AUGUST 15, 1925

years, and was living among Pro-testants.

"One of my companions in the factory gave me a hundred dollars for the trip. To have saved it must have cost her the sacrifice of every comfort and every pleasure for weeks and months, but she made her gift smilingly and simply. I went to my father, who lingered for two months, and died happily at last. When I returned to my work, determined to save money and, little by little, to repay my friend, I found that she had entered a I wone to my father, who lingered for two months, and died happily at last. When I returned to my work, determined to save money and, little by little, to repay my friend, I found that she had entered a comfort and every pleasure for weeks and months, but she made determined to save money and, little by little, to repay my friend, I found that she had entered a convent some weeks before. The other girls could tell me nothing hope. afterward I chanced to learn that the hundred dollars she gave me had been saved for a farewell visit world. But before beginning the to her mother. I can hever repay her kindness, but I do what I can by they were waiting to see Him whom helping some nun every year, on the they anniversary of the day she so cheer- had helping some nun every year, on the anniversary of the day she so cheer-fully sacrificed her happiness for in from the men who had gone

There were a few concluding lines, but Mother Mary Frances did not read them then. Tears were over-flowing her kind old eyes, but great peace and joy were in her heart neart

heart. "It was a sacrifice. I had not seen Mother for two years. I never saw her again : but-dear Lord, You have not forgotten ! All this money, more than I need, in return ; and in Heaven-I cannot dream what the real reward there will be!" Florence Gilmore in The Mes -Florence Gilmore in The Mes-senger of the Sacred Heart.

THE STORY OF CHRIST

BY GIOVANNI PAPINI

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THE RETURN BY THE SEA

When the tragedy had drawn to a close with its greatest sorrow, its greatest joy, every one turned again to his own destination, the Son to the Father, the King to His Kingdom, the High Priest to his basins of blood, the fishermen to their nets.

These water-soaked nets, with broken meshes, torn by the unac-customed weight of the great draughts, so many times mended. patched, knotted together again, which had been left by the first fishers of men without one back-ward look, on the shores of Capernaum, had finally been mended and laid on one side, by some one with the prudence of the stay-at-home who knows that dreams are soon over and hunger lasts for all one's lifetime. The wife of Simon, the father of James and John, the brother of Thomas, had saved the brother of Thomas, had saved the casting nets and the drag nets as two hundred cubits from the land tools which might be useful, in memory of the exiles, as if a voice had said to those who had remained at home: "They too will come back; the Kingdom is fair, but far distant, and the lake is fair now, today, and full of fish Holy is holiness full of fish. Holy is holiness, but no man lives by the spirit alone. And a fish on the table now is worth more to a hungry man than a throne

a year from now." And for a time the wisdom of the stay-at-homes, taken root in their native country-side like moss on a stone, was vindicated. The fisher-men returned. The fishers of men appeared again in Galilee and once more took the old nets into their hands. They had received the order of Him who had drawn them away from there that they should be witnesses to His shame and to felt himself carried back to another His glory. They had not forgotten place beside another brazier with Him and they could never forget other questions put to him, and he Him: they always talked of Him remembered the answer he had among themselves and with all made then, and the look from those who were willing to listen to Christ about to die and his own them. But Christ on His return had said, "We will meet again in Galilee." And they had gone away from ill-omened Judea, from the mercenary city ruled by its murder-ous masters, and they had trod once mercenary city ruled by its murdermore the road back to their sweet, calm fatherland, whence the loving ravisher of souls had snatched them away. The old houses had a mellow beauty, with the white banners of newly washed linen, and the young grass greening along the old walls, and the tables cleaned by humble old hands, and the oven, which every week spat out sparks from its flaming mouth. And the quiet fishing-town had beauty, too; with its tanned naked boys, the sun high over the level market-place, the bags and baskets in the shadow of the inns, and the smell of fish which at dawn was wafted over it, with the morning breeze. But more beautiful than all was the lake : a gray hue and alate schered lake: a gray-biue and slate-colored expanse on cloudy afternoons: a milky basin of opal with lines and patches of jacinth on warm even-ings; a dark shadow flecked with ings; a dark shadow flecked with white on starry nights; a silvery heaving shadow in the moonlight. On this lake which seemed the very spirit of the quiet, happy country-side, the fisherman's eyes had for the first time discovered the beatter the first time discovered the beatter the side which seemed the the start will give up iny fire to was passible ater. Then Jesus said, "Feed my sheep." And for the third time He insisted, "Simon, son of Jonas, the first time discovered the beatter the side that I will give up iny fire to was passible ater. Then Jesus said, "Feed my insisted, "Simon, son of Jonas, the first time discovered the beatter the side the size drawing from Peter three the heavy unlovely earth and kinder than fire. The boat with its slant-ing sails, its worn seats, the high red rudder, had from their child-hood been dearer to them than that other home which awaited them, stationary, whitened, four-square on the bank. Those infinitely long hours of tedium and of hope as they

That is, to the cross, like the ross where they nailed me. Know, supernatural, perilous undertaking. The poor souls uprooted from their usual surroundings had done their therefore, what it means to love me. My love is brother to death. best to be lighted by that flame, but the new life had trodden them me. My love is brother to death. Because I love you, they have killed me: for your love for me, they will ktll you. Think, Simon, son of out like grapes in the wine-press, kill you. Think, Simon, son of Jonas, what is the covenant which like olives in the olive crusher in

sand times more serious. You must And now they had come home, answer for all the lambs which I leave in your care and as reward at the end of your labors you will have two crossed beams, and four nails as I had, and life eternal. Choose : it is the last time that you can choose and it is a choice for all time-irrevocable. For an account will be asked of you as a servant left in the place of his master: and now that you know all and have decided, come with me. "Follow me!" away, more restless, sadder, almost

Peter obeyed, but turning about saw John coming after him and said, "Lord, and what shall this man do?" were there, hung up on the walls, and the boats at anchor swayed up man do Jesus said to him, "If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee? follow thou me!" For Simon the primacy and mar-

together one evening in the harbor of Capernaum, Simon called Peter, Thomas called Didymus, Nathanael of Cana, James, John and two others. Simon said, "I go afishing." His friends answered, "We also ro with thee."

go with thee." They went into the boat and put They went into the boat and put off, but all that night they caught nothing. When day came, a little depressed because of the wasted night, they came back towards the shore. And when they were near they saw in the faint light of the dawn a man standing on the shore, who seemed to be waiting for them. suffer. who seemed to be waiting for them 'But the disciples knew not that it was Jesus." "Children, have ye any meat?"

called the unknown man.

And they answered, "No." Cast the net on the right side of the ship, and ye shall find.

They obeyed and in a moment the net was so full that they were scarcely able to draw it in. And

they all began to tremble because they had guessed who it was await-

"It is the Lord," said John to Peter answered nothing, but

hastily drew on his fisher's coat (for he was naked), and cast himself into the sea that he might be first that moment, stepped from the sidewalk to cross—alone—the nar-row, twisty old street.

> vived the War came to a halt, while pedestrians paused, to give undis-puted right of way to the little Sister

And for the last time He broke ber of the Russian royal family might have been given a clear might have been given a clear fish likewise. After they had in-passage through the streets of old and under His look the unhappy man, silent till then, turned pale: "Simon, Son of Jones, lovest thou me more than these?" The man who had denied Him, when he heard this question full of tenderness, but for him so cruel, felt himself carried back to another

'Yea, Lord ; thou knowest that I love thee. He made no claim for himself but "thou knowest that I love Thee," Thou who knowest all and seest into the most hidden hearts. "I love thee": but he had not the courage to add "more than these" in the presence of the others, who knew what he had done. Christ said to him, "Feed my lambs

THE CATHOLIC RECORD

most capable business women in the whole of Europe. And herself whole blind. love

AMERICANS HELP WORK American generosity is not un-nown to Sister Elizabeth. It was It was American aid which enabled her to care for the blind soldiers. It was he simple statement of her need for American blue prints to erect American-style barracks to house her blind charges that offers of help from a half a dozen American arch-itects. And it was the announce ment of the plight of her blind orphans, printed in an American Catholic paper, which obtained enough money to "buy a cow for each class," as she explained happily. Asked where she had found the

nspiration for her work among the blind, in her sweet low voice told how, from her sick bed, had asked that an instructor of the blind be sent to her. To her sur-prise, but not her despair, she learned that in her country there was no one capable of teaching the

"Then I knew," she said, very simply, "what my life work was to

"But surely, right at first, the

"Half of my life I have had the use of my eyes, and half I have been totally blind. The last half has been far the happier. It is a great privilege to be blind, for my life has been far richer than if I had heart my sight "

As soon as the young countessshe was twenty-two at the time of her accident-was able to leave her bed, she had a letter dispatched to Paris and obtained lessons in raised writing. Having taught herself to read, she gathered about her, in her father's house, other blind girls and taught them to read.

Soon the little colony of blind grew too large for her father's home. Rooms were procured out-side, and there the women met every day to study and work.

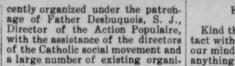
HER NEW RELIGIOUS ORDER

Long attracted to religion, she entered the novitiate of a religious order and became a professed nun. And then, with the permission and blessing of the Church, she estab-lished her new order. Among the sisters, one-third, like their founder, are totally blind. These work in the shop with their blind charges. The other members perform the other members perform the routine tasks of the home, such as cooking, cleaning, etc. The heart of the establishment is

Sister Elizabeth, its business head and directing genius. Her blind-ness interposes no obstacles to the most amazing activities.

Some time ago word reached the American Minister to Poland that Sister Elizabeth was desperately ill and her charges in need. A hastily provisioned car was dispatched to the home, where, indeed, Sister Elizabeth was found critically 'ill. Her blind friends were in dire straits. American aid once more enabled the intrepid nun to pull through, and shortly an American who had known her, in Warsaw broadcast an appeal that brought returns substantial enough to put the little congregation on its feet.

people meant guard over her, so to speak. out what their religion is; it is one of those 'better gifts,' of which the Apostle bids you be 'zealous.' You



zations The program adopted by the new association is, briefly, as follows: Protection of maternity and childhood; suppression of divorce; opposition to Neo-Malthusianism, prostitution and pornography; respect for the rights of parents in the education of children; freedom of education subsidized by the State; the family vote, that is to say the granting to parents of extra votes according to the number of their children, and efforts against the high cost of living and illicit speculation, and against alcoholi and tuberculosis.

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KIND THOUGHTS

Kind thoughts imply a close con-tact with God, and a divine ideal in our minds. Their origin cannot be anything short of divine. Like the love of beauty, they can spring from no base source. They are not dictated by self interest nor stimu-

lated by passion; they have nothing in them which is insidious, and they are almost always the preludes to some sacrifice of self.—Faber.

Want of vigilance over our eyes feeds almost all the passions which make war upon our souls.

LYMYER CHURCH ELISS

1

URSULINE COLLEGE 'The Pines'' Chatham, Ontarie

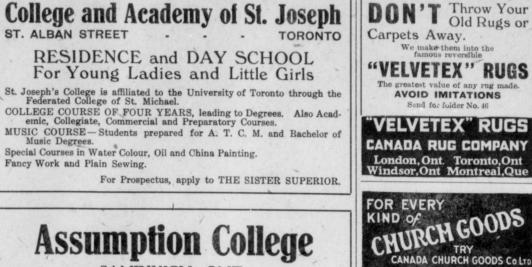
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BEDSIDE TABLE All Courses Leading to Degrees in Arts REV. E. J. MCCORKELL, C. S. B.

President.

blind.

tyrdom ; for John immortality and endless waiting. He who bore the

same name as the precursor of Christ's first coming was to prophesy His second coming. The his-torian of the end was to be persekept my sight.' cuted, a solitary prisoner, but he

was to live longer than all the others and to see with his own eyes the crumbing of the stones, not one left upon another, of the ill-omened hill of Jerusalem. In his sonorous blue desert, in the midst of the blind in the stones of the stones of the blind in the store st

suffer. Peter followed Christ, was crucified for Christ and left behind him the eternal dynasty of the Vicars of Christ : but John was not

permitted to find rest in death : he waits with us, the contemporary of every generation, silent as love, eternal as hope. TO BE CONTINUED

BLIND COUNTESS NUN WARSAW'S ANGEL OF MERCY

"The most remarkable woman in Warsaw ; you'd never guess she is totally blind."

The young attache of the Ameri-can legation pointed to the slender black-habited young nun who, at

and a lighted brazier with fishes broiling on it, and Jesus said, "Bring of the fish which ye have now caught." Under the old empire, some mem-

the Bread and gave to them and the fish likewise. After they had fin-ished eating Jesus turned to Simon

ONCE VIVACIOUS YOUNG COUNTESS reconstruction of Poland-the miracle of the blind leading the blind." When the Polish soldiers began to return from the War, a pitifully large number were sightless, said the attache. The problem of how to care for these helpless soldiers wrought a miracle.

of the blinding light and the immense blackness of the midnight sea, in his vision of the great deeds of the last day he will rejoice and

And for the second time He asked "Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me

And Peter in his trouble found no other answer than, "Yea, Lord; thou knowest that I love thee."

Why dost Thou still make me suffer? Dost Thou not know with-out my telling Thee that I love Thee, that I love Thee more than at SAW Engaged to be married to a man Thee, that I love Thee more than a first, as I have never loved Thee, and that I will give up my life to the beautiful young nonewonnan was passionately fond of horse-back riding. But this sport was to back riding. But the world con-

lovest thou me ?" He was drawing from Peter three affirmations, three new promises to expect his three deniels at lorne ammations, three new promises to cancel his three denials at Jerusa-lem. But Peter could not endure this repeated suffering. Almost weeping, He cried out, "Lord, thou knowest all things; thou knowest that I love thee!" Today, you see her gathering to-gether the blind, collecting money to feed and clothe them, selling the

must not hide your talent in a nap-"Saint Elizabeth she is called." kin, or your light under a bushel. nurmured the young attache. "Her "I want a laity, not arrogant, not rash in speech, not disputatious, but men who know their religion, story is one of the miracles of the

who enter into it, who know just where they stand, who know what they hold and what they do not, who know their creed so well that they can give an account of it, who know so much of history that they

to care for these neipless soldiers was one which the public offictals could not solve. There were no institutions for the blind; no schools. But by what Mr. Chester-ton says believers call the finger of God, there was ready to act in this emergency a nun who already had wrought s miracle things as they are, to understand how faith and reason stand to each other, what are the bases and prin-

Not a great many years before the breaking out of the World War, Countess Czacka was the ornament of one of the noble old houses of tites of the Protestant theory. ciples of Catholicism, and where lie main inconsistencies and absurd-

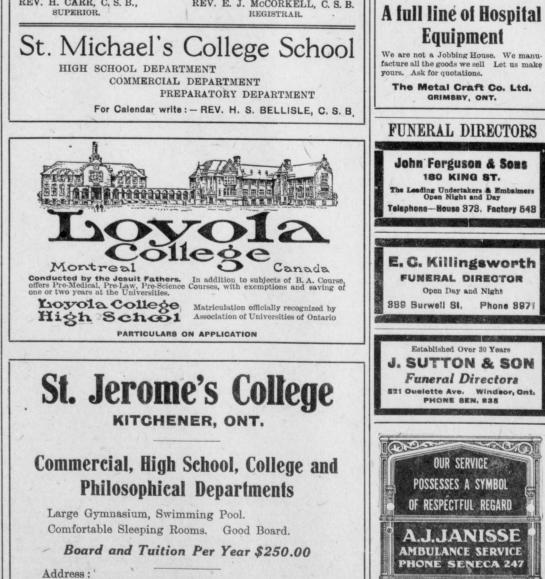
Poland. Her beauty, vivacity and keen intelligence made the young countess the sun around which 'You ought to be able to bring out what you feel and what you mean as well as to feel and mean it; revolved her social world of War-saw. to expose to the comprehension of others the fictions and fallacies of

your opponents, and to explain the of equal social importance, she had | charges brought against the Church to the satisfaction, not indeed of bigots, but of men of sense of whater cast of opinion."-Cardinal Newman.

> FRENCH CATHOLIC WOMEN ORGANIZE

Paris, France. - Following the recent vote of the French Chamber on the bill granting suffrage to women, it is believed here that French women soon may be per-mitted to go to the polls. The question, therefore, from now on is not to decide whether or bet

not to decide whether or not woman suffrage is a benefit or an evil, but stationary, whitened, four-square on the bank. Those infinitely long hours of tedium and of hope as they gazed at the brilliant water, the swaying of the nets, the darkening of the sky, had filled the greater part of their poor and homely lives. Then came the day when a Master, poor and more powerful than they, had called them to Him-self to be workers with Him in a



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