

but a rich man he had been lavishing things he could not afford on his oldest child, giving her false ideas about life and her parents' standing. "Pooling them all," he groaned, "but myself most of all." He had been going it blind, he realized suddenly, hoping that one year's business would redeem the next, or that the next would clear him miraculously from the morass which he was facing. George Haley, looking himself and the future in the face, knew where he had been deviled and what he must do. But the task before him shook his soul. The talk with Louise he dreaded most, but that he could put off until after Marion's graduation.

Marion and her mother were on the porch one unseasonably hot evening in early June when they were joined by Don and his father. When the latter announced his intention of going back to the office there was a chorus of protests from mother and daughter, but he answered curtly that he had to go. "Don's going to drive me down," he said.

Marion said quickly, "Then you hurry back with the car, Don. You know we want to take a drive."

"That's all you think about—yourself!" Don flung at her with a bitter look, as he ran down the steps.

"Really, Mother, Don's impossible lately," complained the girl; but her mother watching her husband get in the car, said: "Your father looks so tired tonight, dear."

"I know. He's been looking that way for a couple of weeks. I thought maybe it was the heat." They exchanged a worried look.

"He needs rest, I think." And Mrs. Haley sighed. She was tired too. It was no fun taking care of that big house. Sometimes she felt it quite a burden; and tonight as she listened to Marion's girlish chatter she experienced a feeling of mental and bodily lassitude, augmented by the sudden sharp pang that had assailed her when she noticed how tired her husband looked.

Don came back shortly and parked himself on the steps with an air of gloomy detachment.

"What time are you going back after your father, Don," asked Mrs. Haley.

"He said I didn't need to come at all if you folks wanted the car," returned Don sullenly. "Dad isn't selfish."

"I'm glad you recognize that fact," said his mother, with a half smile at the boy's air. And Don, enraged by the smile, burst out:

"Somebody ought to recognize it, I guess. It's fierce—the way Dad's working and killing himself—A sob choked him unexpectedly and his eyes filled with tears.

"Killing himself? What are you talking about son?"

And Marion, "Don Haley, how dare you talk like that to mother?"

"Well, I don't care," Don looked up with streaming eyes. That's what they're saying at the office. I heard old Beeson say the other day that Dad was all tangled up over a big house and expensive family—and you can see how he looks, can't you?"

Without a word Mrs. Haley vanished into the house, and Marion seeking her later found her weeping in her room. They took counsel.

Mrs. Haley shook her head hopelessly. "I don't know what it would be. No," she went on after a moment, "it's this house, Marion, I didn't think it would cost more to live here than it did in the old house, but it does. The scale of living is higher for one thing—the standard is different. You can't—"

she smiled bitterly—"scrub your own porch out here. It isn't done. Nor hand out the clothes, nor take them down either. All that makes a difference—"

"No, but everything's been on the same scale, don't you see?" said the mother with a weary gesture. "We've been trying to live up to the neighborhood. Your father didn't want to get the car. Really he didn't want to build this house, but—"

her breath caught, and she broke into tears again. "I did it for you, Marion, and for the others. I wanted my children to have a chance—to grow up in a nice neighborhood—"

graduation, and both, as the chief clerk said, had proved themselves as busy as their father in learning the business. At least, they carried on, as they put it, with all of youth's elation of being unexpectedly useful.

George Haley's convalescence was slow, and it was not until September that they moved back to their former home. It was easy to sell the big house, and somehow they all left it without a pang, even Mrs. Haley. For, during her husband's illness all the old neighbors had allied around her with such whole-souled kindness and the unflinching devotion of real friends that it seemed the most natural thing in the world to be going back to them. And the fact that the children were one and all delighted added to the general satisfaction.

"I'll tell you, Mother," said Marion one day, "I feel better back home. I don't seem to be always wanting things, if you know what I mean. I think," with a wise shake of her head, "I was getting pretty selfish. I had so much, you know, and one thing always leads to another."

"Yes, I know," the mother had admitted grimly. She was thinking that somehow the new house had perverted them all, and now back in their former environment the old common sense habits had reasserted themselves. They were all busier planning to build a new garage next spring, and Marion was wondering if she could not go to college a half day and still help Dad in the office.

"Yes, one thing leads to another," she said with a happy sigh.

THE STORY OF CHRIST

BY GIOVANNI PAFINI
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CAPERNAUM

Jesus taught His Galileans on the threshold of their shabby little white houses, on the small shady open places of their cities or the shore of the lake, leaning against a beached boat, His feet on the stones, towards evening when the sun sank red in the west, summoning men to rest.

Many listened to Him and followed Him because, says Luke: "His word was with authority." The words were not wholly new, but the man was new, and new was the warmth of His voice, and the good done by His voice, overflowing from His heart and going straight to the hearts of others. The accent of those words was new, and new the sense that they took in that mouth, lighted by His look.

Here was no prophet of the mountains shouting in waste places, far from men, solitary, distant, forcing others to come to him if they wished to hear him. Here was a prophet living like a man among other men, a friend of all, friendly to the unfriendly, an easy-going and companionable comrade, searching out His brothers where they work in the houses, in the busy streets, eating their bread and drinking wine at their tables, lending a hand with the fisherman's nets, with a good word for every man, for the sad, for the sick, for the beggar.

The simple-hearted, like animals and children, know instinctively who loves them, they believe him, are happy when he comes (they very faces suddenly transfigured) and are sad when he goes. Sometimes they cannot bring themselves to leave him and follow him to the death.

Jesus spent His time with them walking from one region to another, or talking, seated among His friends and children, who believe him, who love him, who follow him, who follow him to the death.

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in Tiberias, but often He crosses Samaria to sit down near the well of Sychar. We find Him from time to time in the Tetrarchy of Philip at Bethsaida, at Caesarea, also at Gerassa in the Persea of Antipas. In Judah He often stops at Bethany, a few miles away from Jerusalem, or at Jericho, but He did not shrink from journeying outside the limits of the old kingdom and from going down among the Gentiles. We find Him in Phoenicia, in the regions of Tyre and Sidon, and in Syria, if the transfiguration took place on the summit of Mt. Hermon. After the resurrection He appears in Emmaus, on the banks of His lake of Tiberias and finally at Bethany near Lazarus' house, where He leaves His friends forever.

He is the traveller without rest, the wanderer with no home, the wayfarer for love's sake, the voluntary exile in His own country; He says Himself: "He has not a stone on which to lay His head, and it is true that He has no bed where He may lie down at night, nor a room that He can call His own. His real home is the road which takes Him along with His first friends in search of new friends. His bed is the furrow in a field, the bench of a boat, the shadow of an olive tree. Sometimes He sleeps in the houses of those who love Him, but only for short periods.

In the early days we find Him most often at Capernaum. His journeys began there and ended there. Matthew calls it "His city." Situated on the caravan route which from Damascus crosses Iudaea and goes towards the sea, Capernaum had become little by little a commercial center of some importance. Artisans, bargainers, brokers, and shopkeepers had come there to stay. Men of finance—as flies swarm on rotten pears—had come there; publicans, excise men and other fiscal tools. The little settlement, half-rustic, half a fishing village, had become a mixed and composite city where the society of the times—even to soldiers and prostitutes—was fully represented. And yet Capernaum, lying along the lake, freshened by the breeze from the near-by hills and by the breeze from the water, was not a prey to stagnation and decay like the Syrian cities and Jerusalem. There were still peasants who went out to their fields every day, and fishermen who every day went forth to their boats. Good, poor, simple, warm-hearted people who talked of other matters than money and gear. Among them a man could draw his breath freely.

On the Sabbath Jesus went to the Synagogue. Everybody had the right to enter there, to read aloud and also to expound what had been read. It was a plain house, a bare room where people went with their friends and brothers to reason together and dream of God.

Jesus stood up, had some one give Him one of the scrolls of the Scriptures (more often the Prophets than the Law) and recited in a tranquil voice two, three, four or more verses. Then he commenced to speak with a bold and forceful eloquence which put the Pharisees to confusion, touched sinners, won the poor, and enchanted women.

Suddenly the old text was transfigured, became transparent; it seemed to their own times; it seemed a new truth, a discovery they had made, a discourse heard for the first time; the words withered by antiquity, dried up by repetition, took on life and color; a new sun gilded them one by one, syllable by syllable; fresh words came at that moment, shining before their eyes like an unexpected revelation.

POOR PEOPLE
Nobody in Capernaum could remember having heard such a Rabbi. The Sabbath when, along the curve of the Synagogue was full, the crowd overflowed out on the street, everybody was there who could come. The gardener comes, who for that day had left his spade, and no longer turned his water wheel to irrigate the green rows of his garden, and the smith, the good cumber, black with smoke and dust every day, but on the Sabbath washed, neatly dressed, his face still a little dusky, although scrubbed and rinsed in many waters like his hands, with his beard combed and anointed with cheap ointment (but still perfumed like a rich man's beard), the smith all whose days are spent before the fire, twenty and dirty except this day which is the Sabbath, when he comes to the Synagogue to hear the ancient word of the Ancients of Days, the God of his fathers. He comes devoutly, but he comes too because his family, his friends, his neighbors come there, and he finds them all together, and he comes also because the day is long (all that long holiday without any work, without any hammer in his hand, without the pincers) and in Capernaum there is nothing to do on Sabbath except go to the Synagogue. The mason comes, he who has worked on this little house of the Synagogue and made it small because the Elders—good, God-fearing people, but inclined to be stingy—did not wish to spend too much. The mason still feels his arms a little numb and lame from his six days' labor, no longer keeps track of the stones which he has laid in courses and the trowels full of mortar which he has thrown between the stones during the week. The mason puts on his new clothes today and sits down on the ground, he who on all other days stands up-

right, active, watchful so that the work may go well, and the employer be satisfied; the good mason too has come to the house which seems to him partly his own.

The fishermen have come too, the young and the old, both of them with faces tanned by the sun and with eyes half-shut from the constant glare of sunlight reflected by the water. (The old man is handsomer because of the contrast of his white hair and white beard with his weather-beaten and wrinkled face.) The fishermen have turned over their boats on the sand, have left them tied to a stake, have spread the nets on the roof and have come to the Synagogue, although they are not used to being within walls and perhaps continue to hear a confused murmur of water lapping about the bow.

The peasants of the neighboring countryside are here too, prosperous farmers who have put on a smile as good as anybody's, who are satisfied with their conscience and ready for the scythe. They do not mean to forget God who brings the grain to a head and makes the grape-vine to blossom. There are shepherds come in to town that morning, shepherds and goat-herds with the smell of their flocks still on them, shepherds who live all the week in the mountain-pastures without seeing a soul, without exchanging a word, alone with their quiet animals peacefully grazing on the new grass.

The smaller property owners, the small business men, the gentry of Capernaum, all have come. They are men of weight and piety. They stand in the front row, serious, their eyes cast down, satisfied with the business of the last few days and satisfied with their conscience because they have observed the law without failing and are not contaminated. The line of their well-clad backs can be seen, bowed backs but broad and masterful, employers backs, backs of people in harmony with the world, and with God, backs full of authority and of religion. There are also transient foreigners, merchants going towards Syria or returning to Tiberias. They have come from condensation or from habit, perhaps to try to pick up a customer, and they stare into everybody's face with the arrogance which money gives to poverty-stricken souls.

TO BE CONTINUED

PRIDE
Not a very big word is it, but what a part in life it plays! It is something well known to each and every one of us, although some may think that pride in their life finds no place.


Pride always covers three kinds. First, there is the pride of the onerich who are rich no longer. There, I think, is pride at its most pitiful. To have had everything—or now have nothing, and yet inherent pride forces them to play a game of make-believe, to imagine they are fed when they are starving, to keep always a smile when their hearts are breaking, and just because they are too proud to make the best of what is theirs. "Friends will think less of us if they know we have fallen financially," they say. Friends? God keep me from friends who love me, not for what I am but for what I have.

Secondly, there is the deadliest pride of all—the pride that raises an impossible barrier when long-tried friends have fallen out. Just a little, trivial thing has caused the break, but because neither will "pocket" pride, years pass and the breach still exists. Just because of pride, no wonder we are told to acquire humility and meekness.

Thirdly, there is the pride I cannot understand. Arrogant pride in oneself. I do not mean the pride in ourselves that we should have. Pride in our appearance; our work; in the result of honest endeavor; in our home and our homefolk. Pride in these things is necessary to us all if we would make our part in the scheme of things worth while. But to be proud because we may have more of this world's goods than others. That is the pride I cannot tolerate, cannot understand. Yet it is the commonest thing in the world to see one who has more of something or another making the life of one who has less, harder than it is, although the chances are ten to one that the same life needs very little in the way of additions to make it hard and difficult.—The Pilot.

Ingratitude is a vice opposed to nature; the animals even are grateful.

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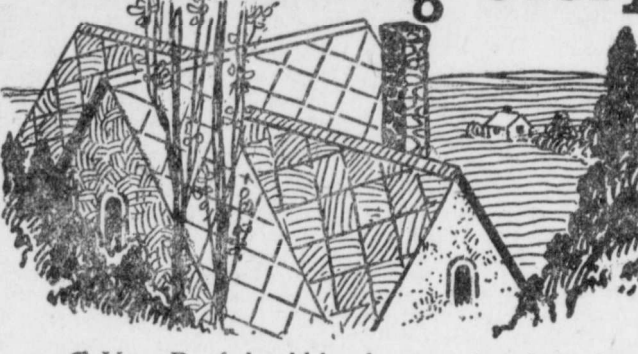
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