

these words of Brother Olivaint a new cue for her clamors. She shook her fist at the calm novice, snapped her fingers in his face, and said with a bitter sneer, "Don't try any of your pious cant on me. What if I did consent to let my daughter go, it was the only way to save her from dying under the moral poison that had been administered to her, doses of this religious dope, of yours. Bah! what do you know about love, you heartless folk in your black gowns? You never have known what it is to lose a daughter. What do you know about love?" But Mr. Graham raised a hand when he noticed that Ned was ready to put a question, "but Brother Olivaint had a ready answer. Meekly, but firmly, he said, 'Pardon me, madame, I do know what love is. I know the love of my own dear mother, my mother who loved yet parted with me. You have lost a daughter; I have left my mother. I know what love costs, what love pays for love.' And he turned aside to hide his emotion.

"And what did the lady say to that?" Ned asked.
"The simple words had a wonderful effect upon her," said Mr. Graham, as he rose and moved towards the door, "or perhaps it was the saintly personality that uttered them. Anyhow after a moment's silence, she suddenly knelt at the feet of the novice, though he protested, and begged her to allow him to summon one of the Fathers now. But she would not have it so. She begged his pardon with obvious sincerity, asked him for a blessing, and departed with an air of radiant joy. And it was a joy which lasted." Mr. Graham was whispering now, as the two walked slowly down the corridor, "for she went directly to see her daughter at Angers—do you recall the convent on the hill across the bridge to the south?—and years afterwards, when the daughter with other Sisters from that convent were sent to China, that mother paid the traveling expenses all the way for the little band. And so, good-night, Ned, and good luck to your literary efforts."

But Ned went empty-handed to class on the following morning, save for the text books that seemed constantly ready to slip from his fingers. The fact was he had too much material for a mere class-exercise. His imagination had been captivated and his heart won by the glimpse of the youth of a saint. He begged his teacher for two days of grace on behalf of the story. Even then, so much had he read that he had only reached the door of the Rue de Sevres on his paper; but he had a plan to show, an extended forecast of the whole account. And the Wednesday report was sufficient to save him from Father Melling's objurgations. In all, it took him another week before he dried the lady's tears at a door of the Rue de Sevres. "Not a bad little story," whispered the dreamer to himself, as he blotted the last words a judgment which the teacher entered as he reacted to a group after class. And the energy thus aroused maintained itself and was exercised in more important literary displays, the June Academy, for instance, and the Governor's reception. It was not until nearly the end of the school year that Mr. Graham learnt that Ned's interest in Pierre Olivaint was unabated. At the end of a conversation on school prospects the lad suddenly said, "Coming again to Brother Olivaint, I have been wondering what talents he showed later in life. Did he have a notable career?"

"He was great in life, but greater in death," replied the teacher.
"Oh!" Ned ejaculated. "Perhaps I could use another incident in his life, say next year when I return, and try to make a decent showing in the Sophomore class."
"Another incident?" Mr. Graham was questioning his own memory. "Olivaint's character is apparent in many incidents. But you would best appreciate it if you read his retreat notes, and his notes during his days in gaol."

"In gaol?" Ned was eager for material for another story.
"Yes, during the French Commune," Mr. Graham replied, with a show of nonchalance, which was really a veil covering his deep sympathy. "Next year, that is after you return in September, you can read something about the great Frenchman, but I'm afraid only in French. Nothing but sketchy things have appeared in English concerning him."
"But why wait till next year?" urged Ned: "tell me something now which I may work up into a story during the summer months, and, with a merry laugh, 'surprise the Dean when I return.'"

"Well, strange enough, it is back again to the Rue de Sevres we must go, when Pierre Olivaint was stationed at the end. The Commune was in being, with its accompaniment of wild riots, flaming buildings, massacres and desecration—all the crime with nothing of the idealism of the first Republic. You have visited Notre Dame; you saw in the rear chapel of relics the riddled cassock of Monsignor Darboy. Well, the Rue de Sevres has its page of blood also. Father Olivaint, as I hinted, was one of the clerics marked for gaol and for the added doom of death. And I say, Ned, sometime you may read those notes he made during the imprisonment, little notes indeed, scom-

pressed into the narrow margins of his breviary. He was not afraid to give his head once to the guillotine, since he had sacrificed his heart every morning at the Altar. But you want an incident as nucleus for a story. Well, the time came to take the clerical prisoners from the dungeon to their death. Olivaint was one of the special victims. He was led forth, his left hand manacled to the right of a companion. A wild rabble accompanied them. In its vilest vocabulary and tone assailed them all the way. As they approached the wall and the ditch where they were to be shot, a coarse girl of the streets, a virago of the underworld, pushed through the blaspheming rabble, and, as a conclusion to her own jeers, spat in the face of Father Olivaint. He was quick with a reply, ready with a benign smile, prompt with a characteristic gesture. He raised his right hand and said, "My daughter, I bless you in the Name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost!"

"Did she too fall at his feet like the other woman?" asked Ned quickly.
"She would have fallen under a hundred feet, if she had not kept her own," Mr. Graham replied. "No, she marched on at the outer edge of the mob. She watched with an eager eye every incident of the execution, counted the shots, noted the part of the fosse wherein they threw the lifeless body of Father Olivaint. And at midnight when everybody had departed, this poor girl returned, dug away the earth with her bare hands, took out the body him for a blessing, and departed with an air of radiant joy. And it was a joy which lasted." Mr. Graham was whispering now, as the two walked slowly down the corridor, "for she went directly to see her daughter at Angers—do you recall the convent on the hill across the bridge to the south?—and years afterwards, when the daughter with other Sisters from that convent were sent to China, that mother paid the traveling expenses all the way for the little band. And so, good-night, Ned, and good luck to your literary efforts."

When September came, Mr. Graham had departed from Santa Cruz; he was engaged in the theological studies in Stockwood. Ned returned to the college as Sophomore, to all seeming a model of diligence, which did not, however, save him from the criticism of his friend Ward.
"Keep your desk free from all that truck about the French Commune of Seventy-one. Keep it, I say for your holidays. You seem to be specializing in French literature, but you must meet M. T. Cicero in rhetoric, and H2O in chemistry, and other wild-fowl that take no stock in French."

But the documents about the Paris of Olivaint's times and books about Olivaint continue to hold the forefront of Ned's desk. However, in nooks and corners there were other books, and class exercises were not neglected. In fact, the Dean had to break all precedents before the Christmas holiday in congratulating Ned on the figures in the office ledger. Mr. Graham was kept acquainted with some of the happenings at Santa Cruz. Letters came to him: "Thornton read a paper at the Academy on the Last French Commune."
"Thornton hardly lets a night go past, or even a class during the day, without putting in a remark about Mobs or French Character or something about Paris fifty or a hundred years ago. In history class he seems to think the Commune is a sort of North Star and all other events revolve around it. He certainly has a hero named Oliphant or some name like that."

Ned wrote Mr. Graham at the end of the year. "Mother and I are going to spend the summer near Paris. I will remember you to the Rue de Sevres." The year after that the programme both at Stockwood and Santa Cruz diminished the correspondence; Mr. Graham was preparing for his ordination to the priesthood, Ned Thornton was a Senior at College and in line for honors at Commencement. However, early in that June, the Dean wrote to Mr. Graham, and sent the Senior year-book with his letter, saying, "I prefer to let you read for yourself a statement which the enclosed gives about your friend, Edward Thornton."

Mr. Graham flicked the pages rapidly, one by one, each with its picture and playful biography of the several Seniors. "Here's a old Ned," he whispered, when he came to that page. Underneath Thornton's picture he read:
A dreamer lives forever,
But a toiler dies in a day.
And then, after an enumeration of the class societies and activities in which Ned had figured during his four years at Santa Cruz, and some pleasant allusions to his idiosyncrasies, the page ended with the following sentences: "Ned has not been altogether a dreamer. His sagable and frequent allusions to a chapter in French history were not merely in jest. In addition to his class themes and exercises, he has done a noteworthy piece of extra work. Look among the pages of advertisements in this book for proof of this statement."
Mr. Graham eagerly sought the page, and there was a full-page advertisement, by a distinguished publishing house on Fifth Avenue, New York:

"The Life and Times of Pierre Olivaint," Jesuit. By Edward Thornton.
And this has come," mused Mr. Graham smilingly, "from looking for material for a story!"—Rev. Michael Earls, S. J., in London Monthly.

THE STORY OF CHRIST

BY GIOVANNI PAPINI
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THOU ART THE CHRIST
But what did Jesus care what was said of Him by the men of the lake and of the cities, Jesus who could read in their souls the thoughts hidden even to themselves? Long before that day Jesus alone knew with ineffable certainty what His real name was, and what was His superhuman nature. As a matter of fact He did not ask that He might know, but, now that the end was near, that His faithful followers might know, His real name, at last—even they.

"Some say that thou art John the Baptist: some, Elias; and others, Jeremias or, one of the Prophets."
What were these things to Him, these rudimentary guesses of the poor and the ignorant? He wished the definite answer to come from His Disciples, destined as they were to follow His work and to bear witness to Him among the peoples and the centuries. Even when He did not wish to impose by force a belief on those who had seen His life close at hand and had heard Him speak. The recognition of His superb human mission, that name which not one of them up to that time had pronounced (as if they were afraid of it, as if it were too dangerous a secret to speak aloud), that recognition on the part of the Twelve should be free and spontaneous, should burst out, an impetuous confession of love, from one of those souls, should be pronounced by one of those mouths.

"But whom say ye that I am?" And then there came to Simon Peter the great light that was almost too great for him, and made him first to all eternity. He could not keep back the words, they came to his lips almost involuntarily in a cry of which he himself the moment before would have believed himself incapable: "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God. Thou hast the word of eternal life, and we believe and are sure that thou art that Christ, the Son of the living God."

At last from Peter the Rock there sprang forth the well-spring which from that day to this has quenched the thirst of sixty generations of men. It was his right and his reward. Peter had been the first to follow Christ in the divine wanderings: it was for him to be the first to recognize in the wanderer the Proclaimer of the Kingdom, the everlasting and lawful sovereign of that Kingdom, the Messiah whom all men had been awaiting in the desert of the centuries, who had finally come and was there Himself, clothed in flesh, standing before their eyes, with His feet in the dust of the road.

The pure King, the Son of Justice, the Prince of Peace, the Son of Man sent by God, the Saviour, the Anointed, whom the prophets had foretold in the twilight of sorrow and affliction; who had been seen by apocalyptic writers descending upon the earth like lightning, in the fullness of victory and glory; for whom the poor, the wounded, the hungry, the afflicted, had been waiting from century to century, as dry grass waits for rain, as the flower waits for the sun, as the mouth awaits the kiss, and the heart, consolation; the Son of God and of Man, the Man who hid God in human flesh, the God who clothed His divinity in Adam's clay, it is He, the dear Brother of every day, who looks quietly into the astounded eyes of those chosen ones!

The period of waiting is done; ended is the vigil! Why had they not recognized Him until that day? Whence did it come in those simple souls, the first notion of the true name of Him who so many times had taken them by the hand, and had spoken for their ears to hear? They could never think that one of them—a common man like them, a workman and poor as they were—could be the Saviour Messiah announced and awaited by saints and by the centuries. With the intellect alone they could never have discovered Him, nor with the mere bodily senses, nor with the teachings of the scriptures; only with the inspiration, the intuition, the sudden flaming illumination of the heart, as it happened that day in the soul of Peter. "Blessed art thou, Simon Bar-Jona; for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but my Father which is in Heaven." Fleshly eyes would not have been able to see what they saw without a revelation from on high.

But weighty consequences flow from the choice of Peter for this proclamation. It is a reward which calls for other recompense. "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church; and the gates of Hell shall not prevail against it. And I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven: and whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound in Heaven: and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed in Heaven."

Weighty words from which have emerged, through the patient germination of long centuries, helped by the fire of faith and by the blood of witnesses, one of the greatest Kingdoms which men have ever established upon the earth; the only one of the old kingdoms which still lives on in the same city which saw the rise and fall of the proud and most pompous of earthly kingdoms. For these words many

men suffered, many were tortured, many were killed. To deny or uphold, to interpret or cancel these words, thousands of men have been killed in city squares and in battles; kingdoms have been divided, societies have been shaken and rent, nations have waged war, emperors and beggars have given their all. But their meaning in Christ's mouth is plain and simple. He means to say, "Thou Peter, shalt be hard and staunch as a rock, and upon the staunchness of thy faith in me, which thou wast the first to profess, is founded the first Christian society, the humble seed of the Kingdom. Against this Church which today has only Twelve citizens but which will be spread to the limits of the earth, the forces of evil cannot prevail, because you and the Spirit and the Spirit cannot be overcome and dimmed by Matter. Thou shalt close forever—and when I speak to thee I am speaking to all those who shall succeed thee united in the same certainty—the Gates of Hell; and thou shalt open to all those who are chosen the Gates of Heaven. Thou shalt bind and thou shalt unloosen in my name. What thou shalt forbid after my death shall be forbidden to man, and He for that new humanity which I will find on my return; what thou shalt command shall be justly commanded because thou wilt be only repeating in other words what I have told and taught thee. Thou shalt be, in thy person and in that of thy legitimate heirs, the shepherd of the interregnum, the temporary and provisional guide who shalt prepare, together with comrades obedient to thee, the Kingdom of God and of Love."

"In requital for this revelation and for this promise I lay on you a hard command: to keep silence; for the present you must tell no one who I am. My day is near, but has not yet come; you will be witness to events which you do not expect, which will even be the contrary of what you expect. I know the hour in which I shall speak and in which you shall speak. And when we break our silence my cry and your cry shall be heard in the most distant realms of Heaven and Earth."

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DR. HYVERNAT WORKS ON COPTIC MSS.

Washington.—The Very Rev. Henry Hyvernat, S. T. D., Litt. D., Professor of Semitic Languages and Literatures at the Catholic University, has returned to the University to resume his work as a member of the faculty, after spending eight months in Europe working on the famous Morgan Library Coptic manuscripts, the publication and translation of which he is directing.
Dr. Hyvernat divided his work between Paris and Rome, where the manuscripts are deposited in the Vatican Library, which has lent every assistance in the monumental task of giving to the learned world the valuable scientific data the parchments contain. In the course of his stay in the Eternal City, he had an audience with the Holy Father at which the manuscripts and the work on them were discussed. Before his elevation to the Papacy, Pope Plus was an eager student of manuscripts, and he has taken a special interest in the work Dr. Hyvernat is performing.

Dr. Hyvernat is well satisfied with the progress of his task, in particular with the Catalogue Raisonne of the collection, on which much of his time in Europe was spent. He expects to return to do further work on the manuscripts in the summer.
The Morgan Library Coptic parchments were discovered in Upper Egypt about fourteen years ago, and their scientific value was revealed by Dr. Hyvernat, who made a preliminary study of them for the elder Mr. Morgan, who had acquired them. Dr. Hyvernat one of the most learned Orientalists now living, was given the task of arranging for their publication and translation. Of the period between 825 and 914 A. D., the parchments contain parts of the Sacred Scriptures and have a great value for Biblical research.

Not only read what is written in defense of religion, but work to have such writings spread among the people.—Pope Pius X.

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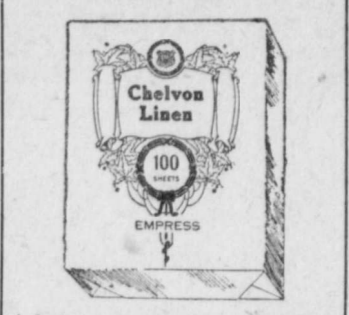
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