

years, and was living among Protestants.

"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 convent some weeks before. The other girls could tell me nothing more definite than this. And long afterward I chanced to learn that the hundred dollars she gave me had been saved for a farewell visit to her mother. I can never repay her kindness, but I do what I can by helping some nun every year, on the anniversary of the day she so cheerfully sacrificed her happiness for mine."

There were a few concluding lines, but Mother Mary Frances did not read them then. Tears were overflowing her kind old eyes, but great peace and joy were in her 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 Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

THE STORY OF CHRIST

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

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 unaccustomed weight of the great draughts, so many times mended, patched, knotted together again, which had been left by the first fishermen of men without one backward 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 casting nets and the drag-nets as 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, 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 fishermen 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 His glory. They had not forgotten Him and they could never forget Him: they always talked of Him among themselves and with all those who were willing to listen to 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 murderous masters, and they had trod once more 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-boat and 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-blue and slate-colored expanse on cloudy afternoons; a milky basin of opals with lines and patches of jaquin on warm evenings; 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 countryside, the fisherman's eyes had for the first time discovered the beauty of light and of water, nobler than the heavy unlovely earth and kinder than fire. The boat with its slanting sails, its worn seats, the high red rudder, had from their childhood 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 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 Himself to be workers with Him in a

supernatural, perilous undertaking. The poor souls uprooted from their usual surroundings had done their best to be lighted by that flame, but the new life had trodden them out like grapes in the wine-press, like olives in the olive crusher, in order that their rough hearts should yield up tears of love and pity.

It was only after the Cross had been raised on Golgotha that they had wept with true sorrow; and only after the Crucified Leader had returned to break bread with them that they had been kindled anew to hope.

And now they had come home, bringing back only a few recollections, and yet those recollections were enough to transform the world. But before beginning the work which He had commanded, they were waiting to see Him whom they loved in the place which He had loved. They were different men from the men who had gone away, more restless, sadder, almost estranged, as if they had come back from the land of the lotus-eaters and saw from beyond with purer eyes a new earth indissolubly united with Heaven. But the nets were there, hung up on the walls, and the boats at anchor swayed up and down on the water. Once more the fishermen of men, perhaps out of nostalgia, perhaps out of material need, began to be lake fishermen.

Seven Disciples of Christ were together one evening in the harbor of Capernaum, Simon called Peter, Thomas called Didymus, Nathaniel of Cana, James, John and two others. Simon said, "I go fishing." His friends answered, "We also go with thee."

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.

"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 awaiting them.

"It is the Lord," said John to Simon. 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 on shore. The boat was scarcely two hundred cubits from the land and in a few moments the seven Disciples were about their Lord.

And no one asked Him, "Who art thou?" because they had recognized Him. On the shore there were bread and a lighted brazier with fishes broiling on it, and Jesus said, "Bring of the fish which ye have now caught." And for the last time He broke the Bread and gave to them and the fish likewise. After they had finished eating Jesus turned to Simon 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 place beside another brazier with other questions put to him, and he remembered the answer he had made then, and the look from Christ about to die and his own great lamentation in the night. And he dared not answer as he wished: "Yes" in his mouth would have been boasting and shamelessness: "No" would have been a shameful lie.

"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 seeest 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." And for the second time He asked him, "Simon, son of Jones, 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 without my telling Thee that I love Thee, that I love Thee more than at first, as I have never loved Thee, and that I will give up my life to affirm my love?

Then Jesus said, "Feed my sheep." And for the third time He insisted, "Simon, son of Jones, lovest thou me?" He was drawing from Peter three affirmations, three new promises to cancel his three denials at Jerusalem. But Peter could not endure this repeated suffering. Almost weeping, he cried out, "Lord, thou knowest all things; thou knowest that I love thee!"

The terrible ordeal was over, and Jesus went on, "Feed my sheep. Verily, verily I say unto thee, When thou wast young, thou girdest thyself, and walkedst whither thou wouldest; but when thou shalt be old, thou shalt stretch forth thy hands, and another shall gird thee, and carry whither thou wouldest not."

That is, to the cross, like the cross where they nailed me. Know, therefore, what it means to love me. My love is brother to death. Because I love you, they have killed me: for your love for me, they will kill you. Think, Simon, son of Jonas, what is the covenant which you make with me, and the fate which is before you. From now on I shall not be at hand to take you back, to give you the peace of forgiveness, after cowardly fallings from grace. From now on defections and desertions will be a thousand times more serious. You must 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 taken 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! Peter obeyed, but turning about saw John coming after him and said, "Lord, and what shall this 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 martyrdom; 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 historian of the end was to be persecuted, a solitary prisoner, but he was to live longer than all the others and to see with his own eyes the crumbling 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 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 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 attaché of the American legation pointed to the slender black-habited young nun who, at that moment, stepped from the sidewalk to cross—alone—the narrow, twisty old street.

As arbitrarily as if by the hand of the Fifth avenue traffic policeman had uplifted, the rickety carts and the rattle of the horse-drawn cabs that survived the War came to a halt, while pedestrians paused, to give undisturbed right of way to the little Sister.

Under the old empire, some member of the Russian royal family might have been given a clear passage through the streets of old Warsaw. But it was only a modest little nun who was so honored that day—and every day. For whenever Sister Elizabeth, founder and first superior of the Society for the Protection of the Blind in Poland, appears in the streets of her native city, the people meant guard over her, so to speak.

ONCE VIVACIOUS YOUNG COUNTESS "Saint Elizabeth she is called," murmured the young attaché, "is one of the miracles of the 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 attaché. The problem of how to care for these helpless soldiers was one which the public officials 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 a miracle.

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 Poland. Her beauty, vivacity and keen intelligence made the young countess the sun around which revolved her social world of Warsaw.

Engaged to be married to a man of equal social importance, she had set the nuptial day. The beautiful young noblewoman was passionately fond of horse-back riding. But this sport was to bring upon her what her world considered the greatest misfortune which could befall her. One day the horse bolted and the countess was thrown violently to the ground. When she regained consciousness she found her eyes tightly bandaged. Then a company of learned doctors pronounced her doom—total blindness.

Today, you see her gathering together the blind, collecting money to feed and clothe them, selling the beautiful baskets and other things which they make, managing the details of an establishment which is at once an asylum, a house of business and a school. Learning new trades in order to teach the blind, training teachers of the blind, directing novices in the religious life and governing a religious community—all in all, one of the

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

AMERICANS HELP WORK American generosity is not unknown to Sister Elizabeth. It was American aid which enabled her to care for the blind soldiers. It was the simple statement of her need for American blueprints to erect American-style barracks to house her blind charges that offers of help from a half a dozen American architects. And it was the announcement 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 inspiration for her work among the blind, in her sweet low voice she told how, from her sick bed, she had asked that an instructor of the blind be sent to her. To her surprise, but not her despair, she learned that in her country there was no one capable of teaching the blind.

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

"But surely, right at first, the shock—"

"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 kept my sight."

As soon as the young countess—she 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 outside, 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 established 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 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 blindness 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.

THE BETTER GIFTS

"There is a time for silence and a time to speak. What I desiderate in Catholics is the gift of bringing out what their religion is; it is one of those 'better gifts,' of which the Apostle bids you be 'zealous.' You must not hide your talent in a napkin, or your light under a bushel. I wish you to enlarge your knowledge, to cultivate your reason, to get an insight into the relation of truth to truth, to learn to view things as they are, to understand how faith and reason stand to each other, what are the bases and principles of Catholicism, and where lie the main inconsistencies and absurdities of the Protestant theory."

"You ought to be able to bring out what you feel and what you mean as well as to feel and mean it; to expose to the comprehension of others the fictions and fallacies of your opponents, and to explain the charges brought against the Church to the satisfaction, not indeed of bigots, but of men of sense of whatever 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 permitted to go to the polls. The question, therefore, from now on is not to decide whether or not woman suffrage is a benefit or an evil, but whether or not women will use the vote to defend the moral, religious, family and patriotic interests of the nation, say commentators. Preparation of women for their civic duties thus becomes a necessity.

It was the thought which inspired the founders of the "Union Feminine Civique et Sociale," recently organized under the patronage of Father Desbuquois, S. J., Director of the Action Populaire, with the assistance of the directors of the Catholic social movement and a large number of existing organizations.

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 alcoholism and tuberculosis.

KIND THOUGHTS

Kind thoughts imply a close contact 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 stimulated by passion; they have nothing in them which is insidious, and they are almost always the preludes to some sacrifice of self.—Faber.

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