

MAY 19, 1900.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

THE LITTLE DRUMMER.

The scene of our story was in Prussia, in the month of February, 1807. The weather was very severe. Napoleon was expecting the attack which took place on the 8th of the same month, on the part of the Russian army. The night before, the emperor himself, after drawing his plan of battle on the snow, awoke the aide-de-camp, who was asleep on a bundle of hay, and shaking his arm, said:

"Come, Savary, every one is up; let us go to the rounds."

And whilst Savary went to summon the officers, whose duty it was to accompany Napoleon, the latter looked around to inspect the weather. It was colder than the previous day had been, but the moon shone with magnificence. At a short distance stood an old soldier, lazily smoking his pipe.

"It is a cold morning!" cried Napoleon.

"Yes, sire; it was certainly much warmer yesterday," replied the grenadier, alluding to an engagement which had taken place between the troops of Marshal Davoust and a Russian division.

"Bah! bah!" cried Napoleon, smiling, "that is an idea of your own."

"And what a famous idea of yours own was that, sire, to bring the Russians into the icy hole, and then warm them up with a discharge of artillery!"

"You think I gave them a lesson?"

"A grand lesson! Yes, sire, French politeness, which they will not soon forget."

"Sire," observed Savary who had just appeared, "this soldier speaks the truth. Never did your Majesty appear so much inspired. Never did the brave army exhibit more ardor and confidence of success."

"They wished for war," replied the emperor, "and I have given them a large dose of it, but we must do it boldly, and try to save our soldiers' blood. Do you not think so?" turning to the grenadier.

"Undoubtedly, sire. But there is a saying that one cannot make an omelet without breaking the eggs."

At these words Napoleon, who had been standing with one foot in the stirrup, leaped upon his horse, and making a little sign with his hand to the grenadier, galloped away, followed by several officers.

Arrived at the head of the Fourth regiment of infantry, in which he had been captain fifteen years before, the emperor observed a little drummer of about twelve years old. He alighted, and putting his hand kindly under the little fellow's chin, he asked:

"How old are you, my boy?"

"Nearly twelve, sire," and his little heart beat violently.

"They have done wrong to bring you here. They should have waited three or four years."

"It was my mother's wish."

"Well, then, tell your mother from me that she has not common sense—what is her name?"

"Marie Françoise Siebert. She is a seamstress in the Twentieth. She knows you, sire, and so does my brother François, too."

"Siebert," said the emperor. "I have heard that name somewhere. What does your father do?"

"Nothing, sire, for he was killed at Marengo."

"Ah! that was glorious for him, but melancholy for you. But you spoke of a brother. Is he with your mother?"

"Yes, sire. He is a fifer, and much older than I."

"Well, tell your mother that you are a great deal too young to go in this campaign, and that I say she has not common sense."

"I could not say that to my mother!"

"And why not?"

"I love her, sire."

"The child is right," said the emperor, "and I should not teach him disrespect to his parents. Look here," continued he, turning to his officers, "is this not a good sized soldier to send against the Russians?"

"Bat," answered Siebert, standing on tiptoe, "I am not at all afraid, and then our drum major gives me private instructions whenever he is not engaged."

"I am very glad to hear it," said Napoleon, and giving the boy's ear a pull he rode off, saying to Savary, "That is a fine little fellow. If any harm happens to him I shall never forgive his mother."

The battle of Austerlitz was, according to Napoleon, a thunder-clap; but that of Eylau, where the victory was claimed on both sides, may be compared to an earthquake; for it was one of the most terrific in which the "great army" was ever engaged. Toward 3 o'clock p. m. the darkness put a stop to the carnage, and the French bivouacked that night on the battlefield where they fought all day.

The next morning, February the 9th, Napoleon, according to his custom, was on horseback at the break of day. The ground was covered with snow, which was stained with blood, and disfigured by the numerous dead bodies lying about in all directions. Detachments of prisoners were carrying away the wounded. On one spot seventeen French generals had fallen, amongst whom were d'Hautpoul, Dahmann, and Corbier, who commanded the divisions of the Imperial Guard.

As Napoleon contemplated this spot, a long file of cars and litters passed by bearing the dead bodies of the Russians. The emperor stopped, and, taking off his hat, exclaimed, "Honor to unfortunate courage," and then, clapping spurs to his horse, rode on. They had not gone two hundred paces when they

saw a man carrying something away on his shoulders. "Savary," said Napoleon, "go and see what that is." Savary returned in two minutes.

"Sire, it is a little drummer who had both his legs shot off."

"Poor fellow!" Suddenly looking up, Napoleon exclaimed: "A little drummer, did you say? Go immediately and ascertain his name and the number of his regiment."

During the absence of the aide-de-camp Napoleon seemed much agitated. Savary returned—

"Well! Sire, he belongs to the Fourth regiment of infantry. I questioned him, but in so dreadful a condition as he is, all I could learn is that his name is Siebert."

Letting fall the reins, Napoleon covered his face with his hands, exclaiming: "Oh war! war!"

The bulletin published after this battle shows plainly that the emperor's heart was agitated by some poignant emotion, for at the bottom of the minute, Napoleon added, with his own hand—"The spectacle of the battle of Eylau may inspire princes with a love of peace and a horror of war."

Siebert had fought with all his might until a cannon ball had shot through both his knees. "Hurrah for the emperor!" cried he, as he fell on the snow. He turned next to an old man who fought near him. "Take me away," cried he, the wolves will come and eat me up if I am left here to night. Let me be put in one of the wagons of the Twentieth, so that I may kiss my mother and brother once more."

The old soldier handed his rammer to another, and taking up Siebert in his arms was about to comply with his request, when another cannon ball came and killed the old man on the spot. Poor Siebert was obliged to remain on the field all night. The next morning he was made to swallow some brandy, and carried away as we have before stated. The poor child bore the amputation with great fortitude, and lived long enough to receive the cross of honor which Napoleon sent to his colonel to be remitted to him, but not long enough to have his last wish gratified, that of embracing his mother and brother.

THE THREE STEPS TO HEAVEN.

Sacred Heart Review.

On Thursday, May 24, the Church will celebrate the Feast of the Ascension of Our Lord, the day on which His journey in this vale of tears came to an end, when He entered upon the possession of that glory which He had won by His obedience in this world.

In the Collect which is said at Mass on this feast we ask "that we who believe that Thy only Son, our Redeemer, ascended this day into heaven may also have our hearts fixed on heavenly things." In order that we may be better able to enter into the spirit of the approaching feast, and even in this life raise ourselves up above its transitory interests, we propose to point out how our religion necessarily elevates the minds and thoughts of those who practice it, how it places them even now in the enjoyment of heavenly treasures, and how, therefore, our minds should even now learn to rest upon things which are above.

We hear a great deal of talk nowadays about the dignity of man, and there are some few people who maintain that we ought to make humanity the supreme object of our care and worship. No one, we are sure, will find fault with us for striving to assist and help our fellowmen by every means in our power; on the contrary, the Church has always fostered and encouraged all such efforts.

The doctrine and teaching of the Church raises man to a higher level, and places before him a higher motive and a loftier end than it has even entered into the mind of the most advanced thinkers of this or any other time to conceive. This has been done by the Christian religion and by its distinctive teaching as distinguished from natural religion and what it tells us. Natural religion tells us, and tells us truly, that there is one Maker and Lord of this world, that we are His creatures, that we must be subject to Him, and that punishment awaits us if we are not so subject. Catholic teaching takes all this for granted, confirms it, builds upon it, and raises us above it.

And how?

The first step in the Christian life is faith. And what is faith? What does faith do for us? Faith is that virtue by which we accept as true those things which God has revealed. Faith, then, brings us face to face with God Himself and His divine veracity. For the truths of faith we have God Himself as the voucher. Is not this an elevation of the mind of man far greater than that to which the loftiest philosophies can lay claim? They can at best give us opinions and guesses; at faith places us at once in the possession of eternal and immutable truth.

The second distinctively Christian virtue is hope. And what is hope? To what does it raise us? The light of reason teaches us that we are God's creatures and must be subject to Him, and if so subject will receive from Him a fitting recompense. But Christian hope makes us look upon God not as our Maker, but as our Father; not as a Master, but as a Friend; and makes us look forward to the possession not merely of His gifts and rewards, but of Himself for all eternity.

With reference to the third great Christian virtue—charity—we have space only to mention that it makes the ruling motive of our lives the love of God for Himself because He is what He is. We wish to point out the greatest elevation to which we are raised. What is the position of a man who is

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

The Stings in Little Things. We call him strong who stands unmoved—Calm as some tempest-beaten rock—When some great trouble hurls its shock: We say of him his strength is proved; But when the spent storm folds its wings, How bears he then life's little things?

About his brow we twine our wreath Who seeks the battle's thickest smoke, Braves flashing gun and sabre stroke, And scuffs at danger, laughs at death: We praise him till the whole land rings; But is he brave in little things?

We call him great who does some deed That echoes from shore to shore—Does that, and then does nothing more: Yet would his work earn richer meed, While at my breast the King of kings, Were he but great in little things.

We closely guard our garden gates When great temptations loudly knock, Draw every bolt, clinch every lock, And sternly told our bars and gates; Yet some small door wide open swings At the sly touch of little things.

I can forgive—his worth my while—The treacherous blow, the cruel thrust, Can bless my foe as Christians must, While patience smiles her royal smile; Yet fierce resentment quickly slings Its shots of ire at little things.

And I can tread beneath my feet The lulls of passion's heaving sea; When wind-tossed waves roll stormily; Yet scarce forget the siren's song, That at my breast the King of kings, Were he but great in little things.

But what is this? Drops make the sea; Small causes and small consequence Make up the sum for you and me; Then, oh! for strength to meet the stings That arm the points of little things.

The brave only know how to forgive: It is the most refined and generous pitch of virtue human nature can arrive at. Cowards have done good and kind actions; cowards have even fought, nay, sometimes conquered; but a coward never forgave—it is not in his nature; the power of doing it flows only from a strength and greatness of soul conscious of its own force and security, and above all the little temptations of resenting every trifling attempt to interrupt its happiness.—Sterns.

Always With Us. Duty is a power which rises with us in the morning, and goes to bed with us at night. It is co-extensive with the action of our intelligence. It is the shadow which cleaves to us, go where we will, and which leaves us when we leave the light of life.—Gladstone.

Go With the Good. Endeavor as much as you can to keep company with people about you. There you rise as much as you sink with people below you; for you are whatever the company you keep is. Do not mistake, when I say company above you, and think that I mean with regard to their birth; that is the least consideration; but I mean with regard to their merit, and the light in which the world considers them.

Culture Hints. Every man must educate himself. His books and teacher are but helps; the work is his.

Our thoughts are ever forming our characters, and whatever they are most absorbed in, will tinge our lives.

Three things too much, and three too little are pernicious to man; to speak much, and know little; to spend much, and have little; to presume much, and be worth little.

Thou mayest as well expect to grow stronger by always eating, as wisier by always reading. It is thought and reflection which make books serviceable, and give health and vigor to the mind.

To my mind, there is more reason for saying grace before a new book than before a dinner.

Once get the reading habit well fixed, and you will be as pleased to miss your dinner hour as your reading hour.

No Success Without Love of Work. "To win success in any vocation, the present day, requires hard, persistent, conscientious work, the best equipment that is possible, and the employment of every resource that can be commanded," writes Barton Cheney, in a valuable article on "The Young Man and the Professions," in the Ladies' Home Journal. "Even the young man's manner, his personality, is a factor that makes itself felt in his work, while executive ability and good, hard common sense are elements of genius that should be clearly understood in advance, that if he does not have the capacity or love for work there is no chance of success. But, having this, he will find great opportunities to make a name for himself and to earn larger pecuniary rewards than men have ever before been able to coin out of their brains."

Learn From the Athlete. In the first stages of proper exercise there should not even be perspiration, or, at most, little. Men who do not

know these secrets of bodily motion often wonder when watching an athlete do exceptionally hard feats in warm weather that hardly an perspiration is to be seen on him. They say that they "would sweat like bulls" if they had one-half of the work to do. So they would. They have not learned how to work.

You will see the average man in a row-boat will pull himself red in the face in the first ten strokes. The consequence is that by the time he has rowed half a mile, instead of exercising he is working desperately. His muscles have become dead tired, not so much on account of the mere muscular work, but because his heart has been forced to work so hard that his lungs cannot take in fresh air enough to supply the fuel. His blood is poisoned with overexertion. "Auto-intoxication" physicians call it. That is just what it is. He feels like a drunken man, and he is one. Now, any man of the most average bodily strength should be able to row an ordinary boat for at least a mile without feeling distress, either from tired muscles, from tired lungs or from a fast heart.

Young Men's Improvidences. Young manhood seems blighted to-day by the pernicious habit of living in advance of one's income, anticipating, in a dangerous way, the uncertain future. The expending of money on useless frivolities, the loading oneself down with desirable but oftentimes unnecessary things, purchased on the installment plan, the careless loaning of money, the reckless investing, together with gambling—these things so common in our day are steadily eating up the financial reserve of our young men and obliging them constantly to face the menace of poverty, dependence and disgrace. The young man who is always at his wife's end as to how to get money enough to meet his abnormal obligations is subjected to severe temptations to unfairness, dishonesty and theft. The man who lives within his income, who dares not mortgage the future, who constantly lays aside something, even at a sacrifice in present comfort, is, after all, the freest from temptations, the most settled in his life, and the most constant in his work.

The second form of improvidence, failure to improve one's self by the best of all opportunities and the wisest employment of one's leisure time, is not less serious than the failure to save. One cannot help seeing on every hand large numbers of young men, who, having gotten employment that pays a fair living wage, begin to live lives of destructive self-indulgence and seem to forsake any hope or purpose of growing into a more perfect manhood, with greater powers for service.

The third form of improvidence indicated, namely, the failure to cultivate friends and to keep touch with them, is especially evident among young men in a large city. By cultivation of friends I do not mean for one moment those petty, unfair, and unmanly means which some use to get a "stand in" with people of influence. The friendships that come through courtesy, honesty, helpfulness, and excellence of service rendered, are the friendships truly secured, lasting, and worth the having.

The securing of a position, the gaining of social place, the acquiring of liberties and of favors by underhand or unmanly means, is the purchase of advantage with a counterfeit coin, which sooner or later returns to you, bringing with it the denunciations of those who sought to be your friends, and the promise of nothing better than disgrace. But he is not the only man in trouble who has misused his friends. The man who cuts loose from those who know him best—his relatives, his business acquaintances, his friends—and with the reckless spirit of daring throws himself into entirely new conditions and surroundings, without any body or anything to tie to, is almost sure to meet discouragement and defeat.

Many of the young men walking the streets of our large cities in the deepest of distress, buffeted about by temptations and suffering the fearful suspicion that the world is growing cold and uncharitable, are nothing more nor less than victims of that improvidence that has led them to cut loose from their mainstays and to drift. A young man who tires of home and the acquaintance of those who have known him, who goes to the city with letters of introduction, and without any defined purpose or plan, who does not write home for months, and who seeks new companionships among the host of the city's unfortunate, is apt to find most doors closed to him, and will likely drift into that fatal state of mind when he feels that the world is against him, and that there is no use making an effort to be or to do anything.

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by, passed through a very serious illness in which her condition very nearly bordered upon collapse. Her blood appeared to have almost turned to water. She was very weak, her appetite feeble, and she suffered from severe headaches. Mrs. Webster had the benefit of excellent medical advice, but apparently without avail, as she seemed steadily growing worse. The least exertion would fatigue her, and finally she was for a time unable to do her housework, and was confined to bed. Her husband suggested the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and purchased a few boxes. Mrs. Webster had not been taking the pills long before she found herself growing stronger. Her headaches disappeared, her appetite improved, new blood appeared to be coursing through her veins, and her nerves again became strong and active. After using the pills for a couple of months she felt as well as ever she had done in her life, and could do her housework without feeling the fatigue that had formerly made her life so miserable. This, as already indicated, happened some years ago, and in the period that has elapsed Mrs. Webster has enjoyed the best of health. She says that if she feels at any time a little run down she takes a few doses of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and is soon all right, and she thinks there is no medicine to equal them. Mr. Webster, speaking of his wife's cure, says Dr. Williams' Pink Pills did her a thousand dollars worth of good, and friends who knew her condition before she began the pills and saw the effect upon her, say the same thing. There are a number of others in this vicinity who have used this great medicine, and so far as the Mail can learn the results have always been beneficial.

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