JULY 18, 1925

"De women and da cheeldra dey go to da church. De men, dey makea da mon," replied Angelo somewhat hotly. But Florence persisted

But Christopher Columbus, he was an Italian man, and he had a padre with him to say Mass. And Michael Angelo, he was an Italian

"Ah, Michael Angelo, see dat statue on da piano? Dat ees a copy of da great Angelo's Moses. Ah, dat ees grand !"

"But, Michael Angelo, if he came here would shake hands with me though I am not Italian, because he would know I am hot rtankn, because he would know I am like him; but, he wouldn't look at you." Florence regretted her words almost as soon as they were out. She was afraid. "Dose priests," grumbled Angelo in reply, "dey only look for da mon."

mon." "They do not," put in May earn-estly. "We aren't blind, are we?" "But dey dress fine and dey have a fine hou

"And do you think we want to see our priests in rags and have the other people say those Catholics don't care about their priests? Don't they stand in public for our religion?" religion?" "Yes, no," said Angelo somewhat

uncertainly. uncertainly. "But, they donta want nothing to do wid old Angelo the street-sweeper, because he ees poor. Would dey move a foot for him?"

"We give our time gladly for Rosalia and all the other Italian boys and girls; and the priest would do more ; only you won't let him. Angelo arose and turned to leave

"Dey look for da mon," he grumbled. Both May and Florence arose quickly and prepared to leave. "Well, Mr. Fanelli, we'll say good night, and be going. We

enjoyed our visit so much. Good night Rosalia.'

Angelo showed them to the door, while Mrs. Fanelli and Rosalia shouted their good night. As he closed the door behind him again, Angelo said to Mrs. Fanelli: "Nicea young ladies! I wanta dat our Rosalia should grow up

like dem. And be a Sunday School teacher,

?" asked Mrs. Fanelli. Bah! Why not? Ain't too? our Italian girls usta as bright as dey

Next day old Angelo was on the job, sweeping the street in the neighborhood of the church. Passers by could hear him humming "Santa Lucia" as he pushed his broom rythmically. He was back in the old haunts-reefing a sail, perhaps, on the blue waters of Amalfi. He was oblivious of his surroundings, and did not even notice Father Pilgram, as he came

out of the rectory. At that moment a big automobile rounded the corner and bore down upon Angelo. It flashed upon him so suddenly, the sun reflected from the glass blinded him momentarily, the sudden screech of the klaxon confounded him; he stepped right into the nath of the machine and in a moment would have been crushed under its wheels, when suddenly he was hurtled through the air and landed unharmed on the heap of dust and dirt he had collected. He arose and brushed himself off, and only then saw the big car, with grinding of brakes, come to a dead stop at the opposite curb. In the middle of the street lay a man-grimy he was with dust and blood streamed from his face. He was struggling to rise.

about something as they turned homeward. "Somebody did it," said Florence the day when One alone will be able wisely.

THE STORY OF CHRIST

BY GIOVANNI PAPINI

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THE DARKNESS

Jesus' breathing was more and more like the death-rattle. His chest heaved with convulsive efforts to breathe; loud, painful pulses hammered at His temples. His heart beat so rapidly and so violently that it shook Him as if it would tear Him loose; the feverish thirst of crucified men flamed all over His body, as if His blood had become a raging molten fire in His veins. Stretched in that painful position,

nailed to the beams and not able to move, held up by His hands, which were lacerated if He let Himself hang by them, but which, if He held them up, exhausted His weak and worn-out frame, that young and divine body which had suffered so many times because it contained too great a soul, was now a funeral pyre of suffering where all the sufferings of the world burned

together. ancient writers admitted, As crucifixion was the cruelest and lackest of punishments. It gave

stuffed bellies, brutes who trade on hunger, who fatten on famines, who the greatest torture for the longest time. If tetanus set in, a merciful torpor hastened death; but there convert into money the patience of the poor, the beauty of virgins, the were men who held out, suffering sweat of slaves. And the money-changers, expert in illicit traffic always more and more, until the second day after crucifixion, and and in oppression, who live to wrest unlawfully from others; and the even longer. The thirst of their fever, the congestion of their hearts, uniawruliy from others; and the knotty lawyers skilful at turning the law against the innocent. And behind these high pillars of society, there is the mob of cheating scul-lions, of overbearing rascals, of foul-mouthed rogues, of whining beggars, of filthy knaves, the lower dregs of the nonulstion formised the rigidity of their veins, their cramped muscles, the dizziness and terrible pains in the head, the ever-greater agony—all these were not enough to make an end of them. But most, men died at the end of

twelve hours. • The blood from the four wounds dregs of the population, famished hounds who eat under the tables of Jesus had clotted about the nail and snarl between the legs of who-ever does not give them either a heads, but every movement made fresh blood gush out, which fell mouthful or a kick. slowly along the cross and dripped

They are the eternal enemies of Christ-they who celebrated on that upon the ground. His head dropped on His weary neck ; His eyes, those mortal eyes, whence God had looked day their infamous Saturnalia; and they have vomited out on Christ's face their poisonous saliya, the muddy lees of their souls. This miry dross of humanity, foul and polluted, vomited out from their filthy hearts their hatred for Him mbo measure there there had out upon the earth, were glazing over in the death stupor; and His livid lips, parched with suffering and thirst, drawn by His painful breathing, were withered by that last kiss, the poisonous kiss of who was saving them; they howled against Him who was forgiving Judas. Thus died a God, who had cooled

them; they insulted Christ who was the blood of the feverish, had given the water of life to the thirsty, who agonizing for them, Christ who was dying for them. The antithesis of good and evil, innocence and infamy, light and darkness, was had raised up the dead from their tombs, who had quickened the paralyzed, cast out demons from never presented with such a dra-matic and utter contrast as on that bsessed souls, who had wept with the weeping, who, instead of pun-ishing the wicked, had made them irreparable day. Nature itself seemed to wish to

to be born again into a new life hide the horror of that sight : the sky, which all the morning had been who had taught with poetic words and proved by miracles that glori-ous aspiration—the life of perfect clear, suddenly grew dark. A thick cloud, dark as though it came ous aspiration—the file of perfect love—which raging beasts sunk in stupor and in blood would never have been capable of discovering for themselves. He had healed izon. Black clouds gathered about for themselves. He had healed wounds and they wounded all His perfect body; He had pardoned evildoers, and evildoers nailed Him, the sun, that sweet, clear April sun, which had warmed the hands of the murderers, encircled it, laid siege to it, and finally covered it with a thick curtain of darkness an innocent man, between two crim-inals; He had infinitely loved all men, even those unworthy of His love, and hatred had nailed Him . "and there was a darkness all the earth until the ninth there where hatred punished and was punished; He had been more

hour LAMA SABACHTHANI

righteous than righteousness and

THE CATHOLIC RECORD

mote, inexplicably absent. Where was that loving Father to whom He was wont to speak, sure that He would be answered, would be helped? Why did the Father not help Him, give some sign of His presence, or at least show Jesus the mercy of calling Him to God with-met grued delay? to laugh. If weeping cannot cancel that blood, what punishment can ever explate that awful laughter? mercy of calling Him to God with-out cruel delay ?

And then there was heard in the thick air, in the silence of the dark-ness, these words, "Eli, Eli, Lama Sabachthani?" that is to say: "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me ?

This was the first verse of a psalm which He had repeated to Himself many times because He had found mons. there so many presages of His life and of His death. He no longer and of His death. He no longer had the strength to cry it all aloud as He had in the desert, but now into His troubled spirit those sor-rowing invocations came back one by one, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me? why art thou so far from helping me, and from the words of my roaring? Our fathers trusted in thee:

Our fathers trusted in thee in the heart of every man who has not forced himself to forget. they trusted and thou didst deliver them. They cried unto thee, and were delivered : . . . but I am the cross in the manner which men had willed, which the Son had a worm, and no man; a reproach of men, and despised of the people. chosen, to which the Father had consented. The death-struggle was All that see me laugh me to scorn : they shoot out the lip, they shake the head, saying, He trusted on the Lord that he would deliver him : over and the Jews were satisfied. He had explated all up to the last, let him deliver him, seeing he de-lighted in him. But thou art he and now He was dead. own expiation begins-and it is not that took me out of the womb thou didst make me hope when I was upon my mother's breasts. not far from me: foretrouble is

near; for there is none to help. Many bills have compassed me: with their mouths, as a ravening and a roaring lion. I am poured out like water, and all my bones are out of joint: my heart is like wax; it is melted in the midst of Wa strongth is dried they gaped upon me

bowels. My strength is dried my up like a potsherd : and my tongue cleaveth to my jaws ; and thou hast brought me into the dust of death. for dogs have compassed me : the

assembly of the wicked have en-closed me: they pierced my hands, and my feet . . . they look and stare upon me. They part my gar-ments among them. and cast lots upon my vesture. But be thou not far from me, O Lord; O my strength haste they to help me " far from me, O Lord; O strength, haste thee to help me."

The supplications of this pro phetic psalm, which recall so closely the Man of Sorrows of Isaiah, rose from the wounded heart of the crucified Man as the last expression of His dying humanity. But certain of the brutes nearest to the cross thought that He was calling Elias, the immortal prophet, who in the popular imagination was to appear with Christ. "Behold. He calleth Elias."

Calletn Enas. One of 'the soldiers now took a sponge, soaked it in vinegar, put it on a reed and held it to the lips of Christ. But the Jews said, "Let alone; let us see whether Elias will come to take him down."

The legionary, not wishing to make trouble, laid down the reed. But after a little—and the time seemed infinitely long in that darkness, in that suspense, that painful tension-Christ's voice came down as if from a great distance, "I thirst

The soldier took up the sponge again, dipped it once more in the vessel full of the mixture of water and vinegar and once more held it to the parched mouth which had

Many, alarmed by the falling of hat mysterious darkness, fied away rom the Hill of the Skull, and Angelo went over to him. His eyes widened and his mouth opened with instituulte surprise. It was He had called mean souls to holi-Many, alarmed by the falling of that mysterious darkness, fied away from the Hill of the Skull, and Christ, who had satisfied so many times the thirst of others, and who left in the world an ever-springing fountain of life, where the weary fountain of life, where the weary find strength, the corrupt find their youth, and the restless find peace, Christ had always suffered with an unsatisfied thirst for love. And even now in the terrible burning of And those who remained listened in the darkness to hear if the hated pro-His fever, His thirst was not for water but for a pitying word which would break the oppression of His desolate solitude. Instead of the pure water of the Galilean brooks, tagonist would break by some word His groaning death-rattle. Christ's of the Last Supper, the Roman sol-dier gave Him a little of his acid drink, but the prompt and kindly act of that obscure slave quenched His thirst, because, although reeling in the darkness of death, He felt that a human heart had pitied His heart. If a stranger who had never seen Him before that day had done this, although so small a thing, through and of that suffering. But all our youthful soul had become suddenly tears gathered together like a bitter aged, and that He was old beyond compassion for Him, it was a sign that the Father had not abandoned Him. The cup was finished; all the bitterness was drunk. Eternity

BIBLE MADE TEXT BOOK IN TENNESSEE

Nashville, Tenn.—The Bible was made an official text book in the Public schools of Tennessee by action of the State Board of Educa-

and many bodies of the saints which slept arose, and appeared unto many." But the hearts of the The resolution of the Board approves the inclusion of the Bible in the curriculum of elective studies none of those dead souls who wore the outward aspect of life were for which the schools may give credit.

reanimated at that supreme sum-By the provision of a law passed in 1915, Tennessee Public school teachers have since that time been Nineteen hundred years have obliged to read at least ten verses of the Bible without comment at passed from the day when the earth echoed to that cry, and men the opening of the school day.

earth echoed to that cry, and men have intensified the tumult of their lives that they may drown it out. But in the fog and smoke of our cities, in the darkness, ever more profound where men light the fires of their wretchedness, that despair-ing cry of joy and of liberation, that prodigious cry which eternally summons every one of us, still rings in the heart of every man who has URSULINE COLLEGE

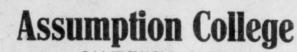
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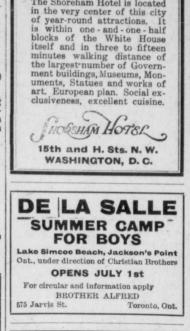
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Look at them therefore once nore, those who are laughing about the cross where Jesus hangs pierced by the most agonizing pain. There they are, clustered on the slopes of Golgotha, dehumanized by hate Look at them well, look them in the

face, one by one; you will recognize them all, for they are immortal. See how they thrust out their twitching muzzles, their scrawny necks, their noses humped and

hooked, their rapacious eyes, gleaming under their bristling eyebrows. See how hideous they are, branded with the mark of Cain. Count them over well, for whom we now know, brothers of the men whom we meet every day in our streets. Not one is missing. In the front row there are the

priests, with crammed paunches, with arid hearts, with great hairy ears, with thick lipped, gaping ears, mouths, craters of blasphemy. And elbow to elbow with them, the arrogant scribes, bleary-eyed and scrofulous, their faces of an excre-mental yellow, piecers-together of lies, belching out pus and ink. And the Epulones, thrusting out before them the obscene heaviness of their

Father Pilgram. Then, Angelo realized that it was he who saved his life. He knelt down by the side of the priest and tried to assist him.

of the priest and tried to assist him. "I can't get up," said he huskily, "my leg must be broken." "Dio mio, Padre!" exclaimed Angelo, as the tears gathered in his eyes. "I lifta you up, I carry you. Angelo, he ees strong, ah! what can a da poor Angelo do?" The party from the automobile coming up just then, it was arranged to take the priest into the rectory and call a doctor. Angelo looked after the sorry procession.

looked after the sorry procession, and as the rectory door closed, he gathered up his broom and shovel, laid them against the curb, and

trudged over to the church. Next Sunday, dressed in his best clothes, Angelo appeared early at the rectory door. "Father can't be seen now he has

just received Communion. Come back in half an hour and he'll be glad to see you," said the housekeeper

Angelo had chosen this hour because then Mrs. Fanelli and Rosalia had gone to Mass and he did not want them to know his errand. He deliberated with himself for a while on the steps of the rectory. Where should he go for half an hour. "Yes," he murmured. He went into the church, stumbled into last pew, and knelt there till the Mass was over.

On the way out he was spied by Mrs. Fanelli and Rosalia. The little queen ran up to him, threw her arms about him as was her wont.

ness and He had fallen into the hands of vilifiers and demons. He had brought life, and in return they gave Him the most ignominious death.

All this was necessary that men should learn again the road to earthly Paradise; that they should mount above drunken bestiality and attain the exaltation of the saints; that they should be resurrected from their sluggish folly which seems life and is death, to the mag-

seems life and is death, to the mag-nificence of the Kingdom of Heaven. The mind may bow before the dreadful mystery of this necessity, but the heart of men can never forget the price exacted as payment of our debts. For nineteen hun-dred years, men born again in Christ, worthy to know Christ, to love Christ, and to be loved by Him, have went, at least once in their still for a short time was its price

have wept, at least once in their lives, at the memory of that day

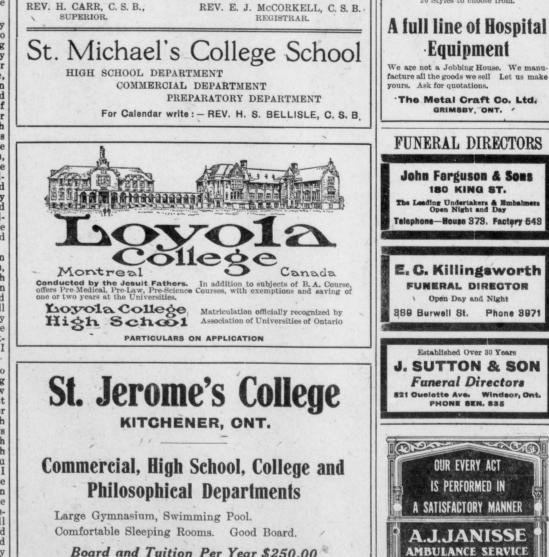
the drops which fell, red and heavy, on Golgotha. A barbarous king of barbarians

A barbarous king of barbarians pronounced the most vigorous words ever spoken by Christian lips about that blood. They were read-ing to Clovis the story of the Passion, and the fierce King was sighing and weeping when suddenly, no longer able to contain himself. clapping his hand to the hilt of his sword, he cried out, "Oh, that I had been there with my Franks!" Ingenuous words, words of a soldier and of a violent man, opposed

With His last strength He began. cried with a loud voice in the darkness: "Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit!"

I called Thee because it seemed to me in the darkness of my suffering that Thou hadst left me. But now Thou hast answered. Thou hast answered by means of this poor soldier; Thou hast answered with

On the way out he was spied by
Mrs. Fanelli and Rosalia. The little
queen ran up to him, threw her
arms about him as was her word.
She was too happy for words.
"You were in da church," said
"You were in da church," said
ful wit all the naive beauty of a
"You were in da church," said
ful wit all the naive beauty of a
"Well, why shouldn't I?" replied
Angelo. "Our Lord he die, de
priest he break da leg, only for de
soul of poor Angelo de street-
sweeper. Can't I do something for
it too? Now, you go home ; I must
see about a job."Only the women had not deserted
souler ; Inou nast answered with
Him. On one side at some distance
from the cross, through fear of the
bowing men, Mary, His mother,
Mary Magdalene, Mary of Cleofa,
Salome, mother of James and John
and Martha-were present, terri-
if dwiff all of Christ's enemies.
For, although millions of men
have since wept when thinking of
went up to the rectory.Him. On one side at some distance
from the cross, through fear of the
Salome, mother of James and John
and Martha-were present, terri-
sidified that the strength to confide to
John, the dearest and most sacred
inheritance which He left on earth
have since wept when thinking of
trads tall of Christ's enemies.
For, although millions of men
have since wept when thinking of
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For, although millions of men
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trads all of Christ's enemies.
For, although the sectory.
Two young ladies watched the
sense. They were evidently happySolone on the peace which dulls the last pangs of my death, the death which



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