

the house of Rozanam's grandmother. They had gone to bed early, those good people, in preparation for the morrow's work. Adelard kissed both hands toward the dwelling.

"Why could you not have loved me, ma belle," he cried. Hot passionate tears rose to his eyes. It was a lonely scene. Darkness lay over the landscape save for these few gleams of moonshine that, in illuminating, rendered it more ghostly, faintly outlining the hills, and showing the meadows still burdened with final crops, and over which stray animals moved phantasm-like. Adelard, the only human figure, was filled with indescribable loneliness and a terror of that self which, revealed to him in the darkness of the bush, threatened to hurry him from the decent commonplace of life into outlawry. He remembered how the Curé had warned him when he had given up his religious practices, going only to church for a sight of Rozanam. The old man had prophesied an ill ending. Nevertheless, he felt that there was no desperate deed he would not do for the love of that little fillette, sleeping tranquilly in the calm of her grandmother's dwelling.

"He shall never marry her!" he cried, "if the skies fall and the bolt strikes."

Once more, wild and weird, and so near that it startled him, sounded the shrill cry of the loons. He looked up at them angrily: "Scream it all over the country, if you will," he cried. "I shall kill him before he marries her!"

Next morning he made his way to the house of the grandmother. She had always had a sneaking fondness for this prodigal, especially as he was of kin to the man she was about to marry. When she heard his story she sighed.

"If you had spoken before," she said, "there might have been a chance. But what you ask now, 'mon garcon,' is impossible. The banns have been called."

"Nothing is impossible to you, who are so clever," the young man said, in that wheedling voice which had so often cajoled from her a fresh cake or a handful of nuts. She paused, not ill-pleased, in her ironing, and smiled, but she shook her head.

"What Rozanam can see in that Michel," she said, "I do not know. But she loves him, as all but the stone-blind can see."

The grandmother did not notice the dark shadow that, like a thunder cloud upon the lake, fell over the man's face at her words.

"And he," she added, "is so quiet! He cannot make love like the young men, autrefois."

"And some old ones, put in Adelard. 'Witness mon oncle Lenard, who is distracted about you!'"

The old woman shook her iron holder at him.

"Va t'en good-for-nothing!" she cried. But so pleased was she that she declared she would do anything in the world to give him Rozanam. She saw, however, an insuperable obstacle—the banns; she dare not show disrespect to the Curé and the church.

"Well, then," said Adelard furiously, as he walked away, "if you cannot help, I will find a way."

The grandmother looking after him scolded the linen she was ironing.

"He is hot-headed and all that," she said, "but he is the kind of man I like."

Meanwhile the marriage of Michel, of whom everyone save grandmother approved, and Rozanam, who loved him so dearly, was to be before Advent. Before that Michel was going to the shanties for a month to make some money so that he would not have to infringe on that purchase money of the shop. Coming back from a farewell row on the lake with Rozanam, the two met Adelard, whose face bore a malignant scowl.

"He frightens me, that Adelard," said Rozanam. "He looks as if he could kill us."

"What harm can he do?" smiled Michel, unconsciously doubling his strong right arm. But the girl was only half reassured.

As Michel gravely and tenderly embraced her before parting, he said: "When I hear the loons calling up you ma mie. When they laugh it shall be for the joy of our wedding; when they cry for sorrow of our parting."

So Michel went with the rest of the gang, among whom was Adelard Morin. None ever knew the particulars of that dreadful happening which, as it was rumored, befell through the treachery of a comrade.

Michel was felled to the earth by a tree. Adelard was on the spot at the time, and it would be hard to say why suspicion had attached itself to him. For one thing, of course, there had been a quarrel, or at least, hot words, mingled with foul oaths, from Adelard, and a stern intimation from Michel, who was always decent of speech, and self-controlled, that the other must leave him in peace. Michel was found crushed beyond recognition and it was whispered that a rope holding the tree had been cut.

Looked coldly upon by his comrades, Adelard had awakened one night in a panic of terror, having seen, as it was averred, a revenant. He had fled from the camp, crying: "I am accursed of God and man!"

It was some days after the accident that Rozanam, walking beside

the lake in the moonlight, told her heads of her absent lover. Suddenly from the brushwood close at hand rose the figure of Adelard. His dress disordered, his wild eyes fixed themselves despairingly on the white face of the startled girl!

"Oh!" she cried, "is it you, Adelard? I was afraid."

"Well you may be!" cried the man in a terrible loud voice. "For though I will not hurt you, for your sake I have damned my soul!"

"Why do you speak so? And why are you here?" asked the trembling Rozanam.

"I came to see your face for the last time!" cried the wretched man, stretching agonizing arms towards her.

"You turn away; you shudder!" he cried. "But for your love and he might not marry you, I have killed Michel!"

"You have done that?" screamed the girl. "You have murdered Michel? O, God have mercy on his soul?"

She sank to the ground moaning, shuddering convulsively. As Adelard watched over her a change passed over her face. She sprang to her feet with a laugh that pierced the marrow of the bones. Putting up her finger she cried:

"Do you hear them, 'mon ami'? They are laughing for our wedding!"

Her staring eyes strained upwards to where the birds were wheeling over the water and sounding their dreary night cry. A look of trouble passed over the pallid face.

"Hush, Michel!" the girl cried. "There is something the matter! The cry of the loons is like the souls of the dead asking for prayers."

With a scream of terror she fled into the shadows.

From that time forward nothing whatever was heard of Adelard, and only vague rumors attached the crime to his name. Rozanam was never able to tell of the confession he had made to her, for her reason did not return. Harmless and gentle she wandered beside the lake, asking passers-by if Michel was coming with his boat. During the summer and autumn it was her chief occupation to follow the movements of the loons, pointing after them with her finger, which had grown so unnaturally white and slender. She laughed gleefully when the birds rose joyously into the sunlight air; or moaned with pain when, after nightfall, they winged their flight over the lake with mournful clamor.

POPE PIUS XI.

EULOGIZES WORK OF ST. PHILIP NERI

Rome, March 30.—His Holiness, Pius XI, in order to show his paternal interest in the preparations for the celebration of St. Philip Neri's Centenary which occurs in May, has sent the following letter to the President of the Committee:

"Our beloved son, Prince Don Camillo Francesco Massimo:

"If our immortal Predecessor, Benedict XV, of venerated memory, so opportunely directed a word of encouragement to that illustrious Committee in charge of the festivities of the Third Centenary of the Canonization of St. Philip Neri, it is not less just that like sentiments of paternal satisfaction and of legitimate joy should be expressed by Us, who have been transferred by Divine Providence to the Chair of Peter from the See of St. Charles and Frederick Borromeo, both ambassadors of most tender bonds with the Apostle of Rome, whom We cherish with an especial affection.

"Not less than the late lamented Pontiff, called by the Lord to solemnize this most happy festivity among the rejoicings of the angels, do We rejoice because of this great and pious event of three centuries ago, and We congratulate the Roman Committee not only on the program with which they intend to make solemn and worthy commemoration of it, but on the zeal with which they have brought into strong relief the humble and grand figure of the glorious master and father of Roman youth, in whom are united in such wonderful and supernatural harmony severe and rigorous austerity with the most sweet and gentle amiability and angelic charity.

"With all Our heart We extend wishes that in the coming festivities, centered about the Urn of the Saint surrounded by new glory and new splendor, all the people of Rome, and particularly the valiant legions of Catholic youth may participate, thus bringing about a powerful awakening of piety and of faith, in a particular manner, may these festivities constitute, through the efficacy of the intercession of this great Saint, a strong bulwark to inundate the corruption and incredulity which the scourge of War has left as a sad heritage, and be to afflicted humanity the dawn of that true and lasting peace which rests only on a life truly and entirely Christian.

"With such auguries, We implore from God an abundance of heavenly favors on the entire Roman Committee, and in token of the same, We impart with particular paternal affection to you, Lord Prince, who are the splendor and the soul of the Committee, the Apostolic Benediction, also to the members of your Committee, to the good Fathers of the Oratory, to the members of the Secular Oratory and to all pious souls who in any manner whatsoever shall contribute to glorify God

in the exaltation of the glorious champion of the Faith, St. Philip Neri.

From the Vatican, March 8, 1922. PUS PP. XI."

OPENING OF URN

The solemn ceremony of opening the old urn containing the sacred body of the Saint took place recently in presence of the ecclesiastical authorities and Fathers of the Oratory.

In the years 1688 and 1639, the Fathers of the Oratory, desiring to secure the holy relics from any possible chance of molestation from those who wished that they be divided and transported to various churches, decided to enclose them in an iron casket with the idea of permanently sealing them. However, they left in the cover eight small holes quite open, so that it might be possible to see the relics at least under a disadvantage.

Into these holes, during the centuries, a great deal of dust naturally penetrated and also other minute substances.

Recently, this iron casket was removed from its shrine beneath the altar of St. Philip, and carried into the chapel of the Saint, where it was opened with fitting solemnity.

Two large pieces of iron had been closed by means of a filtration of bronze made at the moment of closing, which necessitated great and patient labor before the casket could be taken apart.

But finally the sacred relics were uncovered, and the venerated body appeared in another casket lined with crimson velvet, but so covered with dust, cobwebs and other foreign substances that it was at first wholly unrecognizable.

In presence of a Commission deputed by the Eminent Cardinal Vicar, the certification of the body took place.

The body was found in exactly the same condition described in the recognition of 1638. All admired the perfect conservation of the thorax where the skin was still intact as also the knees, the arms and even the hands. The sacred feet preserved the skeleton bones covered in various portions with flesh, and all amazingly well preserved.

All those present fell on their knees praying with lively devotion to the Saint for whom God had wrought such a miracle of His Grace.

PARCHMENT IN URN

In the Urn was found the following parchment with Latin inscription as follows:

"The Body of Saint Philip Neri, Founder of the Congregation of the Oratory, forty-four years from the day of his death, preserved incorrupt by the Divine virtue, exposed to the eyes of the faithful and by his beloved sons in Christ placed beneath the altar for perpetual sepulcher. In the year 1639, Pope Urban VIII., the 17th Ides of April."

The names of witnesses are appended to the parchment, among them being thirty-one members of the Congregation of the Oratory.

STUDY TOUR FOR BOYS

About the best thing a father can do for his boys is to encourage them to travel and see something of the world, before they become too keenly engrossed in commercial life. Travel is a great Educator—it enriches the mind and fits the youth to better fill his place in life.

A normal boy is an observant—he assimilates and retains knowledge. Travel gives him his opportunity—it fits him for every phase in life.

A tour of Europe is at present being organized under the personal supervision of Mr. T. H. Matthews, M. A., (Oxon) Assistant Professor of Mathematics, McGill University, and late Instructor—Lieutenant, Royal Navy. In addition local guides will be secured to conduct excursions and give lectures on the artistic, historic, literary and economic significance of the sights seen and the places visited.

A most carefully planned and interesting itinerary has been arranged including visits to Montreal, Liverpool, Chester, Stratford-on-Avon, Oxford, London, Paris, Versailles, Fontainebleau, Rheims, Lyons, Marseilles, Cannes, Nice, Monaco, Mentone, Genoa, Pisa, Rome, Naples, Sorrento, Capri, Pompeii, Vesuvius, Florence, Venice, Trent, Innsbruck, Munich, the Passion Play at Oberammergau, Nuremberg, Mayence, the Rhine, Cologne, Brussels, Louvain, and Ostend, returning through London and Liverpool.

This exceptional tour starts from Montreal on Saturday, June 24th, calling at Quebec, by the splendid White Star Line steamship "Canopic" (12,100 tons). A period of approximately two months will be occupied by the tour as by the itinerary the return trip is made from Liverpool by the fine steamship "Regina" (16,500 tons), arriving at Montreal on August 26th.

The arrangements for this tour are most complete and the charge which is a minimum one covers everything in the way of transportation, hotel accommodation with three meals a day, transfers, sight-seeing fees, in brief all necessary travelling expenses for the entire tour.

Apply to any agent of the Canadian National Railways for further particulars.

It belongs to human nature to hate those you have injured.—Tacitus.

FAVORS VIVISECTION

Cardinal Dougherty is not among those opposed to vivisection, which, on the contrary, he favors if not involving cruelty or needless pain to animals on which it is practised. The Cardinal's views on the subject are given in a letter which he wrote to the Society for Scientific Research before he sailed for Rome.

This letter has since been published in the Journal of the Society, whose members are surgeons of Harvard, Yale and Princeton universities.

Cardinal Dougherty's letter is as follows:

"Having been asked to give an expression of opinion on the subject of vivisection, I deem it needless to say that, with you and all others opposed to cruelty of whatever kind, I deplore any abuse of vivisection that may cause unnecessary pain to lower animals. Just as actually conducted for the advancement of medical research, vivisection seems to me not only unobjectionable but even praiseworthy.

"Since the invention of anaesthetics and with the use of antiseptic methods it has become practically painless. Animals used for experimental purposes are well fed and sheltered and in many respects better off than those in a state of nature or in subjection to work.

"According to the law of nature the lower species of creatures exist for the higher. The clod of earth supports the plant. The vegetable kingdom supplies the wants of the animal. The brute animal and all other inferior things are for the good of man, who was made directly for the glory of God. Man, then, may use all inferior things for his own benefit.

"If, then, to restore health, to prolong life and even to seek pleasure, it is permissible to inflict pain and death upon inferior forms of animal life, why may not the scientific man, for the common good, experiment on lower animals? Animals themselves owe to vivisection a great debt. Epizootic diseases, like anthrax, swine fever, chicken cholera, silk worm disease, cattle tuberculosis, which in the past caused untold suffering to animals, have been brought under control by the experiments of vivisection."

"The moment anybody is satisfied with himself, everybody else becomes dissatisfied with him."—Sir J. Malcolm.

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