

MAY 8 1915

section slowly, with lips that often falter and pronounce the words but poorly. Only in heaven shall we recite it swiftly, gladly, as the language of our native country."

He paused, and as something that held no interest for her now Marian heard the clock in the church-tower strike five. "There is a prayer in the Mass," he continued earnestly, "most beautiful to me because of the high sweet hope of holiness it offers to human nature; it comes when the priest pours the water and wine into the chalice: 'O God, Who in creating human nature has wonderfully dignified it, and still more wonderfully reformed it, grant that by the mystery of this water and wine, we may be made partakers of His Divine Nature Who became partaker of our human nature, Jesus Christ, Thy Son, Our Lord? Do you see what the Church claims? That human nature in its reformation is more wonderful than in its creation; yet created, it was perfect. Ah, my child, there is no sin we dare to claim we can not triumph over, no matter how or when it comes into our lives. There is no height of holiness to which we may not, at last, attain—trusting in our Divine and Human Christ: and no depth to which we may not fall relying on our own strength which is weakness. Take your roses now to our Lady and pray a little while before her altar, that your will may be strengthened to do God's will completely."

In silence she lifted the vase and went to do as Father Gray advised, while he X. knelt himself preparing the main altar for his early Mass to-morrow; and presently when he was in the sacristy taking out the vestments, she came to him there: "I would like to go to confession, if you have time, Father," she said. "Very well," he answered, and he did not tell her that was what he had been waiting for.

When it was over it was Father Gray who knelt before the altar of Our Lady, and he noted that now her outstretched hands seemed to bless the roses there; then overhead the "Angelus" rang out, and peace was in the heart of the girl as she whispered the prayer, and the eyes that turned to the tabernacle were like those of some little child, that has wakened to life and happiness from an evil dream of death.—Anna Rose in Le Conteux Leader.

A LABOR OF LOVE

It was through the loving care of the Catholic Church that the Bible was guarded through the centuries that preceded Gutenberg's invention. Learned monks spent their lives in laboriously transcribing the Scriptures. This lessened the chances of their being lost to mankind. Nor did the solicitude of the Church for their preservation lessen when the art of printing superseded the slow process of transcribing by hand. In our own days Pius X. commissioned the Benedictine Order to revise the Latin translation of the Bible, called the Vulgate, by collecting and comparing the oldest texts in existence. That was in 1908. For the last seven years the Benedictine fathers have been at the work assigned them. The twentieth century will be many years older before their task will have been completed. It is one which could be accomplished only by a thoroughly organized body of scholars having at their command such means for research as are placed at the disposal of the Benedictine Fathers.

It is more than a thousand years since one of the predecessors of Pius X. in the Chair of Peter commissioned St. Jerome to translate the Bible into Latin, which was then the language in common use. Hence, the name Vulgate, from the Latin vulgus meaning, general or common.

St. Jerome translated the Old Testament mostly from the Hebrew and Chaldee, and the New Testament he revised from an older Latin version. Pope Damasus, when he ordered in the fourth century a new translation of the Bible, was manifesting the same solicitude for the word of God that Pope Pius X. displayed in the twentieth century when he gave instructions to have the Vulgate revised. St. Jerome in 384 hastened to obey the mandate of the Successor of St. Peter in the same spirit that animated the Benedictine Fathers when Pius X. in 1908, commissioned them to revise the Vulgate in a reproduction of St. Jerome's version in so far as that could be done.

In the thousands of transcriptions and retrascrptions of the original translations by St. Jerome many errors by the copyists crept in. In 1546 the Council of Trent decided that the Vulgate should be accepted as authoritative and an official version was published in 1592. It is this version the Benedictine Fathers are now revising. It is known that there are 8,000 manuscripts of the Vulgate in existence. Of these 700 are of an earlier date than the eleventh century. Such of these manuscripts as are now accessible have to be compared with fragmentary manuscripts antedating St. Jerome, such as versions of the old Latin Bible and Greek, Syriac and Hebrew texts. It is assumed that these have been used, or may have been used, by St. Jerome. Among other material at his command were the Septuagint, a translation in Greek made in the second century, translations from the Hebrew of the Old Testament by Origen in the third century and fragments of translations of Aquila, Symmachus and Theodotus in the second century. The Old Testament was translated directly from the Hebrew by St. Jerome him-

self in his cell at Bethlehem. He was assisted in this work by able rabbis.

It is now seven years since the Benedictine Fathers commenced working on this material. They began by making a catalogue of all the known manuscripts and classifying them with the object of determining which are the most reliable on account of their approaching most closely the original text of St. Jerome. The writer of an interesting article which appeared in a recent Sunday's New York World thus describes how this work is done:

"The most important manuscripts—codices, they are called—are being reproduced by a new process of photography, white upon black. These codices are in libraries all over Europe, some of the most ancient being in Ireland. Already seven entire Bibles, besides many psalters, gospels and other single books or parts of books have been reproduced by this process, page by page. These are collected at the Benedictine monastery of San Calisto in Rome, make up a library of 800 volumes, consisting of 22,000 photographed pages.

"Reproductions of these are distributed to individual Benedictines in Italy, Germany, England, Belgium and France, each of whom has a certain specific task allotted to him."

The recipients of this matter, after completing the work assigned them, forward the result of their labor to a commission of Benedictine Fathers at Rome. The members of this commission are engaged in grouping all the variant texts and transcribing them into a huge volume with forty columns to the page. Each column has the variants of a manuscript, designated by its own special sign.

Abbot Amelli, in a recent address before an audience of priests at Rome speaking of the story told by this huge volume said that while tracing back the variants it, "at the same time indicated exactly the violentitudes the Vulgate had undergone in its long, obscure travels through the centuries and the different nations."

We, by this time, have some conception of the immensity of the labor involved in the revision of the Bible. All the great libraries of the world have been searched thoroughly for long forgotten manuscripts. The Benedictine Fathers, whilst making an indefatigable research for these precious manuscripts have also published ancient Latin texts of the Bible that antedate St. Jerome's time. They already have given to the world five volumes dealing with these ancient texts.

All this is in striking contrast with the work done by the advocates of the "higher criticism" who have shaken the faith of so many Protestants in the Bible containing God's revealed Word. It was the Catholic Church that gave the world the Bible; and it is the Catholic Church that is now its stoutest defender against those who would lower it in the estimation of mankind.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

FANNING THE FLAME OF BIGOTRY

A SCHOLARLY CONVERT'S VIEWS OF ANTI-CATHOLIC CHARGES

In spite of the malevolent charges preferred against the Catholic Church and her priesthood, conversions to the faith are being recorded in undiminished numbers. A canvas of opinion among some of these converts as to the effect on them of the anti-Catholic campaign invariably elicits responses that the gross aberrations and inconsistencies of that movement tended rather to promote than retard their conversion. Open-minded Protestants, as well as Catholics, may be interested in the views that have been expressed by converts as to how they were affected by current charges that are made against the Catholic Church.

The campaign of bigotry is by no means confined to the United States, but is essentially the same the world over. In this country the appeal is made to "patriotism," this being but a pretext for exposing the alleged wrongdoings of the hierarchy and clergy as a class. The same pretext has done service in the anti-Catholic movement in Germany. There the war cry was "Los von Rom"—"Away from Rome"—and Catholics were contemptuously branded as "ultramontanes," that is, as men who drew their inspiration from the Vatican, beyond the Alpine mountains.

These remarks are but preliminary to the citation of a statement from a German scientist and man of letters, who does not speak in the heat of controversy, but in the dispassionate pages of a remarkable book. The scholar to whom we refer is Dr. Albert von Ruville, Professor at the University of Halle, A. S., whose conversion from Protestantism to the Catholic faith, some years ago, occasioned no little consternation among his former brethren in faith.

Dr. von Ruville published a book in which he discusses the superior merits of the Catholic faith. This book, "Das Zeichen des ewigen Ringes," has been translated into English under the title of "Hamlet's True Talisman." The distinguished author begins with an allusion to Lessing's parable "Nathan, der Weise." An oriental monarch, thus the legend runs, left three rings to his three sons. One of the rings only was genuine, but there was no way of determining the spurious ones. Thus each of the three sons had a ring, but not one of them was certain that he was in possession of the true ring. This parable is applied to the three principal creeds in the



world—Christianity, Judaism and Islam, the conclusion being drawn that not one of these creeds has the certainty of possessing the one true faith. The same parable is also popularly applied, in a more restricted sense, to the various Christian denominations, it being said that they are all in a quandary and that not one of them can lay claim to being the sole exponent of religious truth.

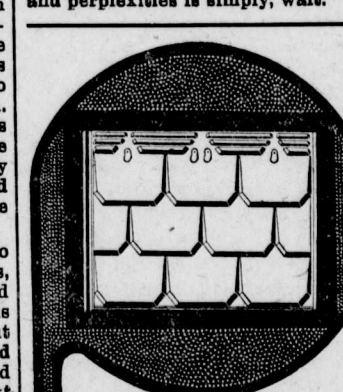
Dr. Ruville considers the later modification of Lessing's legend and denies that the Christian denominations are like so many rings concerning which it is impossible to ascertain which is the only genuine one. He then proceeds to develop his argument that the Catholic Church has all the marks of the true faith.

In one of the chapters of his book, the author discusses the various charges that are made against the Catholic Church. His summary exposition of the utter worthlessness of these charges, is masterful. It ought to be a revelation to profound Protestants as well as a source of edification for Catholics.

"In reading controversial writings," he says, "directed against the Catholic Church, one meets a series of constantly recurring accusations. Also in letters I have received I always find the same assertions and therefore can deal with them all in a few paragraphs.

"In the first place, evil and superstitious stories are told of Catholics. Catholic associations, priests and so on. As they are told with the intention of damaging the Church, and as the narrator is, as a rule, quite ignorant of our faith, institutions and supernatural truths generally, I cannot, as a scientist, put much faith in these stories without careful examination. And even if true, they would only prove that there are bad people in the Church and that the life of faith may produce reprehensible excesses, a fact that no one denies. The question remains: whether the occurrences criticized have been approved or justified by the Church, and whether the teachings alleged to be advocated by Catholics are really taught by the Church. The adversaries, however, know perfectly well that the Church does not approve of these incidents or teachings. Such things are brought to light solely in order to annoy and hurt the Church. Therefore these attacks, even apart from untruths and exaggerations, have no value at all."—The Echo.

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MONSIGNOR BENSON'S CONVERSION

(By the priest who received him into the Church.)

Asked by the editor of the Catholic News to write some little reminiscences of the late Monsignor Robert Hugh Benson, the difficulty is to avoid the use of the personal pronoun. If readers will understand this, and make nothing of it, the attempt shall be made, writes Father H. Reginald Buckler, O.P., Grenada, in the Catholic News.

Living on the staff of the Dominican Fathers at Woodchester, in the West of England, in the early years of the century, a convert priest asked me if I would take in hand an Anglican gentleman in view of his reception into the Church, for some reason of his own not giving his name. I assented with readiness and pleasure, always being full of interest in those coming over to Holy Mother Church, and having followed up the Anglican movement in its later developments of the last fifty years, and more, when Dr. Frederick George Lee was such a moving spirit in the projection of "Reunion with Rome."

MEMOIRS OF THE ANGLICAN ARCHBISHOP

A little later the priest said that his friend was a man of some distinction by birth and name, leaving me for the rest still in the dark. But as the time drew near he divulged the secret, and said that I had to take in hand the son of an Anglican Archbishop of Canterbury. Needless to say, I was delighted at the prospect, having known Archbishop Benson so well by name and reputation. I remember his being impressed with the thought of the Holy See and its 1,200 Bishops. I can recall his choosing the words from our Misal, "Mundet et Muniat," and sending them round his diocese as a New Year's message. And somehow, in saying those words since, Archbishop Benson recurs to me, even at the altar. Then, at the very time just after the condemnation of Anglican Orders, came his tragic death, so suddenly on his knees in Mr. Gladstone's church at Hawarden.

HE WAS QUIET AND HUMBLE AS A CHILD

The day was fixed, and Hugh Benson, as he was commonly called, arrived at Woodchester. Well do I remember going down the hill to meet him, knowing well the cases of clergy converts from Anglicanism, the loss of friends and position, the sorrow to the dear relatives, and the terrible wrench. Here was an Eton and a Cambridge man, and the son of an Archbishop. The step would make a stir—and so it did. Coming to the Priory, I said to him, "We live here, far from the madding crowd."

He came in; he was very quiet, and humble as a child. Seeing first to his little needs, as a guest, I then showed him about, that he might feel at home, and took him to the church, where he knelt devoutly. A man of England's best education, and a man of special culture, I felt it best to leave him well to himself—that he might be in quiet retreat; for he had lived very actively as an Anglican clergyman—preaching, hearing confessions, and studying our Catholic theology. My feeling was that I would not in any way push him on, but leave him to ask and act for himself. I gave him a short treatise on faith, a leaflet with little acts of Faith, Hope, Charity, Contrition, and offering to God, and a penny catechism, begging him to study them, and ask whatever questions he might wish. We took long walks together in the beautiful Cotswold hill scenery, and he had good opportunities of talking things over. I remember asking him what he and his friends felt when conversions to Rome were reported in the papers. "We hated it," he said. "Have you any difficulty about the doctrine of Indulgences?" I asked. "The name is very misleading to people. In English parlance, it sounds as though we might indulge ourselves in the Church's language, it only means the commutation of a sentence from higher penalties for sin to something lower, and Evangelical Protestants admit very large indulgences when they say, 'Trust to Christ, and sins are done away.' But such a well-read, sensible man had no particular difficulty this way. Take the Church as the Divine Teacher, and the teaching is guaranteed by her. We may have difficulties in faith, because God is so great, and we are so little. Difficulties are no doubts. As Newman said, 'ten thousand difficulties do not make one doubt.'"

"TO KISS ST. PETER'S CHAIR"

Now, one day Hugh came to me and said, "Father, will you look at something I have written out?" This was just what I wanted. I wanted him to take the step. The act of faith is between the soul and God. It is God speaking, and the soul submitting. I took his paper—a long one, typewritten. How impressed I was. What light, what learning were here. He had drawn out the workings of his own soul from Anglicanism to Rome. I took the paper to him and said, "There is only one thing for you to do now, and that is to kiss St. Peter's Chair." This settled him. The day and hour were fixed—September 11, 1908. He made his profession of faith, of hope, and of love in the chapter room at Woodchester, and knelt down as a child for confession. As he had indubitable evidence for the validity of his Anglican baptism I did not rebaptize him, but just gave him the pax, and said to him, "I shall have to call you in future 'my dear Hugh.'"

"I hope you will, Father," was his reply. And he went to the Church. The day following he made his first Communion. He stayed over the Sunday, and on Monday he left for the north, to stay with a priest friend, then acting as chaplain to a Catholic household.

"YOU MUST BE A PRIEST—CERTAINLY!"

Among many things, he spoke of his future vocation, and even hinted that he might undertake a secular life. "No, no," I said, "don't think of this; you must be a priest—certainly." Yes, he was made for this. He stayed for a short time with the Benedictines at Erdington, where he enjoyed the kindest welcome. Then he returned to his mother's house, finishing the last pages of his first Catholic book, "By What Authority?" On All Souls' Day he left England for Rome, in view of studying for the priesthood. Within the first year of his Catholic life he was ordained priest in Rome, and soon after returned again to England. He paid another visit to Woodchester then—he was still shy, and very humble. In vain I asked him to give us a sermon in the church on Sunday. We little suspected all that was in him. One of his early works was published, "A City Set on a Hill." This is a somewhat fuller statement of the paper he gave me to read before his reception. It is, as I always feel, a masterpiece of religious controversy, drawing out the requirements of the Church's life and efficiency, showing that Rome has them, and Anglicans not. But he soon found his place and work, and devoted his life and talents to the great benefit of the Church in England, and the winning of souls to God. His was truly the apostolic spirit. He lived for God and for souls. His last hours, as we all know, were immense; and his position in the Church in England soon became unique.

A LITTLE HOLIDAY

One day he allowed himself a little holiday with me. I had never been inside Lambeth Palace, although so often seeing it from the outside. Of course this historic building had been his home when his father was Archbishop; and it had been the home of the Archbishops of Canterbury in pre-Reformation days as well as post-Reformation days, in the days of Watham and Pole, and before them. Therefore, Hugh Benson had an easy entrance there. We arranged the day, and on arriving I felt it best to let him enter the familiar portals, to see how things might be. The Archbishop (Davidson) was away; but, strangely enough, he found his own mother a guest at the palace, which had been her own home. He came back saying how things were, and took me in. His mother knew me by name as the one who had given a helping hand to her dear son in his change of faith. He took me to her, and when, shaking hands, she looked at me, she said: "I don't forget September 11"—that was the day of his reception at Woodchester. We had a very pleasant time there, and I saw the splendid old Catholic early English work of the historic chapel, where Matthew Parker lies buried.

THE GATE OF THE CITY OF GOD

A little over a year ago he sent me his "Confessions of a Convert," with an affectionate letter saying that he had been "bold enough to dedicate it to me without leave." The dedication is most tenderly expressed, as to the one "whose hand unlocked for me the gate of the City of God, and led me in." This had reference to his book, "A City Set on a Hill," and the paper he had put into my hand before his reception. I sent him in return a book of mine, "A Spiritual Retreat," feeling it would help him in his quiet hours, which brought me another most kind epistle from him.

How suddenly his death came upon us! It seems to leave a blank in my life, as it does indeed in the Church in England. His loss is irreparable. I begged him in writings to think of the "long" as well as the "strong" pull. But it was as though he must go on. Perpetually preaching, perpetually writing, and with all the glow of his ardent mind and heart it was bound to wear down his physique, which was not of the robust type. As the London Daily Telegraph lately said, "He lived a saintly life. Nothing could restrain him from the ardors of a missionary campaign, which was conducted on both sides of the Atlantic. For several years past it had been clear that he was wearing him-

self out. But it was also clear that he was a man whose life must flame, not flicker, to its close."—Austrian Catholic Press.

When the light begins within himself a man's worth something—Browning.

There are souls in the world which have the gift of finding joy everywhere they go. Their influence is an inevitable gladdening of the heart. These bright hearts have a great work to do for God.—Father Faber.

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THE ALCHEMIST'S SECRET, by Isabel Cecilia Williams. This collection of short stories is not of the sort written simply for the amusement of their simple, direct teaching, and they lead us to think of and to pity sorrows and trials of others rather than our own.

IN THE CRUCIBLE, by Isabel Cecilia Williams. These stories of high endeavor, of the patient bearing of pain, the sacrifice of self for others' good, are keyed on the divine true story of Him Who gave up all for us and died on Calvary's Cross (Sacred Heart Review).

TEARS ON THE DIAPHRAM, by Anna H. Dorsey. A novel of the inner life of Queen Elizabeth. So interesting that the reader will be loath to lay it down before finishing the entire story.

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