

Boston as the "hub of the universe." This morning therefore, when her brother's gaze strayed again to the graceful spire that, like the cross of a missionary, held aloft the cross, her patience gave away.

"That Romish steeple spoils the view from this side of the house," she said sharply. "His high as the mill hands built such a church I can not understand. It must have a great debt."

"The debt will be paid."

"Well, if your operatives have funds to throw away, I advise you to lower your scale of wages, George."

"And have a strike, with the mills idle when we are so rushed with orders that we can scarcely fill them all?" replied Mr. Bryson quietly. "You are an excellent housekeeper, Sarah, but I can still manage the mills — with Frank's assistance."

"It really is as he concluded that he had already been forced to delegate to another the larger share of the work he loved."

With a toss of her head, which presented a bewildering coil of curls and frizzes of the fashionable shade of "Titian brown," Miss Sarah went on with her dusting.

"I liked to go into the churches abroad," continued her brother, amiably adhering to the topic. "Their altars were everywhere and impressed me with a mysterious peace. Until that illness two years ago which made it necessary for me to take a vacation, I lived for nothing but business and money making."

Notwithstanding the annoyance she naturally felt at being told, in effect, to mind her own affairs, Miss Sarah was not going to be silent and hear a Bryson depreciate herself.

"No one would dare say that of you, George," she protested, restoring the feathered badge of her sphere of authority to an embroidered case that hung on the wall, and facing about, ready to sound his praises on the houseposts if need be. "No man in the township is so public-spirited as you are. Not only our local undertakings but almost every philanthropic organization in Boston counts you among its benefactors. Why, I really believe you have given even to the Romish charities! There are the model houses, too, and the library you have built for the mill hands. Why, the mills are famous for never having had a strike but once! Then, I must say though, you surprised me; for you were as unyielding as adamant."

"Yes, some new operatives held socialist meetings and tried to make trouble, but when they were discharged the matter was soon adjusted," replied the mill-owner. "But, my dear sister, all these enterprises of mine are but a proof to the world of my business and financial success. To be sure, I have tried to do some good to others; but I have been thinking lately that if we had learned a little more from our philanthropy in the yellow meeting-house yonder, we should be the better for it."

Oh, the art and architecture of the European churches are, of course, magnificent!" conceded Miss Sarah, grudgingly. "But how the beggars swarm in and out of them, and lounge on the benches of the porticoes! Their presence is very obnoxious to sight-seers. I wonder the authorities do not drive them away."

"Whom? The sight-seers?" laughed Mr. Bryson. "Obediently enough, it was this very presence of the beggars that touched me. A Catholic cathedral seemed to me what it claims to be—the house of God open to rich and poor alike. The rich come, look, sometimes pray, and then go; but the poor almost live in those churches; and occasionally an unwashed but beautiful vagrant of the streets may be found who knows the loveliness of an altar-piece of Guido or Sassaturo better than the traveled connoisseur."

The charitable institutions of the Continent were, moreover, a revelation to me. My own schemes of benevolence seemed petty enough when I saw men and women who had given up every natural tie and joy of life to devote themselves to the service of the unfortunate. We have indeed such heroes and heroines in this country also, only I never realized that being something more than the breath of incense, the tranquillity of Gothic aisles, or the majesty of Roman basilicas."

"Well, no one ever heard of a Bryson being anything but a Unitarian, and I hope no one ever will," declared Miss Sarah emphatically, with apparent irrelevance.

"No Sarah; if you should happen to become a Theopistist or a Mormon even we will keep it a dead secret," replied her brother, with dry humor. "By the way, I am most going to tell you, Father Glenn is coming to dinner on Thursday."

"A Catholic priest coming to dine at the table of a Bryson?" she exclaimed in horror. I shall not stay to see it. I shall go to Boston for a week's visit."

"As you please, my dear," rejoined Mr. Bryson. "The gentleman, besides being a hard worker among his people, is, I am told, an enthusiast upon the subject of art and ceramics. I thought his conversation might entertain you as well as myself."

Miss Sarah stared. A priest who was interested in rare old china, her particular fad! She wondered if he could decipher the mark on that piece she bought in Florence.

"Oh, well, George, of course, I will not desert you," she said changing her tactics; and adding to herself: "I will remain to protect my brother from this wolf in sheep's clothing, but it is very probable that I shall faint under the ordeal."

Indeed, it was on her knees that, perhaps, she served him best. That the family so solicitous in all else were so callous in regard to the spiritual welfare of the beloved, one so faint slipping away from them, inexplicably shocked her simple faith; and daily in her plain attic room of the luxurious house, with ardent Irish piety did she pour forth her prayer for the soul of George Bryson, hangs a lamp which is one of the most exquisite specimens of the goldsmith's art that the pastor could obtain in Europe—Ave Maria.

illness from which the patient suffered had made alarming headway during the last few weeks. "However, with rest and quiet, he may be better again," said the doctor, hopefully.

George Bryson had long been a widower. He had loved his wife as a man of his strong, reserved nature loved; and now his affection was centered in their only child, Frank, who, grown to manhood, was at present the acting manager of the mills.

When Miss Sarah was not traveling abroad, she looked after the ways of the household. In her absence Margaret, a faithful servant, apparently did as well in keeping the domestic machinery running smoothly; but Mr. Bryson, considerably, never let Miss Sarah imagine that he thought so.

While she deplored her brother's indisposition, Miss Sarah also felt that the untoward circumstance had saved the name and fame of her people.

"Providence had cancelled the dinner engagement," she soliloquized; and her air said as triumphantly that Providence was always on the side of the Brysons.

Had any other guest been bidden, she would have told Frank that hospitality forbade him to retract the invitation to a simple family meal. But even her curiosity in regard to her choice bit of failure did not counterbalance her dread of Romanism; and she sent a note to the priest, informing him of her brother's illness and consequent inability to receive him.

The first impulse of gentle, kindly Father Glenn was to pay a short call of sympathy upon the man whose sterling qualities had evoked his admiration. After second thought, however, he contented himself with writing a few lines to Mr. Bryson expressing regret for his illness and the hope that convalescence would be rapid. And then he forgot all about Miss Sarah's too apparent antagonism. For, unlike the young minister of the yellow meeting-house, the pastor of St. Patrick's cared not at all what the women of Bryson township thought of him, so long as he knew that he was doing his duty. His tenure of office did not depend upon their whims and fancies.

Before the end of the month it became evident that George Bryson's useful life was drawing to its close. He had always loved that prospect of the valley that his house commanded, and accordingly his couch was placed near a window of his sleeping-room which connected with the study. One night as he lay restless his mind ran upon many things. What a strange awakening it must be to find the intellect and spirit as strong as ever and the body nearing the point of dissolution! Do we need proof of the immortality of the soul?

Frank, the active, clever business man of thirty, sat on a divan at the foot of the bed, his face buried in his hands. The electric light was shut off, but the moonbeams shone in the room.

George Bryson, turning off his pillow looked out upon the calm autumnal sky, the distant hills that were dark clouds at the horizon, the indistinct masses of the trees, the spire whose cross now seemed merged into the sky.

"Frank," he said at length, "all the village lies in shadow, but in that church down there, a light is burning."

Frank rose and gazed out of the window.

"I see no light, sir," he replied.

"Neither do I," he admitted; "but I know it is there. Last winter, boy, when you were away on that business trip, and before I was stricken down, I often went into Boston to the theatre. I was when I was coming home, frequently at midnight, that I noticed the light. The first time that I saw the faint glow like an incipient flame, I thought the church was on fire and was on the point of ringing the door-bell of the priest's house to arouse him. But not a puff of smoke came from the church. I walked around it and found all secure; yet I was not satisfied. The windows were not high above the ground, and several are still filled with plain glass. I stood on the stone coping beneath one of them, drew myself up to the sash and looked in. What I thought to be the beginning of a conflagration was a steady light, like a star poised in midair. As I let myself down to the ground again I remembered to have seen the same thing abroad—a golden lamp suspended from the roof of the chancel and kept burning by day also. Why is it kept burning?"

"I do not know, sir," replied Frank, indifferently; "unless it may be a motive taper like the hundreds one sees before any legendary shrine of Italy."

"No; this is a single lamp, and it hangs before the main altar. Who can tell me about it. Ah, yes, Margaret! What a woman she is for going to church! I winter or summer, rain or shine, she is off to 'Mass' as she says, before 7 o'clock every Sunday morning. I'll ask her about the light to-morrow."

The next day before Frank departed for the mills, Margaret was summoned.

"I would rather talk to her while you are here," George Bryson said to his son. "The very mention of the Roman Church 'riles' Sarah so to speak."

Margaret came prepared to render some domestic assistance. Mr. Bryson had always been considerate of her servants, if in a somewhat lordly way; and now in his last days she would willingly, as she said in her warm-hearted fashion, serve him with hand and foot, on bended knees, if necessary."

Indeed, it was on her knees that, perhaps, she served him best. That the family so solicitous in all else were so callous in regard to the spiritual welfare of the beloved, one so faint slipping away from them, inexplicably shocked her simple faith; and daily in her plain attic room of the luxurious house, with ardent Irish piety did she pour forth her prayer for the soul of George Bryson, hangs a lamp which is one of the most exquisite specimens of the goldsmith's art that the pastor could obtain in Europe—Ave Maria.

thoughts, she was ready enough with her answer.

"It is the sanctuary lamp, you mean, sir," she said in her rich Irish brogue. "Sure it is kept burning before the altar to show that the Blessed Sacrament is there, do you see? The light represents the devotion of the faithful. Since we must go about our work, or to rest at night, it is put there that its flame may be as the prayer of our hearts, a perpetual act of adoration, sir."

"A beautiful custom, Margaret," acknowledged George Bryson. "But what is the Blessed Sacrament?"

"The Lord Himself, sir, waiting there for us to go to Him with our troubles or our joys, or willing to come to us if we be sick or helpless."

Frank, walking up and down the floor tried to make a digression by telling the woman might be dismissed. But George Bryson wanted to hear more. Uneducated in speech and just able to read and to write her name, Margaret, nevertheless, was not ignorant of her religion, and her explanations were clear and simple.

"Do you really believe this?" asked the mill owner when she had finished.

"Faith an' I do," she answered, fervently.

"Does Father Glenn really believe it?"

"Deed if he didn't he might as well be out of St. Patrick's," was her energetic reply. "But more nor the likes of me and him, the great doctors of the Church, them that spends their lives in the study of the Scriptures an' the little knowledge—they believe like the little children you see going to the altar for the first time. You have seen the boys wearing a white badge over their hearts, and the girls all in white like the fluttering doves?"

"Thank you, Margaret! You may go," said Mr. Bryson, closing his eyes.

And Margaret, after straightening the counterpane, and giving one or two orderly touches to the room, stole away with a sense of disappointment at her heart.

"Sure talking so to the likes o' them is worse nor casting pearls before swine," she muttered to herself as she hurried back to the kitchen. "Well, we are all in God's hands; and as the master has not been hard on others, may God be good to him!"

"Frank," remarked Mr. Bryson during the following night (for his son watched with him during the hours when the world sleeps) — "Frank! what Margaret said was very consoling, don't you think so?"

All the prejudices of the younger man were aroused by the question. Bitter words of unbelief rose to his lips, but he suddenly checked them. His father was too ill to discuss that matter; therefore he answered evasively:

"It seemed to me quite medieval, sir."

"Yet, if it is not true, then these Catholics think of God as being more merciful, more compassionate, more perfect than He is, and that would be impossible; whereas, if it is true, how different, life, death, everything be different, from this standpoint! It is true! Frank, at daylight I want you to send for Father Glenn."

George Bryson raised himself in his bed with an effort.

"My son, I shall presently yield up to you, absolutely, the mills, my fortune, this house even," he said in a clear voice; "but to my last breath I shall cling to that possession to retain which our ancestors crossed the seas—liberty of conscience. If you interpose with my freedom to do as I will, may the Bryson wealth and the honor of the Bryson name shrink in your hands until they amount to nothing!"

He threw himself back exhausted; and the startled son, falling on his knees beside the bed, sobbed as he strove to soothe the excitement he had unwittingly caused.

"Father, forgive me! Your every wish shall be obeyed."

A few days later Bryson mills shut down for thirty-six hours, though the operatives were informed they would be paid as usual; the bells of the meeting-house tolled at frequent intervals, the flag on the library floated at half mast; and, unknown to the village, early that morning Father Glenn had offered the Holy Sacrifice for the soul newly summoned to give an account of its stewardship. For George Bryson, the wealthy manufacturer, the public benefactor, was no more. The light of the sanctuary was shining amid the darkness of midnight had guided the wanderer home.

All the township wished to turn out to do honor to the memory of the philanthropist, but like a rebuff came the announcement from the great house that the founder of the mills would be attended to his last resting place only by the household—it was the desire of the family and so on.

The Brysons had not the moral courage to bid their large connection to a public service, nor were the relatives invited at all.

But Margaret and the other servants thinking that no act of the master's life "so well became him as his leaving it as he did," saw no need for reticence.

This rumor soon spread that he had died a Catholic; and Father Glenn, when interrogated, briefly stated what had happened.

The rich man's will had been made months before, so that the parish of St. Patrick was no better off for its eleventh hour convert.

After several years, however, Mr. Frank unexpectedly paid off the debt of its buildings, adding something more over and above his donation—"in performance of duty," he curtly said—or was it a "promise"?

Neither the new master of the mills nor Miss Sarah has ever entered the church of the cross-crowned spire; but for the soul of George Bryson, hangs a lamp which is one of the most exquisite specimens of the goldsmith's art that the pastor could obtain in Europe—Ave Maria.

VERSIONS OF THE BIBLE. N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

Mr. Jones. "What you call 'Protestants' were called Christians in the early ages of the Church."

If you prove that Protestants of today belong to the same Church that the early Christians belonged to—that is, to the Church Christ builded on a rock and commissioned to preach what He commanded and commanded the early Christians and His followers in all time to hear, we will concede what you say. Those who do not belong to that divinely established Church and do not hear and accept its teaching as the Lord commanded, are not Christians, whatever they may call themselves, whether in ancient or modern times. Assuming, as we must, that our Lord was not a false prophet, that Church which was to exist for all time exists to-day. If you belong to it and accept its teaching you can truly say you believe as the early Christians believed, but if you do not belong to it and do not hear it, that is, accept its teaching you are, according to the command of our Lord, to be considered as a heathen or a publican.

You may say, this seems severe. It undoubtedly does, but you must observe that it is the severity of our Lord Himself, and from it you can judge with what aversion He looks upon those who hear not His Church, but prefer their own private judgment to its teaching and revolt against its authority.

Mr. Jones. "There is no evidence that I know of that any other Church than that of Christians existed during the first centuries of our era."

The Church established by our Lord and built on Peter was the only true Christian Church in the early Christian ages, and is the only true Christian Church in all ages since our Lord said to its ministry: "He that hears you hears Me."

There were, however, in the early centuries some people who did not obey the command of Christ to hear His Church, who set their private judgment against the divinely commissioned teacher. But such people were universally known as heretics. They were condemned by the Church of Christ and expelled from the household of the faith as unworthy members, and Christ obedience to the command of Christ they were considered as heathens and publicans. If you wish to identify Protestants of to-day with those ancient heretics you are free to do so. You would have good ground for such identification in the fact that they, like you, disregarded the command of our Lord to hear this Church, and preferred to its infallible authority their own fallible judgment.

You may ask, is not a man justified, nay, bound, in the last resort, to follow his own private judgment, his reason? Yes, reason is a gift of God, and every being endowed with it should follow it until it leads him into the presence of the Supreme Wisdom, the divine reason. Once there, the finite reason should yield absolutely to the divine and infallible judgment and teaching.

You, as a Christian, believing in the divinity of Christ, have come face to face with the supreme and infallible reason, the Divine Teacher Who, your reason, the Divine Teacher Who, your Superior—infinite, so. Once having recognized this infallible Teacher, your judgment must yield to Him in every thing He deigns to teach you. This, you will admit, is the highest dictate of human reason and logic.

If you are bound by reason and conscience to yield your private judgment to this recognized infallible Teacher, you are equally bound to submit in like manner to an agent that He has appointed to teach you, an agent so competent that He has said of it: "He that hears you hears Me." This agent—His teaching Church—is, as your Teacher, His Alter Ego, His Other Self. To despise it is to reject its authority—is to despise Him, and to despise Him is to despise the Father Who sent Him. He has said it.

Thus, when your private judgment leads you to recognize private judgment as the appointed agent, His Church, His Other Self.

The radical difference between you and the Catholic is this. The Catholic, believing in the divinity of Christ, recognizes the above conclusion as logically necessary, and complies with it; you recognize its logical necessity, but fail to comply with it. Just herein is the inconsistency of Protestantism—an inconsistency that amounts to a revolt against the authority of Christ Himself, a refusal to obey His command to "hear the Church."

Mr. Jones. "These churches (the early) had the same gospel, the same doctrines and same order of worship as that of the Christian churches of to-day."

This is too indefinite. To make it intelligible an definite you must say, first, what you mean by "these churches," whether you mean those churches known in the early ages as heretical bodies, or whether you mean those people who were members and hearers of the one and only Church which was established by Christ and which He commanded all to hear.

Second, you must explain what you mean by "the Christian churches of to-day." Until you explain these two things your statement has no definite sense.

If by "these churches" you mean the heretics of the early ages, and by "the Christian churches of to-day" you mean the aggregates of today the Protestant sects of the present, we are not disposed to dispute what you say. In fact, so far as principles are concerned, we will admit that those ancient heretics and Protestants of today are alike as two eggs of the same hen.

Mr. Jones. "You very truly say that there were many Catholic translations in print before that of Luther or Tyndale. Yes, but not in the English language."

The fact that there were many translations in the languages of the people of Europe before that of Luther or Tyndale ought to convince you that all the talk about the Catholic Church being opposed to translations is a groundless calumny. It is strange that this necessary inference did not attract your attention.

You would have the impression that Tyndal's was the first translation of the Bible into English. Foxe, the author of Foxe's Book of Martyrs, and a hot-headed anti-Catholic zealot, in a letter to Archbishop Parker, wrote: "If histories will be examined, we will find both before the Conquest and after, as well as before John Wycliffe was born as since, the whole body of the Scriptures was by sundry men translated into our country's tongue."

Thomas Crommer, the first Protestant Archbishop of Westminster, in his prologue to a Bible published in his time, wrote: "If the matter should be tried by custom, we might also allege custom for the reading of the Scripture in the vulgar tongue, and prescribe the most ancient custom. For it is not much above one hundred years ago since Scripture hath not been accustomed to be read in the vulgar tongue, which in this realm, and many hundred years before that, it was translated and read in the Saxon tongue, which at that time was our mother tongue . . . and when this language waxed old and out of common usage, because folks should not lack the fruit of reading, it was again translated into the newer language, whereof yet also many copies remain and be daily found."

Sir Thomas More, Lord Chancellor, and one of England's worthiest sons, says: "The whole Bible was long before his (Wycliffe's) days, by virtuous and well learned men, translated into the English tongue and by good and godly people with devotion and soberness, well and reverently read."

These witnesses put an end not only to the claim of Tyndal, but also to that of Wycliffe as being the first translators of the Bible into English. We will now quote a witness to show that those various translations were read and were available to the people.

Dr. Matland, a learned English Protestant writer, says in his "The Dark Ages":

"The fact to which I have repeatedly alluded is this—the writings of the Dark Ages are, if I may use the expression, made of the Scriptures, and I do not merely mean that the writers constantly quoted the Scriptures and appealed to them as authority on all occasions, as other writers have done since their day—though they did this, and it is a strong proof of their familiarity with them—but I mean that they thought, and spoke, and wrote the thoughts and words and phrases of the Bible, and that they did this constantly and habitually as the natural mode of expressing themselves. They did it, too, not exclusively in theological or ecclesiastical matters, but in histories, biographies, familiar letters, legal instruments, and in documents of every description."

Meditate on the words of these witnesses—all Protestants except one—and you will see that the people of Europe were not at all depending on such translators as Luther and Tyndal for their knowledge of the Bible.

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