nothing which a Protestant has any call to criticize. It is true, in speaking of Luther's having taken the side of the nobility in the Peasants' War, the Dean says nothing of his extreme inhumanity to the peasants. Yet he does not deny it. I have exposed it at full.

The second lecture, on the Calvinistic Reformation, is naturally not unopposed to a Calvinist, like the present writer. Here, at least, there is an example of austere and spotless morals, both in life and teaching. Catholics, of course, must regard Calvin as a very guilty heretic, but his sin, in the eyes of instructed Catholics, would not be looseness, but pride. They will, of course, reclaim against Reman's Christian man of his age, "but the verdict of the great unbelieving, nevertheless, were Catholics, shows the contempt with which he regards the vulgar Catholics against Calvin's early life, and against his deathbed. The Catholic Dictionary also does not deem them worthy of any allusion.

Those persons who have lately, here at home, revived these foul stories, so absolutely inconsistent with the woe and tenor of Calvin's life and teaching, and have endeavored to support them by Lutheran testimony, or either very thoughtless or distinctly disingenuous. The sixteenth century paid very little attention to "the ethics of controversy" (to plagiarize again from my friend, the Rev. Robert Johnson) but of the three great parties, the impression that remains distinctly on my mind after considerable reading (perhaps not without Calvinistic prejudice, is that the Lutherans were much the most unscrupulous. Moreover, they hated the Catholics, they hated the Calvinists a great deal, they hated the Calvinists less worthy of attention would be even less worthy of attention than that which Luther's suicide, which has at last been put to rest by a Catholic professor, or than the shocking slanders spread abroad against the apostle's life and peaceful death of Cardinal Bellarmine. There seems to have been in that age a perfect mania for debauched calumnies.

Allow me here a little on the controversial episode. Dr. Hodges remarks that Calvin's endless patience of study, and his austere, hardly agree with our common notion of a Frenchman. He rightly remarks, however, that every national type shows many exceptions (as almost all European races are very much mixed); and Calvin is hardly an exception. Endless patience in study has been abundantly illustrated in France, and although a worldly Frenchman is apt to be more voluble than a worldly Englishman, a religionist of French or Gaelic, Catholic or Protestant, takes, as a rule, much more kindly to austerity than a Teuton. The inevitable logic and grave solemnity of religious discipline common to John Calvin and Jonathan Edwards might not be so badly explained by their both being in descent of Celtic Gaelic, both French and Edwards Welsh.

Dean Hodges gives St. Patrick as an instance of a Scotchman who is not very much like Scotchmen as we know them. Has he not made a bit of a slip? Nothing is easier, as we know, were the original Scots, as we know, were the Irish. The *perferendum ingenuum Scotorum* is spoken wholly of them. The Irish kings of Durland, in Argyleshire, having inherited the Pictish crown, and come down into the Teutonic Lowlands, communicated the Scottish name to an overwhelmingly Germanic nation. The Lowlanders, says Canon Taylor, are more purely Teutonic than the English, who are in blood hardly more than one-fourth Teutonic. St. Patrick, therefore, if a Celtic donian, and not rather a Breton, was not a Scotchman in the modern sense, but a Celt, Cymric or Gaelic, with probably not a drop of Teutonic blood in his veins.

Dean Hodges explains the strong predestinarianism of Calvin, which was also that of Luther, though not of the subsequent Lutherans, as arising from a strong sense of the Divine sovereignty, against an exaggeration of the human share in the work of salvation. There is no doubt that the later and degenerate scholasticism fell too much under the control of Aristotelian particularism and analysis, and lost much of the grand simplicity of the Gospel plan.

It is certain, however, that the Catholic theology, although of course capable of being preached in a spirit of servilism or of evangelical freedom, had the same doctrinal foundation then that it has always had. From Augustine and much farther back you will find two things: first, that the beginning and the recovery of justification and, alike are gratuitous on God's part, and must be purely received by us; not wrought out by us. Secondly, that good works wrought in the love of God deepen justification, gain an augmentation of grace, help towards the gift of perseverance, prepare for the predestinate a speedier access to the beatific vision, and acquire a larger measure of the eternal glory.

Now if you teach the meritoriousness of good work without teaching the gratuitousness of justification you present the leaves and fruits as if they were supposed to be the tree. If you leave out the trunk and roots, from

which they derive their being and all their virtue. You give a worse than Pelagian caricature of Catholic doctrine. Yet this is what Dean Hodges seems to do. Says he: "Men were being taught that doctrine of merit. They were told that their good deeds and their penances earned and deserved salvation. It was a contract between God and man. On the one side so much merit, so many alms and works of mercy; on the other side so much reward; on man's part penance—on God's part pardon."

Now this last clause, "On man's part penance—on God's part pardon," is an utterly false statement. Catholic theology, in all its schools, taught then, precisely as it had always taught before, and as it has always taught since, that penance, works of mercy, or other good works, do not earn pardon for an unjustified person; that pardon of mortal sin and eternal guilt is a purely gratuitous act of God's compassion not capricious, indeed, but promised to the truly penitent, yet, received and not earned, as indeed repentance itself comes from the preventer grace of God. Even the later teaching, permitted but not ratified as of faith, that good works done before justification may have a certain disposing value towards it, appears to be much knowledge, not to have been much known, then. John Wesley insists strongly upon it, but I do not find that the Catholic Church teaches it, although she allows it.

Of all theologians of that day I suppose that Tezel will be allowed as the head and front of the school most opposed to the Reformation. He presents the scholastic theology of that age, utterly untouched with Humanism, although displaying a competent knowledge of the Scriptures, and at least quite as fair a way of using them as Luther.

The worst charge against Tezel Luther does not echo, even though tempted to do so by the unprincipled Miltitz, who blackens Tezel in his endeavor to gain over the new party. The charge of grievous blasphemy Luther, after making it, expressly retracts, and declares incredible, as indeed it is if solemnly disavowed, as in deed it is solemnly disavowed by the magistrates and clergy of Halle, where the scene was laid. True Luther retracted it twenty years after Tezel's death, when he can no longer defend himself, but those who knew Luther or judge how much that signifies. When Luther, moved by the evidence withdrew the charge, he had not yet invented his later principle, the evidence in favor of an active Papist is never to be allowed, since, if he has not done what you charge him with, he has doubtless been doing something else just as bad.

Luther, in his eagerness to make out Tezel as bad as he can, exaggerated his monthly allowance from the Archbishop, yet he knows nothing of his malversation, as indeed the Elector and his bankers find no fault with his accounts. That he was a popular preacher, a large man, and, like Whitefield, having a voice that carried far in the open air, I suppose beyond denial. Yet the present writer, in his prime, has found that he could not hear a good way in the open air, without absolutely giving up his hope of Paradise on that account. We are glad to suspect that we have been laboring a largely fictitious Tezel, as we have certainly been adoring a largely fictitious Luther.

Next week we will pay some attention to Tezel's teaching.

CHARLES C. STARBUCK, Andover, Mass.

THE HEROINE OF THE STORM.

A Texas Journal's Tribute to a Galveston Nun.

From the Houston Post.

A fearful catastrophe like that of September 8 brings out all that there is in a human being, whether it be good or bad, and when all of the noblest and most lofty attributes which God gave to those whom He made in His image are brought out in one individual, and that individual a woman, mere words become too weak and too inexpressive to do her proper honor.

Such a woman is Mother Mary Joseph, Superioress of the Ursuline Convent at Galveston. She is the heroine of the storm. The deeds she performed that awful night were of such a nature as to entitle them to go down in history with those of the Joan of Arc and the other grand heroines whose achievements have ennobled time. Over 1,000 persons were sheltered in the convent during and after the storm. No one was refused admittance to the sheltering institution on that night of nights. Negroes and whites were taken in without question, and the asylum was thrown open to all who sought its refuge. Angels of mercy went through the army of sufferers whispering words of cheer, offering what scant clothing could be found to this house of charity and calmly urging the terror-stricken creatures to have faith in God and pray that His holy will be done.

The scenes were such that no mortal pen can describe them: and through all, while the wind howled and shrieked and gibbered as if in fiendish glee at the awful results of its work, and while the waves lashed the walls of the convent, a noise that was only equalled by the wind, and building after building fell, the good Mother Superior and the nuns went about doing good, piloting the army of refugees from corner to corner, till at last they found a safe harbor. So far as they were able they provided food and clothing, sharing every piece of clothing in the house, and when these were

used up, taking sheets, bed clothes, tablecloths and table napkins to make coverings for the men, women and children bereft of all. Hundreds of the refugees were taken in with their clothing literally stripped from their bodies by the war of the elements; to some of these were given the sombre dresses of the nuns themselves, and the men thus clothed lent their assistance in the work.

The story of the happenings in the convent that night will never be known, no more than will that of the storm at large. But enough of it has been told by the refugees who flocked there to entitle Mother Mary Joseph and her saintly women to the highest honor and glory.

FIVE-MINUTE SERMON.

Twenty Fourth Sunday after Pentecost.

JUDGMENT.

"When you shall see the abomination of desolation in the holy place, then flee." (Matt. 24, 15)

In the gospel of to-day our Lord announced to us the most terrible of all truths, and that is the Last Judgment. In the valley of Josephph, I see all mankind assembled before the judgment seat of the eternal God. The just with glorious bodies on the right side and the damned with bodies hideous to behold, on the left; those on the right, sing Hosanna to the Just and Eternal God; whereas those on the left, say: "Ye ungodly, fall upon us; ye shall cover us."

Blessed Christians, there is nothing more certain than that we shall be among the number of those to be judged on that great day. Where shall we find our place, to the right or to the left? Shall our cry be "Hosanna!" or "Woe!" What will be the qualities of our bodies; will they be glorified and radiant like the angels; or will they be appalling and resemble the devil's? Ombrous question! Who can answer it? But the conscientious God who will one day judge us, Faith teaches that the hour of death will be decisive; if you die in the friendship of God, free from mortal sin, then hail eternal hail to you! Your soul is saved; the right to Heaven for eternal possession is assured to you. On that great day of judgment, you will triumphantly rejoice for all eternity in the midst of the glorious company of angels and saints. But should death surprise you in impotence with one, — yes, but one mortal sin upon your conscience — then woe! a thousand woes! to you. Your soul will be cast into that fearful abyss where, according to the words of our Redeemer, there is eternal weeping and gnashing of teeth, in that pool of the flames are worm does not die and the flames are not extinguished. In vain will you wring your hands; in vain will you wring your eyes; the day of salvation is past, the night has come where you can no longer work. On whatever side the tree has fallen, there it will remain for all eternity. On the last day—the day of the general judgment—the soul will ascend from hell to re-inhabit that body; covered with shame and confusion and before Heaven and earth, before all angels and men it will stand unmasked in all its terrifying hideousness amidst the company of the damned.

O sinner, you are aware of this, and yet you do not take it to heart! Do you not hear our Divine Redeemer warning you so earnestly in the gospel of to-day: "When you shall see the abomination of desolation, which was spoken of by Daniel the prophet, standing in the holy place, be that reads, let him understand and they that are in Judea, let them flee." Ah, yes, open the eyes of your mind and behold with terror the abomination of desolation in your soul. See, the soul was once a temple of the Holy Ghost, adorned with the treasures of divine grace, effulgent in innocence and heavenly beauty, a beauty like that of the brightest angel on the day of his creation. And now, behold! What do you see! The radiant glory of grace is gone, the beauty of divine purity is destroyed, the brightness of the most fruitful image of Satan. That throne of the true God is now defiled and desecrated by the prince of darkness, who, with his assistants, rules a house of unclean passions. Who is not induced to exclaim with the royal prophet: "O God, the heathens are come into Thy inheritance; they have defiled Thy holy temple." (Ps 78, 1)

O you, who are in so terrible a state of mortal sin, to you the words of the Redeemer are directed: "Flee, flee! Yes, save yourself by flight, for your soul is in the greatest danger. If you die in your sins—and, perhaps, death is very near—you are lost without hope, irremediably lost for all eternity. Oh, flee therefore, but to whom will you flee? To whom else, than to Jesus, your merciful Saviour? He alone can bring you help; He alone

Liquor, Tobacco and Morphine Habits.

A. McTAGGART, M. D. C. M.

Room 17, James Building, cor. King and Yonge Sts., Toronto.

References as to Dr. McTaggart's moral standing and personal integrity per Mr. W. R. Meredith, Chief Justice.

Rev. W. R. Meredith, Chief Justice.

Rev. John Potts, D. D., Victoria College.

Rev. William Caven, D. D., Knox College.

Rev. Father Ryan, St. Michael's Cathedral.

Right Rev. A. Sweetman, Bishop of Toronto.

Thos. Coffey, Catholic Record, London.

Dr. McTaggart's vegetable remedies for the liquor, tobacco, morphine and other drug habits are beautiful, safe, inexpensive home treatments. No hypodermic injections; no publicity; no loss of time from business, and a certainty of cure. Consultation or correspondence invited.

can purify the desecrated temple of God: He alone can cleanse and sanctify your soul; He alone can restore to it the lost garment of innocence; He alone can make you again a child of God, and an heir of Heaven. He not only can do this, but He is most anxiously waiting to do it. He calls all you that labor and are burdened, and I will refresh you." (Matt. 11, 28)

Oh, hasten therefore to the tribunal of penance, by a good confession to the priest—the representative of God—place the heavy burden that oppresses you in the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and you in that haven of rest, you will obtain grace and mercy. Jesus will receive you as the noble Shepherd His lost sheep, and the noble Father his prodigal son. He will absolve you from all your guilt. He will grant you again that consoling peace of God in this world, and a place among His elect on the Great Day of the Last Judgment.

But you who are in the state of grace, you happy children of God, do you also meditate frequently on that day of reckoning—that great day of harvesting for eternity, and you will be encouraged to persevere. You will be encouraged to persevere in the service of God and in working out the salvation of your immortal soul. You will strive the few days which you yet have to battle and to suffer? They are but a fleeting moment compared to the never-ending eternity. Soon the strife be over, the race run, and the crown of glory obtained. Soon the happy hour will come, when you can triumphantly exclaim: "I rejoiced at the things that were said to me: we shall go into the house of the Lord." (Ps. 122, 1) Oh, let us, therefore, steadfastly persevere in love and fidelity to God, in sacrificing zeal for the salvation of our souls and we shall rejoice in the possession of God for all eternity. Amen.

MALARIAL FEVER.

After Effects Leave The Victim Weak and Depressed.

MISS EMMA HUSKINSON, A CAPTAIN IN THE SALVATION ARMY TELLS HOW SHE REGAINED HEALTH THROUGH THE USE OF DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS.

From the Sun, Orangeville, Ont.

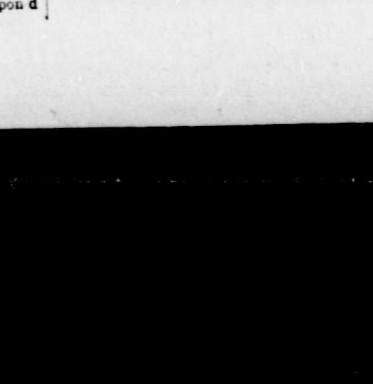
Among the oldest and most highly respected residents of Orangeville is Mrs. John Huskinson, whose daughter, Miss Emma, has for a number of years been an acute sufferer from the after effects of malarial fever. A reporter of the Sun hearing of the wonderful effects which Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have had on Miss Huskinson, called at her home to enquire into the truth of the rumor. After stating the reason of his visit, he was kindly received by Mrs. Huskinson, who gave him the following facts of the cure: "Some years ago," said Mrs. Huskinson, "my daughter Emma, who is now captain of the Newmarket corps of the Salvation Army, was attacked by malarial fever. She was under a doctor's care for a long time and although she recovered sufficiently to go about, the after effects of the fever left her very weak and the doctor did not seem able to put any life into her. She had frequent headaches, was very pale, and the least exertion would greatly fatigue her. We thought a change might do her good and consequently she went on a visit to Toronto. While there she was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and at once purchased a supply. Before she had finished the second box she noted a marked change for the better; her appetite improved, her color returned, the feeling of exhaustion had disappeared, and by the time she had taken a half a dozen boxes she was enjoying the best of health, and all her old-time vigor had returned. All though her work in the Salvation Army is hard and exposes her to all kinds of weather, she has been able to do it without the least inconvenience.

"Some time after my daughter's cure I was myself completely run down, and to add to my trouble was seized with a severe attack of rheumatism. Remembering the benefit my daughter had received from Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, I decided to use them, and before

Nobody knows all about it; and nothing, now known, will always cure it. Doctors try Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil, when they think it is caused by imperfect digestion of food. You can do the same. It may or may not be caused by the failure of stomach and bowels to do their work. If it is, you will cure it; if not, you will do no harm. The way, to cure a disease is to stop its cause, and help the body get back to its habit of health. When Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil does that, it cures; when it don't, it don't cure. It never does harm.

The genuine has this picture on it, take no other. If you have not tried it, send for free sample, its agreeable taste will surprise you. SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto. 50c. and \$1.00; all druggists.

Ask the girl who has tested it. Ask any one who has used Surprise Soap if it is not a pure hard soap; the most satisfactory soap and most economical. Those who try Surprise always continue to use it. SURPRISE is a pure hard Soap.



ASK FOR Labatt's (LONDON) TELL YOUR DEALER YOU WANT

The best, and see that you get Labatt's, the best Domestic Ale and Porter on the market. As good as imported and will cost you less.

WEBSTER'S INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY. NEW EDITION JUST ISSUED. NEW PLATES THROUGHOUT. Now Added 25,000 NEW WORDS, Phrases, Etc. Rich Bindings & 2364 Pages & 5000 Illustrations. Prepared under the supervision of W. T. Harris, Ph.D., LL.D., United States Commissioner of Education, assisted by a large corps of competent specialists. BETTER THAN EVER FOR GENERAL USE. Also Webster's Collegiate Dictionary with Scientific Glossary, etc. First class in quality, second class in size.

When Ale is thoroughly matured it is not only palatable, but wholesome. Carling's Ale is always fully aged before it is put on the market. Bots in wood and in bottles it is mellowed by the touch of time before it reaches the public. People who wish to use the best Ale should see to it that they receive Carling's. It is easy enough to get it as nearly every dealer in Canada sells Carling's Ale and Porter.

COWAN'S HYGIENIC COCOA. After a thorough analysis, and proof of its purity the leading physicians of Canada are recommending... Leads all Canadian Life Companies. Its ratio of profits earned is \$1,000,000 of insurance in 1899 heads the list.

The Mutual Life Assurance Company of Canada. Formerly The Ontario Mutual Life. Leads all Canadian Life Companies. Its ratio of profits earned is \$1,000,000 of insurance in 1899 heads the list.

MEMORIAL WINDOWS. High-Class Church & Cathedral Windows. Request to any architect or American work. HOBBS MFG. CO. LTD., London, Ont.

Rheumatism. Nobody knows all about it; and nothing, now known, will always cure it. Doctors try Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil, when they think it is caused by imperfect digestion of food. You can do the same. It may or may not be caused by the failure of stomach and bowels to do their work. If it is, you will cure it; if not, you will do no harm.

MONEY TO LOAN. Money to loan on first-class mortgage security of central city property and farming lands at 5% to 6% interest. For full particulars apply to JOHN A. MCGILLIVRAY, 1147 1/2 Temple Building, Toronto.

O'KEEFE'S Liquid Extract of Malt. Is not a patent medicine, nor is it beer, as some imagine, but it is a strong extract of Malt and Hops, recommended by the leading medical men all over Canada, for the weak and convalescent. If you are run down a few bottles will do you good. Price, 25c. per bottle. Re-use all substitutes said to be just as good.

REID'S HARDWARE. For Grand Rapids Carpet Sweepers, Superior Carpet Sweepers, Superior Mops, Wringers, Mangles, Cutlery, etc. 115 Dundas St. (North) London, Ont.

PROFESSIONAL. DR. CLAUDE BROWN, DENTIST, HONORARY GRADUATE DENTAL COLLEGE, PHILADELPHIA DENTAL COLLEGE, 185 DUNDAS ST. PH. 1381. DR. STEVENSON, 391 DUNDAS ST. W. London, Specialty—Anesthetics, Phos. DR. WEAUGH, 37 TALBOT ST., LONDON, Ont. Specialty—Nervous Diseases.

DR. WOODRUFF, No. 185 Queen's Avenue. Defective vision, impaired hearing, nasal catarrh and troublesome throat. Eyes tested and Glasses adjusted. Hours: 12 to 4. LOVE & DIGNAN, BARRISTERS, ETC. 4147, Abbot St., London. Private residence on Can.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. THE STORY OF LITTLE BLANCHE. A Breton Tale.

H. Horn, S. J., in American Messenger of the Sacred Heart for November. THE ATHEIST AND LITTLE BLANCHE. CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.

Next night she was more feeble than ever, but she began again, "Papa, do you think God will make me better?" He paused for a second, then said, "I think He ought to do so." She waited a minute, then said, "Papa, if I die do you think I shall go to Heaven?" "Yes," he replied, almost involuntarily, "I am sure you will." "I shall go to see you come, Pa," she said, and sank back exhausted.

That same night he sat beside her, and for the first time he saw that speech was beyond her. He sat down at the bedside and took her little white hand in his. The diamond panes of the window were shadowed by the moon into the corner of the room. The patch of light moved slowly across the wall and lit up in its passage the pale, lifeless face of the little one on the bed. Then it moved along and had reached the other corner, but the father still sat with his face turned to the window. Was he asleep? Did he not know that the hand he clasped in his was dead? Yes, he knew it, indeed. He had felt the pulse stop. He felt the hands growing cold, but he dared not look he dared not stir. His little Blanche was dead. What was he thinking of as he sat with his brow set and his body motionless? Had grief robbed him of sense? Was he unconsciously and dreaming of happiness now passed? No, he was quite conscious. He had expected the little life that was all the world to him to go that night. It had gone, and now he was realizing his loss. He was running over in his mind all her words, all her habits, all, in fact, that he knew of her. He was talking again to her in the library. He was listening to her prattle. She was asking him again to bless her. Then he remembered that there must be a funeral. Where? At the church? Should he not take her up in his arms, and go and bury her in his own woods, where he might go daily and mourn over her grave? Should she be buried in the churchyard, the place of all places that he never passed through? No, that could not be. Then there rushed upon him a flood of old memories. How years before, he had stood beside little sister's grave, while the priest had blessed it, and there had been white flowers put upon the sod, and he had said that she had gone straight to Heaven. Yes, he would like to go to say that of his little Blanche. And—stronger reason still—Blanche herself would have liked it. Yes, she must be buried in the churchyard. She must be looked on with kind eyes by the country people. Why ever he was, his little girl should be thought an outcast and a sinner. So he wandered on in thought, or sitting quite still, until the rays morning began to glimmer and moonlight began to fade. Then he rose heavily, took one long look at little form on the bed, kissed the brow, and with teeth clenched to the rising sobs, walked out of room.

The news of Blanche's death became known in all the country round. It was a great subject of talk for all the villagers that the atheist daughter was dead and was going to be buried in the churchyard. Children had endless questions to their mothers about the bad mother-daughter. "Was she a terrible hunchback?" "Had the devil got her and carried her straight off to Heaven?" "Had the atheist murdered her, haps?" "Some good old Bretoners, quite as ignorant as the children, were not at all sure of something of the kind had not been told. Others took a middle course and told the inquirers that the dead girl had had such a bad bumping up that she could not but be that a great part of it was no fault. While others again of more enlightened sort said that she had no doubt that the little hunchback gone straight to Heaven, as she been too young to do any harm. View was backed up by some of the little peasant lads, who said that she had caught sight of the atheist's daughter plucking flowers one day, and she had looked "quite good and like other little girls." So with stout supporters, and the favorable opinions of many of the better of the neighborhood to boot, little Blanche became quite well known and was by all the country side. That she been quite good was soon generally admitted. In fact, she had died because God did not want her to be an atheist like her father. Oath-taking was still considered quite a bad habit—that her father had killed and they thought that the girl ought to be sent to investigate matter.

So when the day of the funeral came, all the little folk of the country were there, and were waiting at a distance from the dark woods of the cemetery to meet the little hunchback. They had heard of her cure. They had expected her to be cured (as they had expected her to be cured by their own reasons) so they allowed close upon the single he accompanied as it otherwise was by one or two grim-looking hunchbacks. So Blanche, closed up first time by a crowd of sympathetic little friends, who little knew