

carried some ap-  
 might have easily  
 d. "But 'tis no  
 though the fortune  
 me the unweelcome  
 to spy on a lady, liv-  
 could hear Your  
 us. "She wouldn't  
 silter of her house,  
 ge it now?"  
 nor any more than  
 valley grudge the  
 trees to Your Hon-  
 There were terrible  
 names. The women  
 themselves in the  
 lobby."  
 "If others had come  
 would have had too  
 nor know the ghost  
 to see it?" asked  
 sly look which cov-  
 and meek old  
 "I returned. "I  
 of her face.  
 Honor come with  
 smile all defiance,  
 and toward one of  
 ed him. At the lead  
 stone steps he en-  
 place struck chill,  
 as but a glow-worm  
 darkness.  
 from the long stately  
 came from behind a  
 illuminated it. Pic-  
 along the walls.  
 the blazon of the pos-  
 and silver. It was  
 or had come here and  
 The house had great  
 ch it was falling to  
 the gallery Shawms  
 the light in his shak-  
 d a picture.  
 Bridget," he said,  
 "It was  
 was newly wed and  
 to Kilmannus."  
 "I cried, "for it is  
 mistaking the thick  
 closely threaded with  
 well became that  
 for all her youth.  
 anything so lowing-  
 the moon of the pos-  
 ad kissed it, but her  
 and warmer than any  
 r was brown with a  
 at a hint of red. Her  
 ad on me as though she  
 ed, as I stood there  
 own candle-light, the  
 I stared an instant,  
 e from me to think  
 I asked, as we  
 er than Your Honor  
 picture." "I was glad  
 at have thought of her  
 er night I lay awake  
 lap, lap of the lady's  
 press, and the night  
 I rode over the frosty ground,  
 for sense amid its woods,  
 abbey and its centuries  
 by, and the wild and  
 was and the mists of  
 of red-bred fancies, for  
 ad Cameron, fast fall-  
 a dead woman or her  
 doors as long as it was  
 y, but while I visited  
 from picket to picket  
 time of war—the old  
 ing within it yet drew  
 hink of it; yet when I  
 nightfall with the snow-  
 laid I was as any hus-  
 the kiss of a fond wife;  
 suited for me none but  
 and the lonely meal  
 library, so ancient and  
 of precious things bea-  
 shed. I knew nothing  
 at what the house told  
 gattered from the gar-  
 servant; but I knew  
 y proud and very poor.  
 at it was suspected of  
 at that the madam  
 were in France, and of  
 the suspected of complicity  
 for, for which heaven  
 him not, nor would the  
 have blamed him if he  
 at things were done in  
 is unhappy land.  
 night, as I sat in the  
 ad or wrote, my sword  
 y, my pistols at hand,  
 were while I was alone  
 would come be-  
 ad the page. I fought  
 session of it, and time  
 refused to be dragged, and  
 ad have dragged me, to  
 ally to gaze upon her  
 here was something un-  
 be feared, I thought, in  
 sion for the dead.  
 ly there came a proof that  
 after I had tossed for  
 to the desire that beset  
 of the picture, feeling  
 ad seen it, I might per-  
 I therefore rose and  
 self, and went downstairs.  
 oon, and I knew just the  
 would shine on the pic-  
 I needed no light.  
 g fill, and was about to  
 chamber. Alas! looking  
 ad face had not assuaged  
 obold the living woman,  
 ad out within me as I  
 because she was dead.  
 remembered old ballads  
 to sing of unhappy knights  
 with dead ladies in im-  
 forests, and lost their souls  
 set one thing in a sure of,  
 no lost soul, the gay and  
 of the picture.  
 the gallery I heard a sud-  
 wish of silks in the great  
 e, and drew back into the  
 the curtain that overhung  
 The ghost of the lady was  
 I should look upon her  
 ad. Perhaps when I had  
 ce in the quiet compo-  
 ure

of death I should cease to be haunted by the face of the living woman.  
 Up she came, swift, swift, with her  
 silks all rustling softly and a light  
 came with her. A second more and her  
 face showed above the upper step. She  
 carried a silver branch of three wax  
 candles; and their light was full on her  
 face. It was pale, paler than the face  
 of the portrait, yet the minute I saw  
 it, I knew it was the face of no ghost,  
 but of a warm, living woman.  
 Hardly had my blood begun to rush  
 tumultuously through my veins at the  
 knowledge that it was frozen again.  
 Had I made an unconscious movement?  
 "Hush!" said the lady, in the softest  
 of whispers, and then drew back a  
 little.  
 Then I saw she was not alone. An  
 extremely handsome youth was with  
 her, following close behind.  
 "Did you hear anything, Harry?"  
 she asked in a whisper.  
 "Nothing, sweet," he replied.  
 "The old house was always a place for  
 strange noises at night."  
 His face came into the light of the  
 candle. He wore his hair unpowdered,  
 and it fell over the collar of a soldier's  
 cloak. Under the cloak I saw the glit-  
 ter of uniform. He had fine blue eyes  
 any features of classical delicacy and  
 dignity, finely set off by his night-  
 black hair. He looked pale and bar-  
 rassed, and I thought he said a word to  
 his side.  
 So much I recalled afterward, and  
 wondered how I had carried so clear  
 an impression from the black passion of  
 rage and jealousy which swept over  
 me at the sight of her lover.  
 As they stood there, she hesitating,  
 he slipped an arm about her neck. My  
 hand went to my sword. I would have  
 killed him without a scruple. Then  
 her words saved him.  
 "Your wound—" she began.  
 So he was wounded and unarmed.  
 I turned away, setting my teeth, in the  
 darkness. When I looked again, they  
 had passed up the stairs.  
 Now, even then, in the extremity of  
 my jealousy, I did the lady no wrong.  
 So it was the old man Shawms had told  
 me, and the family yet hid in the  
 demer of the great house, which I  
 had never thought to explore. So  
 much consideration had I shown them,  
 though I believed it empty. Doubt-  
 less they had thought the coming of  
 the soldierly menaced them with in-  
 speakable things, as it had done else-  
 where, and so they hurried away  
 from one poor Highland gentleman,  
 who would not have hurt a hair of  
 their heads. And the lady's lover—a  
 rebel, doubtless—came to see her by  
 nightfall.  
 I tossed on my bed sleepless till  
 morning. I, who had not known a  
 sleepless night till I came to Kilmannus  
 Abbey, found my bed that night a  
 place of torture. Indeed, my looks  
 and the sorry breakfast I saw roused  
 the commiseration of old Shawms,  
 who appeared as if my horse's head, as I  
 mounted, with a flazon of spiced wine.  
 "A stirrup cup, Your Honor," he  
 said. "Your Honor looks this morning  
 as though you had seen a ghost."  
 I took the wine, and it warmed me. As  
 I rode over the frosty ground, I re-  
 solved within myself to leave the place  
 which had worked so evilly upon me.  
 There was another house of some con-  
 sideration in the glen which would re-  
 ceive me, and I should be among loyal-  
 lists. I had chosen Kilmannus Abbey  
 because the house should be safe—for  
 me.  
 When I returned at night and told  
 old Shawms that I was about to be  
 quit of me, I saw first a light of relief  
 in the rascal's face. Then it was fol-  
 lowed quickly by a deeper shadow.  
 "Would be better Your Honor  
 stayed," he said, "for we may get a  
 worse in your place."  
 I had no thought to sleep that night.  
 The fire went low in the library; I re-  
 placed it. The candles burnt to the  
 socket. I had the full moon and the  
 daylight. So I sat in the deep chair  
 within the screen of Spanish leather  
 by the fire, and with my chin on my  
 breast, thought my bitter and jealous  
 thoughts.  
 It was about two of the clock and  
 bitter cold when I heard the lap, lap  
 of the lady's silks gliding down the  
 stairs, and the hurrying tapping of her  
 little heels. She came hurriedly, to  
 smelt her lover, I did not doubt, a  
 business which admitted of no delay.  
 Suddenly there was a little shriek,  
 so soft and quiet that I hardly knew  
 if I had really heard it. But I went to  
 the door and looked out. There was  
 the lady sitting on the lower step, pale  
 to the lips, the branch of candles  
 beside her fluttering in the wind. As  
 she saw me, her lips opened as though  
 to speak, and closed. Her eyes looked  
 at me as though they prayed me for  
 mercy. It was the girl of the picture  
 with a shadow of fear all over her joy.  
 "Madam," said I, going nearer,  
 "what is the matter?"  
 "I have twisted my foot," said she.  
 "My heel turned beneath. I cannot  
 stir. What am I to do?"  
 Kneeling down by her, I felt about  
 the ankle. I am the seventh son of  
 a seventh son, and know something of  
 medicine.  
 "'Tis a strain," said I. "You had  
 better let me lift you to a couch. You  
 will not be able to stand upon it."  
 Only then I noticed that she wore a  
 large, feathered hat, and a cloak of  
 velvet that hid her dress.  
 "What an she-cried,  
 wringing her hands. "It is not myself  
 sir, but some one needs help. Will you  
 find old Shawms and send him for a  
 doctor? There is a horse in the abbey  
 ready to be ridden."  
 "If the case is urgent," I said, "you  
 had better trust me. I know some-  
 thing of medicine. It is seven miles to  
 the nearest town."  
 "Sir," she replied, "the old man  
 Shawms has learned to love you. We  
 have not dared to trust his report of  
 you. But now I cannot help it. So  
 I will trust you in the name of God.  
 Upstairs a gentleman is a bleeding, for  
 all we know, to death. We cannot  
 staunch the wound."  
 "Show me the way," I said, and then  
 added: "I beg your pardon, but there  
 is nothing else to be done."  
 And with that I took her in my arms  
 and ascended the staircase with her.

She said nothing, but guided me  
 with a pointed finger this way and that  
 through a mass of corridors. At last  
 we entered a room—a library, well  
 walled with books. No one had  
 thought the shelves to be anything but  
 what they seemed, but at one point a  
 door opened in them, from which we  
 passed into a warm corridor, with  
 rugs below our feet.  
 A light streamed through a distant  
 door. We reached it and passed with-  
 in.  
 "The lady has a hurt," I said, lay-  
 ing her down tenderly upon a sofa.  
 "She has trusted me. Let me see the  
 wound."  
 An elderly lady, with a very stately  
 powdered head, sat on a couch by the  
 fireplace. Along the couch the body  
 of a young man, partly undressed, was  
 laid. His head was in her lap. Her  
 face was the face of the Mater Dolorosa  
 of the Italian painter. I dressed the  
 wound and then bandaged it.  
 "The bleeding is stanch," I said,  
 "and with my lotion the wound will  
 heal."  
 "O sir!" she said, "a mother's  
 prayers and thanks are yours."  
 "And a sister's," said a low voice  
 near me.  
 I turned then, and saw the lady of  
 the picture smiling at me, though her  
 face was pale. The thing flashed on  
 me then like lightning from a cloud.  
 "I thought you at first to be a  
 ghost," I said; "the ghost of the  
 lady in the picture gallery. After-  
 wards I thought you to be—"  
 "The picture is my grandmother, for  
 whom I am called," she replied. "I  
 am Bride Aylmer."  
 "And now, sir, at last, accept our  
 hospitality at hand, most willing to  
 give it," said the elderly lady.  
 "Nay," said I, "because I am a  
 King's officer. I can stanch a sick  
 man's wound, but presently I should be  
 asking questions. Let me go; in  
 happier times I will return."  
 In happier times I won Mistress  
 Bride Aylmer to be my own; and dear  
 to me as my own mother and brother  
 are the lady of Kilmannus and her son,  
 Sir Harry.—Katherine Tyeann Huskion.

has wished to be known by the name of  
 Father, the Father of all the faithful.  
 THE GOOD FATHER'S INFLUENCE  
 "I, therefore, can not but praise  
 your initiative, and your aim to re-  
 present truly God on earth; but remem-  
 ber that to represent God properly  
 neither power nor the work of creation  
 is enough—there must be goodness,  
 too, for God is good, good by ex-  
 cellence, and fathers must represent  
 Him also by their goodness. When a  
 good father, with all the aids that the  
 Lord has given him and with that  
 crown which He has placed on his  
 brow, exercises his authority and his  
 goodness, it cannot be but that those  
 who depend on him must resemble him  
 in their works. Thus the good father  
 will make his son good, and his grand-  
 children good, and he will see the  
 second, the third and the fourth gen-  
 eration praising his goodness and the  
 providence which the Lord dispenses  
 through him."  
 "I, therefore, praise, approve and  
 encourage in a special way your Asso-  
 ciation, founded here in Rome and al-  
 ready diffused in so many other centers  
 and I pray that the Lord may give you  
 light to enable you to select the best  
 means for exercising this holy apostol-  
 ate of being the coadjutors of the  
 priests, the bishops, and the Pope him-  
 self in restoring the kingdom of Jesus  
 Christ on earth, and that He may grant  
 you to see your old age surrounded by  
 children and grandchildren to manifest  
 their gratitude to you for the good you  
 have done them by setting them on  
 the path of virtue, so that you, raising  
 your hand over them in blessing, may  
 be able to say at the end: "We are  
 parting for a little while to meet again  
 in Paradise." May the blessing of God  
 be on you."—Sacred Heart Review.

clean away from all the theological  
 and philosophical errors which was  
 overwhelming it, and has assured the  
 existence of a healthy Modernism and a  
 genuine progress.—The Messenger.

ABOUT JOE WIGGINS.  
 Rev. Richard W. Alexander.  
 In a little Pennsylvania town I was  
 giving a mission, and as is always the  
 case in a small town, there was con-  
 siderable stir. The whole population  
 was on the move, some through devo-  
 tion, some through curiosity, some an-  
 tagonistic.  
 I had introduced the Question Box  
 and was looking over the questions pre-  
 paratory to answering them. One im-  
 proved me—"Is the club or saloon a  
 civilization or a demoralizer?"  
 While I searched my mind for the  
 best answer, I went down town to the  
 only barber shop. Now, Joe Wiggins,  
 was the barber, a character like Mr.  
 Doolley—witty, racy, jolly and wise—  
 and his shop was the Mecca of the  
 town; made no pretensions to  
 sanctity, but was a good man; I heard  
 he "ought to be" a Catholic; and I  
 determined to make a strong effort for  
 his soul.  
 Wiggins was very pleasant, though  
 curt. While I was in the chair an old  
 resident, who had come back after  
 some years' absence, dropped in to in-  
 quire about the town.  
 After the customary salutations, the  
 old resident asked for John Such-a-one,  
 "Down and out; all from booze,"  
 said Wiggins laconically.  
 "Don't say 'that a bad.' And  
 where is Tom Such-a-one?"  
 "He's down and out; same reason."  
 A third was asked for.  
 "Down and out; likewise booze."  
 "Lud-a-mighty! What's the mat-  
 ter?"  
 "Booze knows let a man down so  
 easy he never knows it till he's out,"  
 said Wiggins.  
 And I thought, as I listened, here is  
 my answer for that query, and so I left  
 the shop.  
 In the evening, when the audience  
 was assembled, the question came  
 along out of the Query Box, and I said:  
 "My friends, let me reply to this  
 question by stating a circumstance. I  
 was in the barber's chair this after-  
 noon (an observant and intelligent man,  
 by the way, is the barber), and I heard  
 an old resident, just returned to the  
 town, ask first about one, then about  
 another and then about another old  
 citizen. The answer was always the  
 same: "Down and out—from booze."  
 "They were gone; they had passed  
 into another world, and all that re-  
 mained to say of them was in the strik-  
 ing words of my friend the barber:  
 "Down and out; all from booze."  
 "My friends, is not this question  
 answered? Need I say more? You  
 know the people of this place. Was my  
 friend wrong? I leave you to come to  
 conclusions."  
 I saw I had made a deep impression.  
 The non-Catholic wife of the barber  
 was present. She had been persuaded  
 to come to the lecture by a friend.  
 Of course, she told her husband as her  
 return home that he was honorably  
 mentioned, and the good man was  
 pleased with what he called an ad-  
 vancement, and came the next night to  
 show his appreciation.  
 He came again and again, and so did  
 his wife. I learned he had great influ-  
 ence over his wife and might have  
 brought her to the church if he had  
 not been careless himself. I deter-  
 mined to talk to Wiggins, so I went first  
 to see his wife. She said she was  
 troubled with the measles; a great  
 many doubts were removed, and she  
 would think about being a Catholic; in  
 fact, I got her to acknowledge that if  
 her husband would practice his faith  
 she would join him.  
 I started for the barber shop. No  
 one was there but Wiggins. He was  
 glad to see me, and while he ministered  
 to me, I told him that I was pleased to  
 be seen at the lecture. Yes, he had  
 been there, and had not seen his wife?  
 Yes, she was there, too. And had I  
 heard correctly that she would be a  
 Catholic if he practised his faith?  
 "Aye, told you that?" said Wig-  
 gins.  
 "She did, and she is a good woman."  
 "She is indeed," said Wiggins.  
 "Well, she'll never leave that excuse  
 for not being a Catholic. I'll change  
 my conduct and go back to church.  
 I've been thinking about it, Father,  
 ever since you came."  
 He was as good as his word. He  
 went to confession, and his wife was  
 received into the Church, and a neighbor  
 who had gone through curiosity with  
 her to the mission, received instruc-  
 tions at the same time and became a  
 convert. So these three souls were led  
 to God through the gossip of a barber  
 shop and a query from the Question  
 Box, and no doubt by the good prayers  
 of those whose hearts are in the glori-  
 ous work of saving souls.  
 This mission took place more than a  
 year ago. I visited the town lately,  
 and the first one I met was my friend  
 Wiggins, now a good Catholic, together  
 with his wife, although she made a  
 domestic storm when her friends heard of her  
 conversion.  
 Lovers of our holy faith, pray for the  
 conversion of souls! Prayer is the up-  
 lifted hands that bring God's blessing  
 and help, to those who go forth to win  
 souls to the truth.—The Missionary.

WHO WROTE THE ENCYCLICAL?  
 Such is the question which the enemy  
 is just now assiduously proposing. It  
 may be answered by another: Who  
 wrote the one on the Labor Question  
 entitled *Rerum Novarum*? Every one  
 will say, Leo XIII. In the same way,  
 Pius X. wrote the *Pascendi*. To deny  
 it would be to assert that an architect  
 did not build the house because he did  
 not lay the bricks. Leo XIII. has some  
 interesting details on the subject.  
 When Leo XIII. determined to give  
 to the world his famous letter, he sum-  
 moned around him the most eminent  
 men, whose competency in that particu-  
 lar matter was incontestable. Results  
 of individual research were also sent  
 spontaneously from all parts of the  
 world. When he was thoroughly ac-  
 quainted with all this accumulated  
 material, he was classified and arranged  
 by his secretaries and when the ques-  
 tion was sufficiently clarified he chose  
 a man whom he judged best qualified to  
 grasp and interpret his thought, and  
 confided to him the editing of the first  
 draft of the document. That man was  
 Cardinal Zigliara; but no one attrib-  
 utes to Zigliara the authorship of the  
*Rerum Novarum*, nor to Mgr. Tarozzi, the  
 Secretary of Latin Letters, to whom  
 the text, after being touched and re-  
 touched by the Pontiff, was finally com-  
 mitted.  
 In the same way was the *Pascendi*  
 written. It is an insult, which should  
 be indignantly resented, to say that the  
 present great Pontiff is incapable of  
 such a work. As a curate and parish  
 priest, he was immediately promoted to  
 the study of scholastic theology; he became  
 Bishop of Mantua, he found his semina-  
 ry in the condition in which some of  
 the French ones were previous to their  
 suppression; and he constituted him-  
 self professor of theology; as Patriarch  
 of Venice he organized the reunions of  
 young theologians for special studies,  
 and the patriarchal palace was thrown  
 open for their instruction. The very  
 subject that came up for considera-  
 tion in those reunions was Loisy's  
 "Church and the Gospel," which was re-  
 futed and condemned. When Loisy pub-  
 lished his second book, "Autour d'un  
 petit livre," Pius X. had need of no one  
 to show him its character, and it was  
 quickly condemned as absolutely in  
 opposition to the Catholic faith. This  
 condemnation immediately provoked the  
 attack which the Pope was hostile to,  
 and this same accusation is the burden  
 of the Modernists' complaint. That  
 their writings were filled with error was  
 clear enough to any one, because of  
 the disastrous consequences they in-  
 volved, and they might have been con-  
 demned outright for that reason. But  
 to cut the ground from under their  
 feet, the Pope subjected all their books  
 to a formal, scientific examination, so  
 as not merely to indicate their evil  
 tendencies, but to show the principles  
 on which they were based, and from  
 which they were evolved, and how such  
 principles, though some of the writers  
 themselves did not suspect it, ran  
 through all their works. For that pur-  
 pose, just as in the case of the *Rerum  
 Novarum*, the most competent and emi-  
 nent men in the Church were made use  
 of, and notwithstanding the multiply-  
 ing disasters which those heretical  
 teachings were causing everywhere  
 while the investigation was going on,  
 the scrutiny continued for three entire  
 years. The work was a great one, so  
 much so that the combined analyses of  
 all those Modernist works form a huge  
 volume. All this work was inaugurated  
 by the Pope; he suggested the method,  
 he followed its execution, and in pro-  
 portion as it was evolved he made him-  
 self thoroughly master of it through-  
 out, and it was due to him that the com-  
 mon traits of the various Modernist books  
 were brought to light, and their formal  
 principles clearly enunciated. When  
 this preliminary analysis was finished,  
 the whole was synthesized and when  
 the synthesis was completed, the Pa-  
 pal Secretary of Royal Letters, Mgr.  
 Sardi, put it into Latin. But it would  
 be ridiculous to say that the document  
 is Mgr. Sardi's work, or that it is to  
 be attributed to any of the distinguished  
 men who participated in its elabora-  
 tion. Finally it may not be out of  
 place to note that the age which boasts  
 of its scientific objects in this Papal  
 document on the score of science, al-  
 though in its production the most  
 scientific methods have been adopted.  
 The rancor it has evoked is due to  
 the fact that it has not Catholic thought

Educational.

**New Term**  
 from Jan. 2nd. Enter any  
 day for long or short course.  
 New Catalogue ready.  
 Write for it if you have  
 any idea of a college course.  
 Address W. H. SHAW,  
 Principal, Central Business  
 College, Toronto.

**ASSUMPTION COLLEGE**  
 SANDWICH, ONT.  
 The studies embrace the classical and  
 Commercial Courses. For full particulars  
 apply to VARY REV. R. McBRIDE, C. S. B.

**St. Jerome's College, BERLIN, CANADA**  
 Commercial course—latest business college  
 features. High School course—preparation  
 for universities and professional studies,  
 College of Arts course—preparation for degrees  
 and seminaries. Natural Science course—  
 thoroughly equipped experimental labora-  
 tory. Full details of course and catalogue  
 apply to REV. A. L. ZINGER, C. R. P. RES.

**PRIEST OPPOSES A LIQUOR LICENSE**  
 On a recent Sunday in St. Ann's  
 Church, Montreal, Canada, Father  
 Flynn spoke vigorously against the  
 evil of drink.  
 "We are told," said he, "that al-  
 though this parish is disgraced by  
 seven vices where liquor is sold to  
 all comers, rich and poor, young  
 and old, and in many places in defiance  
 of the license law, proven lately by the  
 dragging up of fourteen of those license  
 holders before the court, and the  
 majority of them a second time, all  
 within a month—we are told, I say,  
 that application is about to be made  
 for another license."  
 "Are you aware, my brethren, that  
 the way matters stand, there is a  
 liquor shop for every seventeen fami-  
 lies in the parish?"  
 "We are, and always will be, against  
 such petitions, no matter by whom  
 presented or by whom they may be  
 supported."  
 "Knowing as we do the evils of in-  
 temperance, we are bound to plead for  
 its restriction, at least, and we shall  
 most assuredly do so, and take every  
 measure that the law places at our dis-  
 posal to prevent the granting of such  
 license."  
 "I stand here on behalf of number-  
 less beings, groaning in pitiful  
 agony in the halls of alcohol, whose  
 souls are sickening to death from its  
 foul poison; I stand on behalf of weak  
 women and innocent children, victims  
 of the brutal cruelties of intemperate  
 husbands and fathers; on behalf of the  
 parish, tainted and polluted, on behalf  
 of religion, across whose pathway to  
 the hearts of men, impassable barriers  
 are placed by intemperance. Listen  
 to all those pleading voices and sign,  
 if you dare, such a petition. No bread-  
 ren, you can not, and should you be  
 tempted to do so, pause and weigh  
 well what you are asked to do. By  
 signing for an additional license, you  
 countenance a trade which flourishes  
 on the ruin of its supporters, a trade  
 which derives its revenue from plun-  
 dered homes, defrauded childhood and  
 depraved manhood, a trade which min-  
 isters to every vile passion and vicious  
 propensity, a trade which makes drunk-  
 ards and thieves, embezzlers and  
 gamblers, wife beaters, murderers and  
 suicides; a trade which brutalizes and  
 degrades all who feel its contact.  
 Such a trade can not claim its respect,  
 much less the encouragement of the  
 community."

**A DANGEROUS "MAN-TRAP."**  
 It is a dull year when some writer  
 does not find a new charge to bring  
 against the account of the Jesuits.  
 They have been accused time and again  
 of teaching that the end justifies the  
 means. The accusation has been dis-  
 proved as many times as it was made,  
 but that does not deter another writer  
 from making the same accusation again.  
 The charge will probably be repeated  
 periodically for the next hundred years.  
 Almost equally famous is the charge  
 that members of the society are obliged  
 to commit sin, even grave sin, at the  
 command of their superior. The charge  
 had its origin in the peculiar wording  
 of one of the constitutions of the society  
 which declares that the rule or orders  
 of superiors do not oblige under pain of  
 sin unless explicitly commanded in  
 virtue of obedience. Years ago the  
 late Lord Acton called this clause an  
 "idiomatic man-trap," because it was  
 so frequently misunderstood by non-  
 Catholic writers who read the consti-  
 tutions and thought they discovered an  
 obligation to obey superiors even if  
 they commanded what was sinful.  
 The latest to fall into the trap is an  
 Englishman named Figgis—a lecturer  
 at Oxford and author of a book dealing  
 with the political activities of the  
 Jesuits. He resurrected the old charge  
 apparently unconscious of the fact that  
 the blunder had been pointed out by  
 many non-Catholic writers at various  
 times for a century or more. A re-  
 viewer in the Tablet questioned the  
 truth of his statement and Mr. Figgis  
 triumphantly quotes its authority—the  
 constitution of the society. He was  
 frank enough to acknowledge that if  
 the clause he quoted in Latin did not  
 justify his statement, it could not be  
 justified. Now all England is laughing  
 at him. For one who claimed to be  
 familiar with the literature of his sub-  
 ject, his blunder was little less than  
 amazing. As an authority on Jesuit  
 history and literature he should have  
 encountered the correction of his blun-  
 der at least a dozen times—even  
 enemies of the society having pointed  
 out the error and warned against it.  
 But in spite of that these man-traps do  
 their work—and from time to time a  
 new victim—with more zeal against the  
 Jesuits than knowledge of their Latin  
 —is held up to the ridicule of the  
 world.—True Voice.

**THE CURE'S WORK IN THE FIELDS.**  
 M. Lecomte, Cure of Montigny, near  
 station at Sainte-Piaulx, France,  
 is not busy,—a country where the vine  
 is near by used except as a trellis or decora-  
 ting the trees in the garden—was  
 convinced that grape culture could be  
 carried on successfully. In spite of  
 objections and resistance he held to his  
 idea, studied the different varieties,  
 and on the 27th of August, 1904, pre-  
 sented to his friends and neighbors  
 perfectly ripe grapes from his vine.  
 "The wine which I made in September,"  
 said he, "acquired an unusual degree  
 of perfection. The test was made, and  
 I received orders for the vines."  
 "After three years I left the parish  
 of Sainte-Piaulx, leaving to my suc-  
 cessor my experimental field. I found  
 at Montigny, my new post, excellent  
 earth, and I produced some novelties.  
 In the following year I produced a new  
 species of potato, and later a vegetable  
 known in America as salsify. Straw-  
 berries are engaging my attention at  
 this moment."  
 "It is a novelty for our parishion-  
 ers," said he, "to see their Cure sup-  
 port himself by work in the open fields.  
 Encouragement and marks of sympathy  
 have not failed me despite the critics,  
 and occasional harsh words. Criticisms,  
 doubtful compliments, insults, I accept  
 all without saying anything. I am  
 convinced that I am in the right, and  
 encouraged by my Bishop, who ap-  
 proves our means of providing for our  
 personal needs and above all the good  
 example given to our parishioners of  
 gaining a living through constant practical  
 work."—Priest-Workers in France, in  
 Donahoe's for January.

**"Too Busy to Pray."**  
 Too busy to pray? You might as  
 well say "Too busy to live."  
 Prayer is never lost time. Prayer  
 is living itself. It is that without  
 which no time is saved, but all time  
 lost. It conserves time, making itself  
 valuable and effective. Jesus prayed  
 before He worked and so taught us  
 how to gain strength for our work.  
 He prayed after he worked, and so  
 gave us the lesson of how to make  
 labor effective and enduring. Like  
 Him, we should pray before we act,  
 and so get counsel and strength from  
 God, and we should offer prayer after  
 we act, and get the blessing of God  
 upon what we have done. Otherwise we  
 shall labor in vain and shall fail. We  
 should pray because we are busy. Re-  
 member this, especially in these busy  
 rushing days. To pray is to live; not  
 to pray is not to live. It is simply to  
 exist.

**Grippe or Influenza, whichever you like to call it, is one of the most weakening diseases known.**  
**Scott's Emulsion, which is Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites in easily digested form, is the greatest strength-builder known to medical science.**  
 It is so easily digested that it sinks into the system, making new blood and new fat, and strengthening nerves and muscles.  
 Use Scott's Emulsion after Influenza.  
 Invaluable for Coughs and Colds.  
 ALL DRUGGISTS: 50c. AND \$1.00.

