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RASH PROMISES.

BY JACQUELINE.

(From the Morning Star.)

As the dancing was well under way, he said: 'May I ask, Miss Lambert, your true reason for refusing to join in the dance? I saw that there was a more serious feeling involved in your refusal, than your words implied.'

'I am sorry,' replied Laura, 'that my face is such a tell tale; but the truth is, I don't like to engage in any amusement while traveling, that would produce a double reproach for myself, or a sadder association for my friends in the event of an accident. They are so frequent and so fatal on the river, that I never like to lose sight of being prepared for the chance.'

'It is certainly a very sensible and Christian motive,' replied Mr. Hagan, looking admiringly at her blushing face. 'There is nothing that strikes a stranger more forcibly than the mania the American people have for rapidity of motion and action in all things. Destructiveness seems to be a distinct feature of their organisation.— Poor old Father Time has but little chance to perfect his work here; no sooner does he lay his mouldy fingers upon the face of an old friend to perpetuate his glory—to bellow its decay, than the hand of the spoiler drives him off, and substitutes for the sanctity of years the tinsel of some ephemeral, modernized idea.'

'Your observations are only too true. But if this dismembering spirit stopped at the material only, it would not be so bad; but, unfortunately, even human life comes under its influence; and people are hurled by thousands into eternity, with as much recklessness and little accountability, as a balloon is inflated, or a machine set in motion. But the dancing is over, and it will not do for us to be the only philosophers.'

'Allow me then, Miss Lambert, to accompany you to the piano. You can have no fear even of death when thus engaged; for St. Cecilia will be near to take you with her, to be a member of her choir in Heaven.'

'Take care, Mr. Hagan, or I shall begin to believe that you have met with the Blarney-stone in your travels.'

'Friendship formed in traveling cultivate rapidly, and end as speedily. Laura thought of this rule with a sigh, when she retired for the night, and hoped that for her it might be reversed.'

Mr. Hagan availed himself of every opportunity to visit the ladies, but always devoted himself most particularly to Laura, though never wanting in politeness to all. She had discovered in one of their conversations, that he was going to stop at the same town as herself, and he expressed a wish that he might be so happy as to meet her again.'

The morning of the next day brought her to her river destination—a small town principally supported by the trade of the neighboring planters. Here resided two maiden ladies, who had been old friends of her mother's. They had gone to the South a few years previously, to open a school and had not seen Laura since she was a child.

To them she brought letters and met with a cordial and affectionate welcome.

The plantation of Mr. Lock, to which she was destined, was situated ten miles back from the river. As Col. Chamberlain had sent him a telegram, they were on the look out for the new governess, and much to the regret of Laura and to the old Misses Brandon, they sent the old fashioned carriage for her the day after her arrival. She bade adieu, with many regrets, to her new friends, who already appeared like old ones, and promising to visit them whenever opportunity should offer, placing herself under the charge of the two old darkies sent as her escort, took her way to her strange new home, with the first really sad feeling she had known since her parting with the old one.

The country, though appearing very flat to her, by companionship with the mountain hills she had been accustomed to, was not without interest. The freshness and verdure of the vegetation was beautiful in her eyes; but the long expanse of garnered cotton fields gave rather a dreary look to the general aspect. In about two hours she found herself approaching a private domain, the gardens of which gave every evidence of cultivation and taste, but were in strong contrast with the primitive style of architecture. The house was of rough frame, with a wide hall running through, and open at either end both day and night. On either side were ranged the rooms; the general effect reminding Laura more of a livery stable than of a family residence.

She was ushered into the parlor, which struck her as a cheerless-looking place, evidencing neither wealth nor taste. Just as she was about breaking down under the memory of her own

sweet home, beautiful even in its present comparative poverty, a stout, rather good looking, middle aged woman entered the room, and accosted her brusquely, with:

'Well, Miss Lambert, I am glad to see you. We thought you a long time a coming, but now you're here, it's all right.'

Laura told her that she had left on the first boat; but as the river was very low, she believed that the trip had been unusually long.

'You look very young,' said Mrs. Lock, scrutinizing her closely.

'I am eighteen, madam,' replied Laura, coldly, feeling very much as if there was a small rock in her throat.

'Is that all? Why, bless me, I don't reckon you can know much about teaching by experience.'

'No, madam, I have never taught as yet; but I hope to be able to fill my engagement with satisfaction.'

'Experience is a great thing,' continued Mrs. Lock; 'and a governess must know how to manage children. Now, how do you know that you can do all this?'

For a few moments Laura could scarcely speak; but summoning all her pride and courage, bravely replied:

'I have, within a few months, Mrs. Lock, had many trials, and have undertaken duties that were newer, and harder to accomplish than teaching what I already know. I succeeded to every one's satisfaction, and that is the reason why I believed that I should not fail in this.'

Mrs. Lock was an illiterate woman, and knew but little of the usages of society; but she was not bad hearted, or wanting in appreciation of worth. Laura's dignified answer, with all its implied, touched her, so she changed her brusque tone somewhat, and said encouragingly,

'Yes, yes; I dare say you'll do first-rate; so, come, now, I'll show you your room; then you'll get acquainted with the children, and can begin their lessons to-morrow.'

As soon as the door was closed and Laura, found herself alone, she burst into a flood of tears, and wished herself again playing the part of scullion in her mother's kitchen. Anything, she thought, would be preferable to the money-value of her present situation. But, again, she recalled the object of her sacrifice—her father's pale, wasted face rose before her: so, with a prayer for endurance, she forced back her tears, and began to survey the room.

'What a barn of a place!' she mentally exclaimed; 'and the farriery is that of a Western back woodsman.'

And yet she had heard such marvellous tales of the wealth of these Southern planters.

'What!' she thought, 'can Mr. Lock do with his money, if he has such a comfortable home for his family as this?'

(To be Continued.)

LECTURE

ON THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AND THE BIBLE.

BY THE REV. H. BRETTAGH.

(Concluded.)

But now, my friends, I must bespeak your greatest attention. We come now to Dr. Mattison's crowning argument. The Catholic Church is annihilated! Its life is not worth a moment's purchase! Listen to the good Doctor:—

'The Roman Catholic Church has never yet published a Bible; nor can there be found in any Catholic book-store in the land a copy of the Bible in the spoken language of the country. A Bible is a copy of God's word, pure and simple, without note or comment; but "Popery"—(at your hard names again Doctor)—has never yet printed such a book. What "Romanists"—(uncorrigible Doctor!)—call "the Bible" is in fact but a copy of the Douay version with Papal notes—(what notes are those, Doctor?)—appended; and is no more a Bible, than was Wesley's or Barnes's notes, or Clark's, Benson's, or Scott's commentaries.'

What do you think of that now! Well, to say the least of it, it is amusing. You've all heard, I suppose, of the celebrated defence set up by the English lawyer, who was called upon to defend a Yorkshireman, accused of horse-stealing: "Gentlemen of the Jury," said the lawyer, "we are prepared to prove that when our client stole that horse, he did it unintentionally"—(all Yorkshire horse-stealers do!) "In the second place, we shall prove that when he stole it, he thought it was his own. And in the third place, we shall prove that 'there was no horse stolen at all.'"

Now Dr. Mattison is very like this lawyer.— He first accuses us of allowing only 'a select few' to read the Bible, and then he accuses us of having no Bible to read! Truly Dr. M. is fit only for the waste paper basket after that! How can 'a select few' read the Bible, when we have no Bible to read? and what is the good

of Bible Societies to print bibles, when we have no bible to print? But in all sober seriousness, is it not lamentable to hear such arguments brought forward by intelligent men? Here is a man of Dr. Mattison's standing affirming in the 19th century that a Bible with notes, is not a Bible at all! A horse with a saddle on its back, is not a horse at all—it is a donkey. Poor Dr. Mattison!

Consigning Dr. Mattison to the waste paper basket, let us come now to our immediate subject: Do Catholics Read the Sacred Scriptures? I feel that I ought to apologise to you for having detained you so long with such trashy objections as those you have just heard urged by the New York Professor. The only excuse I can offer is, that seeing that Dr. Mattison is one of the most prominent dissenting clergymen in the United States, I thought it well to let you see what intelligent Protestants have to urge against your Church; and in the second place, I felt that the truth of Catholic doctrine was best proved by the trashy nature of the objections urged against it. Our adversaries must feel that if no stronger proofs can be brought against us, our doctrines must remain triumphant.

What then is the practice of the Catholic Church with reference to the reading of the Sacred Scriptures? The Catholic Church places no restriction upon the reading of the Catholic Bible, as witness the unrefutable fact referred to by Father Hecker, and the Catholic store-keeper of Trenton, that in most Catholic stores, and in all Catholic book-stores, the Catholic Bible is publicly exposed for sale, and any one can buy them without let or hindrance. This is a fact, and let any one get over that fact, that can. Poor puss! be careful! The only precaution that the Catholic Church takes with regard to the reading of the Bible is that very salutary one, that the Bible read shall have been proved to be a correct copy. And for this reason, it must contain a written guarantee from some Bishop or Bishops. Catholic Bibles are never allowed to be sold, nor even printed until they have been examined by competent persons as to their correctness. When this has been done, a printed permission from some Bishop or Bishops is affixed thereto, in order that Catholics may know that they have got a correct and not a corrupted Bible. This is the only precaution that the Catholic Church uses as to the reading of the Sacred Scriptures, and a very necessary one it is. We have just seen the disgraceful fact of the Protestant Reformers—the apostles of the Reformation uprading each other with their bad translations of the Bible—Bucer and Osiander and Tungle, rising up against Luther's translation—Luther in his turn against Tungle and Munser—Beza against Castalio's—Castalio against Beza's—Calvin against Servetus—Illyricus against both Calvin's and Beza's. We have heard them calling each other harsh and unchristian names—foes! asses! act christ! deceivers! We have heard them accusing each other of adding to, subtracting from and corrupting the text. We have heard one Protestant writer declaring that the English translators of the Old Testament perverted the text in 848 places.— We have heard this same writer affirm that this has been the cause of sending millions of millions of souls to hell: what wonder then if the Catholic Church, ever watchful over the sacred deposit, which the Holy Ghost has confided to her care, should warn her children not to read any Bibles until they have been first proved and declared by her most learned men to be true and correct copies of the original Scriptures. Do you blame her for this? I do not. Thank God it cannot be said of our Catholic Bible that it has perverted the text in 848 places, that its incorrectness has sent millions of souls to hell. No! the Catholic Church has watched over it too carefully and too piously. She has not given it to Luther and Tuigles and Bezas and Calvins to be added to, subtracted from, and perverted from its proper meaning. It is too sacred a deposit to be thus abused—it is too precious a pearl to be thrown to swine. It was Jesus Christ who gave it to her; and it is for Jesus Christ that she preserves it unchanged, uncorrupted, without addition or subtraction. It is her intense love and veneration for the Sacred Scriptures that has made the Catholic Church guard it with so watchful, so zealous an eye. It is from Jesus Christ she has received it, and she expects to give it back at the day of Judgment to Jesus Christ, the Great Judge, intact, unaltered, unimpaired, and unsoiled. We have faith in our Bible, my friends, because we know and feel that it must be, that it is the Word of God, so zealously has our Church preserved it for us.

It has always appeared strange to Catholics, that Protestants will persist in printing bibles so recklessly. They give no authorisation for them, by which those ignorant of the original Hebrew and Greek can tell whether they are correct and have not been 'added to, subtracted from, and perverted from the mind of the Holy Ghost.'

And the wonder is, that people so shrewd in all other things will act so foolishly in this. A strolling pedlar comes the way with Bibles to sell. He will sell you one for ten cents. The farmer will buy one, because it is not respectable to be without one, and ten cents is not much.— What guarantee has he that it is a correct copy of that sacred Book, which has been given to the world by the Apostles and through which we are to earn salvation? This same farmer if he were buying a horse would not take it on the guarantee of a strolling pedlar. He would look at its mouth—he would examine its knees—he would run his hands down its legs to look for splints and spavins and ringbone. He would trot him out to see if he could detect any lameness or defect of wind. And if it so happened that he was no judge of horse flesh (but every one thinks he can tell a good horse) he would go across lots to his neighbour and say 'Come friend! and tell me what you think of this horse the pedlar wants to sell. I'm afraid he is too cheap to be sound.' My friends it is a bad thing to buy a bad horse, but it is far worse to buy a bad Bible. The one can only break your neck, but the other may lead your soul to Hell.

But would you, or would you not as a Catholic Priest recommend all kinds of persons to read the Bible?

As a Catholic Priest, I answer; 'I would not'; and I have, I maintain the authorisation of no less a personage than the holy Apostle St. Peter for saying so. In his 2nd General Epistle St. Peter uses these words 'Knowing this first, that no prophecy is of private interpretation.' And at the end of the same Epistle, speaking of St. Paul's epistles he says 'In which (epistles) are some things hard to be understood, which they that are unlearned and unstable wrest as also the other scriptures unto their own destruction.' When Peter has spoken what need of more? What Peter taught, I also teach. Let others think they know better than Peter, I do not. He says it, and therefore I (at a great distance behind him) say it also. I would not give St. Paul's Epistles, nor indeed any part of the Sacred Scriptures to the ignorant or unstable, lest as the Apostle expresses it, they wrest them to their own destruction. I would not give the Bible to every ignorant child, any more than I would give it Locke's Essays or Blackstone's commentaries on British Law; and every sane man will I think applaud my conduct. We believe with Protestants that the Bible is inspired; but we 'do not' believe with them, that it will necessarily inspire all those that read it. We reverence the Sacred Scriptures as much as others and in all reason; but we do not believe that they will make all that read them, into expounders of the Law, into Apostles, into Evangelists. There is a reverence for holy things that amounts to superstition. It is superstition of the basest kind, to expect that every simpleton is to become an Expounder of the Law and the Prophets, by merely reading the Bible—a book of all others the most abstruse and difficult. If a lawyer's clerk were to expect to make himself forthwith into a first class Barrister by simply holding in his hand a copy of Blackstone we should say in simple but plain language that he was a fool for his pains. And so we think of those, who expect to convert the world by the mere distribution of Bibles. It is superstition of the grossest kind to expect that any book has of itself power to save. And yet is not this what our adversaries profess that it will do? Every man must have a Bible whether he can understand it or not, because without that saving book none can be saved.

Our opponents have common sense! Is there one of them that pretends to say that he understands the whole Scripture? or even the greater part? and more especially so, if, as Dr. Mattison contends, it is to be read without note or commentary. It took Cardinal Wiseman that most learned Priest, who knew more languages than any other man of his time except perhaps Cardinal Barnabo—it took him, I say, the best part of his life and the study of innumerable languages before he could fully interpret a certain passage of the Sacred Scriptures, containing only four words. And is this the book for every ignorant child in our Common Schools to read?

A schoolmaster goes into his school and finds a child of eight years trying to read a fifth reader. With a gentle tap on the head the schoolmaster takes away the book saying 'Child! keep to your primer! this fifth reader is far too difficult for you to understand.' Would you call that Master an 'Enemy to all learning' because he did this? Surely not. And yet as well might you call him so, as accuse the Priests of God's Church of 'enmity to the Sacred Scriptures,' because they do not think that every ignorant person can read so as to understand the Sacred Scriptures. Oh! no my friends, it is their reverence and deep love for the Bible, that makes Catholic Priests warn their flocks not to be too rash in their interpretation of the Bible, 'lest they wrest them' as the Apostle says to

their eternal damnation. We are not, we Catholic Priests are not the fools and scoundrels you love to represent us—we are not 'the miserable bankrupts of truth' which a certain Methodist Preacher accused us, only the other day, of being. We have the salvation of our people as much at heart as your Preachers have—we have denied ourselves wives and the pleasures of the home circle, in order that we may the more fully devote ourselves to the service of our flocks—we know that we shall have to answer before the judgment seat of God for each and every soul confided to our care—and if we warn them to be careful how they read the Sacred Scripture, it is because we love our people and fear lest like children playing with a razor, they may injure themselves by the too sharp a weapon.

Again there is another reason why I would not advise all to read the Bible. I appeal to those fathers and mothers here present, who wish to keep their sons and daughters free from the least taint of impurity, whether there are not passages in that most Sacred volume, that must of necessity whenever read bring impure thoughts before the mind? I assure you that there are in that sacred volume, innumerable passages, which I would not dare to read aloud to you in this Church unless I had previously requested every young man and every young woman, who valued his or her purity—to leave the Church. And is this the Book you would put indiscriminately and without a word of warning into the hands of hot youth? I have seen the Protestant Bibles on our Tavern tables, and when I have examined them, I have found them well thumbed and used at every passage where a sin of impurity is related—but clean and stainless in all other places.

Again, I suppose there are very few here who can understand thoroughly Latin and Greek and Hebrew. And yet I defy any one who does not 'thoroughly' understand all three—to understand 'thoroughly' the Sacred Scriptures, without a knowledge of the original languages in which the Scriptures were written, it becomes necessary to have recourse to a translation.— But what translation however correct, can give the force of the original language. Every linguist knows that no two languages are sufficiently alike to be able to give the full meaning of each other. Else what would become of the curse of Babel? How many words are there in Irish that cannot be translated into English? and how many in English that cannot be rendered in Irish? Now if no translation can give the true meaning of the original, how can our English translation of the Bible give the true meaning of the Hebrew and Greek originals?— You are not therefore reading the real Scriptures but only the English translation thereof.

But, my friends, why beat about the bush? The question is not surely about 'reading' the Bible, but about 'practising' its precepts. If we receiving our interpretation of the Bible from the Church of 18 centuries 'practise' the precepts of that Bible, as closely as you do, surely we are not to be condemned because forsooth some of us do not, and others cannot read it.— The Irish servant girl, just out from the old country, who cannot perhaps read and therefore has never read the Bible,—if she, taught by her Church, practices its precepts better than you and I, my friends who read it so frequently; is not she better than we? She will not steal—she will not tell a lie—she will not detract her neighbour—she will not bear false witness—if she hears an indelicate word, she immediately blushes (which so few of our young people 'can do') if you tempt her virtue, she throws a dipper of scalding water in your face, that all the world may know you as a seducer—if she does these things in the spirit of the Gospel surely she is as good as you and I my friends, who make such a parade of our Gospel reading? Oh no! oh no! prove us worse Christians than you, and then indeed you have proved your case. But beware! Christ has said 'Who to you Scribes and Pharisees! hypocrites! because you shut the kingdom of heaven against men, for you yourselves do not enter in; and those that are going in, you suffer not to enter.'

But you will perhaps tell me, that there is something in the book itself—some innate virtue—some supernatural influence by which every child as he reads this book, is preserved from error and becomes forthwith inspired into a Bible expounder—into an Apostle and into an Evangelist. I tell you this is superstition; and superstition of the grossest kind, and though I may respect your conscientious opinions, I totally deny your assertion. That the Sacred Scriptures are inspired I admit; but that therefore they will of necessity inspire others I totally deny.

That Protestants hold some such superstitious doctrine as this in regard to the Bible is very evident. To them it is the only means of salvation, and they will tell you that every sincere Christian reading it will be preserved by God