

things, why it would be just the thing. Yes, Daniel, I think I'll get a Ford. One of them closed ones, so he won't get cold when the weather breaks.

"Sara Tully! You'll get a doctor! You need one, I'm thinking. When I take that boy back to the asylum, I'll stop in and see old Doc Thornton and tell him how you're acting."

Good morning, Oh, am I late for breakfast? I intended to get up early on 'help with the milkin' but I guess I was awful tired."

"Course you were, sonny," Daniel looked at his sister in surprise. The smile with which she greeted the child seemed to rejuvenate, to make her young and pretty again. "I wanted you to sleep and rest. Come and sit here and see how much breakfast a little man can eat."

The child took a step towards the table and then halted his eyes upon the man wistfully and half-frightened. And Daniel Tully, felt his throat tighten and his heart seemed to miss a beat. It was just that way the collier pup looked to him for help when it had been caught on the barbed wire fence. And he found himself smiling reassuringly as he held out a hand.

"Come on and sit down, Bubby. Sara can make the best pancakes in the country. You want to sample them while they're hot."

Doubt and fear fled from the child's face and the two brown eyes that looked so trustingly into his made him again think of collier. For several minutes Daniel was busy helping the child, then he arose.

"I don't know as I'll have time to take that trip this morning, Sara," he said but he did not look at his sister. "Bubby, when you're packed away a dozen more of them battercakes, come on, out to the barn, I want you to see my collier pup."

When the sun crept to the pump, announcing that the noon hour had come, Sara rang the dinner bell and then stood in the kitchen door waiting—waiting and praying. Daniel and the boy had been together for four hours, four long, silent hours for her, full of suspense. Would Daniel insist upon taking the child to the asylum that afternoon? Oh, would he?

At the thought a smothering assailed her and with difficulty she turned to the stove to dish up the meal.

"Oh, Aunt Sara," she turned, almost dropping the dish in her hand. "Uncle Dan says I'm to call you Aunt Sara."

"Yes, honey. Did you have a nice morning?" she asked and looked at her brother.

"Oh, 'twas such fun playin' with the collier an' helpin' Uncle Dan feed the cattle an' do the farm work," the boy cried happily.

"Yes, Sara, we worked hard and we're hungry men. Come, Bubby, sit right here beside me so I can help you. Hum, Sara, guess we'd better start to town right after dinner."

A terrible weakness overcame Sara Tully. The miracle of a child's presence, a child's love had not impressed her brother as she hoped. The boy would be taken away from her and ahead of her were stretched years and years and years, barren, bleak and lonely for want of a child to love and care for. She wanted to cry out in protest, to plead and beg and pray. Instead she dashed up the creamy mashed potatoes and carried them to the table.

"Thought we could get that Ford while we're in town," Daniel said as he helped the boy to a bountiful supply. "And we'll go to the asylum."

"Oh, Daniel!"

"And explain about Johnston mistreating the boy till he ran away—and take him ourself."

"What?" gasped the astonished woman.

"We'll fix the adoption papers right away and get Buddy some new clothes—nice good clothes. Land sakes, Sara, what's the matter? Where are you going?"

It was five minutes later when Sara came in suspiciously wiping her eyes.

"Sometimes, I get most overheated a bending over that hot stove," she murmured, "and I have to rush out for a breath of fresh air. Anyway, I wanted to see if the turkey gobbler was in the coop."

"The gobbler?" said Daniel. "The one you're keepin' for Christmas?"

"We'll have him tomorrow—for Thanksgiving," Sara said, as she cut an apple pie into triangles. "We're going to celebrate, Sonny. We'll have a real Thanksgiving this year. Uncle Dan and I will give thanks because we've got a boy of our own."

"And I'll give thanks 'cause I've got Uncle Dan an' you," the child fairly gurgled with content and delight.

"And I'll give thanks for every thing," Daniel chuckled and winked at the boy. "For my new son, for the new Ford auto Sara's going to buy us, for the turkey gobbler and everything."

"An' the apple pie an' ever 'thin'," laughed the child.

Daniel glanced at his sister and then turned his eyes quickly away. In the shining, gloriously transformed countenance of the sister he had thought plain and old, he read and understood the years of mother-hunger, love-starved long-

ing at last fulfilled by a lonely, mistreated orphan. And feeling overcome him. He arose and started for the door.

"I've got to see if that turkey gobbler's still safe," he muttered. As the door closed behind him, Sara turned to the boy and held out her arms. With a leap he was in them and as she held him close, she whispered:

"Sonny, Sonny! My own little Sonny!"—By Mary Clark Jacobs in Rosary Magazine.

**THE STORY OF CHRIST**

BY GIOVANNI PAPINI  
Copyright, 1923, by Harcourt, Brace & Company Inc. Published by arrangement with The McClure Newspaper Syndicate

**SWORD AND FIRE**

Every time that the sycophants of the powerful have desired to sanctify the ambition of the ambitious, the violence of the violent, the fierceness of the fierce, the pugnacity of the pugnacious, the conquest of the conquerors, every time that the paid sophists or frenzied orators have tried to reconcile pagan ferocity with Christian gentleness, to use the Cross as the hilt of the sword, to justify blood spilt through hatred by the blood which flowed on Calvary to teach love; every time, in short, that people wish to use the doctrine of peace to legitimize war, and make Christ surety for Genghis Khan or for Bonaparte or even through refinement of infamy, the outrider of Mahomet, you will see them quote, with the inexorable punctuality of all commonplaces, the celebrated gospel text, which every body knows by heart and very few have ever understood.

"Think not that I come to send peace on earth: I came not to send peace, but a sword." Some more learned add, "I am come to send fire on the earth." Others rush forward to present the decisive verse, "The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force."

What angel of eloquence, what supernatural enlightener, can ever reveal to these hardened quaters the true meaning of the words which they repeat with such light frivolity? They do not look at the words which come before and after; they pay no attention to the occasion on which they were spoken. They do not imagine for a moment that they can have another meaning from the common one.

When Jesus says that He has come to bring a sword,—or as it is written in the parallel passage of Luke, "Discord," He is speaking to His Disciples who are on the point of departing to announce the coming of the Kingdom. And immediately after having spoken of the sword, He explains with familiar examples what He meant to say: "For I am come to set a man at variance against his father, and the daughter against her mother, and the daughter-in-law against her mother-in-law. And a man's foes shall be they of his own household. For from henceforth there shall be five in one house divided, three against two, and two against three." The sword therefore does not mean war; it is a figure of speech which dignifies division. The sword is what divides, cuts in two, disunites; and the preaching of the gospel shall divide men of the same family. Because among men there are those deaf and those who hear, those who are slow and those who are quick, those who deny and those who believe. Until all are converted and "brothers in the Word," discord will reign on earth. But discord is not war, is not massacre.

Those who have heard and believe—the Christians—will not assault those who do not hear and do not believe. They will, it is true, take up arms against their refractory and stubborn brothers, but these arms will be preaching example, pardon, love. Those who are not converted perhaps will begin real warfare, the warfare of violence and blood, but they will begin it exactly because they are not converted, precisely because they are not yet Christians. The triumph of the Gospel is the end of all wars, of wars between man and man, between family and family, between caste and caste, between people and people. If the Gospel at first is the cause of separations and discord the fault is not in the truths taught in the Gospel but in the fact that these truths are not yet practiced by all.

When Jesus proclaims that he comes to bring fire, only a literal-minded barbarian can think of murderous and destructive fire, worthy auxiliary of human warfare. "What will I if it is already kindled!" The fire desired by the Son of man is the fire of purification, of enthusiasm, the ardor of sacrifice, the refulgent flame of love. Until all souls are burning and consumed in that fire, the word of the Gospel will be still useless sound, and the Kingdom still far away. To renew the contaminated and hateful family of men, a wonderful outburst of grief and of passion is needed. The complacent must suffer, the cold must burn, the insensible must cry out, the tepid must flame like torches in the night. All the filth accumulated in the secret life of men, all the sediments of sin which make of every soul an offensive sewer, all the corruption which shuts the ears and suffocates the hearts, must be burned up in this miraculous spir-

itual fire, which Jesus came to kindle in our hearts.

But to pass beyond this wall of flame there is need for strength of soul and a boldness not possessed by all, possessed only by the valorous; and, thus Jesus can say, "The Kingdom of Heaven suffereth violence and the violent take it by force." The word violent has as a matter of fact in the text the evident meaning of "strong," of men who know how to take doors by assault without hesitating or trembling. "Sword," "fire," "violence," are words which are not to be taken in the literal sense, so pleasing to the advocates of massacres. They are figurative words which we are forced to use to reach the torpid imagination of the crowds. The sword is the symbol of the divisions between those first persecuted and those who are last in believing; fire is purifying love; violence is the strength necessary to make oneself over and to arrive on the threshold of the Kingdom.

Any one who understands this passage in any other way either does not know how to read, or is determined to misread.

Jesus is the man of Peace. He has come to bring Peace. The Gospels are nothing but proclamations and instructions for Peace. The very night of His birth celestial voices sang in the sky the prophetic augury: "Peace on Earth to men of good will." On the Mount one of the first promises which flowed from the heart and from the lips of Christ is that directed to the peacemakers, "Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God." When the apostles are ready to depart on their mission He commands them to wish peace to all the houses where they enter. To the disciples, to His friends, He counsels, "Have peace one with another." Drawing near to Jerusalem, He looks at it pityingly and exclaims, "If thou, hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things which belong unto thy peace!" and the terrible night on the Mount of Olives, while the mercenaries armed with swords are binding Him, He pronounces the supreme condemnation of violence, "For all they that take the sword shall perish with the sword." He understands the evils of discord, "Every kingdom divided against itself is brought to desolation; and every city or house divided against itself shall not stand." And in His talk on the last things, in the grand apocalyptic prophecy, He announces among the terrible signs of the end together with famine, earthquakes and tribulation, also wars. And ye shall hear of wars and rumors of wars. For nation shall rise against nation, and kingdom against kingdom."

For Jesus discord is an evil; war is a crime. His God is not the old Lord of Battles. The apologists for great massacres confuse the Old and the New Testament. But the New is new exactly because it transforms the Old.

Only when considered as a punishment can war be thought of as divine. War is the terrible retribution of men who have recourse to war; it is the cruelest manifestation of the hatred which broods and boils in human hearts, the hatred which drives men to take up arms to destroy one another. War is at the same time a crime and its own punishment.

But when hate is abolished in every heart, war will be impossible: our most terrible punishment will disappear together with our greatest sin. Then at last will arrive the day longed for by Isaiah when, "they shall beat their swords into plow shares, and their spears into pruninghooks: nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more."

That day announced by Isaiah is the day on which the Sermon on the Mount shall become the only law recognized on earth.

**ONE FLESH ONLY**

Jesus sanctions the union of man and woman even in the flesh. As long as kings remain, we are to give back to them the coins stamped with their names; as long as men are not like angels the human race must perpetuate itself.

The Family and the State, imperfect expedients compared with heavenly beatitude, are necessary during our terrestrial probation; and since they are necessary they should at least become less impure and less imperfect. As long as rulers exist, at least the man who rules should feel himself the equal of the man who serves. As long as marriage exists, the union between man and woman should be eternal and faithful.

In marriage Jesus sees first of all the joining of two bodies. On this point He ratifies the metaphor of the Old Law, "So then they are no more twain, but one flesh." Husband and wife are one body, inseparable. This man shall never have another woman; this woman shall never know another man until death divides them. The mating of male and female, when it is not the expression of careless wantonness, or furtive fornication, when it is the meeting of two healthy virginites, when it is preceded by free choice, by a chaste passion, by a public and consecrated covenant, has an almost mystic character which nothing can cancel. The choice is irrevocable, the passion is confirmed, the compact is for eternity. Within the two bodies clinging to each other with bodily

desire, there are two souls which recognize each other and find each other in love. Their flesh becomes one flesh; their two souls become one soul.

The two have been fused into one, and from this communion will be born a new creature formed of the essence of both, which will be the visible form of their union. Love makes them like God, creators of a new and miraculous creation.

But this Duality of the flesh and of the spirit—the most perfect among imperfect human relations—should never be disturbed or interrupted. Adultery corrupts it, divorce destroys it. Adultery treacherously corrodes the union; divorce repudiates it, definitely. Adultery is a secret divorce founded upon untruth and betrayal; divorce followed by another marriage is sanctioned adultery.

Jesus always condemns adultery and divorce in the most solemn and absolute manner. His whole nature holds unfaithfulness in horror. There will come a day, he warns people, in speaking of heavenly life, in which men and women will not marry; but up to that day marriage should have least all the imperfections possible to its imperfection. And Jesus who always goes below the surface of things does not call adulterer only the man who robs his brother of his wife, but also the man who looks at her in the street with lustful eyes. The man who has an underhand relations with another man's wife is an adulterer, but no less an adulterer is he who, having put aside his own wife, marries another. On one occasion alone, He seems to admit the possibility of divorce to the husband of an adulteress; but the crime of the repudiated wife could never justify the crime which the betrayed man would commit in taking another wife.

Confronted with a law so absolute and so rigorous, even the Disciples took alarm. "If the case of the man be so with his wife, it is not good to marry. But he said unto them, All men cannot receive this saying, save they to whom it is given. For there are some eunuchs, which were so born from their mother's womb: and there are some eunuchs which were made eunuchs of men: and there be eunuchs, which have made themselves eunuchs for the kingdom of heaven's sake. He that is able to receive it, let him receive it."

Marriage is a concession to human nature, and to the propagation of life. "All men cannot receive this saying," are not capable of remaining chaste, virgin, and alone, but only "they to whom it is given." Perfect celibacy is a grace, a reward of the victory of the spirit over the body.

Any man who wishes to give all his love to a great undertaking must condemn himself to chastity. He cannot serve both humanity and the individual. The man who has a difficult mission to carry out, demanding all his strength up to the last of his days, cannot tie himself to a woman. Marriage means abandoning oneself to another being—but the Saviour must abandon himself to all other beings. The union of two souls is not enough for him—and it would make more difficult, perhaps impossible, union with all other souls. The responsibilities which come with the choice of a mate, the birth of children, the creation of a little community in the midst of the great community of the human race, are so heavy that they would be a daily hindrance to undertakings infinitely more serious. The man who wishes to lead other men, to transform them, cannot bind himself for all his life to one being alone. He would need to be faithless to his wife or to his mission. He loves all his brothers too much to love one only of his sisters. The Hero is solitary. Solitude is his penalty and his greatness. He renounces the pleasures of marital love, but the love which is in his heart, when communicated to all men, multiplied into a sublimation of sacrifice surpassing all earthly joys the man with no mate is alone, but is free; his soul, unhampered by common and material thoughts, can rise to the heights. He does not beget children of his own flesh, but he brings to a second birth the children of his spirit.

It is not given to every one, however, to resist and abstain. "He that is able to receive it, let him receive it." The foundation of the Kingdom needs all men who will give all their souls to it; the lust of the flesh, even when confined to legitimate marriage, are weakening for him who should give all his attention to the things of the spirit.

Those who will know the resurrection of the great day of triumph will have no further temptations. In the Kingdom of Heaven the joining of man and woman, even sanctified as it is by the permanence of marriage, will exist no more. Its real end is the creation of new human beings, but in that day Death will be conquered and the everlasting renewing of the generations will no longer be necessary. "For when they shall rise from the dead, they neither marry, nor are given in marriage; but are as the angels which are in heaven."

With this attainment of eternal and angelic life—the two promises and the two certainties of Christ—what has seemed undurable will become unthinkable, that which seemed pure will become vile, that which was holy will become imperfect. In that supreme and happy world all the trials of the human

race will be over. A hasty mating with a stolen woman was enough for the primitive bestial man. Man rose to a higher level of marriage, to union with one woman alone; the saint rose higher yet, to voluntary chastity. But the man who has become an angel in Heaven, who is all spirit and love, will have conquered the flesh even in memory. In a world where there will be no poor, sick, unhappy or enemies, his love will be transmuted into a superhuman contemplation.

The cycle of births will then be closed. The Fourth Kingdom will be forever established. The citizens of the Kingdom will be eternally

the same, themselves and no other through all the centuries. Woman will no longer bring forth her young with suffering. The sentence of exile will be revoked, the Serpent will be conquered; the Father will joyfully welcome his wandering son. Paradise will be found again and will never more be lost.

TO BE CONTINUED

**REGO RADIATOR REPAIR**  
"WE KNOW HOW"  
Radiators, Feeders, Rods and Lamps  
H. G. KAISER  
Phone 7249 M. Nights 1006 J  
150 Fullarton St. London, Ont.

For Your Savings  
Your First Thought IS  
**SAFETY**

Open your account with us and your savings are secured by the entire resources of  
**THE PROVINCE**

Become a depositor to-day and receive security coupled with courteous service.

**The Province of Ontario Savings Office**

TORONTO BRANCHES:  
Cor. Bay & Adelaide Sts. Cor. University & Dundas St.  
549 Danforth Avenue

OTHER BRANCHES:  
Aylmer, Brantford, Hamilton, Newmarket, Ottawa, Owen Sound, Penbrooke, Seaford, St. Catharines, St. Marys, Walkerton, Woodstock.

For Colds

**BAYER**

**ASPIRIN**

Proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians for

Colds Headache  
Pain Neuralgia  
Toothache Lumbago  
Neuritis Rheumatism

**Safe** Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proven directions. Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets. Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists.

Aspirin is the trade mark (registered in Canada) of Bayer Manufacture of Monocetyl-salicylate of Salicylic Acid, ("A. S. A."). While it is well known that Aspirin means Bayer manufacture, to assist the public against imitations, the Tablets of Bayer Company will be stamped with their general trade mark, the "Bayer Cross."

**Pride of Ownership**

To possess a Sherlock-Manning Piano is to treasure it.

Its rich mellow tone seems only to grow more beautiful with time and its construction is of a class that lasts a lifetime.

**SHERLOCK-MANNING**  
20th Century Piano  
The Piano worthy of your Home

**Sherlock-Manning Piano Co.**  
LONDON, CANADA

**Wonderful Egyptian Remedy "Samaris"** Prescription for drunkennes, which science has proved is a disease and not a habit and must be treated as such. Prohibition legislation does not help the unfortunate. "Samaris" may be given in Tea, Coffee, or any liquid food. Send stamp for trial treatment.

**SAMARIA REMEDY CO.**  
52 ROSE AVE. TORONTO, ONT.

**\$8000.00 GIVEN FREE.**

The above amount has been given away by us in CASH PRIZES. \$500.00 more will be given away as follows:-

1st Prize, \$100. 5th Prize, \$40.  
2nd Prize, \$75. 6th Prize, \$30.  
3rd Prize, \$60. 7th Prize, \$25.  
4th Prize, \$50. 8th Prize, \$20.

5 Prizes of \$10. Each in Cash.  
10 Prizes of \$5. Each in Cash.

**Solve the Puzzle AND WIN A CASH PRIZE**

There are 7 faces to be found above, one colored and the Wrecked Automobile. Can you find them? If so mark each one with an X, cut out the picture, and write on a separate piece of paper these words, "I have found all the faces and marked them" and mail same to us with your name and address. In case of tie, hand writing and neatness will be considered factors. If correct we will advise you by return mail of a simple condition to fulfill. Don't spend any money. You can be a prize winner without spending one cent of your money. Send your reply direct to GOOD HOPE MANUFACTURING COMPANY 275 CRAIG STREET WEST. MONTREAL, CANADA



**Hotel Wolverine**  
DETROIT  
Newest and Most Modern  
500 Rooms 500 Baths  
Rates \$2.50 Up

**OLD St. Benedict**  
The Mass Wine Supreme

Known through the centuries of Catholic Europe—Absolutely Guaranteed

FOR SALE BY  
**Canada Church Goods Company**  
149 Church St. Limited  
Toronto, Canada  
Candles Vestments Statuary

**FUNERAL DIRECTORS**  
**John Ferguson & Sons**  
180 KING ST.  
The Leading Undertakers & Embalmers  
Open Night and Day  
Telephone—House 378. Factory 648

**E. C. Killingsworth**  
FUNERAL DIRECTOR  
Open Day and Night  
889 Burwell St. Phone 8971

Established Over 30 Years  
**J. SUTTON & SON**  
Funeral Directors  
821 Ouellette Ave. Windsor, Ont.  
PHONE SEN. 235

THIS ORGANISATION IS HELD IN THE GREATEST ESTEEM

**A. J. JANISSE**  
FUNERAL SERVICE  
SENECA 247-403 SAND ST.  
AMBULANCE  
WINDSOR, ONT.