

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

The Way to Succeed. Men who become successful in the latter years of their life sometimes give out the set of guiding rules to which they attribute their success.

The following rules are said to have been formulated by Andrew Carnegie for his own guidance:

- 1. Never enter a bar-room, nor let the contents of a bar-room enter you.
2. Do not use tobacco.
3. Concentrate. Having entered upon a certain line of work, continue and combine upon that line.
4. Do not shirk; rather go about your task. Do not let any young man think he has performed his full duty when he has performed the work assigned him. A man will never rise if he acts thus. Promotion comes from exceptional work. A man must learn where his employer's interests lie and push for these. The young man who does this is the young man whom capital wants for a partner and son-in-law. He is the young man who, by-and-by, reaches the head of the firm.
5. Save a little always. Whatever be your wages, lay by something from them.
6. Never speculate. Never buy stock or grain on margin.
7. Never indorse. Whenever you enter on business for yourself, never indorse. Whenever you enter on business for others, it is dishonest. All your resources and all your credit are the sacred property of the men who have trusted you. If you wish to help another give him all the cash you can spare. Another set of rules for young men to follow are those laid down by a man who built up an immense business, the ramifications of which extended all over the United States. They will bear perusal and are as follows:
If your hands cannot be usefully employed, attend to the cultivation of your mind.
Always speak the truth. Make few promises.
Live up to your engagements. Keep your own secrets, if you have any.
When you speak to a person, look him in the face.
Good company and good conversation are the very sinews of virtue.
Good character is above all things else. If any one speak evil of you, let your life be so that none will believe him.
Drink no kind of intoxicating liquors. Ever live (misfortune excepted) within your income.
Small and steady gains give competence with tranquillity of mind.
Earn money before you spend it.
Never run into debt unless you see a way to get out again.
Never borrow, if you can possibly avoid it.
Do not marry until you are able to support a wife.
Never speak evil of any one.
Save when you are young to spend when you are old.
Read over the above maxims at least once a week.—Our Young People.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

"REMEMBER, MOTHER!"

A CLIENT OF OUR LADY PROVES HER POWER.

The retreating forces of the French army were making their way toward hospitable Savoy, and had arrived at Faucilles (Jura), where they halted for their scanty meal laid out on a heap of snow, which served as a table. Whilst the chaplain of the army was dispatching his share of the repast, an aide de camp of the general in command of the retreating army, approached him saying: "Quick, Father, quick, the general has sent for you to go and prepare for death a soldier condemned to be shot."

"To be shot? But what for?" "This is not the time to enter into explanations," was the reply. On arriving at the place of execution the chaplain bade the picket of soldiers to lower their rifles and tenderly embrace the condemned man said: "My dear child, since men have no mercy for you, I offer you the pardon of God. Offer up to the justice of man and God the blood you are about to shed; mount up to heaven, the country of the repentant and the brave."

As the priest raised his hand to give him absolution the Prussian balls fell at their feet. "Fly, save yourselves, the Prussians are upon us," was the cry on every side. The chaplain standing by the sergeant, still blindfolded, restored him his liberty and his sight, saying: "My son, behold a mark of the divine mercy; now you will have time to prepare to appear before God."

The soldier was kept under guard until the army arrived at Gex, where each detachment went to the town hall to receive their pay. At the door the chaplain met the general, who, watch in hand, pointed to the room where the prisoner was confined: "You have a quarter of an hour, Father," said he, "to prepare the soldier for death. I am sending two men to the cemetery to dig his grave over which he will be shot."

The chaplain went to the sergeant. "Father," said the poor man, "is it really true I am going to be shot?" "I am sorry to say it is, my poor boy."

The soldier having calmly made his confession suddenly exclaimed: "Oh! Father, must I really die and never see my poor mother again. How proud would she have been to have known that I had died on the battle field; but to be shot, and that by my comrades! No, no, Father, it is too hard; have pity on my poor mother, save me..."

"In a moment he sprang to the window to effect his escape, but seeing he was on the second story of the building, he fell back into the arms of the priest's ying: "Save me! oh, save me!" "Oh, my son, if I could, most gladly would I do so, willingly would I take your place. But what I cannot do, the Blessed Virgin can. Say, my son, do you love our Blessed Lady?"

"Ah, Father, if I love her, I who come from her country!" "You do not come from Nazareth, I should say?" "No, Father, I come from the Pyrenees, from Lourdes."

"And do you pray to the Blessed Virgin?" "Father, I have never passed a day during the whole of this sad war without reciting the Memorare."

"What, my son, you come from Lourdes, and every day you pray to the Blessed Virgin! Surely our Lady will save you. Let us kneel down and recite together the Memorare; help perhaps will not be long in coming!"

Hardly had they finished the last words of that unflinching prayer, when repeated knocks were heard at the door. The soldier fancied that his last moment had come, and sinking down burst into tears. "I am going to die, my poor Mother! I shall never, never see you again!"

On opening the door the chaplain saw before him a stranger in a great state of excitement. "Father," he said, "do you not hear noise going on in front of the town hall?"

"Yes, sir, I do; but allow me to ask who I have the pleasure of speaking to, for it is easy for you to know who I am?" "I am the Magistrate of the town. Public peace is in danger and my duty is to establish order. The people are clamoring for the release of the sergeant; they will not have it said that French blood was the first to be shed. If the execution takes place there will be new calamities, Father; so help me to save the life of the prisoner."

"Sir, willingly would I do so, but unfortunately my honor and conscience as a priest forbid me to interfere in this affair."

"Then must we let him die?" "No sir, if we can do otherwise. But I have a plan to save him. Ask the commander charged with the execution to show you the written order. I know there is none, hence the loud murmurs of the soldiers, for the general gave the order for his execution in a moment of passion."

"(This is but one of the many instances on record of the tyranny practiced in that unfortunate war; the general, the said hero of this adventure, being condemned July, 1871, by court-martial, for two similar offences.) The magistrate went in search of the commander. "Have you a written order?" he asked. "No," replied the commander. "And how, sir, do you dare shoot a man on the strength of a verbal order. Produce the order, please, or I oppose the execution."

would have been amply punished by a few hours imprisonment. Hiding his disappointment and humiliation, and with a twist of his red moustache, the general sent for the chaplain.

"Father, he said, "though it grieves me to see my orders countermanded, I am delighted to give you pleasure and assure you that the sergeant is free."

On his return, the chaplain found his man in a kneeling position, and addressed him in these words: "Sergeant, what did the Blessed Virgin say to you during my absence?" "You know better than I," replied the sergeant in an inaudible voice.

"Very well, my son, the Blessed Virgin sends you good news; you will have more time than you think to prepare for death."

He did not dare to tell him the truth at once, lest the shock should be fatal as the ball of death; then the chaplain said: "In the meantime follow me."

"To death?" "No, my son, I swear to you on the honor of a priest, no; once more, follow me."

The sergeant, leaning on the arm of the chaplain, arrived in front of the town hall, where the infuriated crowd waited impatiently for him. At the sight of him, shouts were heard on all sides, exclaiming: "It is he, it is the sergeant going to be shot!"

"Not yet," said the chaplain, in a tone which commanded confidence and respect. "Where are you taking me to?" asked the soldier.

Without making a reply the priest conducted him to an altar of Our Lady in a chapel close by. Meanwhile the crowd outside pressed on to see what was taking place.

"Kneel down, my man, and let us recite together before the statue of Our Lady the Memorare."

This being done, the chaplain, helping him to rise from his knees, said: "My son, you will not be shot, you will see your mountains again, and tell everyone that your heavenly mother saved you through the Memorare."

The condemned man and his comforter left the chapel together, amidst the cheers of the crowd, transported with joy at the good news.

"Long live the sergeant!" cried the people. "Glorify be to the Holy Virgin who saved the sergeant," replied the chaplain.

A MOTHERLESS CHURCH. We had made our little round of observation, not unmixed with admiration and reverence, within the beautiful new church. Truly there was much to commend and admire—but to me there was a lack that ached through every thrill of admiration, and watered my every word of praise.

There were many windows, all of them inspirations, each portraying certain events in the life of the Saviour, events from which sermons in number like the sands of the seashore have been preached, and yet the white I missed, the thought kept praying through me, "Forgive them, for they know not what they do." And then we came to the last window, and as we passed within a rainbow shower of mellow lights, the pictured face that shone down was sweet, wondrous sweet, with the wistful, Madonna-like gentleness that touches you like a caress.

A wave of thankfulness swept over me, an impress developing into conviction, when one of the members of the church approached and remarked with official courtesy and enlightenment: "The angel of the Resurrection! Is it not grand? Yes, our windows are really works of art. We economized in various ways in the building of this church, and it would astonish you to know its moderate cost, but when it came to our windows, it was the best cathedral glass and artistic skill that we demanded, and we have it here in windows that are inspirations."

Of course we sincerely acquiesced and smiled, and congratulated, but as we went away, deep down in my heart a voice whispered: "A motherless church—a motherless church!"

A motherless home! How sad a place, indeed! Perhaps none, save the motherless, can know how sad. And yet can it be that only they who have known the mother's love may measure the anguish of its loss? Who I was very young I had the good fortune to enter into a brief correspondence with a well-known and experienced writer. I remember among many interesting stories that illumined and levelled his letters to the range of my taper ray of intelligence was his reminiscence of Florence Percy and her hour beneath the aere light of glory. She was famed and loved for her poem, "You Kissed Me," and 'o hers, but to me the song of her soul has ever been the dear old poem that formed many a reading lesson in the class room, "Rock Me to Sleep, Mother." It was the heart-cry of genius that sang.

"Yet with strong yearning of passionate pain Look I to-night for your presence again," and "Nearer, come back from the echoless shore. Take me again to your heart as of yore. Weep ye of sorrow for others to reap. Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep."

loked, but she unto whom the angel said, "Hail, full of grace—blessed art thou among women," has no place or welcome. The Son is honored, but the mother who was co-sufferer with the Son for the sins of the world is dishonored by indifference! The Son Who suffered upon the cross is Lord and Savior; but the mother, whose heart was pierced with a sword of sorrow because many hearts might be revealed, "no more than any other good woman," as a minister once declared. The beloved apostle, St. John the Divine, received her at the foot of the cross as His beloved, blessed mother, and devoted His life to her service. And when the apostles were assembled together in obedience to the parting command of our Lord, awaiting the promise of the Holy Spirit's coming, the mother sat in the midst of them. And yet Christian churches who throw wide their doors to the Son, to the apostles and saints, close their doors upon the mother! Know we a man so small, so insensible, so low that would abide in a house that closed its door upon his mother?

When we reflect that the Protestant Church has ever been a motherless institution, the thought comes that perhaps we discover a cause for its being ceaselessly riven and rent asunder by dissensions and divisions into many, many sects—like unto a household of disobedient, disorderly, headstrong children wit-out a mother!

"Father, forgive them; they know not what they do." A generation or so ago, and no Baptist or Methodist church would have tolerated a picture window or any other picture about their church. Music would have been an abomination. The writer's own grandfather would not look upon a picture of our Lord, nor tolerate such a thing in his house. He considered it "a sacrilege" that any man should dare to paint a picture of the Saviour!

What would such Baptists of the years gone by think of the church I described in the beginning, which is a Baptist church? Is it not simply a matter of light, and more light?

A certain convert to the Catholic faith, in the first year advances, while weeping and sighing with that anxiety that is the nettle rash of the soul, an affliction surely of Satan, stood stock still and asked of her instructor: "Of what need is the Hail Mary?" On her pilgrimage towards heaven she did not want to carry anything but what was absolutely necessary. The priest, the one man out of all the world to suit her case, patient, pardoning, tolerant, with time to spare, simply and calmly—but so kindly—made answer: "Why, my child, you don't have to unless you wish." But then he told her to go home and read her Bible. And he directed her to read certain chapters and passages relating to the Blessed Virgin Mother. In parting he said: "Surely, you believe that the Blessed Mother was superior to any other being here on earth, save our Lord?" She stopped short. Why, certainly, she

Modernists Submit. Five of the six authors of the anti-encyclical, over in Italy, have expressed to the authorities their contrition for the part they took in that publication. The Studi Religiosi di Florence, edited by Don Salvatore Minocchi, which was perhaps the first review in Italy to unfurl the banner of Modernism, has announced that its present number is the last. In France the Modernist magazines Demain and Quinzane have disappeared. It is certain that another condemnation of the Modernist Rinnovamento di Milan is imminent, and more than likely that the censure will not be limited to the last number, which consisted almost entirely of criticism or defiance of the encyclical "Pasceat."

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had always unconsciously, involuntarily, felt and believed it. Then, full consciousness and light began to dawn upon her. And many a time, after, when the "Hail Mary" was her comfort from the tempest of bitter need, she recalled the words she said: "Of what need is the Hail Mary?"

Of what need is the Hail Mary? A thousand times, and a thousand more, the Catholic should bless God for the faith that is in him, in church and out; in season and out of season; like Daniel in a far country as he knelt and prayed with his face toward the Holy Temple in Jerusalem, his arms outstretched in supplication, with the words of Solomon's invocation like strong arms beneath him, we should love passionately our religion, and our Church, and her every place of worship, whether it be grand cathedral with noble dome and stately, towering spire, or the plain, simple, lowly chapel with its little wooden cross.—Lydia Whitefield Wright in Cleveland Union.

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