

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Making the Best of It. "A wise man has said that it isn't that we do that counts, but the way we do it; and how true that is," said Mr. Mullaby, "and in how many ways!"

"I heard a man saying only yesterday of another that we both knew that this man didn't go around knocking everything, but was always cheerful, and I couldn't help thinking how true that was of him, and of how it helped him, and how it helped everybody around him."

"He is an able chap, this man, and prosperous. He can do things, and still with him, as it is with so many of us, it isn't so much what he does that counts as it is the way he does it. People take to him and like to deal with him, and he's getting on."

"And as to all the various relations of life, isn't a little favor, graciously bestowed upon us by a man who is giving us all he can, more gratifying to us than a big one given grudgingly or with ill grace? Sure enough."

"Why the way we do it can make dull things gay, turn a trolley car into an automobile and make a scanty or homely board hospitable, and pleasing. I have eaten dinners of the simplest foods that were more delightful far than others of the grandest, because of the finer grace with which the simpler offering was pervaded."

"We are so apt to go wrong about that, for instance; to think that we can't compete with people of a thousand times more means, and so not try. What's the use? We can't do anything with what we've got, why should we try to do anything?"

"A worse mistake it would be impossible to make. Let us not think ill of ourselves, or of our hospitality. True, a mackerel is not a shad, nor is stone china fine porcelain; but is that any reason why we shouldn't make the best of what we have and put a smiling face on it?"

"And ours may in truth be the more enjoyable entertainment. A generous welcome will make mackerel and salmon and turn stone china into ware of Sevres in the taste and fancy of the guest. One need not have a grand dining room with his heart's fire burns bright."

"Let us all take heart. In whatever we may do, it is not what we do, but the way we do it that counts."—The Young Catholic Messenger.

time, talking very little himself, but all the time trying to call the man out, watching every movement, scrutinizing every word, trying to read the motive behind every glance of the eye. His manner, everything, are all letters of the alphabet by which he spells out the real man. I have been in his office when he was measuring a man. It was a great lesson to watch his face as he seemed to read the applicant through and through, weigh him on the scale of his judgment, penetrate to the very marrow of his being, and measure his capabilities and possibilities to a nicety."

After a few minutes' conversation, when the man had passed out, he would tell me just how large that man was, what he was capable of doing, what his future would be, and what were his limitations. And he seldom makes a mistake. I have never known a man to succeed to any extent when he said there was nothing in him, and I have never known one to turn out badly when he indorsed him without reserve."

We all know heads of business houses who work like slaves, who dig and save, and yet do not make much headway, simply because they do not know how to surround themselves with the right men.—O. S. M., in Success.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. BOB'S TRUST.

Bob! Bob-o-b! Robert!" It was mother calling from the back porch, and Bob, who had been cooking up a perfectly glorious plan for the afternoon, left Roy White reluctantly and went to see what his mother wanted. Mother was standing on the porch, dressed for a walk. "Bob, dear, I've just had word that Mrs. Holdbrook has been taken very ill. I must go to her at once, she is all alone, and there is no one to whom she can turn. You will take care of Rose, won't you, Bob? She mustn't go outdoors, so I will have to ask you to amuse her in the house. And, O Bob, do look after the kitchen fire please."

She was gone, before Bob could answer, she was so anxious she did not even say she was sorry that Bob would have to give up his long-looked-for Saturday afternoon, which he could have had to himself. All the spring there had been so much to do about the garden that he really hadn't had a minute to do as he pleased in, and now that old Mrs. Holdbrook had to go and get sick just to spoil his fun. Mother was always trotting off to take care of people that didn't belong to her! He wished she would consider his pleasure sometimes. He went in and banged the door hard, and helped himself to a freshly baked, heavily sugared jumble from a big trayful on the kitchen table.

Rose, who had a foolish seizure of whooping cough (such a foolish disease, Bob thought) was cutting out pictures at the dining room table. She looked quite thin and white for a little girl named Rose, but she looked up happily when Bob entered. "Hi Bobby," she said in her jolly little chuckle. "You has to be my Muvver this day. Hello, Muvver Bob!" Bob had to smile. "Well, kiddie, what do you want to do most of all? Go on cutting out pictures?"

"No, I'm tired of that. What I want to do most is to write a story for the Children's Page 'bout my Moses. You must write it, an' I'll tell you what to write. She is the most cunningest kitten that ever was. She does more funny things than that kitten you read about last week."

Bob went for paper and pencil, which he put down beside Rose, and Moses climbed up beside her to see what was going on. "Suppose you begin the story while I run out and tell Roy I can't go hunting with him this afternoon. Don't stir till I come back, will you, Rose?" "How long?" asked Rose anxiously. "Oh, a minute or two, you can write on the paper, but don't get down out of your chair."

"All right, I won't, honor bright," said Rose and Bob knew she always did what she promised, especially when she said "honor bright." "It's a plaged shame!" said Roy when Bob told him. "Can't you tie her up somehow, and come on for a little while?" "She's as good as tied up now," said Bob, "for she's promised me not to stir."

almost home, then he gave a gasp of relief. The fire was nothing more nor less than the setting sun blazing on the upper windows. He stole softly into the house. There was poor little Rose, her head on her arms. She was talking to herself. "I hope nuffa dreadful has happened to my darling Brother Bob. He said he would come back in a minute, and seem's it it was a long minute, and I know my own dear, big Brother Bob wouldn't go off and leave his little, sick sister all alone—no. Maybe a big bear's ate him. But I can't go to see 'cause I promised 'honor bright.' I've had time to have a whole long nap. Did you, Mose?"

Bob tiptoed softly up behind her and picked her up in his arms. He hugged her hard, and cuddled her and told her wonderful stories with animals in them that barked and mewled and crowed and growled and Rose forgot all the lonely time, and thought her big Brother Bob was the dearest that ever lived. And after that day she was not mistaken, for Bob never forgot his little sister again.—Our Young People.

AMERICAN STUDENTS PRAISED BY POPE.

THEIR SINGING TO BE VERY PLEASANT TO THE HOLY FATHER. The Rome correspondent of the New York Sun, under date of August 17, writes as follows: When the Pope was crossing one of the American pilgrims one day this week he caught sight of Don Lorenzo Perosi, to whom he beckoned and with whom he exchanged a few words. The director of the Sistine choir, looking worried and pale, told the Pope that his aged father was very ill. Perosi had just returned from visiting him in the country, where he had been invited by an anti-clerical rabble in the streets. "I am grieved, Holy Father," said the famous maestro. "I feel ashamed that I am an Italian."

The Pope tried to cheer the young composer. Patting him on the shoulder he said: "Don't work too hard for the coming function; get the students of the American College to sing instead of the choir." This reference was to the celebration of the anniversary of the Pope's occupation in the Sistine Chapel, Mgr. Kennedy, Rector of the American College, remarked that his students were going to sing with the regular choir. Mgr. Don Perosi has been training them for some time in the principles of the Gregorian Chant, and the choir is considered the finest in Rome.

Perosi is a strenuous advocate of congregational singing, or at least of mixed singing. On the day of the Capella Pale all the American students came to Rome from their summer quarters at Castel Gandolfo and occupied special tribunes opposite the choir. Their singing of the credos and other parts of the service was accomplished with great perfection. The Pope congratulated Mgr. Kennedy, saying that the singing reflected the greatest honor not only on the college but on the American Church. The students in the college, who number 100, come from every State in the Union. When they leave Rome their musical training enables them to give some idea of the work of taking a charge of a choir and in the work of hastening the Pope's reforms in church music.

WHAT SOME FRENCH NUNS ARE DOING.

Reading of the seizure of convents in France, one is naturally impelled to ask: What becomes of the nuns? We know that many of them have gone into exile—some to Great Britain and Ireland, some to Islands of Jersey and Guernsey, some to Italy and Spain, and some even to our own country. But there are others who remain in France and what of them? A writer in a London Protestant paper, the Guardian, gives some idea of the lives of such religious under the present French regime. He says that a well-known result of the edict against religious orders was that many convents and monasteries were turned into Government offices, barracks and the like, while others were handed over to private companies to be turned into boarding-houses. At one such convent, now turned into a boarding-house, the writer stayed in Northern France a short time since, when he learned the surprising fact that while the majority of the Sisters went into exile, twenty-five of them divesting themselves of their religious garb, remained behind to do the work of the boarding-house,—to wait on the guests, and minister to their wants and rights, and to keep an eye on what they rightfully look upon as their property although sequestered by the Government. The Guardian's correspondent says:

Each has had some particular task allotted to her, has dropped the name of Sister, and even the Mother Superior (now called the Directress) has remained to manage the affairs. This has been done with the full knowledge of the controlling company and the people. The school is now held in the village instead of in the abbey buildings, and the services are conducted in the chapel adjoining. Should one of the Sisters revert to her garb or behave in any way as a member of a religious order, the abbey would be confiscated for the use of the Government. It is understood that, should the day ever come when the religious orders may return to France, the companies (which now leases it from the State) will hand over the abbey, and the nuns be installed as before. Meanwhile the Sisters, for they are Sisters at heart, walk circumspectly, and the villagers pay them all reverence for the good that has been. In the summer they have some two hundred boarders, bathing or playing on the stretches of golden sands, reclining in the beautiful old-world

garden, or playing tennis; and much of the money obtained is devoted to the upkeep of the fabric. One likes to think of these patient nuns, waiting until they can come in for their own again, and a hopeful aspect of the question is that the villagers are earnestly praying for its consummation.—Sacred Heart Review.

GOUNOD AND THE LITTLE FIRST COMMUNICANT.

The "artistic temperament" is a phrase the connotation of which has come to be something rather unreasonable, eccentric, not to say ludicrously extravagant; but the Gaulois tells an anecdote in which temperament of Gounod—an artist of some celebrity—it will be admitted—is shown to mean a different characterization. On the occasion of a First Communion Mass, at which one of his compositions had been rendered, Gounod was accosted on leaving the church by a friend, the father of one of the youth full communicants. "Master" said he, "let me introduce you to a boy who loves music very much, your music the blessings which he has just received the benediction of an artist."

"My boy," cried Gounod, "I am not worthy to day to loose the latchet of your shoe. You carry God in your heart so 'tis you who will bless me." And, suiting the action to the word the great musician bowed his head and fell upon his knees before the astonished lad.—Ave Maria.

Miracles.

The Ave Maria quotes from Mr. C. Kegan Paul's "Memories" a passage in which he tells how modern miracles had much to do in bringing him into the Church. The cure of a niece of Pascal's seemed to him to be well attested, and a miracle of Lourdes, as wrought upon a friend of his own, came under his notice. He argued from these as follows: "It was not that miracles having been declared in the Bible these later occurrences possible, but that these, properly attested in our own days, and in times so near our own, made the Bible miracles more credible than they were before, adding their testimony to that which the Church bears to Holy Scripture. And it was on the testimony of a living Church that I would accept the Scripture, if I accepted it at all; for surely of all absurd arguments, that of a closed revelation to be its own interpreter is the most absurd."

Archbishop Among His Workmen.

In its account of the commencement of work on the magnificent new Cathedral of St. Louis, The Republic of that city gives this picture of the originator of this great enterprise, and the head of the ancient archdiocese, the democratic Archbishop Glennon: "The prime laborer on this great project is Archbishop Glennon himself. In informal dress, with a large straw hat, umbrella lying discarded on the ground, he may be seen during the hottest part of the day, among the workmen, measuring, overseeing, directing, encouraging, suggesting, laughing generally and informally with his co-workers, who follow out his ideal in the merest detail. Nowhere has the Archbishop any more loyal followers than among his workmen.

"He is never too busy or interested in any detail, but finds time for genial interest in the men themselves. He knows if any have any families, where they live, what their nationality is and can call any one at any time by his name. He is never too engaged for his joke, and no matter what the subject in hand may be, whether it is a knotty problem of the contractor, the builder, or any one of the dozen troubles that arise continually, he gives the solution with traditional Irish humor. In this he always has a generous response, for not a few of his workmen are from the Emerald Isle themselves. A significant feature of the daily work is the fact that almost the entire body of laborers attend Mass before beginning the day.

WHEN YOU ASK FOR SURPRISE A PURE HARD SOAP. INSIST ON RECEIVING IT.

Sure, To be Right. Father Deshayes, writing from Korea recounts the following incident: "I have had the good fortune to find a Christian who was lost among pagans for eight years. Philomena Sze had not abandoned her religion. She prayed daily and on Sunday recited the rosary. Not being able to obtain a calendar, for seven years she abstained from meat lest otherwise she might unwittingly violate the law of the Church by eating meat on Friday.

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