

THE LOST SCRIPTURES. Infallibility Involved in Preservation of the Sacred Text.

We have received, writes the Rev. Dr. L. A. Lambert, editor of the New York Freeman's Journal, the following letter from a correspondent who has evidently been reading our list of twenty-two lost books of the Old Testament, which we gave recently for the information of our friend, Mr. Jones.

"Dear Father Lambert:—Does the infallibility and indefectibility of the church involve not only the correct interpretation of the Holy Scriptures, but also the perpetual preservation of the sacred text? If so, how account for the fact that the Jewish Church (also infallible, according to the best authorities) allowed half of the Old Testament to be lost? A spark of light will acceptably illuminate the western density of yours very faithfully, R. P. VETUS HOMO."

1. No doctrine of the Church has been the subject of more preposterous misconception than that of infallibility. Not to speak of the small fry of sectarian know-alls, non-Catholic writers of reputation have attempted to define it, but so far as we have seen, not one of them has come within hailing distance of the true meaning of the doctrine. For instance, Dr. Draper says: "Infallibility means omnipotence." Professor Schulte says, "Infallibility has invested the Pope with divinity; it is omnipotence." Kingsley says that "infallibility means that the Pope of Rome has the power of creating right and wrong; that not only truth and falsehood, but morality and immorality, depend on his setting his seal to a bit of parchment." Now when men of reputation for learning talk in this absurd way, it is not to be expected that the mass of non-Catholics will have a correct understanding of the doctrine. There are some pupils of the sectarian small fry—who think that if the Pope should casually remark at his dinner that macaroni was preferable to sauerkraut, Catholics would have to eschew the latter and chew the former.

Now, infallibility means freedom from the possibility of error in teaching revealed truths and interpreting revealed law. It has its origin in the commission and promise of Christ to His Church: "Go, teach all nations . . . teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you. . . and lo, I am with you all days, even to the end of the world." Thus He promised to be ever with His church teaching, and He said: "He that heareth you heareth Me." He then commanded all to hear the church. When He required faith—belief in His church teaching, and He said: "salvation—'he that believeth not shall be condemned'—He made that faith possible to man by creating and commissioning an external, visible, infallible teacher, and commanded all to hear her, declaring, "He that heareth you heareth Me." This declaration would not be true if the church were liable to err; for certainly He is not liable to err, He is infallible, and His church's voice is His voice. The Pope is the head of the Church of Christ, and when speaking officially, as the head and ex-cathedra, defining doctrine, he is the church's organ of utterance; his infallibility is that of the church. The church is infallible only within the field of her action. That field is clearly marked out and defined by her divine Founder, when He said, "Teach all things whatsoever I have commanded you," that is, revealed truth and law, and the way to eternal life. Beyond that her mission is not concerned. But we are wandering from the question of our correspondent. Before getting back to it we take this opportunity to advise those interested in the doctrine of infallibility to get and read the Rev. Daniel Lyons' "Christianity and Infallibility—Both or Neither." It is published by Longmans, Green & Co., 15 East Sixteenth Street, New York City. We do not advertise this able book in the interests of the publishers, but in the interests of the reader seeking reliable information on the doctrine of infallibility. Does the infallibility of the church involve the correct interpretation of the Scriptures? It involves the infallibly correct interpretation of the Word of God, of all that God has revealed, whether it comes down to us on paper, or in tradition, which is the memory of the church. The whole deposit of

revealed truth, whether written or unwritten, is in the memory of the church. Our Lord said to the ministry of His church, "When He, the Spirit of Truth, shall come, He will teach you all truth; for He shall speak not of Himself, but what things soever He shall hear, He will speak, and the things that are to come He will show you."—John 16: 13.

Is the infallibility involved in the preservation of the sacred text? The infallibility is involved in the preservation of the whole deposit of revealed truth, and the correct delivery of its meaning to the minds of men who obey the Lord's command and hear the church. Infallibility is not involved in the preservation of material documents, paper, parchment, or ink. None of these things, nor all of them put together, is the Word of God, which our Lord commissioned His church to teach. Nor is indefectibility involved in the preservation of material records. Our Lord made His church self-sufficient in the performance of her given task of teaching all things whatsoever He commanded. She was performing that task before a word of the New Testament was written, and would be performing it to the end of the world, if that record had never come down to us. The divine institution of Christ does not depend for its existence on the fact of its having been recorded on parchment or paper. It depends on His omnipotence.

If the Jewish church was infallible, as many, and with good reason, think, its infallibility would not be in any way affected by the loss of those twenty-two books from their records. There were books of the New Testament lost also, but while the church of Christ lasts the loss of those records does not imply the loss of the revealed truths they contained. Our Lord did not leave his revealed word to the precarious fate of parchment and paper, or to the erring hand of transcribers. He built His church on a Rock, and commanded her to teach all nations for all time, whatsoever He commanded. Thus, with His ever presence, she is the guardian and interpreter of His revealed truth, until the angel of eternity calls the muster-roll of time.

A FREE PEOPLE.

We heartily congratulate Sir Thomas Esmonde, M.P., on the resolution which he commended to the unanimous approval of the County Councils' General Council:—"That the Irish people should be a free people, with a natural right to govern themselves; that no Parliament is competent to make laws for Ireland except an Irish Parliament sitting in Ireland. And that the claim of any other body of men to make laws for or to govern Ireland is illegal and unconstitutional, and a grievance intolerable to the people of this country."

We concur in his view that this historic resolution of the Volunteers expresses in clear, cogent form the National demand for Home Rule. We are glad to find that the County Councils' General Council has assumed its proper function at last, and is prepared to deal with matters of great and vital interest to the people. Yet we cannot refrain from regret that so many years of its existence have been spent in a persistent attempt to shut out all political questions from its consideration. We have constantly protested against such exclusion, and we welcome the more earnestly the conversion of Sir Thomas Esmonde and the enfranchisement of the Council, who at an early meeting ruled a Home Rule resolution out of order.

So far back as August the 23rd, 1899, we wrote as follows:—"We are convinced that Sir Thomas Esmonde's speech was delivered without full consideration of the inevitable result of the policy he proposed. He urges the exclusion of politics from the consideration of this Central Assembly representing the County Councils of Ireland." We exposed then the hollowness of this cry of "no politics" which is so ready on the lips of the Unionists when they are seeking for Nationalist favors, and we argued that the Irish County Councils, individually and collectively, can be and ought to be used as a lever for the advancement of Home Rule.

If they are willing to treat the Nationalist cause as something not to be mentioned there will not be wanting plenty of Unionist orators and writers to point the moral of that silence. From the first we were convinced that the great majority of the delegates resented the closure, and we are glad to be confirmed in our belief. The occasion of the

Unionist delegates is an element of strength, not weakness. There is no greater mistake on the part of Nationalists than to kow-tow to Unionist prejudice and bigotry, and to suppress their own convictions lest they may offend the delicate susceptibilities of their unrelenting opponents.—Dublin Freeman's Journal.

HEALTHY LUNGS

Depend Upon Rich, Red Blood—Poor Blood Means Weak Lungs and Consumption.

Every drop of blood in the body must go through the lungs. That is why the lungs are helped and healed and strengthened with the great blood builder, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They fill the veins with pure, rich red blood that gives health and vigor to weak lungs. That is the way Dr. Williams' Pink Pills brace the lungs to throw off bronchitis and heavy colds. That is the way Dr. Williams' Pink Pills build up the lungs after an attack of la grippe or pneumonia. That is the way Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have saved hundreds in Canada from consumptive graves. No other medicine does this work so speedily and so well. Mrs. Jane A. Kennedy, Douglastown, Que., says:—"My sister, a young and delicate girl, took a severe cold when about seventeen years old. Nothing we did for her seemed to do any good, and we feared she was going into consumption. Often after a bad night I would get up early to see if she had spit blood during the night. A friend strongly urged me to give her Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and within a month from the time she had begun their use she had almost recovered her health. Under the continued use of the Pills she is now well and strong."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills not only make weak lungs strong, but they cure all troubles arising from a poor or deficient blood supply, such as anaemia, indigestion, rheumatism, neuralgia, general weakness, St. Vitus dance, headaches and backaches, kidney troubles, palpitation of the heart, and the special secret ailments of young girls and women. Insist upon the genuine with the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" on the wrapper around each box. Sold by all medicine dealers everywhere, or by mail at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by writing "The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont."

A Brilliant Catholic Woman

The Buffalo Illustrated Times of Sunday, Feb. 5, contains a fine sketch of Mrs. Cecelia Cotter King, the well-known Catholic sculptress of Buffalo, whose work has attracted so much favorable notice. The article occupies a full page of the paper and is embellished with cuts of some of Mrs. King's most characteristic work, including her masterpiece, "Christ, the Rejected"; a bust of Bishop Maes of Covington, and one of Father Maloney, the original of which was recently placed in St. Malachy's Church, Cleveland. There are also pictures of Mrs. King in her home, and of her little son, Master Billy King.

Mrs. King's genius meets with proper appreciation in Buffalo, where at the Pan-American Exposition in 1901, the people first became acquainted with Sarah Cecelia Cotter's sculpture. It was a couple of years later that Miss Cotter married Mr. William A. King, manager of the Catholic Union and Times, and went to live in Buffalo. She is now engaged in modeling a bust of her baby boy. The genius of Mrs. King is many-sided. Besides her gift as a sculptress she paints, plays on the harp, writes verse, and withal is the ideal mother and wife. The energy which she takes to her work, added to her accomplishments, augur for her a still more brilliant future. She is a sister of Rev. James H. Cotter, the scholarly rector of St. Lawrence Church, Ironton, who has lovingly fostered and encouraged the talents of his favorite sister.

A COLOSSAL STATUE.

On the summit of Cornelle Rock, at Puy, a French city famous for the antiquity of its devotion to the Blessed Virgin, there is a colossal statue of Our Lady of France. It is fifty-two feet in height and stands on a pedestal twenty feet high. Eighteen hundred thousand subscriptions of a penny each, taken among the Christian Brothers' pupils, paid for the building of the pedestal.—Ava Maria.

"And Angels Came--"

By ANNE O'HAGAN, in Harper's Magazine.

The full effulgence of cloudless mid-summer enveloped the place. The lawns, bright and soft, sloped for half a mile to the sweetbriar hedge. Among them was the drive, now and again crossing the stone bridges of the small, curving lake which gave the estate its affected name—Lakeholm. To the left of the house a coppice of bronze beeches shone with dark lustre; clumps of rhododendrons enlivened the green with splashes of color. Lombardy poplars, with their gibbet-like erectness, bordered the roads and intersected them with mathematical shadows; here and there rose a feathery elm or a maple of wide-branched beauty. To the right a shallow fall of terraces led to the Italian gardens, Mrs. Dinsmore's chief pride, now a glory of matched and patterned color and a dazzle of spray from marble basins. Beyond all the careful, exotic beauty of the place, the wide valley dipped away, alternate meadows and grove, until it met the silvery shiver of willows marking the course of the river. Beyond that again, the hills, solemn in unbroken green, rose to cloud-touched heights.

Before the house, Brockton's new automobile waited. He himself leaned against a stone pillar of the piazza, facing his hostess, who sat on the edge of a chair in the tense attitude of protest against delay. She had scarcely recovered from her walking crossness yet, and found herself more irritated than amused at the eccentricities of her guest. She was wondering with unusual asperity why a man with such lack-lustre blue eyes dared to wear a tie of such brilliant contrast. He interrupted her musings. "Miss Harned seems mighty standoffish these days," "Millicent is a little difficult," admitted Millicent's cousin. "What do you suppose it is? She seemed all smooth enough in New York last winter, and even in the spring after—But now—" He paused again without finishing his sentence. "And I had counted on your influence to make her more approachable."

"Oh, Millicent is having a struggle with her better nature, that is all," laughed Mrs. Dinsmore. "It's hard living with her during the process, but she's adorable once her noble impulses have been vanquished and she's comfortably like the rest of the world again." "I don't know what you mean," said the downright Mr. Brockton. "No?" Mrs. Dinsmore was sure that the impertinence of her monosyllabic would be lost upon her elderly protegee. "I'll make it clear to you, if I can. Millicent, you know, has nothing—"

"With that figure and that face?" interrupted Brockton, with gallant enthusiasm. "I am speaking in your terms, Mr. Brockton," said the lady, with suave hauteur. "Of course all of us count my cousin's charms and accomplishments, though we do not inventory them as possessions far above rubies. But in the valuation of the 'change she has nothing. Oh, she may manage to extract five or six hundred a year from some investments of my uncle, and she has the old Harned place in New Hampshire. That might bring in as much as seven hundred dollars if the abandoned farm-fever were still on—"

"By ginger!" boasted Brockton, whose expletives lacked tone, "it's more than I had when I started." "So I remember your saying before. But I fear that my cousin is not a financial genius. What I meant by her struggle with her better nature is that sometimes she tries to thwart us when we want to make things easy for her. Her better nature had a fearful tussel with her common sense about five years ago, when Aunt Jessie asked her to go abroad; and it nearly overcame her frivolity and her vanity last winter when I met her at the dock and insisted upon having her spend the winter with me, and our second cousin, Alicia Broome, offered to be responsible for her wardrobe. But, thanks be," she added, laughing, "the world, the flesh, and the devil won. So cheer up, Mr. Brockton. It may happen again."

"Oh, I'm not hopeless by any manner of means. I want her pretty badly, and I'm used to getting what I want. I told her out and out when she turned me down, back there in May, that if she were a young girl I wouldn't urge her any more, after what she said about her feelings. But she wasn't, and I thought she could look at a proposition from a plain business point of view."

tioned to her that she was no longer a young girl?" Mrs. Dinsmore's laugh rippled delightedly on the air.

"I did. Oh, I'm used to bargaining," he rejoined, proudly. "I always could make the other fellow see what he'd lose by refusing my offers. And I got her to take the matter under consideration. I heard somewhere that she was interested in some philanthropy. Well, money comes in handy in charity." He grinned broadly at Mrs. Dinsmore.

At that moment her protegee was extremely distasteful to the lady. But she was a philosopher where marriage was concerned, and she wholeheartedly hoped that her cousin Millicent would not dally too long with her opportunity and allow the matrimonial prize to escape. She was sincerely fond of Millicent, and desired for her the best things in the world. She sometimes said so with touching earnestness.

"She told me"—Mr. Brockton stumbled slightly—"that there wasn't any one else."

"There isn't. She has her train—she's enormously admired—but there is no one in whom she is sentimentally interested. And Aunt Jessie says it was so all the time they were in Europe."

"Wasn't there ever?" he demanded.

"My dear Mr. Brockton, Millicent is twenty-nine, as you reminded her, and she's a normal woman! Of course there have been some ones—her music master at fourteen, I dare say, and an actor at sixteen, and a young curate at eighteen—oh, of course I'm jesting. But I suppose she was somewhat like other girls. She was engaged at nineteen—and he must have been quite twenty-three! No, I should dismiss all jealousy of her past if I were you."

"Engaged?" Mrs. Dinsmore wondered suddenly if she had been wise, after all, to admit that widely known fact.

"Oh, yes, a bread and butter engagement. My uncle was notoriously inadequate in all practical affairs; he was a scholar and something of a recluse and the most charming gentleman I ever saw, but a child in worldly matters,—a child! It ended you see."

"How did it end?" "Oh, poor Will Hayter died."

"Dead long?" "Five or six years."

"Well, I'm not afraid of dead men," Brockton laughed in relief. Mrs. Dinsmore did not point out to him from her more subtle knowledge that constancy to the unchanging dead is sometimes easier than constancy to the variable living. She was only too glad to have the inevitable disclosure made light of and the truth dismissed without frightening out the desirable suitor. "And certainly Miss Harned don't look as if—"

"Any irremediable grief were gnawing at her damask cheek?" "What's this about damask cheeks?" The question came along with a whirl of skirts from the great hall. "Cousin Anna, don't hate me for keeping you so long. Mr. Brockton, I owe you a thousand apologies."

Some of those who admitted Millicent Harned's charm declared that it lay in her voice. Always there sounded through its music the note of eagerness, with eagerness's underlying hint of pathos. Her tones were like her face, her motions, herself. Impulse, merriment, yearning, and the shadow of melancholy dwelt in her eyes and shaped her lips to sensitive curves. She was tall and her motions were of a spontaneous grace, swifter and more changeful than most women's.

"You have been a disgracefully long time, Millicent," her cousin answered her apology. "But"—she looked at the beautifully gowned figure, the lovely, imaginative face, thereby, like a good showman, calling Mr. Brockton's attention to them—"we'll forgive you."

cyclopaedic information. A daughter's a terrible responsibility." "Isn't she?" Millicent's tone was one of affectionate rallery as she gathered her draperies about her in the automobile. The notion of Anna's responsibilities amused her; Anna was so untouched by them—as smoothed-skinned, as slim and vivacious, as the forty-year-old mother of two boys entering college, a girl in the school-room and another in the nursery, as she had been as a debutante.

"Oh, you may make fun," said Anna, snapping open the frothy thing she called a sunshade, "but you don't know how I lie awake nights, shuddering lest Lena grow up a near-sighted girl with no color and serious views."

Millicent only smiled as the great machine moved off. The sunshine, the rare and ordered beauty of the place, the fragrance of the soft wind, all lapped her in indolence. As they neared the gate that gave upon the open road, a turn brought them in front of the house. It was very beautiful. She breathed deeply in the content of the sight—the delicate lines, the soft color, the perfection of detail. In the gardens were stained yellow columns and balustrades which Anna had brought from the dismantled palace in the Italian hills where she had found them. Everywhere wealth made its subtlest, most delicate appeal to her eyes.

"My house," thought Millicent, as they shot out of the grounds, "shall be different, but as beautiful. The Tudor style, I think, and for my out-of-door glory a vast rose-garden,—acres, if I please!" Then she called sternly to her straying imagination. She was picturing what she might have as the wife of the man before her—the man whose first proposal to her she had unhesitatingly refused, whose appearance at Lakeholm she had regarded as proof of disloyalty on Anna's part—the man who at the best represented to her only the artistic possibilities of riches. She dismissed her reverie with a frown and joined in the talk. "Do you know," she confessed, "I forget where it is that we are going."

"We are coming back to the Monroes' for luncheon," Mrs. Dinsmore reminded her. "But Mr. Brockton is going to skim over most of the Berkshires first. I think you said you hadn't been in this part of the country before, Mr. Brockton?" "No," said Brockton, "I haven't had much chance to get acquainted with the playgrounds of the country. I've been too busy earning a holiday. But I've earned it all right." He turned to emphasize his boast with a nod toward Millicent. She blushed. His very chauffeur must redder at his braggart air, she thought. The Tudor castle grew dim in her vision.

"What do you think of the bubble, Miss Harned?" he went on. "Goes like a bird doesn't she?" "Indeed she does," answered Millicent, characteristically making immediate atonement in voice and look for the mental criticism of the moment before. "It's really going like a bird. I don't suppose we shall ever have a sensation more like flying."

"Not until our celestial pinions are adjusted," said Anna. Brockton laughed, but Millicent went on: "Seriously, the loveliest Belle I ever lost was the one in the wings with which my virtues should be at last rewarded. To breast the ether among the whirling stars,—didn't you ever lie awake and think of the possibility of that Anna?" "Never! I'm no poet in a state of suffocation, as I sometimes suspect you of being."

"As for heaven," declared Brockton, "I don't take much stock in all that. We're here—we know that—and we'd better make the most of it. For all we know, it's our last chance to have a good time. Better take all that's coming to you here and now, Miss Harned, and not count much on those wings of yours."

Millicent smiled mechanically. Could any Elizabethan garden of delight compensate for the misery of having each butterfly of fancy crushed between Lancelot Brockton's big hands in this fashion?

They were entering a village. Before them was the triangular green with the soldier's monument upon it. About it were the post-office, the stores, the small neat houses of the place. A white church, tall-steeped, green-shuttered, rose behind the monument, and with it dominated the square. A wagon or two toiled lazily along the road; before the stores a few dusty buggies were tied. The place seemed drowsy to stagnation in the summer heat. Why, Millicent wondered, were towns so crude and unlovely in the midst of a country so benignantly beautiful?

(To be Continued.)

TOBACCO. ESTABLISHED 1865. INCORPORATED 1880. MEETS IN ST. ALA... THE LOST SCRIPTURES. IN FALLIBILITY INVOLVED IN PRESERVATION OF THE SACRED TEXT. WE HAVE RECEIVED, WRITES THE REV. DR. L. A. LAMBERT, EDITOR OF THE NEW YORK FREEMAN'S JOURNAL, THE FOLLOWING LETTER FROM A CORRESPONDENT WHO HAS EVIDENTLY BEEN READING OUR LIST OF TWENTY-TWO LOST BOOKS OF THE OLD TESTAMENT, WHICH WE GAVE RECENTLY FOR THE INFORMATION OF OUR FRIEND, MR. JONES. "DEAR FATHER LAMBERT:—DOES THE INFALLIBILITY AND INDEFECTIBILITY OF THE CHURCH INVOLVE NOT ONLY THE CORRECT INTERPRETATION OF THE HOLY SCRIPTURES, BUT ALSO THE PERPETUAL PRESERVATION OF THE SACRED TEXT? IF SO, HOW ACCOUNT FOR THE FACT THAT THE JEWISH CHURCH (ALSO INFALLIBLE, ACCORDING TO THE BEST AUTHORITIES) ALLOWED HALF OF THE OLD TESTAMENT TO BE LOST? A SPARK OF LIGHT WILL ACCEPTABLY ILLUMINATE THE WESTERN DENSITY OF YOURS VERY FAITHFULLY, R. P. VETUS HOMO."