

that it need not be sent you to us, as a blessing and by your side and action, and a prize, wherever duty or called you, and seen many, we were never our words would faith and father-land pervasively and convinced ho listened. Not ly but for many too long to be too make some, unable to do accept this little of respect and distinguished

tion told of the eight about the gift, rehasing a second- to enable him to ferent parishes of when this be- overwhelmed with a inst such an action, as he received were not becoming to those which he himself, and the mission to present

and of a similar case, most to my heart my priests, cared so money. If I had myself, it would is now, it belongs tholic Diocese of and "We will buy right this statement, tained: rve all around. I get about to the use often, I have of many generous time I have been a but the people be- tations were always with worldly goods. I heard of such un- as has marked this le will always be a y priests. I thank bless you all."

Two hundred thou- added yearly to the vince because of the oned upon bar-rooms, ms pay this tax? ey pay over the out of the pockets ublic, for hotel rates. Be this as it may, re once again to sug- ghtness that it would were he to take the establish an insti- tution of drunkards, make the drunkards, the bar be used for ing the unfortun- to the light of reason, new start in life. The submerged class is a work. Additional of Sir James if he in- ant movement of this

HOUSEHOLD TREASURY

of a very valuable and by the publishing and McCarthy, New ashed with the appro- bishopship of that See. Most valuable addition baries and as a book ill be always interest- e. The authors of the rished priest, Rev. Rev. Father Mer- e, Rev. Father Mer- e, Brann, D. O. Mr. T. Thomas, Ontario, has ale of the work in

AND COMMENTS

between Father Ber- and the warriors of the ace over the blessing of to which we referred according to English ex- and, somewhat after the roadway a number senting the Protestant embled, and were busy and, and promising to wherever it went. Sud- pened and Father Ber- rolled out. Approach- group he said gaily: "e to denounce Popery." was the stern reply. "n't it rather dry work? inside the garden and and cakes with us." He was gone back and de- ened vigour." When realized that the invita- riously meant the rep- mitant Protestantism other for a moment in- ence; then the leader it was quite impos- the offer, and added: "nce this idolatry. We wherever you go." "De- it," exclaimed Father only you will follow in to the end,—why,—you The Wycliffe preachers leader, but when talking to him, they trooped perhaps they thought wist- and cakes.

THE LIBERTY OF CONSCIENCE ON WHICH Protestantism especially prides itself, and the right of private judgment, which has ever been one of its most conspicuous boasts, work out rather singularly in practice. The following extract from the will of Sir Walter Savill, disposing of an estate equivalent to over seven millions of dollars, and recently probated in England, illustrates this very pointedly.

"If either during my lifetime or after my death any child or remoter issue of mine shall not profess the Protestant religion, or shall forsake the Protestant religion and adopt the Roman Catholic or any other religion, then and in every such case, and as from the occurrence of such event, such child or remoter issue of mine shall absolutely forfeit and lose all share and participation in, and right or power over, the principal and income of all and every part of my residuary estate then not actually paid or transferred. By the expression 'the Protestant religion' I mean any Christian religion which protests against the errors of the Church of Rome."

The testator, says the Tablet, at any rate shows that he understood the Protestantism he was trying to protect, as being, in its essence, simple denial of the Catholic Faith—nothing more. Sir Walter had many counterparts in Canada.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW, one of the sanest and most discerning of English journals, thus comments upon the recent ministerial crisis in Belgium:

"With the fall of the Schollaert Ministry the history of Belgium changes. In Belgium not Amurath an Amurath succeeds. A Catholic Government has gone. Another none the less Catholic has taken its place. Belgium is, and will remain, a Catholic country; but Catholics, while not varied in their religion, vary in their politics."

Belgium has ever been the confusion of those who, as in France, would make socialism, anarchy and atheism synonymous with progress. And what Belgium has ever remained, Holland, the sister Kingdom, diminutive but pleasant, bids fair to become—a witness in this modern world to the supremacy of the spiritual.

HOLLAND HAS recently set an example to more powerful, if less enlightened governments, in the matter of race-track gambling. It has been decreed by the Dutch Ministry that race betting shall cease in that country, and this move has been generally applauded by the more enlightened organs of public opinion in England and elsewhere. The London Spectator for one, had a luminous article on the subject in which it affirmed that the moral responsibility for the many evils following in the train of the book-making, attaches to the newspapers which advise their readers on all the intricacies of the "pastime," and furnish facilities for its prosecution in the shape of tips, betting news and advertisements. Neither can government authorities be held altogether blameless, for, here in Canada at least, many in high office set the example by their patronage and participation. It is not the rich who suffer from the evil, but the poorer man, the wage-earner, and the uninitiated youth, who, perhaps in the spirit of emulation, fall into the snare. The Spectator, as a first remedy, suggests the passing of an Act to prevent newspapers from turning themselves into adjuncts of the race track, and the post office from transmitting either newspapers or circular matters pertaining thereto. It is a matter calling for the co-operation of all who have at heart the moral and material welfare of the nation.

BY THE death recently of Richard H. Clarke, of the New York bar, the United States has lost one of its most useful citizens, scholarship one of its brightest ornaments, and the Catholic Church a loyal and zealous son. Since the demise of Dr. John Gilmary Shea, nearly twenty years ago, Dr. Clarke had ranked as the first of American Catholic historians. He had also a high reputation as a legal writer, and The History of the Bench and Bar of New York which he edited is cited as an example of his skill and industry as an investigator in the by-ways of history. His Catholic historical writings, which are quite numerous include "Lives of the Deceased Bishops of the Catholic Church in the United States" (a standard work); "Illustrated History of the Catholic Church in the United States"; "Old and New Lights on Columbus"; and "France's Aid to America in the War of Independence." He was also a frequent contributor to Catholic periodicals, and his well-known essay "What Catholics Have Done in the Last Hundred Years," was prepared for and read at the first Catholic Congress held at Baltimore in 1889. In recognition of these labors Dr. Clarke was awarded the Letare Medal by the University of Notre Dame. Born at Georgetown, D. C., in 1827, his long life, which was just terminated, has been one of great usefulness and public service both as a lawyer and man of letters. R. I. P.

UNDER THE title "Our Real Debt to William Third" the Globe has been indulging in another of its historical retrospects as bearing upon events of

the present time. We are not concerned to quarrel with its conclusion that the Act of Settlement forever determined the supremacy of Parliament and the dependence of the line of sovereigns upon the popular will. But no honest student of history can say, as the Globe says, that freedom of conscience, at least in the direction it indicates, was the issue involved in the deposition of James II. The statement that that deposition was brought about, for one reason, because James "tried to deprive his subjects of their right to worship as they pleased," is as viciously untrue as it is historically absurd. James II. was not a wise King, nor, as events proved, a tactful one. And his flight which precipitated a long train of hardships upon those whom he had striven to benefit, was, to say the least, a mistake. But that his crime was the attempt to vindicate the rights of conscience for the Catholics of his Kingdom, and not, as the Globe has it, to violate the liberties of others, is one outstanding fact of his reign. Had he been content to drift with the tide and to accept the existing down-trodden condition of his fellow Catholics as normal, in all probability there would have been no Revolution, no William III., no Battle of the Boyne, and no line of Hanoverian Kings. If liberty, as was said by a great English historian, was put back a hundred years by the execution of Charles I., it certainly was not hastened by the advent of a king whose ideal of statesmanship found its fulfillment in the massacre of Glencoe.

It is well for those who speak of infidelity in Catholic countries to know, says Adolph Louke, a well-known German writer, that in Catholic countries there are only two classes of persons, those who profess the Faith, and those who have forsaken all religious belief. In England and America, for example, there are a hundred classes, and no one thinks it worth while to assume an aggressive attitude against the fundamental truths of Christianity, or for that matter, against downright infidelity. The very listlessness of Protestantism, and its inability to define the limits of revealed truth, precludes any such hand-to-hand warfare. But in Catholic countries it is war to the knife between a clearly defined and uncompromising body of doctrine as represented by the Church, and the denial of all religion. There is no choice but the one as between Christianity and infidelity. Hence the bitterness of the latter against a living organism whose very existence is a menace to the machinations of satan in seeking to undermine all truth and social order. The distinction is important to be borne in mind by Catholics everywhere. "He that is not with Me is against Me" is a mandate applicable to all times and to all countries.

THE NUMERICAL strength of Freemasonry as an anti-Christian force to be reckoned with is well illustrated by the following statistics culled by a French contemporary from the Bulletin du Bureau International de la franc-maçonnerie. The figures represent lodges and members respectively. The comparatively insignificant places in the list occupied by Spain and Portugal serve but to accentuate the fact that those countries have been the prey of a system of terrorism manipulated by a handful of conspirators. Even Paris and Rome tell a similar tale. How long, one not unnaturally asks, shall this anomalous state of things continue? So long only as Catholics neglect organization and from indifference or timidity hold themselves aloof from affairs of State. The statistics are interesting in themselves and contain an object lesson for the world at large:

London, 2,908; 1,152,000 m.; Dublin, 370; 18,000 m.; Edinburgh, 757; 1,500 m.; Berlin, 356; 1,37,624 m.; Frankfurt, 21; 3,389 m.; Beyrout, 34; 3,167 m.; Hamburg, 55; 1,470 m.; Dresden, 26; 1,481 m.; Darmstadt, 8; 1,727 m.; Leipzig, 5; 1,413 m.; Luxembourg, 1; 80 m.; Stockholm, 43; 13,558 m.; Christiania, 15; 1,402 m.; Copenhagen, 12; 1,473 m.; Budapest, 72; 1,516 m.; Belgrade, 11; 35 m.; Paris (G. O. of France), 448; 30,000 m.; Paris (G. L. of France), 129; 7,300 m.; Brussels (G. O. of Belgium), 22; 2,000 m.; The Hague, 102; 4,600 m.; Zurich, 34; 1,400 m.; Rome (G. O. of Italy), 345; 15,000 m.; Madrid, 87; 1,421 m.; Lisbon, 148; 1,288 m.; Athens, 17; 950 m.; Bucharest, 9; 1,250 m. Total for Europe, 6,020 Lodges and 374,372 Masons.

In North America, there are 1,420,432 Masons in 14,330 Lodges; in Central and South America, 45,280 Masons in 1,045 Lodges. The 816 Lodges of Australia count 47,477 Masons.

THE CONVICTION and sentence of Verdesi, the apostate priest who in the interest of his new-found Methodist associates in Rome sought to fasten upon the Catholic priesthood the imputation of violating the seal of the confessional, has proven rather a remarkable witness to its inviolability. Whether he told the truth or lied, says Rome, when he denounced one of his Modernist friends for denying the existence of a personal God, or another for describing our divine Lord as a "buffoon," is beside the question. What really mat-

ters is that his malignant assault on the sanctity of the confessional has been victoriously repulsed and has served only to vindicate once more the marvelous Providence which guards the seal. Here, says the English journal of Rome, is one of the most amazing facts in all history: the seal of the confessional has, so far as known, never once been broken. There have been weak priests, foolish priests, bad priests, apostate priests, priests who have committed every kind of bad action, but there is no authenticated instance on record of a priest violating the seal of the confessional. The fact is so unique and so stupendous as to constitute a striking proof of the divinity of its institution. "So even Verdesi has their uses after all!"

THE CHANGE which has been wrought in the atmosphere of French hospitals since the banishment from their service of the religious orders may not in all cases be so bad as in the instance recounted by the following citation from a French journal, Le Croix, but it serves to illustrate the pearl of great price which the French government in its blindness has cast from it. That the story is, unhappily true, there can be no reason to doubt, since it is confirmed by a secular journal, Leclair, whose interest would lie in suppressing it. The hospital named is at Salins, and Leclair describes it as "a den of scandals and public waste."

"A dying man wished to receive the Last Sacraments and his wish was finally granted. When the priest had left, the nurse came into the ward with lighted tapers, went through a disgusting mimicry of the religious ceremony, carried the lights wherever the priest had set foot—to purify the air, they said—and ended by singing ribald songs at the patient's deathbed. The scene haunted the poor fellow till his death towards the end of January last. His neighbor was so horrified that he insisted on leaving the hospital, although he was in the last stage of consumption."

SOME OF THE daily papers have been asking why, if an Orange procession should be prohibited in Hull—an almost exclusively Catholic city—St. John Baptist processions should be permitted in cities not quite so exclusively Catholic? They also refer in the same vein to the great Eucharistic Procession in connection with the Congress at Montreal last September. Of course there is no difference between a demonstration emblematic of a people's faith in the great mysteries of religion, and one which hinges on religious animosity and persecution—at least not, apparently, in the estimation of certain editors, and of course, the playing of insulting tunes on the streets of a city, and the flaring of banners bearing all sorts of abusive epithets, are entirely one with the manifestation of a people's faith in the Redeemer of mankind! That no hostile demonstration occurred in Hull was right and proper, but that in no way detracts from the insolent challenge which the Lodge demonstration was meant to embody. The citizens of Hull wisely decided that the thing was beneath their notice.

A JESUIT'S ESSAY ON LOVE WOMAN THE AMATEUR

Our first distinction in studying the differentiation of the sexes is that between specialist and universalist. The second is that between the amateur and the professional. According to our conventional way of looking at things, an amateur is merely an inferior sort of dabbler in certain things which properly belong to a professional man. Painting is the work of an artist, sewing the work of a seamstress, doctoring the work of a doctor, writing the work of a writer, and so on. A man who is not a professional man in any of these things is not supposed to do them himself. You send a note to a professional man, and give him the order, and he does it, and you pay him, and there is an end to the affair. If you do any of these things for yourself you are called a dabbler, a dilettante, an amateur. And what is done is sure to be poor, and below the mark, or at least to be looked on with suspicion because it is amateur work. If it is good it merely chances to be good but the presumption is it will be no good. Such is the conventional idea.

But is it sound? An amateur properly means one who works for love of the work, and not for pay. The rest is no reason in the world why work done for love should not be better than work done for pay. The professional man is supposed to know more, and to have more practice; but this supposition is precarious. The amateur may know more than the professional man, and the narrowness of his practice may be entirely made up by its depth, by the thoroughness with which the amateur works. The life of an amateur is a life of incentives, love. There is a sort of magic in the name "professional" as if it meant some special prerogative of cleverness or competency. But this is a figment. No professional is great unless he is an amateur as well; and his greatness comes precisely from being an amateur. Being a professional merely gives him an external opportunity for exercising his talent, and that is all. It enables him to pursue his art and to earn his living at the same time. All the great sculptors of Greece, all the great painters of Italy, all the great cathedral builders of the middle ages were amateurs first and professional afterwards. Read the life of Haydn, and you will recognize the amateur who was in heart and soul not a professional. Among modern architects Bentley was above all an amateur. He would trust no detail to his workmen. He would buy nothing ready-made. Every trifle down to a door-handle must bear the impress of his own hand, or it was not his. The great works of the world are done by the amateur as such, not by the professional as such.

The first great difference therefore, is that the professional does his work not so much for the sake of the work itself as for some inferior motive—for sake of earning a living, for sake of a successful career in life, for sake of a reputation, or finally (as highest) for sake of duty. His astonishment how he can do it, and his love of the person for whom it is done. Now this is just what is rooted in the woman nature. Whatever she does must be done for love. She may be doing all the amount of work nature, she is making it for herself; she is making a career for herself; she may be carrying out her duty. But this is all the same. The whole process will be dominated by love, because love is her very nature, the one category of her mind. You can see this in a thousand ways. Ask a favor of a man and he will grant it. But there is a coldness, an impersonality about the affair which deprives it of its charm. You appreciate the benefit and that is all. Ask a woman for the same favor and she will grant it. But immediately the act becomes a piece of gracious personal service, as she manifestly lays herself out to please you. And you value it ten times as much as the same favor done by a man, just because of these womanly qualities.

THE HOMELINESS OF CONVENTS. Now this spirit of love and personal service is just that which makes woman a creator of the home; just that which gives her its peculiar charm; just that which makes it home. And it explains how a woman is a woman in a home. If you want to realize this, you must come into the Catholic Church and study nuns. The very profession of a nun, you would fancy, gives up all possibilities of a home. Yet here we see how the woman nature asserts itself. I have said that there can be no home without woman, because woman is the creator of the home. But I say that there can be no true woman without a home, and a man is not necessary for it. Every convent is a home, not only for those that live in it but even for the stranger who visits it. Priests generally say that Mass in convents because it gives them a momentary sense of home which is otherwise unknown to them. At the door they are met and attentively ushered into the sacristy, where a woman's care is visible in every detail. If anything is wanted, deft hands are ready to fetch it, and it is sure to be close at hand. If something happens to be missing at the altar, the priest never fails to speak about it. A momentary hesitation, and immediately his thought is divined, and the tabernacle key or the altar card is brought at once. After Mass, as soon as he rises from his thanksgiving, he becomes conscious that an attentive sister has been waiting near-by all the time. He is ushered into a neat, comfortable homely room, seated at a neat homely table, and served with a breakfast which is not the slightest product of a paid cook but a thing done or supervised by the woman mind down to the lowest detail—including the date of laying, marked in pencil on each egg, to make sure that the service which celery imposes on the priesthood, do not measure it merely by the abstention from marriage and the privileges of marriage, but be careful to add the abandonment of a home, for a woman's life is devoted to the comfort and beyond that of a barn or stable—four walls and a roof, bed, board, stool and candlestick, and a gang of specialists—a man-cook and man-housemaid, and man-doctor, and man-caretaker, and man-carpenter, and man-coldly for pay, instead of warmly for love.

Thus even in the clerical and religious states the temperamental constitution of the sexes remains and in no state does it come out more prominently. The priest has a house, but he can never make a home. But every nun has a home because woman is naturally the creator of a home and cannot help creating one.

work and amusement. But in the celibate state one sees all the other sex-qualities come out as well. The clerical man always betrays his old nature as a specialist, as a professional. He has his work and his leisure, with a hard and fast line drawn between them; and he does not want to be bothered. A priest who is willingly at the beck and call of everybody and any moment of the day is a rarity just because he is a man. "Why can't people come at any hour of the day?" "Why must they bother me now when I am doing something else?" Whereas the nun is always at the beck and call of everybody, every moment. The call may come at the most awkward time, but she must answer it. A nun's temper ruffled on that account. She takes the call for granted because she is not a specialist but a universalist; because she is versatile while the man is not. The life of a nun is a life of constant going into his business is like shifting a tram-car from one line to another when there are no switches. You have to throw it out of one set of grooves, and rumble it along the other set, and then throw it into the other set of grooves, one

wheel at a time, and take about an hour over the job besides running the risk of damage to the machinery. But the transfer of a woman from amusement to work is done with the facility of a flying machine. Neither her work nor her play run in grooves, and by a slight touch of the steering gear she passes from the one to the other with the facility of thought.

Nay more, by reason of his specialism the man always places a certain limit to his work and demands a certain amount of amusement which is not work; while the woman never demands any amusement at all. She only takes amusement when she has nothing else to do. Work is her amusement. Her fun is to see the work getting on; and her rest consists in seeing it done so that she can pass to something else.

Among men there are of course enthusiasts to whom work is the very breath of their nostrils, and who, like women, never need rest nor amusement apart from their work. But when one comes across this sort of thing it always attracts remark. We all express our astonishment how he can do it, and prophesy that before long he will break down. And in nine cases out of ten sure enough he does break down. The fact is, the man has forgotten the limitations of his sex. He has outraged the laws of nature, which impose on a man so many hours for work and so many hours for play, and nature has taken its revenge. Such a man tries to put into his life twice the amount of work nature has made him fit for. The result is he only does the same amount of work, or even less, because through overwork he shortens his life by half, and cuts himself off in the midst of his days.

But with the women it is just the other way. Nuns can do work from morning to night, and never seem to stand in need of amusement or rest. We call it slaving away; but that is only a man's way of looking at it. From the woman's point of view a woman is never a slave but always a queen. A slave gets tired of her work because it is done perforce or for pay; the woman never gets tired of her work because it is done freely and for love. Then again with the man it is usually quite different. He does not care much for his work, as for the results his work will bring him. He may lecture on Botany or else he loses his chair. He must make good walking-sticks or else they will not sell. He must keep his account books straight or else he gets dismissed. But the woman lives for the work itself, and in that her whole satisfaction is found. She cooks well because it is a grand thing to cook well; she dresses well because it is a grand thing to dress well; she decorates the drawing room well because it is a grand thing to decorate well. She does things to please others, for the pleasure of seeing them pleased; and it is her highest pleasure to please. No wonder she can go on working forever and need no rest!

The wife is never a professional manager of domestic concerns. There is no touch of officialism about her. The love of the home is in her very nature, and the love of the spirit, the obliviousness of the letter. This absence of professionalism in the home is one of its greatest charms, especially to the husband. It is a refreshing contrast to the officialism of the world outside; a soothing relief from professionalism of office. The secret why the wife is an amateur, and her whole work an amateur work, is contained in the word itself. A professional is one who works for pay, or for duty, because he must; and that is the man. An amateur is one that works for love, and because she wants to; and that is the woman.—The Examiner, Bombay.

"TWENTY THOUSAND LITTLE FLAWS"

Sacerdos (a priest) writing to the Catholic Herald (England) thus deals with the assertions and claims of British Protestants as to the Bible in English:

Once again we learn that the free and open Bible is one of the innumerable blessings which England owes to the Reformation. The Archbishop of Canterbury, for example, told the King the other day of the "inestimable blessings bestowed on the English-speaking people by the translation of the Bible into our mother tongue." He added that the English version of the Bible has made accessible to us the revelation of God our Father in His Son Jesus Christ Our Lord. And apparently, he went on to impress upon His Majesty that the translation, blessing and the accessibility all really date only from the day on which James I. appointed a company of scholars to revise the English Bible.

Writers on whose Protestantism no suspicion or even the very slightest leanings toward Rome can rest, tell us that the inhabitants of England had God's revelation in their mother tongue a thousand years before either the "Reformation," or a Protestant Archbishop of Canterbury, or a Stuart King was ever dreamt of in the land, and more than half as long again before a seion of the House of Hanover thought to sit upon the throne of England. And he, in theory at least her spiritual and "emporal ruler.

ST. AIDAN AND HIS MONKS IN THE SEVENTH CENTURY. Away back in the seventh century, the poet Caedmon gave the Anglo-Saxon Church a meretricious version of Bible history, and even before his time, St. Aidan, the Irish Bishop of Lindisfarne, had his monks hard at work translating the Scriptures into English; his mother tongue, just as Ven. Bede did in the tenth century, and others of those "lazy monks" who kept the Bible from the people, did in the eighth century. Later on, we find the monk Eadred, who subsequently became Bishop of Chester-le-Street, translating the seven books of the Old Testament into "our mother tongue." "All through the centuries from the Conquest to the Reformation" the story is the same. Though the Archbishop of Canterbury would give us the glory to James I., most Protestants are inclined

to bestow an extra special halo on Wickliffe, as the man to whom England really owes the free and open Bible. But, we have it on the authority of Sir Thomas More that "the whole Bible was, long before Wickliffe's day, by virtuous and well-informed men, translated into the English tongue, and by goodly and Godly people, with devotion and soberness, well and reverently read." But Sir Thomas was a Papist, and died for his Papistry, so he may have been prejudiced. Wherefore, it is consoling—even if inconvenient to some people—to know that his statement is confirmed by no less a person than that great luminary of English No-Poperyism, Foxe, the compiler of the wonderful, if not painfully veracious, "Book of Martyrs."

LONG BEFORE THE "REFORMATION" A FREE AND OPEN BIBLE IN ENGLISH. If the Archbishop of Canterbury will spend a few hours in the British Museum he will learn from one Protestant writer after another that, not only long before the days of James I., but long before the "Reformation," the Bible, in the English tongue, was free and open to all who could read, and that to those who could not read their teachings were imparted in sermon and instruction—just as they are to day—by monk and friar and secular priest. But, before we pass from this part of the question, it would be interesting to know what Canterbury's Archbishop thinks of the Rev. F. B. Meyer, who told his congregation at Regent's Park Chapel recently that it was not till 1804 that "the chain which had for so long held the Bible from general circulation was broken, and the Book was scattered over the world."

King James's Bible was not even the first "authorized version." Henry VIII. had appointed Blessed Sir Thomas More and some twenty others a commission to revise the English Bible in his day, and early in Elizabeth's reign "able Bishops and learned men" undertook a revision of the Bible, but the standard version down to the days of King James seems to have been the "Great Bible" of 1539.

James decided on his revision in 1604, at a conference held at Hampton Court, where the High Church and the Low Church parties met in the vain hope of adjusting the differences naturally resulting from Protestantism. The work was put in the hands of fifty-four men, seven of whom died or resigned before its completion. These men are to this day enshrined as the most brilliant scholars the world has ever seen, but the eulogy does not seem to be justified by results. And even on this point Protestants are not agreed.

The Archbishop of Canterbury told the King recently that "there seemed to be no external warrant for the title 'authorized,' and Anderson, another Protestant, says in his 'Annals of the Bible' that when the committee of revision was appointed James had only been a few months in England, that he spent these months in hunting, feasting, and other extravagances, whilst his subjects were dying by hundreds of pestilence—and that he could know next to nothing of the learning or talent to be found in England. He seems to have accepted as the committee of revision such names as were submitted to him, probably by Archbishop Bancroft. Anyhow whether the committee was competent or incompetent—and the question has but little interest for Catholics—they finished their work in 1611, when there immediately began the typically Protestant squabbling which has not yet abated. Church parties were as a matter of course, at each other's throats. The Lows asserted that Bancroft "must needs have the version speak the pretentious language, and to that end, altered it in fourteen several places."

Since then the "authorized" version has been translated, and mangled, and revised, and squabbled over almost ad infinitum. To satisfy some other objectors a "Revised Version" was published between 1881 and 1895. But still, the fault-finders are at work.

"TWENTY THOUSAND 'LITTLE FLAWS'." Rev. R. J. Campbell says St. Matthew's Gospel is not St. Matthew's Gospel; another writer complains of the tautology of the authorized and revised versions. Yet another declares that this model of perfection possesses a few "trifling inaccuracies here and there." Another describes the inaccuracies as "little flaws," whilst according to a third, the "trifling inaccuracies," or "little flaws," or whatever one may be pleased to call them, total at least twenty thousand. "Tame and cold." Again, one authority says the authorized version put into modern English and has published a portion of the New Testament, which furnishes a very strong argument against his views. A rival writer says that in modern English the Bible would be "tame and cold," and recently the Master of the Rolls protested against "these vulgar attempts to translate the Bible into what he might call newspaper-English for the benefit of the people."

We have all heard that the Bible—authorized version, of course—is the secret of England's greatness. The Archbishop of Canterbury reminded the King of that "fact" the other day. Bishop Weldon, the Protestant Dean of Manchester, spoke recently of its influence in "sanctifying the development of the English-speaking race," and on the same day Canon Alexander, preaching at St. Paul's Cathedral, said "its ideals had had a powerful influence on nationality," and that no one would ever find it "suggesting that the test of a nation's greatness was tested by the character of the men it bred, the gold which they had collected or the territory which they had acquired."

With the last clause we can all agree; but, amongst Protestants, it is not the Bible but private interpretation of the Bible that does the suggestion. Hence the belief, so common in England, that a nation's Christianity is to be measured by its wealth—by "the gold which it has collected and the territory which it has acquired."

EFFECT ON CHARACTER. As to its effect on national character, and its sanctification of the development of the English-speaking race, these assertions of Bishop Weldon and Canon Alexander become specially interesting when read side by side with the lamentations of the Protestant

Bishop of Liverpool and Archdeacon Madden over the moral decadence of the Christian, moral, and Bible-adoring English nation, where those who talk most of the Bible are often most lacking in sexual and commercial morality. They would be more interesting still if they could be read in conjunction with the views of the millions of Indians and Africans and Americans and men of almost every race under the sun, whose blood was poured out like water because the lovers of the authorized version wanted "the gold which they had collected and the territory which they had acquired," or with the views of the Conventurers who died on the mountain sides and in the rugged glens of Scotland because they thought the doctrine of private interpretation was meant for every day use, or with those of the thousands massacred round the market crosses of Ireland because they denied the right of any earthly king or Parliament to authorize or revise the teaching of the King of kings.

THE DECREE AGAIN

A PRUDENT PROTESTANT DEALS WITH IT. Colours World, June 25, 1911. What a awful outcry the Ne Temere Decree has raised lately!

The decree was issued in the early part of 1908, yet it is only at this late date that the extreme Protestants have found out its far-reaching effects? What a vast amount of unpardonable ignorance there is about it as well. An inhabitant of this Colours of ours—let us say, should know better—expressed himself in the following words last Wednesday night:—

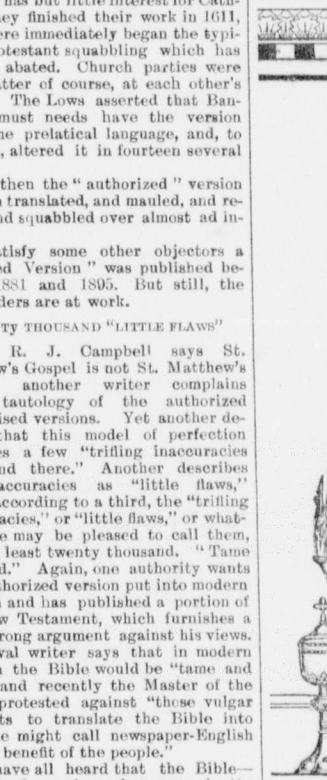
"D'ye know what this Netty Mary Degree means? No, well I'll tell you. It means that the Pope—him as lives in Rome and losses all the Micks—it means that him and his foreign minions can swoop down and tell you or anybody else that yer aint married right, pick your wife from you and have you locked up and your children made degenerate." (I think he meant illegitimate.) But it was a fine speech—for him—but oh so utterly, utterly wrong.

I haven't much space here but next week will devote a considerable part of it to the explanation of this most misunderstood decree. Meantime for goodness and decency sake, I would remind those extremely Protestant Protestants that their cause is not advanced merely by vilifying the other. And—mark you—I am a Protestant.

SUN-ROSA.

The Late Rev. Dr. Teefy

THE CATHOLIC RECORD of London, Ont., mourns the recent death of one of its writers, a man of distinguished merit as an apologist for Catholic truth. Rev. Dr. Teefy. He died all too young; such minds and hearts as his are rare, and the keener is their loss felt when they go home. We offer our sympathies to the Rocco and to the aged and respected father of Dr. Teefy, who survives him—Catholic Register, Denver, Colorado.



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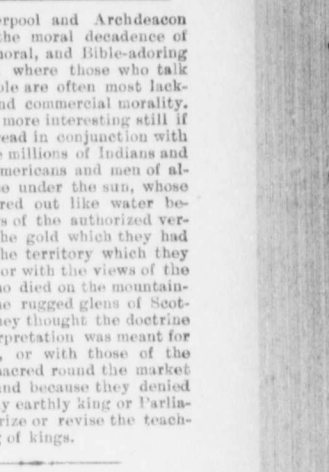
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