

For, as the Archdeacon of Cleveland remarked during the discussion, "It has been a gibe against the Church of England that she has no method of making a saint. It might be sufficient answer, I think, to say, 'We have been content to produce them.'"

The House said "Hear, hear," perhaps wondering why, that being so, they continue to use, and are reluctant to part with, the list of Catholic saints in the Anglican prayer book.

THE STORY OF CHRIST

BY GIOVANNI PAPINI

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PONTIUS PILATE

Since A. D. 26, Pontius Pilate had been Procurator in the name of Tiberius Caesar. Historians know nothing of him before his arrival in Judea. If the name comes from Eleusis it may be supposed that he was a freedman, or descendant of freedmen, since the Pileo, or skull cap, was the head gear of freed slaves.

He had been in Judea only a few years, but long enough to draw upon himself the bitterest hate of those over whom he ruled. It is true that all our information about him comes from Jews and Christians, who were, of course, his declared enemies; but it appears that he finally lost favor even with his masters, since in A. D. 36 the Governor of Syria, Lucius Vitellius, sent him to Rome to justify himself before Tiberius. The Emperor died before Pilate arrived in the metropolis, but according to tradition, he was exiled by Caligula, exiled into Gaul, where he killed himself.

In the first place the hatred of the Jews came from the profound scorn which he showed for the start for this stiff-necked, indolent people, who must have seemed to him, brought up in Roman ideas, like a snake pit of venomous serpents—a low, dirty crowd, scarcely worthy to be tamed by the cudgels of the mercenaries. To have an idea of Pilate's personality, make a mental picture of an English Vicar of India, a subscriber to the Times, a reader of John Stuart Mill and Shaw—with Byron and Swinburne on his bookshelves—destined to administer the government over a ragged, captious, hungry and turbulent people, wrangling among themselves over a confusion of castes and mythologies and superstitions for which their ruler feels in his heart the profoundest aversion, looking down on them from the height of his dignity as a white man, a European, a Briton and a Liberal. Pilate, as shown by his questions put to Jesus, was one of those skeptics of the Roman decadence corrupted by Pyrrhonism, a devotee of Epicurus, an encyclopedist of Hellenism without any belief in the gods of his country, nor any belief that any real God existed at all. The idea of a deity never occurred to Pilate that the true God could be found in this vermin-ridden, superstitious mob, in the midst of this factious and jealous clergy, in this religion which must have seemed to him like a barbarous mixture of Syrian and Chaldean oracles. The only faith remaining to him, or which he needed to pretend to hold because of his office, was the new Roman religion, civic and political, concentrated on the cult of the Emperor. The first conflict with the Jews arose in fact from this religion. When he had changed the guard of Jerusalem, he ordered the soldiers to enter the city by night, without taking off from their ensigns the silver images of Caesar. In the morning, as soon as the Jews were aware of this, great was the horror and the uproar. Pilate refused; for five days and nights they stood about him day and night. Finally the Procurator, to get himself out of the trouble, convoked them in the amphitheater and treacherously had them surrounded with soldiers with naked swords, assuring them that no one would escape if they did not make an end of their clamor. But the Jews, instead of asking for mercy offered their throats to the swords, and Pilate, conquered by this heroic stubbornness, ordered that the insignia be carried back to Caesarea.

But if this clemency did not diminish the hatred of the Jews for the new Procurator, neither did it lessen Pilate's distaste nor his desire to do them an ill turn. A little while after this, he introduced into Herod's palace, where he lived when he stayed at Jerusalem, votive tablets dedicated to the Emperor. But the priests heard of it and once more the people were aroused to outraged and furious anger. He was asked to take away the idolatrous objects at once. An appeal to Caesar was threatened, an appeal supported by evidence of the impositions and cruelties committed by Pilate. Pilate this time also did not yield. The Jews then made an appeal to Tiberius, who decreed that the tablets should be sent back to Caesarea.

Twice Pilate had had the worst of a dispute. But the third time he was triumphant. Coming from the city of public baths and aqueducts, a friend, as is well known, of abominations, he noticed that Jerusalem lacked water and he planned to have a fine large reservoir constructed and an aqueduct several miles long. But the undertaking was expensive and to pay for it he used a goodly sum taken from the treasury of the Temple. The treasury was rich, for all the Jews scattered abroad in the Empire came there to bring offerings, and when they could not come in person sent them from a distance—but the priests cried out on the sacrilege, and the people incited by their made such a commotion that when Pilate came for the Feast of the Passover to Jerusalem, thousands of men gathered in a tumultuous crowd in front of his Palace. But this time he sent among the multitude a large number of disguised soldiers who at a given signal began to lay about them so vigorously, among the most furious of the crowd, that in a short time they all fled away, and Pilate could enjoy in peace the water of the reservoir paid for with the Jews' money, and make use of it for his various abominations.

Only a short time had passed since this last encounter and now these very priests who three times had risen against his authority, the very ones who had tried to obtain his deposition, the very ones who hated him heartily, hated him as a Roman, as a symbol of the foreign dominion and of their slavery, and hated him still more personally as Pontius Pilate, as a plotter against their religion and thief of their money—these very High Priests were forced to have recourse to him in order to vent another hatred, which for the wicked hearts. Only hard necessity drove them to it, because death sentences could not be carried out if they were not confirmed by Caesar's representative.

That Friday, at dawn, Pontius Pilate, wrapped in his toga, still sleepy and yawning, was waiting for them in Herod's palace, very ill-disposed towards those tiresome trouble-makers, whose contentions had forced him to rise earlier than usual.

WHAT IS TRUTH?

The crowd of the accusers and of the rough populace finally came out of the open place which was before Herod's palace, but they stopped outside, because if they went into a house where there was leaven and bread baked with leaven, they would be contaminated all day long and could not eat the Passover. Innocent blood does not pollute, but leaven does.

Pilate, warned of their coming, went out on the door-sill and asked abruptly: "What accusation bring ye against this man?"

Those who were before him were his enemies. It appeared that this man was there enemy and Pilate instinctively took his part. Not that he had any pity for him—he was not a Jew like the others, and poor into the bargain. But if he were by any chance innocent, Pilate had no mind to lend himself to a whim of those detestable vermin.

Caiphas answered at once as if offended: "If he were not a malefactor, we would not have delivered him up unto you."

Then Pilate who wished to lose no time with ecclesiastical squabbles, and did not think that there was any question of a capital crime, answered dryly: "Take ye him, judge him according to your law."

Already in these words appears his wish to save the man without being forced to take sides openly. But the concession of the Procurator, which in any other case would have delighted Caiphas and his party, this time did not suit them, because the Sanhedrin could infer only light sentences and now they desired the most extreme sentence of all and could not dispense with the Roman arm. They answered: "It is not lawful for us to put any man to death."

Pilate suddenly understood what sentence they wished passed on the wretched man who stood before him, and he wished to find out what crime he had committed. What might seem worthy of a death sentence to those bigoted rabbis might seem a venial fault in the eyes of a Roman.

The foxes of the Temple had thought of this difficulty before taking action. They knew very well that Pilate would not be satisfied if they told him that this man attacked the religion of their fathers and announced the Kingdom of God. They were prepared therefore to lie. For a man about to commit a base action, one more accessory and subordinate infamy seems of little consequence. Pilate could be conquered only with his own weapons, by appealing to his loyalty to Rome and to the Emperor and to the basis of his office-holding. It was already agreed that they would give a political color to the accusation. If they told him that Jesus was a false Messiah, Pilate would smile. But if they said that He was a seditious inciter of revolt, that He was trying to rouse the common people against Rome, Pilate could not do less than put Him to death.

"We found this fellow perverting the nation, and forbidding to give tribute to Caesar, saying that he himself is Christ, a King. He stirreth up the people, teach-

ing throughout all Jewry, beginning from Galilee to this place."

Every word was a lie. Jesus had commanded men to render unto Caesar that which was Caesar's. He paid no attention whatever to the Romans. He said that He was Christ but not in the coarse, political meaning of a King of the Jews; and He did not stir up the people but wished to make of an unhappy and degraded people a blessed kingdom of saints. However grave these accusations might have seemed to Pilate if they had been true, they only increased his suspicions of the priests. Was it probable that those treacherous vipers who had tried to overturn him so many times and whose one dream was to sweep away the governing pagans and foreigners, should suddenly be kindled with so much zeal to denounce a rebel of their own nation?

Pilate was not convinced and he wished to find out for himself, by questioning the accused man in private. He went back into the palace and commanded that Jesus be brought to him. Disregarding the less important, he went at once to the essential: "Art thou the King of the Jews?"

But Jesus did not answer. How could he ever make this Roman understand! This Roman who knew nothing of God's promises, misinformed by His assassins, a Pyrrhonic atheist, whose only religion was the artificial and diabolical cult of a living man—and of what a man—Tiberius!—how could He ever explain to this freedman, a pupil of the lawyers and rhetoricians of Rome in the most decadent of all the degenerate foulness of that time; how could He explain that He was the King of a Kingdom not yet founded, of a spiritual Kingdom which would abolish all human kingdoms?

Jesus read the depths of Pilate's soul and made no answer, as He had kept silent at first before Annas and before Caiphas. The procurator could not understand this silence on the part of a man over whom hung the threat of death. "Hearst thou not how many things they witness against thee?"

But Jesus answered him never a word. Pilate, who at all costs wished to triumph over those who hated him as much as they hated this man, insisted, hoping to extract a denial which would permit him to set Him at liberty: "Art thou the King of the Jews?"

If Jesus denied this He would betray Himself. He had said to His disciples and to the Jews that He was Christ. He had no wish to lie and save Himself. The better to sound the Roman's mind He answered Him, as was his wont, with another question: "Sayest thou this of thyself, or did others tell thee of me?"

Pilate answered, as if offended: "Am I a Jew? Thine own nation and the chief priests have delivered thee unto me. Art thou the King of the Jews?"

With the exception of this contemptuous beginning, this answer of Pilate was conciliatory. "For whom do you take me? Do you not know that I am a Roman, that I do not believe what your enemies believe? Your accusers are priests, not I; but they are obliged to give you into my hands: your safety rests with me: tell me that what they say is not true and you shall be free."

Jesus had no wish to escape death, but still He determined to try to shed more light on this pagan. Everything is possible to the Father: was it not possible that Pilate might be the last convert of the dying man?

"My kingdom is not of this world; if my kingdom were of this world, then would my servants fight, that I should not be delivered to the Jews; but now is my kingdom not from hence."

The servant of Tiberius did not understand. The difference between "of this world" and "my kingdom is not from hence" was obscure to him. Pilate thought that what is the phrase "not of this world" meant the gods above if there were really any, gods favorable or malignant to men, and below in Hades the shadows of the dead if really there was anything remaining of us when the body had been consumed by fire or worms; the only reality for such a man as Pilate was "this world," the great world with all its kingdoms. And once more he asked: "Art thou a king then?"

There was no longer any reason to deny. He would say to this blinded man what He had proclaimed to the others: "Thou sayest that I am a king. To this end was I born, and for this cause came I into the world, that I should bear witness unto the truth. Every one that is of the truth heareth my voice."

Then Pilate, annoyed by what seemed to him truculent mystification, answered with the celebrated question: "What is truth?"

And without waiting for an answer, he rose to go out. The skeptical Roman had many times been present at the endless disputes of philosophers, and because he had heard so many contradictory metaphysical contentions and so many sophisticated quibblings, had become convinced that truth did not exist, or if it did exist, could never be known by men. He did not dream for a moment that this obscure Jew who stood before him as a malefactor could tell him the truth. It was Pilate's destiny on that one day of his life to contemplate the

face of truth, supreme truth made man, and he could not see it. Living truth, the truth which could have made him a new man, was before him clothed with human flesh and rough garments, with buffeted face, and hands tied. But in his arrogance he did not guess what prodigious good fortune was his, a good fortune which millions of men have envied him after his death. If any one had told him that because of this one encounter, because to him was vouchsafed the overwhelming honor of having spoken to Jesus and having sent Him to the cross, his name would be known, although in infamy and malediction, through all the centuries and by all the human race, such a prophecy would have seemed to him like the frenzied ravings of a madman. Pilate was blind with an appalling and incurable blindness, but Christ on that very day was to pardon even him because the blind, even less than others, know what they do.

TO BE CONTINUED

SISTERS WILL REMAIN AT GRAFFENSTADEN

Paris.—The energetic resistance of the Catholics of Graffenstaden, who had opposed the departure of the nuns teaching in the Public school has won its case. The pastor of Graffenstaden was called by the Prefect, who informed him that he had intervened to obtain a conciliatory solution and that the sisters might remain until further notice.

A Strasbourg paper has published an interesting document in this connection—the report of the inspection made by the Public school inspector of the district. The report is the finest tribute to the teaching of the sisters. It says: "The girls' school of Graffenstaden is conducted with great care. Order and cleanliness reign everywhere. The children receive an excellent education. Discipline is perfect. There is a love of work and great emulation among the children to learn the French language."

The school tasks are intelligently chosen and prepared, some French compositions may stand comparison with the best that is done in the schools of the interior. "Sister Eugenie has obtained remarkable results in her class and in her school. Her lessons are arranged with method and the knowledge of the children is solid and extensive."

Very good class. I address my congratulations to Sister Eugenie. This publication was a subject of confusion for the socialist municipality which desired to drive the sisters out of Graffenstaden.

"FUNNY CHARGES"

IN NORTH IRELAND ELECTION

By J. H. Cox
(Dublin Correspondent, N. C. W. C.)

Dublin, Ireland.—The tit-bit of the North-east elections, which recorded the North as favoring partition, was the humiliating exposure which the Orange Cabinet Ministers had to make of their own bigotry. Absurdly enough, their followers in several districts attacked them for having shown too much favor to Catholics in the distribution of official appointments. Archdale, the Belfast Minister for Agriculture, said in self-defence:

"I have 109 officials and there are four Roman Catholics. Three of them were Civil Servants transferred over to me, whom I had to take when we began. The charge against me is too funny."

It was a funny charge certainly, for it obliged him to state the truth. As a matter of fact he stated only half the truth—but allowance must be made for a beginner. Mr. Archdale referred to three Catholics whom he "had to take." It was more from choice than from obligation that he took them. These were the only three officials whom he could find with the necessary experience and technical knowledge to establish an agricultural department in the Northeast when Partition was set up, and "he had to take" them at their own high price, or leave the organization of his department wholly to blundering Orange placemen.

He answered another criticism as to why he employed an alleged Catholic as his personal clerk. Here the Agricultural Minister made a still more abject display of sectarianism.

"That young man," he said, "is a Methodist, and is married to a Presbyterian, and that ought to be good enough."

Then there ensued a scene of emotional bigotry which would be hard to parallel. Two persons, one of them a Protestant clergyman, got up and apologized to the speaker for having unduly condemned him. They said they thought the young man in question—who had the misleading name of "Evlin"—was a "Shinner." The Agricultural Minister having proved his execrable bigotry to the satisfaction of his hearers, was songfully declared to be "a jolly good fellow."

Anti-Partitionists fought the elections on higher ground. Speakers applied themselves closely to the economic side—showing that the Belfast ship-building industry could not get the British public to subscribe any capital to its flota-

tion a year ago, and that the Northern linen trade is languishing because a needless geographical frontier now divides it from its natural market in the South. All the Northern industries have to look south of that border for their best and nearest customers, but Partition is inevitably corking up the North, while opening the South to other sources of supply. Its continuance for a decade will confront the North with a series of rival industries in the rest of Ireland. The great Northern tobacco industry used to get tremendous sentimental support in the South, as an offset to its powerful British competitor, the Imperial combine. But now the Northern tobacco is an alien commodity to the South, which is already developing a big tobacco manufacture of her own. Thus the two sections of the country, which before were an economic unit and did not compete with each other, have been changed into commercial opponents by the Partition line, and the smaller of the two is foredoomed to defeat.

THE RHINELAND

By Rev. Dr. Wilhelm Baron von Capitaine
(Cologne Correspondent, N. C. W. C.)

The Rhineland, where Dr. Marx, post-Revolution savior of Germany, found the heavy support that almost defeated Hindenburg for the Presidency of Germany, is the ancient cultural stronghold of the country. While of late, under the dominance of Prussia, materialistic and atheistic influences have been at work here, basically it has retained its traditions.

The Rhineland has always been a German and Catholic area. It had cultivation and Christianity a thousand years before the Eastern parts of the present Germany. In the second century after Christ, the parochial system already had been inaugurated, and in the succeeding century it was perfected. On the other hand, paganism had not entirely been abolished in Eastern Germany at the time of Luther.

This faithfulness to its religion and ideals through the centuries has been accompanied by severe trials, but has always triumphed. When in the sixteenth century the Reformation split the German countries, two archbishops of Cologne, who also were electors and mighty princes, tried to introduce Protestantism into the Rhineland, but were driven out by the irate population. When radical philosophical systems such as rationalism, Deism, Illuminism and Josephinism sprang up after the Reformation and found many Protestant adherents, again the Catholicism of the Rhineland was strong enough to prevail, and these "isms" were destroyed.

When the Rhineland, after the Congress of Vienna in 1815, became a Prussian province, the King of Prussia promised religious protection and a constitution. These promises were shamelessly broken, and when the Coblenz publicist, Joseph von Gorres, who had fought and killed rationalism in the Napoleonic era, raised his voice against the outrage, he was banished. Mixed marriages were discouraged by the Government, with a ban against education of the children in the Catholic faith. The Cologne archbishop, Clemens August von Droste-Vischering, bravely combatted this movement, and again the Rhineland Catholics were victorious.

With the outbreak of the Kulturkampf, Rhineland leaders became the chiefs of the Catholics of all Germany, and organized the Center party. The Kulturkampf died. Bismarck realized the futility of fighting Rhineland Catholicism, but his successors were less wise. It was the Center party which became the Catholic bulwark, growing rapidly in power and ever protecting Catholic rights. When Prince von Buelow formed an opposition bloc, the Center defeated it. But there always were injustices, especially in the appointing of civil officers.

After the Revolution, when Protestantism lost its State support, the Center assumed a more aggressive attitude, and elected Dr. Marx as Chancellor. It was this strong Center backing, with its focus in the Rhineland, which has just brought the former Chancellor to within a relatively small number of votes of the Presidency of Germany.

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