

tentatively, "and we part for a year. Tell me, shall I paint my own ideal of the Perfect Man, or shall I follow the accepted models?"

"As you will, but I prefer your own ideal, your idea of what a perfect man should be in body, soul, mind and strength. Do you not recall your own youthful ambition? How many times have I heard you say, 'Some day I will paint a Christ!' This is your opportunity. Do it, my friend. Make it the work of your life. Put your heart, your best energy and your whole soul in the work."

"I will paint it, Roderick," replied the artist slowly. "I will not disappoint you. Within the month I will send you my address. It will be somewhere in the country. Good-bye. God bless you. You have done more for me to-day than words can tell. Good-bye!"

Philip Sutherland did not totter when he walked away from the church that he had so reluctantly entered scarcely more than an hour before. There was no more erasing in his attitude, no slouching dependency in his gait.

On the outskirts of a quiet Connecticut village, in the north wing of an old colonial mansion, the artist had his studio, and there, day after day, week after week and month after month he studied and sketched and dreamed and sketched again the ideal Perfect Man, and while he toiled persistently his eyes grew brighter, deeper and more glad, his cheeks were round and glowed with health, and his touch became firm and steady.

Once begun, the task absorbed him as nothing else ever had done. During those months of study he had inter-viewed the sketches, "both hearing and asking them questions;" of the young Man who had worked for years at the carpenter's trade, developing sinew, muscle and sterling manhood; of the Man who as a fisherman, when his friends gave themselves up for lost, in the violence of a storm took them safely to shore; of the Man who, when the mob threatened him, faced it unflinchingly, demanding that he who was without sin should cast the first stone; of the Man who, alone and without human aid, drove the money changers from the temple to the street; of the Man who, facing a starving multitude, compelled it to silence and to patience until the hungry could be fed; of the Man who, in the humility that is engendered by strength of mind and power of physique, could forgive Peter for his treachery, and of the Man who possessed the fortitude, the courage and the muscle to bear the rude cross from the place of condemnation to the place of execution.

It was not until the new year had come and gone that he began to portray upon the canvas the features of this more than Man, the most difficult task of all. Time after time he painted it out and began anew. He wanted the humility of strength, not the weakness of the charity which is a part of weakness; the forbearance of latent power, and the intensity of purpose and tenacity of effort which are born of the determination to accomplish and the knowledge that success is certain, and at last he accomplished it. That was about the beginning of Lent.

When he realized that the picture was completed, he covered it with a sheet and spent his days in long walks upon the country roads, so that during those weeks or more he did not again look upon his work, and these who had known Philip Sutherland in the past could scarcely have recognized him now.

One week before the fulfillment of his contract was due, on the morning of the Sunday before Easter, he uncovered the painting for the first time since its completion. He studied it critically, and then with a sigh of regret that his work was done he telegraphed to his friend:

"Come on Easter morning. The painting is completed." And on Easter morning Roderick Douglas arrived.

The early morning bells were ringing out merrily from the steeple of the little country church near by when they entered the studio together.

"Stand here," said the artist, placing his friend on the spot where he himself had passed so many hours studying the work. Then he removed the screen.

"What do you think of it, Roderick?" the artist asked after a long silence.

"I see more than you meant that man should see," replied Douglas dreamily. "I see your own salvation in the work that you have done. It is the Christ that has risen within you, Phil, that has painted this picture, not your talents alone. They never could have accomplished such a work as this. The figure and the pose are those of a Man Who is greater than His kind and Who is conscious of His power. You have succeeded, for you have painted a Perfect Man. Tell me how you did it."

The artist was silent for a moment and then made answer slowly:

"I do not know, Rod. It was born in me, I think, last Easter morning, when I heard the words: 'Christ, being risen from the dead, dieth no more. Sin hath no more dominion over Him.' I was dead, then, Rod—that is, every good impulse in me was dead—when I walked into the old church where we used to go together when we were boys. I thought then when I heard those words, if Christ rose from the dead, why cannot I? I had been three years dead, and during my year of work upon that painting I have risen and am again alive. Sin hath no more dominion over me. In painting the determination of purpose in that Face I myself have become imbued with it. I have striven to attain so much of it as a human being may."

He dropped the screen over the painting again, and together they left the house, and as they walked up the aisle of the little country church, by a strange coincidence, the priest was saying: "Christ being risen from the dead, dieth no more. Sin hath no more dominion over Him."

VERSIONS OF THE BIBLE.

N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

CONTINUED.

Mr. Jones.—"You can't rely on age of manuscripts."

Here you attempt to saw off the limb on which you sit. For, if we cannot rely on the age or antiquity of the early manuscripts we can much less rely on later manuscripts transcribed from those ancient ones. On what does your American Revised Edition of the Bible rest, if not on the reliability of those ancient manuscripts or later copies made from them? Thus you see in discrediting the ancient manuscripts you discredit your own favorite Bible, you knock your own feet from under you and leave the ground to the infidel and the higher critic.

Mr. Jonesy.—"Many spurious and defective manuscripts were lost in the third and fourth centuries."

Yes, even earlier. We have before us a list of no less than thirty-two books that were in use among the Christians of the fourth and earlier centuries. It is not necessary to suppose that all these books were spurious or fraudulent. Many of them, indeed most of them, were doubtless written in good faith as histories of particular apostles, and making no claim to inspiration. The Catholic Church in the fourth century, in fixing the canon of inspired books, left them out of the list as not being inspired. This omitting of them is not equivalent to a condemnation of them as spurious or fraudulent.

If by "spurious and defective manuscripts" you meant manuscript copies of the Bible then the same difficulty confronts you that we have noted above. As long as you cannot prove that the later manuscripts were not copied from some of those spurious and defective ancient manuscripts you have no security for the reliability of your favorite American Revised Bible.

Referring again to those thirty-two books rejected by the Catholic Church in the fourth century, suppose you had lived at that time, how could you, with those thirty-two books from the twenty-seven books that now constitute the New Testament, giving a special reason why each of those thirty-two books should be rejected as not inspired, and why the other twenty-seven should be received as inspired? You would not have attempted it, you would have seen, as those early Christians saw, that private judgment was not competent for the task, and like them you would have left the matter to the Church, and have, like them, abided by her decision. You will remember that some books and parts of books now in your New Testament were not considered as inspired by some of the early Christians until the Church, by her decision, placed them in the canon. All doubts about them were destroyed by the action of the Church: not by private judgment.

Mr. Jones.—"A modern manuscript may transmit a truer text than an older and more remote manuscript."

It is equally true to say that an older and more remote manuscript may transmit a truer text than a modern manuscript. Both these statements are true, but neither is of any practical use in solving the question before us. As both are too indefinite to be made the basis of a definite conclusion we may put them together face to face and throw them both out as so much waste of energy. The value of a modern manuscript depends on whether it is a true copy of a correct ancient manuscript. If you throw doubt on the ancient ones the same doubt throws its ugly shadow on all modern copies.

Mr. Jones.—"Manuscripts and versions and various texts thereof were in a terrible muddle in the good saint's (Jerome's) time."

Yes, there were at that time heretical translators and transcribers, who, like heretics of later days, did their work in favor of their own sects. But there were watchmen on the ramparts of Israel then as there have been at all times. The Catholic Church stood guard over the Scriptures then as she does now, and among the many books then in circulation among Christians she distinguished and determined the inspired from the uninspired. And were it not for her care and guardianship you would not know to-day what books constitute the New Testament.

But your statement, like others that precede it, sacrifices your Bible to its infidel and higher critic enemies. For if the scholars of those early days could not and did not distinguish false from true copies of the Scriptures, you of to-day cannot tell whether the copies that now exist are or are not made from the false copies that made the "terrible muddle in the good saint's (Jerome's) time."

It is strange that with your private judgment and your rejection of tradition and the authority of the Church of Christ you did not see your statement's destructive effect on your American Revised Bible—strange that you did not reflect that there was and is no way out of the "terrible muddle" of manuscripts and versions except through the authority of that Church which Christ established to guard His flock from error.

Mr. Jones.—"The Roman Catholic Church accepted for centuries Jerome's edition as the standard, but a thousand years afterward reached the climax by repudiating it and giving the world a Latin version containing not only various readings different from the original vulgate, but inserting therein uncanonical books, some of which Jerome despised as fables, and even refused to translate them from the Septuagint."

First—St. Jerome's translation was never accepted by the Church as the standard, that is as containing the whole canon of inspired books. Second—St. Jerome's translation of the books he translated was never repudiated by the Catholic Church. Third—The Church did not a thousand years after—that is at the Council of Trent—add a single book to the Bible that was not recognized by her as belonging to it during the life time of St. Jerome. Fourth, as a matter of fact St. Jerome did translate some of those books, which are called apocryphal, and which you say he "despised as fables and refused to translate." True, he did not translate

them from the Septuagint, just as he did not translate any of the books of the Old Testament from the Septuagint. The two books—Judith and Tobias—which he "despised as fables" he translated from the original Chaldaic. The other books, which he did not translate because they were not extant in the original Hebrew or Chaldaic, he left as he found them in the Latin version, which was used by the Latins a century and a half or two centuries before Jerome was born—a version which St. Augustine used in preference to all other Latin versions—that is, the *Vetus Italica*.

You will be good enough to remember that St. Jerome, whom you would transgressively into a sneering modern higher critic, was a Catholic, a Papist. He was for a time Secretary to Pope Damasus, and it was at this Pope's request that he undertook his great work of translating the Scriptures into Latin. When in the East St. Jerome was greatly bothered by the disputes of the Arian and Sabellian heretics, and to be secure in the right way he wrote a letter to Pope Damasus for direction. For the purpose of edifying you and showing you how this great saint and scholar of the fourth century did not trust to private judgment in matters of faith, we will give a portion of his letter, written in the year 376. Here it is:

"I am joined in communion with your Holiness, that is, with the Chair of Peter; upon that rock I know the Church is built. Whoever eats the lamb of God that house is a profane person. Whoever is not in the ark shall perish in the flood. I do not know Vitalis; I do not communicate with Vitalis; Paulinus is a stranger to me. Whoever gathereth not with you, scatters; that is, he who is not Christ's, belongs to Antichrist." Order me, if you please, what I should do."

In a second letter to the same Pope he wrote: "On the one side the Arian fury rages, supported by the secular power; on the other side the Church (at Antioch) being divided into three parts, each would needs draw me to itself. All the time I cease not to cry out: Whoever is united to the Chair of Peter is mine."

This voice of one of the greatest Christians and scholars of the fourth century has the true Catholic ring in it.

OUR DEAR DEAD.

THOUGHTS FOR THE MONTH OF THE HOLY SOULS.

"For they have fought a gallant fight," dear dead, dear friend, but they are only dead to us—Our dear one is not dead, and those who live in God in this world (which is in God)—those who are in God's company night and day, there is no death—no death as most think of death. No, we have already commenced, it seems to us, our eternal life. We are now in one stage of our existence. We are in the battle of human life; we begrudge not the wounds and bruises received in the battle. It is the time of our existence to show our valor, and we bravely bear the brunt of the battle if God place us in the front, and then for us will come the day when we drop our arms, worn, wounded, perhaps unable to carry them more; but we do not lay them down; they drop from us; we give our last drop of blood to God. Is it not so, dear reader?"

It is all over now for those departed ones we love. Now we rejoice with them, and pray we, too, may persevere to the end. How different they died—some in youth, some as warriors victorious in the fight. We lingeringly look at their lives. Ah! we see not from the exterior what was within. The music of the hearts of man, we might say most is heard by God alone. He takes His delight in the chants of His children on earth. But God's pleasure is not in their praise, but in the intent of our actions which gives them their value, and we must profit or overlook it. How differently death comes—suddenly, lingeringly, fortified with the rites of Holy Church. We say with satisfaction, and rightly, and yet to all appearance, deaths that have been helped with every grace that can be given have been far more painful than deaths that have occurred when the circumstances have been such that the powerful channels of grace to souls, the Sacraments, have not been poured upon the souls in their last hours. But be comforted for who lament your dear one's death without these means of sanctification that you so regret they had not. God is just to those who have to go through the terrible pains rightly termed "agonies." God gives grace to bear them, but when circumstances occur (and God will by working miracles), when through various circumstances sudden death—mistakes in sickness—a neglect of others, a priest is not in time, we firmly believe God does not allow the same sufferings or such trying temptations. This will ease the minds of some who lament the sad fate of loved ones who died alone, or who apparently had no thought of death and had not prepared for it. Believe it, you who mourn, angels were sent in that hour, and the enemy was not allowed to approach. How wonderful are the works of God! How mysteriously He acts, and all His ways are adorable. All His acts are both beneficent and magnificent. The Sacraments are given us by God, links which bind the creature to Himself. They are given at various epochs, when our frail, weak nature needed support and strength. God be ever praised for His institution of the Sacraments! Wonderful intercourse between earth and Heaven!

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for your dear dead what you do now, for this courage you—what they have been wanting in (and all have been wanting in something) now you can perform for them. Were they parsimonious, gave alms; were they impatient, make acts of patience; were they wanting in acts of resignation, make distinct acts of union with the will of God in your adverse circumstances; where they were negligent, pray for them in charity; use all opportunities to offer many acts for those who, having left this earth, should be nearer and dearer to you now, who should make you nearer and dearer to God and link you to Him whilst in the world, helping you to hold conversation with Heaven.

Dear dead! Dear dead! Did we ever love you as now? And yet, great would we wish you back? Could we? You are sinless—happy you! Pray for those you left that they walk in the true pure and unspotted! You have now breathed with a sense of relief we could, and we would not risk staining our souls by running into temptation and losing grace. You know you can never sin, never offend God, never have that wearisome fight with self, never have to keep that constant watch and guard so trying, and often so painful, from the fear that you have not fought as you should, that you have given way. What a burden you are released of, and in your freedom from that terrible thralldom you look on and love those still in captivity, and you pity, pity so greatly, the children of earth, those you left behind, those still in mortal flesh, and you are yours, blessed ones. You are sacred to us. We venerate your memory. Pray that what you have done we also may do—"Fight the good fight till death; persevere to the end." Hail, dear dead! Our hearts soften as we think of you! Daily we miss you more, and daily we wish there were others to take your places; but one thing we do not wish; we are not to selfish—we wish you all that love could wish to those beloved; but one thing we do not wish—we do not wish you back. Ave! Ave.

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