

learned men, translated into the English tongue; and by good and godly people with devotion and soberness, well and reverently read."

In Strype's Cranmer we read:

"It is not much more than a hundred years since Scripture hath not been accustomed to be read in the vulgar tongue within this realm, and many hundred years before that, it was translated and read in the Saxon's tongue. And when this language waned old and out of common usage, because folk should not lack the fruit of reading it, it was translated again into the newer language whereof yet also many copies be found."

Now all these translations of the Scriptures, together with a goodly number of commentaries, were all made by Catholics in pre-Reformation times, and yet it has been the proud boast of the Reformers and their adherents to trumpet from the house-tops that they were the first to unlock the wells of divine wisdom, the first to rescue the Bible from that oblivion to which the Catholic Church had so wantonly consigned it, the first to give it to the nations in their vernacular tongues. Vain boast! it recalls to our mind the story of the daw with the borrowed feathers; and while it excites our pity and laughter, it truly merits our contempt.

We say nothing new when we affirm that the Bible was translated into English, Irish, German, French, Italian, Polish, Spanish and Slavonic long before Luther had conceived in his brain or hatched in his bosom the hydra of the Reformation. Was it not from the Church that the reformers received it, or rather was it not from her that they stole it and then corrupted it? Who transcribed and translated it before the art of printing was invented? Who through all the vicissitudes of fifteen hundred years safeguarded it and prevented it from being destroyed like many another sacred and profane book? Who was the first to have it printed? And who first could say that the book thus compiled and printed was, to the exclusion of all other books, the inspired word of God? The only answer that can come from the lips of unprejudiced and enlightened men is that the Catholic Church did all this and that only she could do it. And yet, with all this historical evidence in her favor, she is accused of having concealed it from the people! We are aware that certain words change their meanings with the latitude and longitude of places, but we have never yet heard that the verb "to conceal" had so completely lost its original signification as to mean "to publish or make known." And yet that is the meaning which the enemies of the Catholic Church must give it, if they wish to be regarded as honest and truthful. There is no reason why the Church should conceal it, for there is nothing in it that is in the least way derogatory to the Church's claims, and if there was what was to prevent her from tearing it into shreds and scattering it to the winds, or reducing it to ashes? She had nothing to fear from it, for she well knew that the Holy Ghost Who inspired it was that same Spirit of Truth Who, according to the promises of Christ, was to "abide with her forever" and, through her, teach the way of salvation to a fallen race. God is not like man that He should lie. He cannot contradict Himself for He is the God of truth, truth itself, eternal, subsistent. In inspiring the Holy Scriptures He must necessarily have permeated them with His own divine breath; it is that which gives them life and interest; without it they would be dead and uninteresting; with it they are full of divine life, divine truth and beauty. It was that same God Who inspired the Sacred Scriptures, that said to His Church: "Go teach all nations . . . teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you, behold I am with you all days till the end of time . . . the gates of hell shall not prevail." Now the greater part of what Christ commanded the Church to teach is contained in the Bible, and He has sworn by His Godhead that He, the Way, the Truth and the Life, will be with her, guiding and directing her, teaching and expounding His commandments with her till time shall be no more. He promised that the gates of hell shall not prevail against His Church; but if anything in reality could be found in the Scriptures contrary to the Church's claims, then Christ would have contradicted Himself. He would cease to be God, the powers of error and darkness would have triumphed, the Bible would possess no more interest for us than the Zenda Vesta or the Koran, heaven would lose its beauty, hell its terrors, and all would be chaos.

But we know and believe otherwise, for we know and believe that Christ is God, and that His word remaineth forever. The Eternal Father predicted in the garden of Eden the coming of the Redeemer, and this prediction became more fixed, more bright as time went on. The prophets who stood on the mountain-tops of vision sighed to see the coming of the Promised of the eternal hills, but it was not granted to them. They sang it in psalms, hymns and canticles, while priests celebrated it with all the splendor of sacrificial ceremony. When the fullness of time had come, the Eternal Son of Glory appeared above the horizon and dispelled the awful darkness of that long and weary night that preceded His coming. He the Eternal stood amongst men clothed in their own mortality, but full of grace and truth, the latchet of Whose shoe no man was worthy to loose. By the banks of Jordan the heavens opened above His head, and the voice of the Eternal Father rang out, proclaiming Him His own divine Son, and commanding all to hear Him. "This is My beloved Son in Whom I am well pleased, hear ye Him." It was He that founded the Catholic Church and commanded all to hear and obey her, "He that will not hear the Church let him be as the heathen and the publican." He promised that He would be with His Church till the consummation of ages, and He demands for her that respect and veneration which become the representative of God on earth, for He tells us that he who would despise her would despise Him and the Father Who sent Him. It is clear then that the Church is the representative of Christ, that she is His mouthpiece; her accents are His, her voice is the voice of God, for He has supernaturally endowed her with it. Then truth cannot be in contradiction to truth, the inspired word cannot contradict the infallible Church of Christ; and should they apparently disagree, we should, with St. Augustine, attribute it to our own lack of understanding or to the negligence of some copyist. "I would not believe the gospels," says the same Augustine, "only on the authority of the Catholic Church."

It is nowhere stated, neither is there the shadow of an insinuation in the whole New Testament that the Church should be judged by it, while on the contrary it is emphatically asserted that obedience to the Church is an absolute condition of salvation for all those who know her to be the true Church of Christ. She is the veritable ark of the covenant and is pledged to protect it from all the foul machinations of an infidel world. She applies to herself the words of St. Paul to Timothy, "O Timothy, keep that which is committed to thy trust," and well and faithfully has she kept it, not only from physical destruction but from a far more dangerous enemy—heretical corruption. She has always and in every age been solicitous for the purity of God's message to men, and whenever and wherever erroneous interpretations spring up, she never hesitates to assert that she alone is the supreme teacher and the divinely appointed interpreter of the inspired word of God. To guard that word and to make it known to men and have them incorporate it into their daily lives is the very object of her existence. And never for a moment has she neglected to fulfill this duty since that first Pentecost when the Apostles went forth filled with the Holy Ghost to preach salvation to the nations, and to teach men the wonderful works of God.

And ever since for the last two thousand years, she has been sending missionaries to every land to preach as Saint Paul did, Christ crucified, and to bring the good tidings of the gospel into every home. Often it has been necessary for them to seal their faith with their blood, and willingly did they pour it out, even to the last drop. Persecution after persecution, like wave on wave, rolled over her; the dark clouds of sorrow hid for a time the beauty of her countenance, but like the sun in all her meridian splendor, and to-day, after twenty centuries, she is as young and vigorous, as enthusiastic and zealous as when St. Peter preached in Jerusalem, when St. Paul preached in Athens. In every land and in every clime her priests are to be found offering up a clean oblation to the Lord of Hosts from the rising of the sun to the going down thereof. Her churches, schools, colleges, universities and other religious institutions, which exist in every quarter of the globe, are noble monuments of her zeal, and they bear eloquent testimony to the victory of the Cross. All this is evidence enough that the Church did not hide the word of God under a bushel, but that, on the contrary, she instilled it into the minds and hearts of her children in every word and deed.

Her Liturgy is nearly all taken from the New and Old Testaments. Extracts from them may be found in all the public services of the Church, as well as in the administration of the sacraments. The Mass, which is the principal office of the Church, is mostly taken from the Scriptures; it begins with the Old and ends with the New Testament, while both permeate it, like our muscles permeate our bodies; and as these, without the soul, the principle of life, would be dead and useless, so in like manner the Scriptures in our divine services, without

the presence of Christ in our tabernacles, would be purposeless, lifeless and to no advantage, for He is their warp and woof, their very soul, marrow and substance. Destroy the belief in the Eucharistic Christ and in an instant the grand fabric of Christianity would be in ruins. It is He that makes the Church's ceremonial so beautiful, so attractive, so superhumanly grand. There is a depth of pathos and music in it that so overwhelms the mind of man that in its presence human tongues grow dumb, human lips become sealed, while the hand that would pen it in all its beauty would be paralyzed in the effort. The beauty of our Catholic ceremonial is so divine that it never fails to impress even the hearts of the bitterest enemies of the Church, and, for the time being at least, makes them feel the spiritual starvation from which they suffer and the rich inheritance they have lost. Protestants and infidels alike have praised in no uncertain tones the beauty and grandeur of our ceremonial, and they have left behind them periods as eloquent and as touching as ever fell from the lips of Catholics. "Admirable Ceremonial," exclaims Count Von Loeben, a German Protestant. "Admirable Ceremonial replete with harmony! It is the diamond which glitters on the crown of faith! Whoever has a poetic spirit must feel a tendency to Catholicism. The Catholic Church, with its ever open door, with its undying lamps, with its joyful or mournful strains, its hymns, its lamentations, its hymns, its masses, its festivals and reminiscences resembles a mother who ever holds forth her arms to receive the prodigal child. It is a fountain of sweet water around which are assembled multitudes to imbibe vigor, health and life." Compared with it all other ceremonials dwindle into insignificance. There is neither music nor poetry in them: they are like bodies from which the soul has fled; they chill, they are uninviting, they repel, for there is no heart nourishment in them. The very architecture and ornamentation of Protestant churches are manifestations of a lifeless ceremonial. On entering them we have always felt a sensation similar to that which an inhabitant of the tropical regions would experience were he suddenly transferred to the Arctic pole. We have seen the Sunday services of all the respectable Protestant denominations, and we must confess that there is more spiritual life in the little mortuary chapels in our Catholic cemeteries than there is in the proudest temples of Protestantism.

Now in all this, in her liturgy and ceremonial, the Church is constantly teaching the Holy Scriptures to the people, and it would be as impossible for her to exist and not teach them, as it would for the sun to be in the heavens and not shine, or for man to live and not breathe. And although to teach mankind the Divine Revelation, that is the written and unwritten word of God, is part and parcel of the very nature and constitution of the Church, wishing to impress that fact more deeply in her mind and heart, gave her a positive command to do so. "Go, therefore," said He to her, "teach all nations, teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you, behold I am with you all days till the end of time." Hence we cannot accuse the Church of having at any time neglected to teach the word of God to man, without at the same time, accusing Christ of having neglected to fulfill His promise. But to assert that Christ would not or could not fulfill His promise to the Church, is downright blasphemy, and requires more audacity than the powers of darkness care to claim. But it has been said that the Church prohibited the reading of the Bible and that consequently she is inimical to the Scriptures. This conclusion is a non sequitur, for with equal reason should we accuse a physician of being adverse to viands, though excellent in themselves, just because the condition of his patient would not allow him to prescribe them or forced him to interdict them.

The Church has never put any restriction on the reading of the original texts or of the Latin Vulgate; in fact reliable editions of these texts have always been recommended by ecclesiastical authority, and it can nowhere be found that the Church ever prohibited absolutely and universally the reading of the Scriptures in the vernacular tongues. It was the heretical excesses of the Cathari that forced the Synod of Toulouse in 1229, and that of Tarragona in 1233, to issue for the first time decrees restricting the reading of the Bible in the vernacular. But those who are acquainted with the law of the Church know very well that these decrees had no binding force outside the jurisdiction of these Synods. In like manner the translation of the Bible made by Wycliffe into which he has engraved his errors, necessitated the Synod of Oxford in 1408, A. D., to pass a decree restricting the reading of the

Scriptures, but it also had only a local force.

TO BE CONTINUED.

PRESS DESPATCHES last week informed us that another very notable miracle took place at the shrine of St. Anne de Beaupre. One of the pilgrims approached the altar on crutches and a short time after reciting his devotions he left the crutches on the altar steps, and walked out of the church apparently cured. This took place in the presence of a congregation of five thousand people.

One of our subscribers in Montreal advises us that she has gained a very particular request by making a novena to the Infant Jesus of Prague.

PRIEST SCORES "MISSIONARIES."

THEY KIDNAP NEW YORK'S EAST SIDE CHILDREN, FATHER CURRY SAYS, USING THE TICKETS OF A FREE ICE FUND AS BAIT.

At each of the six Masses celebrated in St. James's Catholic church in James street, near Chatham square, last Sunday morning, the Rev. James B. Curry, the pastor, came out to the altar railing to score members of Protestant missionary societies of the neighborhood who, the priest said, were using the tickets supplied to them by a newspaper's free ice fund to aid the missionaries to "kidnap" the Italian children of Father Curry's congregation.

Incidentally the pastor drew an oral picture of the Rev. Madison C. Peters "wringing tears as well as funds" from a fashionable congregation at Atlantic City recently to further a work that in Father Curry's opinion is debasing rather than uplifting. The pastor maintained that the missionaries are pauperizing the poor and making "beggars and grafters" of them.

"These societies," said the priest, "are their workers down here to kidnap your children. Wherever the Irish or Italians are gathered on the East side you will find the neighborhood teeming with societies whose avowed purpose is to wean the little ones away from us. You do not hear of the Jews doing this—they're too loyal to their own religion. Catholics do not do it, but you see it done on all sides by Protestant societies to which money has been lent by earnest, sincere persons who, I am sure, would be sorry to learn how the money is abused."

"Some of this money, it is true, comes from brokers—stock gamblers, if you will—who have squeezed it from the poor. When they have made enough, or when they come to die, they leave a certain amount of their fortune to these so-called charities to ease their consciences. Some of the charitable organizations are deserving of much praise. There are 'fresh air funds' and 'sick baby funds' established, for instance, by other newspapers, and these societies I have found to be run by a competent corps of physicians and laymen and no attempt at sectarianism is present in their methods. The free ice fund established by a newspaper which, I understand, many well-meaning people help to support, issues tickets that fall into the hands of these missionary societies, and it is against the way the tickets are later used that I complain."

"The other day a noted divine of this city drew tears as well as funds from a congregation at one of the summer resorts while picturing the pale and wan among our tenements. How emaciated their bodies! How trembling sick with the fever they lay in their tiny rooms panting for a bit of ice!"

"But come with me to the corner of Oliver and Henry streets between four and six o'clock in the morning and see the crowds getting the free ice with the tickets supplied by the missionary societies. There in the line you will find strong men and women, well-clad and comfortable looking, and all yelling like Indians for their share. Where are the poor? They are home, hiding their poverty, for the worthy poor do not parade their condition. And the fever stricken are home, too, lying on their sickbeds. Down the street, then, is carried the ice by able bodied men, some of which I know goes into the ice cream freezers of the shops of the neighborhood, some into the iceboxes of small grocers and butchers and a great deal of it is sold."

"None of that ice comes to my poor. Not a single ticket is given to St. James, and consequently any of you that do get the ice must get your tickets from the missionary societies. 'Do these people strive to kidnap my little ones because of their love of children? If so, why do they persistently refuse to have children of their own? If they would assume the responsibilities of the married state they would find work enough to do at home in looking after their own children. Why should they come down here after feeding bonbons to their puppies to tell my people how to live? Would it not be better if they remained on Fifth avenue to preach the gospel to their own and let mine alone? Let them erect a gospel tent up town, where they might preach fidelity to the marriage vows, cleanliness and decency, and instead of giving their time to evangelizing Cherry Hill let them begin with Murray Hill instead."

"They say their object is good, yet they try to make my children do that which is against their consciences in forcing them to attend services in churches other than their own. They are helping to demoralize you. Their efforts only pauperize the poor and make of my beggars and grafters. The lazy father soon learns to look for work while his missionary sister will feed and clothe his children. Instead of saving a little from his earnings to pay his rent the dimes will go to the saloons when he learns a minister will pay his rent."

"I warn you to drive these people from your apartments. As a Christian I would not tell you to throw them down stairs, or pitch them from the windows, but I do insist that you close your doors upon them. And I blame

you, parents, even more than the missionaries for permitting your children to accept these favors from them under the circumstances. You are responsible first of all—a responsibility you cannot shift to your shoulders—for the grievous mortal sin of letting your children drift away from the Church of God. I feel this morning that I am doing my duty, and now I want you to do yours."

"These missionaries know," said Father Curry to a reporter after he had left the church building, "that the result obtained by them is not proportionate to the money they expend. Still, they go ahead building Protestant churches for the Italians on which they never forget to place a cross, even though they will not put crosses on their own churches. I should not object to their work were they to come down among my people and honestly present their arguments to the grown Italians, but their practice of dodging the adults and trying to kidnap my little ones is contemptible."

"They do get hold of some of the children in this way and all goes well for a short time. Then one day they make the mistake of preaching to the little ones against the adoration of the Blessed Virgin and the veneration of the saints. If you had lived in Italy as long as I have you would not have to be told what happens when the children come home with those stories. I know, too, that most of their work is done among the children of the better class, while they overlook the very poor. But if some of the very estimable persons that contribute to this ice fund could see the way it is used, as we see it when we get up to say our early Masses, the contributors would stare, to say the least."

—New York Sun.

AN EVENT OF PECULIAR INTEREST.

An event of peculiar interest in the history of conversions was the celebration of the first Mass of Rev. Stephen W. Wilson at the Church of St. Thomas Aquinas, in Cleveland, a few Sundays ago. As he stood at the altar for the first time to celebrate the divine mysteries, there were grouped about him a number of converts. The celebration had just been ordained, after his four years of seminary course at St. Mary's, Baltimore. Before his conversion, Father Wilson had been pastor of the neighboring Episcopal Church of the Redeemer. He was known as an earnest, zealous young preacher, and it was with surprise and dismay that his congregation accepted his resignation when they learned that he had determined to become a Catholic. Shortly after his own conversion both his mother and his father followed him into the Church. They, too, were present at the Mass. Gathered in the church were a large number of Father Wilson's old parishioners, many of them with strong leanings toward the old Mother Church.

Alongside Father Wilson, as his deacon, was Rev. Alvah Doran, of Philadelphia, also a convert from the Episcopal ministry and doing admirable work in the priesthood, and finally the subdeacon was Mr. Macpherson, who is now studying for the priesthood in St. Mary's, Baltimore. Events like this mark the onflow of the great stream of converts, and they are at the same time a measure of the volume of that stream.—The Missionary.

TALK WITH DR. LAPPONI, THE POPE'S PHYSICIAN.

In reply to the question, Did not Dr. Lapponi advise the Pope to have a change of air? The Doctor replied that he had not and does not see the necessity for it and to the question, does not the Pope complain of this forced enclosure? Lapponi replied at length, "He does not complain of it" he said, "but it is natural for the sentiment of liberty is an instinct in all men that he should speak of it sometimes." He said one day to the Father Provincial of Monte Cassino: "Who knows that sooner or later we may not be down there? And if any one speaks to him of his Venice Pius X. becomes strangely stirred and imagines that he is able to take a sail in a gondola to the Lido. But that he should think of interrupting a tradition which lasts now for thirty six years, and that the impatience of re-acquiring personal liberty may be stronger in him than what seems to him his bound duty, this is absolutely false. For the rest, I am overpass his nineteenth year—and I desire it with my whole heart—will have no need of changing air and surroundings. Even in these summer heats Pius X. preserves an enviable good humor and that beautiful serenity which attest to the moral equilibrium of his whole being."

Thus all that is true and requisite to be said concerning the actual state of health of Pius X. has now been said by his doctor the one authority who is best acquainted with it. The true story will not put down the wild flights of imagination which have delighted the sensation loving readers of the papers; but it may be believed in by more sober and serious people who wish to learn the true state of affairs.

On Thursday evening the Vigil of St. Peter's Day the Sovereign Pontiff accompanied by a few members of the Pontifical household descended into St. Peter's. It was a solemn spectacle the great empty basilica in the gloom of the summer evening, and the white robed figure of the Pope proceeding to the tomb of the Prince of the Apostles. There Pius X. knelt in prayer for a considerable time and performed the function of blessing the Palliums of white wool that are placed on the tomb of St. Peter and bestowed upon certain Archbishops and Sees throughout the Christian world.

Yesterday the feast of St. Peter's, one of the hottest days of the season so far beheld again that great movement of the people to the grand Church of Rome and the world whose "wondrous dome" overshadows the ashes of the

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first Pontiff Peter the fisherman of Galilee. The egg shaped emblem of a net formed of myrtle and cloth of gold, which hung above the central gate of the vestibule of St. Peter's is particularly fitting to the occasion. Today as well as all such days the notion that the Church is a net which contains fish of all kinds, was well borne out by the character of the crowd which thronged the vast nave and aisles and transepts of this church during the morning and the afternoon. All sorts and conditions of men, from the peasant to the prince rubbed elbows in that great gathering place of humanity.—Roman Correspondent Dublin Freeman.

CONVENT TRAINING.

MISS REPLIER SPEAKS ON CATHOLIC EDUCATION.

Miss Agnes Replier, successful essayist and story writer, a graduate of the Eden Hall, the Sacred Heart convent near Philadelphia, was a speaker before the Philothen Society of New York a few days ago. She discussed methods of education for girls, and said in the course of her talk:

"I am often questioned about the convent system of learning as compared with other methods in vogue in my youth. It is a difficult question to answer. It was so long ago and education then was not the blistering process it is now. I realize when I look back that among all the branches well and thoroughly taught we learned to read aloud with expression and intelligence and to compose a note with some degree of precision. We were taught to be polite, always polite to older persons, and to regard all religious things with a refined spirit of reverence. 'When I think of the five friends who made up my schoolgirl life, I feel it can be said that they have in no way missed the ideal of a thorough education, for all are now women of intellectual prominence in various parts of the world.'"

In introducing Miss Replier, who is from Philadelphia, to the society, Miss Helena T. Goessman, chairman of the executive committee and a well-known lecturer, said:

"Only a short time ago one of our most gifted religious writers said: 'When I hear the comparisons made between our non-Catholic colleges and our Catholic institutions, in the sense that the latter are not as advanced and thorough in their work as the former, I say, "Well, the few writers who are sending the best English to-day to our American literary market and dedicating the genius of their pens to a pure literature are the Catholic convent-bred women, Agnes Replier and Louise Guiney.'"

TO MAKE AMERICA CATHOLIC.

Dr. Heuser, in his American Ecclesiastical Review, offers these suggestions in the conduct of the propagation for the Church:

1. That we deal with the present rather than with past, both in the matter of exposing errors against the faith and in matters of history illustrating Catholic truth. Let there be less of condemning the errors of Protestantism and more of Christian action; less of Luther and more of Christ.
2. That in explaining the Catholic position we hold more of the simple statements of revealed religion, and also to sound reason based on the manifestation of God's mind in the nature as well as in the positive divine law, than to the testimony of authors and to statistics.
3. That we deal more with truth than with error, to the extent even that we admit the historical evidence which makes against the responsible administrators of the Church, at the same time strictly distinguishing between these and the Church as a divine institution.
4. That where it is necessary to explain errors in order to set forth truth, we confine ourselves to the erroneous statements and not digress to an analysis of the character of the erring person, since the latter trespass is both unsafe and even if true is offensive.