

The Papacy and the Bible.

Archbishop Carr would have us believe that the Romish Church is not opposed to the free distribution and reading of the Bible. He says: "The popular Protestant impression regarding the attitude of the Catholic towards the reading of the Bible in the vernacular is wholly wrong." Facts, however, are stubborn things, and unfortunately the facts in this case are dead against the Archbishop. The *Southern Cross* cites a few of these facts, as follows: The Council of Trent, for example, recites that, "if the Sacred Books be allowed to be circulated everywhere indiscriminately, more harm than good would arise;" and in the fourth rule of the Index of Prohibited Books it enacts that no man shall possess a copy of the Bible without the permission, in writing, of his confessor. Clement XI., in a famous Bull, condemned as "impious and blasphemous" the proposition, among others, that "the reading of the Scriptures is for all men." Pope Leo XI., again, described the Bible Society as "strolling with effrontery throughout the world," and "laboring with all its might to translate—or rather to pervert—the Holy Scriptures into the vulgar language of every nation." To avert this "plague," His Holiness exhorted all bishops and priests to "turn away their flocks from these poisonous pastures." And the Irish bishops, to whom Archbishop Carr refers, solemnly reported to their flocks that "the perusal of the Sacred Scriptures in the vulgar tongue" was prohibited unless under certain conditions. Pius IX. again denounced the Bible Society for having "the hardihood to carry on the distribution of the Sacred Scriptures translated, contrary to the rules of the Church, into the vulgar tongue.—*Australian Christian Standard*."

Intellectual sympathies are limited. The more men study, the more they separate themselves into groups with special interests. But moral sympathies are universal. The more men try to do right, the more they come into communion with all other men who are engaged in the same struggle all through the universe.—PHILLIPS BROOKS.

It (faith) has dared to think of human history, not as a great flat plain on which men wandered pleasantly but aimlessly, always coming back at last to the dead camp-fires where they had slept before, but as a flight of shining stairs, up which men were to struggle toilsomely but eagerly toward a day of the Lord, a kingdom of heaven which was waiting for them at the top.—PHILLIPS BROOKS.

In Deep Despair.

A MONTREALER RELATES HIS WONDERFUL EXPERIENCE.

He Had Tried Foreign and Local Physicians and was Operated Upon Without Success—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Cured When all other Medicines Failed.

From the Montreal Herald.

Instances of marvellous cures by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are numerous, but the one related below is of special interest, owing to the peculiarity of the illness and also to the fact that in the present instance the gentleman is well known in Montreal. Mr. Charles Frank, inspector of the mechanical department of the Bell Telephone Co. at 371 Aqueduct St., and who resides at 54 Argyle Avenue, in an interview with the Herald reporter, related the following wonderful cure by the use of Pink Pills. Mr. Frank, who is 25 years of age and a Russian by birth, is exceedingly intelligent, speaks several languages fluently, and is now apparently in good health. "My illness came about in a peculiar way," said Mr. Frank. "Up to three years ago I was in the best of health. About that time, while in Glasgow, Scotland, where I was employed as clerk in a hotel, and, while sculling on the Clyde, a storm came up and I had a pretty rough time of it for a while. I evidently must have injured myself internally, though I felt nothing wrong at the time. On my way home, however, I fell helpless on the street, and had to be conveyed home in a cab, as my legs were utterly unable to hold me up. I was confined to bed for several days in the same helpless condition, when I rallied, but found that my urine was of a strange reddish hue. I called in a physician, who prescribed, but did me no good. I then called on Sir George McLeod, M. D., who also



Caught in a storm on the Clyde.

prescribed and advised me to go to the hospital. I was averse to doing this, and he advised me then to try a change of climate, telling me that my bladder was affected. I acted on his suggestion as to change and came to Montreal. I did not do anything for about a year

as I wished to get cured. All this time, my urine was tainted with blood although I was suffering no pain, but this abnormal condition was a source of continual anxiety. I finally went to the General Hospital, where the physician in charge advised me to stay, which I did. After remaining there for five weeks with no benefit, a consultation of physicians was held and an operation suggested, to which I this time agreed. After the operation was performed I was no better, my condition remaining absolutely unchanged. From this out I was continually trying medicines and physicians, but derived no benefit from anything or anyone. I was in despair, as the physicians who had operated upon me could not decide as to my trouble. I visited the hospital once more, and they said they would operate again, but I did not care to undergo a second and perhaps equally unsuccessful operation. Some physicians thought my trouble was consumption of the bladder; others, that it was Bright's disease; but none could cure that strange bloody condition of my urine.

"Finally I went to work for the Bell Telephone Co., some two years ago, where I worked myself up to my present position. But I was in a state of constant anxiety, as I felt myself getting weaker all the time, and I was listless and sleepy and weak in the legs. I was also pale and ill-looking, no doubt owing to loss of blood. From a naturally cheerful man I became morose, and gave up all hopes of ultimate recovery. One Saturday, some months ago, while walking along Bleury St. having seen the advertisement of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in the Montreal Herald, I stopped at John T. Lyons' drug store and bought a box. I had tried so many medicines that I said to myself, 'If they don't cure me, I can't be any worse off than before.' After taking the first box I felt stronger and more cheerful, although there was no change in the bloody condition of my urine. But I felt encouraged and got three more boxes, determined to make a thorough trial of Pink Pills. After I had finished the second box I found that my urine was getting clearer, so I continued the use of the pills, taking two after each meal. When I had finished the third box my urine was quite clear, the first time in three years. I was delighted, and continued taking the pills until I had finished six boxes. I am strong now, and have no recurrence of the trouble, and, as you can see, the flush of health shows itself in my face. To think that I was cured by the use of \$3.00 worth of Dr.

Williams' Pink Pills, after trying a number of physicians and undergoing an operation in vain, is a puzzle to me, and I am sorry that I didn't know about this grand medicine before. I would have willingly given \$200 or \$300 to have been guaranteed a cure by anyone.

"I am willing," said Mr. Frank in conclusion, "to see anyone who wishes to verify this interview, as I consider it my duty to my fellow-men and a matter of gratitude to the marvellous cure their medicine has effected. I have come to the conclusion that Pink Pills are the best blood builders in existence, and I think everyone should try them."

The Gospel in Many Tongues.

The latest edition of "The Gospel in Many Tongues" gives a single verse (John iii. 16) printed in the 320 languages which the Bible society embraces in its issues, and it should be noted that from their number versions no longer in circular have been excluded. It is impossible to look without emotion on so striking an illustration of world-wide devotion and self-sacrifice. How meager even the greatest linguistic gifts are found to be before this gallery of alphabets so diversified that the same verse occupies in some cases an entire page, in others two or three lines only, while the words which it comprises vary from the terrific agglutination of the Iroquois to the monosyllabic brevity of the Chinese vernacular.

How strangely divergent the development which evolved 2,000 separate forms from one primeval tongue, and now tends to revert to its aboriginal unity once!

How inscrutable the destiny ordained for the sacred books of Christianity that they should be translatable into every known type of human speech, and should even at times stand out as solitary beacons, the sole memorial of dead tongues and people!

The lover rather than the thinker moves the world. Passion is the power of the pulpit. Unless the love of Christ constrains, there is no Gospel of Christ preached. Men, under the influence of a great affection, do not deal in subtleties. Fancy Paul putting his strength into a question of modern speculative philosophy! He dealt in these things before he was converted; afterward he counted them all refuse that he might win Christ. Keep to the main issue; let no man spoil you through vain philosophy. Love God; love men; preach Christ.—*Christian Standard*.