

## Home Column

### THIS LIFE IS WHAT WE MAKE IT.

Let's oftener talk of noble deeds,  
And rarer of the bad ones,  
And sing about our happy days,  
And not about the sad ones.  
We were not made to fret and sigh,  
And when grief sleeps, to wake it.  
Bright happiness is standing by—  
This life is what we make it.

Let's find the sunny side of men,  
Or be believers in it;  
A light there is in every soul  
That takes the pains to win it.  
Oh, there's the slumbering good in  
all,  
And we perchance may wake it;  
Our hands contain the magic wand  
This life is what we make it.

Then here's to those whose loving  
hearts  
Shed light and joy about them!  
Thanks be to them for countless  
gems  
We never had known without  
them.  
Oh, this should be a happy world,  
To all who may partake it;  
The fault's our own if it is not—  
This life is what we make it.

### GOOD MANNERS.

Many people say that good manners have become a lost art. We are told that in the present haste and rush of every-day life there is little time to practise the graces of courteous demeanor and that we are gradually losing the finer qualities of behavior—or, at least, they are hidden beneath a mass of characteristics which may be very practical and useful, but do not help to beautify life. Some, who are more optimistic, say that although manners are far less ceremonious than in the past and are "somewhat hasty, to match our rate of motion," that the right principle remains, because good manners spring from the heart, and the hearts of the present generation are in the right place. Others say that manners are now "more frankly selfish." This statement is in itself a rather rude avowal of retrogression; yet most people are striving to improve and progress in life. Every effort in culture and refinement is an aid in that direction. It would be well for even the self-seeking to remember that good manners are an element of success in life. In every career and in every point in social life a careful study of manners will be found of importance. Common-sense, then, as well as a desire to please should make everyone respect conventionalities and try to learn the delicate distinctions between good and bad manners.

When one attempts to define what is the charm of a certain person, it is almost something intangible, vague and elusive. The person may not be noted for beauty, for brilliancy in conversation or for remarkable intelligence. The charm is really in a graciousness of manner and bearing, a kindly considerateness and thoughtfulness, a lack of self-consciousness or effort. True politeness comes from a kind heart, a ready sympathy, an intuitive tact, a wish to please, an unwillingness to hurt another's feelings, and a desire to put other people completely at ease. It does not consist in being effusively cordial to one person in particular and coldly forgetful of others, or very polite when there is something to win and very indifferent when there is nothing more to be gained.

To know the right thing to do and the proper thing to say, one must consider what will please other people. One need never be insincere. There are many pleasant things which can be sincerely and truthfully said. Perfect politeness may be a rare thing, but everyone may try to improve in this matter. It has been wisely said that we should try not only to have good manners but better manners. A polite person takes the trouble to make cordial greetings; to bow pleasantly; to listen when another is talking; does not interrupt or appear eager to monopolize the conversation; does not relate long stories or tell disagreeable news; has good manners in a street car

or a shop, as well as in a drawing-room. Recently someone noticed a young girl coming into a room at an afternoon reception just as an older woman was leaving. Instead of stepping back and allowing the older woman to pass, the girl pressed forward so that the departing guest was fairly hurled back into the room and had to wait to go out until the newcomer had pushed her way past her. If the young girl had been trained to yield to older people and had stepped back, as a matter of course, a pleasant impression would have been made instead of a very unpleasant one.

"Manners aim to facilitate life," writes Emerson. "They aid our dealing and our conversation. These forms very soon become fixed, and a fine sense of propriety is cultivated with the more heed that it becomes a badge of social and civil distinctions." He also writes that a beautiful behavior is "the finest of the fine arts." Society demands an element "which it significantly terms good-nature, expressing all degrees of generosity, from the lowest willingness and faculty to oblige up to the heights of magnanimity and love."

An observant woman who is herself a model of culture recently commented upon the lack of good manners one may see during a walk in a crowded thoroughfare, as follows: "The high-pitched voice, the ungracious adherence to advantage accidentally gained, the rude stare of curiosity, the aggressive physical push, the loud discussion of people and affairs, these discomforting results need no moral to point their application. And, on the other hand, the smallest courtesy so sweetens the day's experience, and the most trifling assistance is so acceptable, that no mention is needed to disclose that the highest standard of fine manners is rooted in unselfishness."

### MISSION TO NON-CATHOLICS.

From "The Missionary" we glean the following interesting items which illustrate the varied experiences of missionaries in their work. Referring to the results of recent missions a correspondent writes:

AT MONACA, PA.—A mission for non-Catholics was booked for Monaca, Pa., early in September. Monaca lies twenty-five miles from Pittsburg, on the western bank of the Ohio River; a black and grimy but flourishing iron town. Before its nuptials, with the iron industry, Pittsburg as it was then called, was noted for beauty and innocence. Its streets, unbroken by wagon wheel or iron hoof, formed a continuous lawn, and the honesty of its inhabitants was attested by the lack of locks on house doors. It is all different now. There are trolley cars, electric lights, rolling mills, glass houses and saloons; also catches on the windows and spring locks to the doors. The Pittsburg people, who have moved down into the burg, love to tell you how they have civilized the place.

The mission was given in the Catholic Church. There was no difficulty about filling the building, though some difficulty was experienced in getting Protestant women to wear hats. They said the non-Catholic population was very bitter; but nothing occurred to prove it at this mission. The questions were fair and intelligent. One of the less sensible ones was an inquiry as to the precise degree of Fahrenheit prevailing in purgatory. A few of the literary contributors challenged the Pope's right to issue commands or condemn societies.

Rev. Anthony Vogel, of Beaver, has charge of Monaca as a mission. He has at present four persons under instruction at Beaver, as a result of a mission in his tiny home parish, given last May.

AT NAVARRE, O.—There was a peculiar feature about the non-Catholic mission preached at Navarre, O. The pastor, who had arranged for it, and who had promised the missionaries a fruitful field left the church a few weeks before that event, himself joining the O'Connor crowd in New York. As he was a good-living priest, his defection caused great dismay in the parish; but when Protestants and

Catholics confided their individual impressions to one another and began to tell of odd things done and said, the conclusion became general that the apostate priest was afflicted with melancholia and could hardly be held responsible for his action. The sequel proved the correctness of their conclusion; a few weeks later he placed himself at the disposition of his bishop and repaired the scandal as best he could.

But for this distressful feature the mission at Navarre would have been an exceedingly pleasant one. The large church was crowded each night with non-Catholics. There was an entire absence of rancor or bitterness. Though many questions were asked, none related to the pastor.

It was thought advisable to give the parishioners a few sermons after the conclusion of the mission. The entire parish went to the sacraments. May we not believe that the prompt return to the priestly calling of their late pastor was largely due to their fervent prayers.

MILTONSBURG, O., is a small town in Monroe County, a county famous for its hills. It lies six miles from the county's only railroad. It was formerly a town of some importance. Though it never counted more residences—twenty-six in all—it could boast of seven saloons and two breweries. The last have disappeared wholly, and the seven saloons have dwindled to two. The two lone survivors complained that they could do no business at all during mission week. There is one church in the village—German Evangelical—and a beautiful Catholic Church one-half mile from the town. The Catholic congregation is not large, counting scarcely more than thirty families; but this small community of farmers has erected as fine a church as one is likely to see anywhere in the country, or, considering its size, even in the city. It is built of buff sandstone, and surmounting as it does one of the highest hills of the county, is visible for a dozen miles from every direction.

It was in this church that a mission was given for the neighboring non-Catholics. It was a composite mission, the mornings being reserved for Catholics exclusively. The attendance was large, and it was not necessary to coax questions out of the audience. The village doctor had twenty queries of his own to ask. He was worried most about the large amount of money "poor Catholics" had to pay to get their relatives out of purgatory. Most of his questions were on purgatory, which gave the missionary a good opportunity to drive that doctrine home. Among the auditors were some Campbellites, who undertook to enlighten the congregation on the question of baptism. "There is only one baptism," they said, "not three." They are Simon-pure Disciples, immersing only in running water, unlike their degenerate brethren in the cities who are using tanks. One questioner asked, with indignant flourish, why nuns are not permitted to marry. A brand-new question was this one, referring to Extreme Unction: "Did not St. James mean faith by the word oil?"

There was a temperance lecture on one of the evenings, the very first on record at Miltonsburg. It took well among Catholics and Protestants. A printed slip was handed to each male attendant, containing a ladder with nineteen steps of temperance resolutions. They were asked to climb up the ladder as high as they could without danger of falling, and to return there upon with the record of their climb. The ladder was the invention of the pastor, Rev. T. A. Goebel, and proved a splendid device for promoting sobriety. This mission will prove fruitful in converts. A Methodist lady placed herself under instruction at once, and four or five more were expected to come in later. The pastor is a good convert-maker. He is new to this community; but received twenty-four converts in the small parish of Wheelersburg last year.

GRIFFITH, is a small oil town in the same county of Monroe. Rev. Charles Alfred Martin was chosen to take the place in the Apostolate of Father Michaels, who had returned to parish work after three

and one-half years of good service as a missionary. Coming to Woodsfield to assume his new duties, Father Goebel invited the novice to experiment with Griffith, he agreeing to lend a hand in the mission. The school building was secured, after some trouble, and for six nights the zealous young priests preached to packed houses. On the closing night one of them addressed the overflow on the outside, in the light of a generous full moon, while the other harangued his hearers on the inside. While there were plenty of questions, baptism seemed to be the only doctrine they could argue about. "Immersion only" texts came from the Campbellites every night. There were endless questions showing an observation of every detail of "external religion," from the sign of the cross to "the strait band color the preat wares." One question asked: "Why dose a Cochlic priest say mas in such landwith as Congragion canot understand."

The Campbellites like to be called Christians simply. After the first lecture some one asked: "When you speak of Christians do you mean Campbellites?" It was explained that the Campbellites are Christians, but there are others. Next night came the withering question, "Why do you call Christian people Camellites? I thought camels had humps on their backs." A number of other questions brought down the house: "Why do you call hell purgatory?" "Why do Catholics smoke?" "Why does a priest never have a fight about religion?" The last was a veiled compliment to the missionaries.

A collection was taken up at the end to meet the literature expense; the generous oil people contributed enough to pay the expenses of a half-dozen such missions. One convert is under instruction and five others are considering the step.

SEBRING, O., is a small pottery town in Mahoning County. It has a population of twelve hundred souls, but has not yet reached its third birthday. But few Catholic families have found homes in Sebring. It was thought that there might be single men and women at work there, and that a non-Catholic mission would bring them together. Obstacles blocked the way; but they were all successfully overcome. Chairs had to be hauled from Alliance, four miles distant. Some were loaned by Protestant churches, but were recalled when it was seen that large and enthusiastic crowds gathered at the missions. The sectarian churches put on special services to keep their people at home. A worse obstacle was encountered in the failure of the contractors to get a furnace into the building within the specified time; the Lord, however, came to the rescue, and tempered the wind to the unheated hall. There were very many questions, not a few emanating from ministerial sources. Here is a sample: "Who is authority for the belief that St. Ann is, or was, the mother of God?" In a question preceding this he asked: "What is Rome's idea in keeping her subjects in ignorance of the Bible?" This precious ignoramus, who pleads for a better acquaintance of the Scriptures and who deploras that "Romanist" countries are "hopelessly entangled in ignorance," was actually ignorant of the name of the mother of the Saviour. Such men feel themselves equipped to pass judgment on the mental limitations of Catholics and all foreign countries.

LEIPSIC, O., had its first non-Catholic mission during Thanksgiving week. Seven hundred and fifty persons gathered in the opera house to hear the first lecture. The five succeeding lectures were given in the church. Though there was a shower of questions each night no new discovery in religious thought was made. A minister wrote this: "Recognizing the fact that all men are seeking the same goal, viz., Heaven, do you not consider the several denominations of the Church Militant but mere cloaks, which are laid aside at death for the perfect one, the Church Triumphant?" The Methodist minister gave this: "Is it not a fact that the best Christian civilization is found in the countries where Protestantism is dominant?" He was



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told in answer that it was not a fact, if by Christian civilization be understood, not mere material prosperity but the possession and exercise of Christian virtues. A comparison was drawn between the Mexican Catholic and the American Protestant, the Decalogue serving as a basis. Nearly every count, it will be found, favors the Mexican. This was galling to Anglo-Saxon and Protestant pride. The comparison was displeasing to this particular questioner for still another reason. His people are pledged to give generously to the missions in Mexico, and information of this kind was apt to hurt the cause. He called up the missionary by telephone to tell him that his answer did not please him, and to let him know further that he would investigate a charge of his, that some missionaries in Mexico bribe Catholics by gifts to attend their services. He assured the priest that the Methodist Church, which has set aside \$45,000 for mission work in Mexico, would not for one tolerate such practices among its missionaries. There is more than a suspicion that not a few Protestants are doing that very thing nearer home. The last mission before the holidays was given at Pittsburg. Though this was the fifth mission given in St. Paul's Cathedral district, large numbers of Protestants attended night after night. An immense amount of literature was given out. Father Regis Canevin, the pastor, had a different book to present to non-Catholics each night. These little libraries in so many Protestant homes ought to be productive of much good. The four daily papers gave good notices. At the conclusion of the mission twenty persons gave their names for the convert class, one of them a Jew. This class is now being prepared for baptism by Father Lawrence O'Connell, one of the zealous assistants of the cathedral.