

THE BIBLE'S TRUE VALUE.

THE CHURCH ITS PRESERVER.

Read Under Her Guidance It, in Conjunction With Tradition, is a True Pilot in the Journey to Heaven.

On Monday evening, February 19, Rev. James P. Turner, of St. Patrick's Church, lectured before the De Sales Association on the Bible. This was the second of a Lenten series of Monday night lectures which this association has prepared for the instruction of the members and their friends. The enlarged hall at the southeast corner of Twentieth and Christian streets was filled with an intelligent and attentive audience, which followed the speaker closely from the beginning of his discourse until the end.

Father Turner spoke for about an hour, his object being to show the true value of the Bible for men and to prove that the Catholic Church has always held it at its true value. Men, the speaker said, are wanderers on earth. They come into the world at the time of birth; they go out of it at the time of death. From the beginning until the end of their lives they are always moving on. It is their duty to ask themselves whence do we come, why are we here, whither do we go? Reason itself answers these questions by proving to them the existence of a God who is the author of their life and the master of their death, and by showing to them the mortality of corporal things and the immortality of the spiritual.

A GUIDE TO REASON.

But in addition to reason man possesses a book called the Bible or the Sacred Scriptures, which contains Divine revelations made from time to time by God to teach them the end of their creation and how to fulfill it. All Christians agree that the Bible contains the revealed word of God, but those outside of the Catholic Church claim that each can read it for himself, while those within the pale claim that it contains only a part of revealed truth, the rest having been handed down by tradition, and that the Bible is of no value as a guide unless we have some one who can infallibly vouch for it and interpret it.

Moses is the first author of the Old Testament, and he did not live until about 2,500 years after the creation of the world, and perhaps not until much later. All those who lived before him were guided by tradition. God Himself established an interpreter of the Sacred Scriptures in the old dispensation, and he commanded men to submit to the interpretation of the priests of the synagogue under pain of death. Under the new law Christ did not write nor did he command his apostles and disciples to write. For several years none of them did write, and most of them never wrote. St. Matthew's Gospel appeared at least eight years after the ascension of Christ, and St. John's Gospel was not penned until about the close of the first century. The Gospels and Epistles were written originally to special churches and in special emergencies, and they were unknown in some instances to the general Church until years afterwards. It was not until the year 397, in the Council of Carthage, that the Catholic Church gathered together the books which compose the Bible as we now have it and declared them to be canonical. It was impossible for man to be guided by the Bible only before that time, because he didn't have it. Even after the canon was made and before printing was discovered in 1440, it was impossible for him to be guided by it, because it could not be multiplied fast enough. Even now there are many who cannot be guided by it because they cannot read, and it is evident from history that no nation was ever converted by reading the Bible.

THE CHURCH AS AN INTERPRETER.

But suppose that all men could and would read and that each one had a copy of the Bible, printed in his own language, placed in his hands, would it then be a sufficient guide for him? No, for he must accept it on the authority of the Catholic Church or not at all; he must submit to her interpretation of it, and he must believe many divine truths not contained in it, but preserved by tradition. She alone preserved it for sixteen centuries, and she alone claims the infallibility necessary for its preservation. As soon as men rejected her interpretation of the sacred text they began to change it and dispute about it, even in regard to essentials. This is shown

conclusively in that admirable work, "Ward's Errata of the Bible." The Sacred Scriptures are appealed to in proof of opposite doctrines: That there is but one person in God; that there are three persons in Him; that Christ is God, that He is only man; that there are no sacraments, that there are two sacraments; that God will punish eternally, that He will not. Hence the deplorable multiplication of sects to the great scandal of the unbeliever.

The speaker told how a Mormon deacon who had been converted from the Baptist Church to Mormonism and polygamy, whom he met in Salt Lake City, tried to prove to him from the Sacred Scriptures that it was his duty not only to marry, but to marry several times.

There is no way to union except with the Church as an interpreter, and Christ, who foresaw this, gave to her the divine commission. But even those who reject the authority of the Church and tradition accept many truths preserved by her alone in tradition, the most remarkable one being the sanctification of the Sunday. There is no command to sanctify that day, but there is a positive command to sanctify the Sabbath, and yet non-Catholics accept this truth on the authority of the Catholic Church, which has preserved it in tradition.

HER ALLEGED ENMITY.

But because the church will not worship the Bible as the full depository of God's revealed word, and because she insists on discharging the commission given to her by her Divine founder, she is accused of being an enemy of the Bible; she who preserved it for sixteen centuries, during which her loyal sons copied it with infinite toil before the art of printing was discovered, and who saved it over and over again from destruction by conflagration, by war, by barbarian invaders; she who had printed twenty-two different versions of it for European countries before the appearance of Luther's Bible in 1530. Moreover, these twenty-two versions ran through seventy editions in as many years before the appearance of that copy, which was supposed to be the first ever published for the people.

The speaker referred to the old story of the Bible which Luther found chained in the Augustinian monastery at Erfurt, which is frequently quoted to prove that the Church wished to conceal it and prevent it from being read. We should rather conclude that it was so much read and fought after that only chaining prevented it from being carried away. Witness the City Directory which we find chained very fast in hotels and other public places.

Father Turner quoted from "Spalding's History of the Reformation" and from "Maitland's Dark Ages" to prove and illustrate his assertions. He also showed that there never was a prohibition of the Church against the reading of the Bible by the laity; that only certain restrictions were made at times to defend them against false versions, and to prevent them from reading the Sacred Text to their own destruction, as we are assured by the Bible itself, and as we know from experience some persons do.

He closed by calling the attention of his auditors to the many excellent editions of the Bible that are published with the sanction of the Church; by inviting them to read it, especially the New Testament, under her guidance and by assuring them that they would thus find in it, together with tradition, a true guide to heaven.—*Philadelphia Catholic Times.*

"Grin Like a Cheshire Cat."

"Well, well! Didn't ever hear of a 'grin like a Cheshire cat?' Why, you see, a man down in Cheshire had a cat which grinned until there was nothing left of the cat but the grin, just as some scrofulous people, who don't know of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, get a cough, and then cough and cough until there is nothing left of them to erect a monument to but the cough."

The "Golden Medical Discovery" is the most effective, anti-bilious, anti-dyspeptic, strength-giving remedy extant. For weak lungs, lingering coughs, spitting of blood, scrofula, sores, pimples and ulcers, it is a wonderful and efficacious remedy.

Its manufacturers guarantee it to do all that they claim, or money is returned.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets cure constipation, piles, sick headache, and indigestion, or dyspepsia.

ROBERT EMMET.

BY PROF. H. F. ATCHISON, B.A.

How strikingly sad the history of the noble patriot—whose anniversary not alone Irishmen—but all who are noble enough to appreciate patriotism, heroic courage, and chivalrous devotion to the cause of freedom—love to celebrate poor, ill-fated Emmet! He is gone—gone to join the countless heroes who died to save Ireland. I know of no nobler personage in the list of the illustrious dead than Emmet, young, handsome, chivalrous, talented, eloquent and amiable, he saw, with all the keenness of his cultured intellect, and felt, with all the warmth of his deep, affectionate, impressionable nature, the wrongs which his hopeless country had suffered for ages at the hand of the Saxon. He knew but too well that little was to be expected from the mercy, and certainly nothing from the justice of the oppressor.

The grand vision of Ireland a nation, the glory of her legislature, her enterprise, her educational, commercial, political and military genius, had arisen from the sleep of ages, and it seemed as if all that glory of Ireland a nation, the glory of Ireland's resurrection under the spell of Grattan's eloquence, and the power of the volunteers, had been but a dream. Alas! a dream it might be called. Too truly can we say of the glorious period of Ireland's legislative independence:

'Tis gone, and forever, the light we saw breaking.
Like Heaven's first glimpse o'er the face of the dead,
When man from the slumbers of ages awakens.
Looked upward and blessed the pure ray ere it fled.
'Tis gone, and the gleams it has left of its burning.
But darken the sad night of sorrow and mourning,
That dark o'er the kingdoms of earth is returning.
And darkest of all, hapless Erin o'er thee.

Emmet loved his native isle, and loving it as he did, and burning with just indignation he was willing to take any risks to contribute to its emancipation. His history is too well known to be repeated here. Who does not know how he used his influence in the Historical Society of Trinity College, Dublin, amongst his fellow students to keep alive the fire of patriotism, which we are proud to say has ever burned in Dublin University despite the hostile influence of England? He threw himself heart and soul into the plans of that gallant band of patriots, "The United Irishmen," who, ignoring all petty party prejudice and religious bigotry—fostered so carefully by English statesmen—united for the grand old cause.

Who has not heard of Emmet's premature rebellion in Dublin, when he led his poorly armed men against Dublin Castle—its suppression—his escape—his capture, owing to his desire to bid farewell to his beloved Sarah Curran—his imprisonment—his brilliant vindication of his character and motives—his heroic fortitude and willing sacrifice of his young life for Ireland—all of which have made him a hero beloved by all lovers of justice and of those who dare do all and suffer all for freedom's cause. Many are the lessons his life contains, and base indeed must he be who will not have a higher ideal of the nobility of human nature and of the justice of Ireland's cause, when he sees such noble, unselfish characters as Emmet, Wolfe Tone and Lord Edward Fitzgerald devoted to its cause. We cannot lose faith in the cause that can command the unselfish and deathless devotion of such men. Their lives and their deaths are the grand upholders of liberty throughout the world.

We may hope that Emmet's epitaph may soon be written, and that when Ireland again takes her place among the nations of the earth, his monument shall be raised towering to the skies, the beacon light of freedom to all the oppressed world over. Every lover of political equality and justice will revere the name of Robert Emmet, for his name and character are not Ireland's alone, but the glory of all mankind.—*Irish American.*

PARENTS MUST HAVE REST.

A president of one of our colleges says: "We spent many sleepless nights in consequence of our children suffering from colds, but this never occurs now. We use Scott's Emulsion, and it quickly relieves pulmonary troubles."

NOTRE DAME'S LAETARE MEDAL

GOES TO A PROMINENT THEATRICAL MANAGER.

The Laetare Medal with which Notre Dame annually honors some prominent Catholic goes this year to Augustin Daly of Daly's Theatre, New York.

Mr. Daly was born fifty three years ago in Plymouth, North Carolina. His mother wanted him to be a merchant, but none of the berths seemed to suit him, or he them. The fact was his craving was for literature. Indeed, before twenty-two, he had written five plays for Messrs. Wood, Jefferson, and William Burton; but somehow they did not care to accept them, and so the entire lot was promptly declined "with thanks." He did journalistic work, writing dramatic criticisms for The New York Times, The Evening Express, The Sun, The Citizen, and others until 1869, when he took the Fifth Avenue Theatre, in Twenty-fourth street; but four years afterwards it was destroyed by fire. Three weeks later he rebuilt the Old Globe, rechristening it the Fifth Avenue. There was a third Fifth Avenue Theatre built for him in Twenty-eight street, which he occupied five years. He also managed the Grand Opera House for a time.

The first successful piece from his pen was "Leah the Forsaken," adapted from the German "Deborah," which was accepted by Mr. Bateman, the father of the Miss Bateman who played the late John (Xenford's) paraphrase of his piece in London. He also wrote "Divorce," "Pique," "Horizon," "Under the Gaslight"—a play which has suggested the numerous railway collisions as episodes in other playwrights' subsequent productions. He is the only manager who has kept the glamor of gold on his stage tinsel. His artists are enveloped in an inscrutable mist of seclusion that lights into a halo of celebrity under the glare of the footlights. He is a scholar to begin with; furthermore, he is distinctly a dramatic scholar of highest attainments. He has battled for art in an unsympathetic, hurried century, among a rather scoffing, sensational people. But by dauntless, enthusiastic ambition, and severe, irritating vigor, he has nearly accomplished what three of the mightiest minds of Europe encompassed, aided by an emperor and the exalted aspirations of all cultured France. Daly's Theatre is a school, his performances delightful studies.

Mr. Daly is tall and stoop-shouldered. In his eye there is the light of a superior intelligence that will make its power felt at all times. His soft long hair adds much to the picturesqueness of his face. If it were not for a certain severity in the lines one would be justified in taking him for a studious and gentle man of leisure. But he is more than a student. He is an organizer, a developer, a creator, a commander; all these in one. Personally he is a thoroughly modest man, never quite so much embarrassed as when he is called upon to face the public. Outside of the theatre and beyond the reach of business his friends always find him a genial and approachable man, simple in manner, and courteous to every one. When at work he changes as the chameleon changes its colors, with the same ease and rapidity, from gentle to severe. He is an autocrat in dealing with the actors in his company. He keeps his players secluded from the public gaze as far as he is able to exercise an authority over them. His wit is the greater for the mystery that surrounds it, and his actors are objects of the greater interest. No one has access to his stage, and he will permit no levity or any attempted improvements upon his methods. No one dares to disobey him, which seems all the more strange, because Mr. Daly is not a man to inspire any one with an idea that he is a man of bodily prowess. It is in his case purely a triumph of mind over matter. He has by his discipline made his actors as perfect as flesh and blood actors can be. He has done much for dramatic literature, because he has contributed some excellent original plays to it, and he has adapted for the American public some charming works of French and German origin, that but for his kindly pen might not have been produced in this country.

We may add to the above sketch, which has been specially prepared for these columns, that Augustin Daly is almost a daily attendant at Catholic services.—*New York Catholic Review.*