

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

What and How to Read.

A young man found that he could read with interest nothing but sensational stories, says an exchange. The best books were placed in his hands, but they were not interesting. One afternoon as he was reading a foolish story, he overheard some one say: "That boy is a great reader; does he read anything worth reading?"

"No," was the reply: "his mind will run out if he keeps on reading after his present fashion. He used to be a sensible boy till he took to reading nonsense and nothing else."

The boy sat still for a time, then arose, took the book and threw it in the ditch, went up to the man who said his mind would run out, and asked him if he would let him have a good book to read.

"Will you read a good book if I let you have one?"

"Yes, sir."

"It will be hard work for you."

"I will do it."

"Well, come home with me and I will lend you a good book."

He went home with him, and received the volume the man selected.

"There," said the man, "read that, and come and tell me what you have read."

The lad kept his promise. He found it hard work to read simple and wise sentences, but he persevered. The more he read, and the more he talked with his friends about what he read, the more interested he became.

He longed to read the feeble and foolish books in which he had formerly delighted. He derived a great deal more pleasure from reading good books than he had ever derived from reading poor ones.

Besides, his mind began to grow. He began to be spoken of as an intelligent, promising young man, and his prospects are bright for a successful career.

He owes everything to the reading of good books and to the gentleman who influenced him to read them.

The Shadow of Failure. The terror of failure and the fear of coming to want keep multitudes of people from obtaining the very things that they desire, by sapping their vitality, by incapacitating them through worry and anxiety, for the effective, creative work necessary to give them success.

Wherever we go, this fear-ghost, this terror-specter stands between men and their goal: no person is in a position to do good work while haunted by it.

There is no confidence or assurance, and half the battle is in the conviction that we can do what we undertake.

The mind always full of doubts, fears, and forebodings, is not in a condition to do effective creative work, but is perpetually handicapped by this unfortunate attitude.

Nothing will so completely paralyze the creative power of the mind and body as a dark, gloomy, discouraged mental attitude.

were completely wiped out, and he found himself penniless. The recent financial panic brought a light many good illustrations of the possibility of being ruined by a "sure thing." Scores of people who were down, lost their money on what the world led to believe were perfectly solid investments that were "sure to win."

Thousands of clerks, and many other people, with their small savings, like some financier who is believed to know what is going to happen, and the most ruined-headed business men and the most astute financiers do not know what is going to happen, as is shown by the fact that many of them were caught and seriously crippled in the late panic.

There are vast multitudes of people living in this country to-day in poverty, many of them homeless and even without the ordinary necessities, not to speak of the comforts of life, just because they could not resist the temptation to gamble, to risk enough to make them comfortable in some get-rich-quick scheme, which they were told was "sure thing."

Beware! Boys.

"I am not much of a mathematician," said the cigarette, "but I can add to youth's nervous troubles, I can subtract from his physical energy, I can multiply his aches and pains, I can divide his mental powers, I can take interest from his work, and discount his chances for success."

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Connie's Poem.

Constantia Merivale, aged thirteen, had an inspiration; she would write a poem. Her class at school had been studying the life and poetry of Longfellow; why not imitate not only the sweetness and purity of his character, but his writings themselves?

"I'm sure I could do it," said Constantia in the privacy of her little bedroom that night; and she braided her soft brown hair to the rhythm of "Tell me not in mournful numbers."

She went to sleep trying to select a subject for her first lyric.

Next morning she was up bright and early; and, as she dressed, she composed her first line:

"We must always do our duty—"

"Connie!" came up from below in a pleasant voice.

"Yes, mother; I'm almost ready."

"I'm sorry, dear, but the milkman hasn't come, and today must have his milk. Will you step round to Marshall's and get a quart? There's just time before breakfast."

Connie gave one glance at her pencil and paper, and resolutely shut them up in her writing-desk.

"Yes, mother, she called down cheerily, "I'm coming."

There was no need of a hat; for it was a bright May morning, and the grocery was only two blocks away. Just stopping for her good-morning kiss, which neither she nor her mother ever forgot, she danced off like a sunbeam, returning presently with the milk and sitting down to her breakfast with a most prosaic appetite.

Little did Mrs. Merivale think that her daughter was repeating to herself, as she ate her biscuit, "Always do our duty, do our duty."

After breakfast there were the dishes, and Bob to get ready for school with luncheon and properly tied neckercher, then she had to start for school herself.

It was hard work to keep her poem out of her mind during study-hours, or to refrain from scribbling, "I'm going to write a poem like Longfellow" on a piece of paper, and passing it to Lizzie Betts, her particular girl friend; but she resolved to learn the lesson first, and then to practice verse-making. She had decided upon "beauty" to rhyme with "duty."

In recess she confided her project to Lizzie, who was duly impressed.

"Where will you have it printed?" she asked, in awestruck tones.

"I don't know," answered Constantia, dreamily. "I haven't decided. Harper's Monthly, I guess, or the Ladies' Home Journal."

"Oh, that will be splendid! Have it in the Journal. Mother takes that; so I can see it. When will it come out?"

"Let me see. The June number comes next week; I suppose I shall have to wait for the next one. Yes, it will be in the July number. I haven't told mother about it, but I'm going to tonight. She wrote a story for a paper once. It's in her scrap-book. So she knows."

The bell rang, and there was a rush for the school-room. Recitation followed recitation, and partial payments and the boundaries of Brazil quite drove out all thoughts of the poem.

As soon as dinner was over and the dishes washed, Constantia dried her little pink hands and started for her room. But alas for human calculations, and flights of genius!

"Connie, dear," began Mrs. Merivale, in a rather abstracted tone, as she placed the last cup and saucer on the closet shelf, "have you anything special to do for the next hour?"

"Why—why, no, mother; nothing that I can't put off, if there's something you want me for."

that doesn't sound right; there's too many words in it.

"Then our lives—then our lives—" Well, the hour passed; the trousers were mended; and Mrs. Merivale came down in bonnet and coat, when the front door-bell rang sharply.

"Sure to win." Connie was already on her way upstairs, but was recalled by her mother's voice.

"Connie, it's a message from poor old Mrs. Means; you know she fell two weeks ago, and broke her hip. She's too poor to afford a nurse, and her niece who takes care of her has an errand in town this afternoon. She wants me to come and sit with her for an hour or two. Now I must go over for your father; he'll expect me—"

"I'll go to Mrs. Means," broke in Connie, with just a suspicion of a tremble in her voice. Her eyes were very bright.

"She always wants me to read to her, and I'll take that story of Miss Wilkins's we liked so much."

"But, dear, I hate to have you give up this bright afternoon," hesitated Mrs. Merivale. "And Mrs. Means is not easy to get along with. She suffers a good deal with that weight—"

"Oh, she won't be cross to me," said Connie. "Tell her I'll come right down."

"Mother's going over to Brookville, or she'd come herself."

"Mother's girl!" said Mrs. Merivale, softly, with a loving little hug. "You're a comfort, dear, every day of your life."

And away ran Connie, happily, with Miss Wilkins under her arm and sunshine in her heart.

It was five o'clock when she was released from Mrs. Means's bedside. The poor old soul, stretched out flat in bed, with a heavy weight tied to her foot, was pathetically glad to see the fresh young face, and listened eagerly to the magazine story; and—well, there were the bustle and rejoicing over the return of father after his week's absence; and then came supper, and the happy family hour afterward, when they all sat in the living-room, and father told of what and whom he had seen till it was time for bed.

That night when Connie was all ready for bed and alone in the little room that was all her own, mother stole in for a few minutes.

"And how is little daughter tonight?"

"Oh, mother, I have had such a happy day all through. And yet it hasn't been one bit like I had planned."

"The story told me mother about the poem she had had no chance to write."

"We must always do our duty," said the mother voice softly.

"Why, mother, that was the very first line of my poem!"

"Well, daughter, you have lived your poem to-day."—Junior Christian Endeavor.

A SEPTEMBER TRAGEDY.

STORY OF THE MASSACRE OF PHÉLATES AND PRIESTS AT "LES CARMES," IN PARIS, IN 1792.

Barbara De Conson in the Guardian.

In the Rue de Vaugirard, in Paris, not far from the Church of St. Sulpice, in the heart of what may be considered the religious and learned quarter of the gay city, stands a tall grey building, where the Catholic University has its headquarters. Curiously enough, in these days of rapid changes and wholesale transformations it has remained comparatively unchanged for the last hundred and fifty years.

In September, 1792, this building, which was originally a monastery of Carmelite monks—hence its name, "les Carmes"—was used as a prison for the priests who refused to obey the injunctions of the Government with regard to an oath called the Constitution civile de clergé.

The object of this oath was to withdraw the allegiance of the French clergy from the Pope, their spiritual chief. It was therefore regarded as unlawful, and, with few exceptions, all the priests declined to take it.

In August, 1792, over a hundred priests who had rejected the oath were imprisoned at "les Carmes;" they were confined in the church, which is exactly as it was one hundred and sixteen years ago.

Among these were men of high birth, such as Jean Marie du Lau, Archbishop of Arles; two brothers belonging to the illustrious house of La Rochefoucauld, who were respectively Bishops of Saintes and of Beauvais; M. de Lubersac, chaplain to the king aunts "Mesdames de France." The rest were professors, chaplains, vicars general, "cures," young clerics who were fresh from the seminary, or aged and infirm ecclesiastics, who came from an infirmary at Issy. The Archbishop of Arles naturally took the lead. He presided at the meals with the easy dignity of a "grand seigneur," but, far from making use of the privileges that were due to his high rank and position, he was so unimpaired by his confinement, he refused to accept a bed for his own use till all the prisoners were provided for.

The Bishops of Saintes and Beauvais were no less helpful, and the few survivors of the massacre enlarge on their cordiality and kindness and on the generosity with which they insisted in sharing the privations of their humbler companions.

From the first the prisoners drew up a code of life, to which all were steadily faithful. Their day was divided between prayer in common, reading and silent meditation. Their cheerfulness astonished their jailers; it was all the more remarkable as they had few, if any, illusions left as to their ultimate fate.

They knew that the King was a helpless prisoner; that anarchy reigned supreme, and that the destruction of the Church and of her ministers formed an essential part of the "programme" of the men in power.

The story of the massacre of September 2 has been thoroughly sifted within the last few years and it is now clear that it was the result of a carefully laid scheme of which Danton was the chief promoter.

By representing the priests as the secret allies of the foreign invaders, who were then threatening the frontiers, he successfully worked upon the fears of an ignorant people. The services of the paid assassins were secured beforehand, and on September 2 they received secret orders to provide themselves with cudgels to strike the victims, with vinegar to wash away the stains of blood,

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and with earts to remove the bodies. The next day, a Sunday, the prisoners were, as usual, turned out in the convent garden for an hour's exercise. They could hear that the surrounding streets were unusually noisy; revolutionary songs echoed above the high walls, footsteps hurried to and fro, alarm bells were ringing. Suddenly a man, named Maillard, surnamed "Tape dur," appeared in the garden at the head of a band of armed men. The priests understand what this meant to them, and spontaneously they fell on their knees and prepared for death. The ruffians made straight for the Archbishop of Arles, who stood near his vicar general, M. de la Pannonie. "They are come to kill us!" cried the latter. "Well, mon cher," was the quiet answer, "let us thank God for letting us die in so good a cause." A few moments later the Archbishop lay on the ground; one man struck the prostrate body with such violence that his iron pike remained imbedded in the flesh. The Bishop of Beauvais, who was on his knees in an oratory at the end of the garden, was badly wounded in the leg. Other priests were disabled, being either shot or stabbed; some few, more vigorous than the rest, climbed the wall that enclosed the garden, and thus made their escape.

After a few minutes Maillard's voice was heard reproaching his men with their lack of method. The massacre was stopped, and the surviving priests were brought back into the church, where they were to be put through a kind of mock trial. They stood, closely packed, between the communion rails and the wall, hence they were summoned in couples, to appear before their so-called judges. From the sanctuary of the church, where they stood, they went through a narrow passage that communicates with the garden by a small, double stone staircase. In the passage sat Maillard or his deputy, and at the foot of the staircase were the paid assassins, armed with swords, cudgels, guns and daggers. As the priests passed before him, Maillard offered them life and liberty if they would take the oath; one and all, without exception, refused. They were then sent down the narrow staircase, and in the garden below were literally hacked to pieces by the men, who had been promised six francs for the day's work.

When the Bishop of Saintes was summoned, he obeyed with an unmoved countenance, but he bent down to embrace his brother, who had been brought in from the garden grievously wounded, and who lay helpless on the floor. The two were closely united; the Bishop of Saintes, who was the younger, was a voluntary prisoner, having refused to separate from his

brother. As he passed out to his death he was heard to murmur: "My God, I implore Thy mercy for these unfortunate men, who would not commit murder had they not forgotten Thy fear and Thy love." The Bishop of Beauvais could not walk; when his name was called out by the revolutionary Maumont was called out by the revolutionary Maumont with a courtesy politeness of a high-bred gentleman of the old regime: "I do not refuse to die, but, messieurs, you see that I cannot walk; I must ask you to have the charity to carry me to the place where I am to go." The soldiers obediently raised him from the ground and handed him to the ruffians outside.

Not one of the priests present failed in courage or in loyalty to the Church. One hundred and fourteen perished, and eleven or twelve escaped, either because they succeeded in scaling the garden wall or else through a sudden and mysterious impulse of pity on the part of their enemies. One of these survivors, M. l'Abbe de la Pannonie, made his way to London, where a wealthy Englishman gave him a large sum for the waistcoat he wore, which bore traces of the sword thrusts of his would-be murderers.

The house and garden of Les Carmes, the church where the confessors prepared for death, the narrow passage, the stone staircase, all these are untouched and unchanged. Two pictures of this spot, hallowed by sacred memories, rise up before us as we write these lines. On the Fete Dieu a solemn procession winds its way through the enclosure. This year it was a glorious June day; the stiff, old-fashioned garden was a blaze of flowers; the sunshine glorified the gray building. The narrow stone staircase, that bears the significant inscription, "Hic occiderunt," was adorned with symbolic red roses.

As the long procession wound in and out under the trees, hymns of praise echoed far and wide, and the horrors of the past were merged into a triumphant feeling of final victory. The bright hereafter, with its unchanging peace seemed nearer to us than memories of pain and death.

The scene is different, and our impression is more realistic on the anniversary of the massacre, September 2. The garden has the aspect that it wore on that fatal autumn day in 1792; the yellow leaves strew the narrow pathways as they once strewed the dead bodies of the martyred confessors. The time of the year, the dull, gray sky, bring back more vividly the tragic picture. For once in the course of twelve months the crypt of the church is thrown open to visitors. There are kept the blood-stained marble slabs that paved the garden chapel where the Bishop of Beauvais was disabled, together with many skulls and bones that were found in a well, where the assassins threw

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their victims. There is a solemnity about the place that in these days has a peculiar meaning. The harassed French clergy of to-day is exposed to trials somewhat similar to those of the victims of that September tragedy. The methods of the men in power may be different, but their spirit is the same, and the story we have just related is fraught with significance. The steady faithfulness with which the martyrs of 1792 faced death, their simple courage and high sense of honor bring home to their twentieth century brethren the duties of their vocation in a most eloquent and impressive shape.

Stations of the Cross in Jail.

The Ecclesiastical Review for February publishes the text of a document of the Congregation of the Propaganda which suggests for the making of the Stations of the Cross a method which will recommend itself to priests in charge of penal institutions. It was granted to Rev. A. M. Fish, chaplain to the New Jersey State prison and would probably be extended, on proper application, to other priests similarly situated, thus securing the usual indulgences attached to a form of devotion to the Passion of our Lord which has always offered a most powerful instrument for the conversion and reformation of sinners. The priest simply recites the prayers of the station before the crucifix on an altar erected at the end of the corridor, so that he can be heard by the prisoners in their cells.

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