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our own sins, we have at least the power of reckoning, and a chance of remedying. To start another on the downward path, however, and infect his or her soul with a stain that may spread and infect still other souls, is a guilt that anyone should shrink in horror from incurring. For just as there is bound to accrue to us an innumerable reward for any part we have had in bringing even the least of God's creatures to a better knowledge of Him, and a more generous service, so can we look for dire punishment and most severe condemnation if, through our instrumentality, even one soul for whom the Son of God was willing to suffer and die, is robbed from Him and given over to the power and service of His enemy—Catholicism.



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injury or spiritual death to souls redeemed by the Precious Blood of the Son of God is as much more reprehensible as the soul is superior to the body. The gravity of such sins is made clear in the cry of Our Saviour: "Was to the world because of scandals! It is necessary that scandals should come," comments our Lord, knowing the make-up of human nature, "yet woe to him through whom the scandal cometh!" And to show the enormity of the crime with which the murderer of souls is to be charged, He declares: "It were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and he cast into the sea, than that he should scandalize one of these little ones."

The frequency with which the sin of scandal occurs, and the inestimable damage to souls which follows in its wake, are sufficient to prove the necessity of our understanding against its commission. When we speak of scandal, we do not understand what a great many people confine to the term. The newspaper, reporting a revelation in the conduct of affairs of a government, or a corporation, or public institution, and unscrupulously referring to sensational disclosures, "that may perhaps involve what is wrong and sinful. This, however, is not scandal, in the theological meaning. We are speaking now of any word or act which furnishes an occasion of sin to another. That is a scandal, in the proper sense of the word. The sin occasioned may be a mortal or a venial one, lowering, either to a serious or individual extent, the virtue of the one, or her or his. And its malice consists not only in the immediate shock to the moral system, but in the weakness which will be consequent to that shock.

We have various classes of scandal, differing in their nature and guilt as the attitude in the mind of the scandal-giver towards the spiritual injury he causes, differs. The classification has been made of direct, indirect, and so-called diabolical another to commit sin, merely that my personal interests may be furthered, my pleasure or gain contributed to, I am guilty of direct scandal. It is apparent that this guilt may be often incurred. To speak of none of the more grievous instances in which such a sin is possible, if I were to taunt one, or incite him to commit some wrong deed, or to do anything of the kind, or to act in the power of resisting temptation is finally bent, I am guilty of direct scandal.

Indirect scandal occurs when the deed which I have in view is not so much the sin itself, as something which I know will, in all likelihood, lead to another's sinning. I do not really desire spiritual injury in a direct way, but I do desire that which will probably lead to it. Were I to distribute immoral books or pictures, merely for the financial profit which will accrue to me, for instance, I am guilty of indirect scandal. So, too, if I openly disregard the first precept of the Church, and lie in bed on Sunday morning, instead of going to Mass, I can give scandal to my fellow Catholics who may be influenced to eventually follow my example, or to non-Catholics, whose idea of the Catholic religion may be affected by my disregard of her laws.

It is a type of direct scandal that has been given the name diabolical. The name is well applied. Nothing short of devilish can be called, which aims to produce sin in another purely for badness' sake. Persons have been known, for example, who, after losing their own faith through some imaginary or even real grievance, go about reviling the Church, her ministers and her mission, and seeking by every means in their power to poison the minds of others, and lead them to the same deplorable state of soul. Not only the sentence of Our Blessed Lord which we have quoted above, but every declaration of His regarding the infinite price He sets upon a human soul, gives us an idea of the retribution He will demand for such a sin of scandal.

One cannot measure his guilt in giving scandal by the actual effect that follows in the person whom he scandalizes. It is not necessary that the scandal should follow from my sinful conduct, nor that I should know that it has followed. I can be guilty without either of these circumstances, and it is sufficient that I knew, when I acted, that my act was calculated to cause sin. I may give scandal, even though another does not take it. Inidentally, on the other hand, scandal may be taken from some conduct of mine which in itself does not occasion scandal, in which event there is not present a condition of sin. This may occur in what is termed "Pharisaical scandal," wherein another is shocked at some conduct of mine which is perfectly legitimate, or so trifling as not to merit notice. Here the fault if there be any, is the other individual's, not mine. To be scandalized at seeing someone receive Holy Communion sitting down, instead of kneeling, for example, would be a case in point. The person may be crippled or rendered otherwise incapable of kneeling, and still judged guilty of irreverence. To be shocked at such an act resembles the attitude of the Pharisees; hence the name.

The deplorable consequence of scandal lies in the fact that the damage one may do by such sins is immeasurable and incalculable. With

"Look!" said Mary, lifting a box of candy from under the rug that covered her—"the rug a gift from the old bachelor." "My," said the lady. "A box of candy?" "He gave it to me! The old bachelor! He makes it, you know." "The lady took the box and caught her breath at sight of the name thereon—"Whittaker's Chocolates."

"An old bachelor? He makes it, you say?" she whispered. She had turned a little pale and Danny thought that maybe she was sick. "Oh, he's awful good," volunteered Mary. "He gives me everything. An' he has a piker's picture of Christine in the parlor. Look," she went on, turning in the chair and pointing up Van Pelt Street, "he lives up there in that house. Come on! I want to show him to you. Come on Danny!"

Danny laid hands on the handle of the chair and began to push. The lady hesitated a moment, as if in doubt. Then she fell in beside Mary. "He's awful good," volunteered Mary. "He gives me everything. An' he has a piker's picture of Christine in the parlor. Look," she went on, turning in the chair and pointing up Van Pelt Street, "he lives up there in that house. Come on! I want to show him to you. Come on Danny!"

"This is a happy Christmas—praised be God on high!" murmured the man, as he led her into the parlor. "See that motto?" said he, pointing to a wreath on the wall. "Glory to God and peace on earth," she murmured softly. "Is it peace?" asked the man eagerly. "Peace," she whispered, raising tear-dimmed eyes to his.

"I have done my penance," said the man. "I have lived in hell these two years, since you went away. No more drink for me. It's all over and done with—I've out the whole crowd, the whole environment, and am living like a man, writing plays and stories. They say why I'm here. But how did you know? I gave you up for dead."

"I have been in France—nursing, these eighteen months. Such sights! Such experiences! I tried to forget you, but I couldn't. It was always you I was nursing instead of when I could stand it no longer—came back to find you. I landed two days ago and went yesterday to your father's house on Spruce Street. He was hard as ever, but said I might find you possibly near Dauphin and Van Pelt. Then I met that dear little crippled girl and she told me of you."

"Little Mary!" he smiled. "Our angel, you see." "Has your father relented?" she asked. "He's coming round, all right. He'll soon make up. We talk now, but at first he was mad because I married a nurse—beneath my station, as he put it. Then because he drove me away and cut me off because I insisted on marrying the girl I loved, I was foolish enough to take to drink. Of course you went away, and you did right. I was silly brute. But I came to my senses when the child died. Although Father wants to give me an allowance now, I have refused it. I have learned to stand on my own feet."

"A happy Christmas, Paul!" he took her hands and drew her tenderly to himself. "Oh, it's the happiest Christmas a fellow could ever dream of," he cried. "You've made it happy, darling."

"Thank God!" she smiled, and laid her head on his breast.

HEROIC TALES OF CHAPLAIN DUFFY

With the arrival in New York of two hospital transports, the Sierra and the Comfort, bringing 2,000 wounded officers and men from overseas, the people here at home got first hand stories of the valorous deeds of American soldier boys on the battle-fields of France and Belgium. And the most gripping story of all was that told of the heroism of the 165th Sixty-ninth of New York (now the 165th United States Infantry) saved the day in the Champagne, and how the regiment's heroic chaplain, the Rev. Francis P. Duffy, endeared himself still more, if that was possible, to the men. One of the returned soldiers called Father Duffy the most popular man in Europe.

SCANDAL

When Our Divine Lord warned His apostles to "fear not them that kill the body, and are not able to kill the soul; but rather fear him that can destroy both body and soul in hell." He indicated that there is an incomparably greater disaster consequent to the destruction of the spirit-life, than to the killing of the body. To murder in the ordinary sense, is a most heinous offense in the sight of God, and even the slightest consideration of the Fifth Commandment will convince us. Yet he who puts an end to another's physical life is not the only type of murderer. There is a class of malefactors, immune from the gallows and electric chair, but none the less responsible in the sight of God, and these are the assassins of souls, who ply their nefarious craft with the weapon of scandal.

Christmas was approaching, and one day, seated at the parlor window, little Mary Desmond had a surprise. On the opposite steps stood "the old bachelor," as Mary insisted on calling Whittaker, waving a friendly hand. Mary waved in return and beckoned to him to come over. The unexpected thing happened. "The old bachelor" crossed the street. "Oh, mamma, mamma," called Mary to her mother: "the old bachelor's at the door. Open it mamma!" Mrs. Desmond hurried from her kitchen, wiping her hands on her gingham apron. "May I come in, Mrs. Desmond?" said Whittaker, removing his hat. "Your little girl invited me, and of course I can't refuse a lady's invitation."