

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

WHO IS A GOOD MAN?

A REMARKABLE ANSWER BY ARCH-BISHOP IRELAND.

The question is asked, Who is the good man? The question has been asked often before; in one form or another it is as old as the instinct of morality in the human soul.

It was put to the Supreme Teacher of morality. The answer given by Him I make my own. None wiser, none more practical, will ever be spoken. "And Jesus answered: The first commandment of all is: Hear O Israel: the Lord thy God is one God: and thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart, and with thy whole mind, and with thy whole strength—this is the first commandment."

"The second is like unto it: Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." To the scribe, who confessed that the observance of these two commandments is "a greater thing than holocausts and sacrifices," Jesus said: "Thou art not far from the kingdom of heaven."

TO DAY AS OF YORE. The essence and the motives of moral goodness do not change with time. They are to day what they were of yore. Hence, to-day, I repeat the words of the Savior and to him who accepts them as the norm of his conduct I say: "Thou art not far from the kingdom of heaven."

The first and chief condition of moral goodness is to love the Almighty God. I am not preaching a sermon; I am talking plain, every day moral philosophy. But moral philosophy, no less than religion, in its higher principles rests upon the Almighty God as its very basis and foundation. This great truth I cannot too strongly emphasize. The lesson above all others needed to-day, when the question of righteous conduct is forced so imperiously to the front, is that of man's duty to the Almighty God. God is forgotten, or at least, is treated as a being with whom we have little concern.

LOVE DUE TO GOD. "Thou shalt love the Lord, thy God." The love due to God is, of course, that affection, earnest love, which transcends mere sentiment and emotion and so permeates the whole soul as to bend into service all its faculties, and to exact from it the full complement of worship and filial obedience. Do what he may, man cannot tear himself from God. Man is by nature a dependent being, the creature of God having from God whatever he is, whatever he possesses.

The good man will be a devout worshipper of the Almighty; he will be a religious man. He will kneel often in adoration and prayer: he will seek out in earnest study the law of the Supreme Master, and will loyally conform to it in his private and social life.

The good man has his duty to himself. Chief among these is the utter clearness of heart, the righteousness of the inner soul. Mere exterior morality is a sham and a pretense. It does not last; it withstands no severe trial. At best it is a hypocrisy, a lie acted out by the man himself, an effort to deceive his fellow men.

CLEAN OF HEART. Clean of heart, the good man will be clean of mouth. Vulgar and obscene language, oaths and blasphemies will never pollute his speech. He will be clean of act, respecting his body as the very handiwork of God. He will be clean of hand, never reaching out to things that are not his by the strictest rule of social justice.

The good man will not be the lazy and indolent servant; he will improve his mind by thoughtful study; he will improve, as circumstances permit, his condition in life, bringing into active exercise the latent talents given to him by the Creator, that they be developed and put to profit. He will be brave in effort; resigned in failure, calm and self-possessed in success.

THU NEIGHBOR. "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." Man is necessarily a social being; he has absolute need of others. Altruism, the love of the neighbor, is imposed upon him by his very nature, and by the author of that nature, the Almighty God. The neighbor means family, society, country.

Say what some will, tolerate as they may, what civil law reluctantly tolerates the indissolubility, as well as the necessity, of the sacramental tie of wedlock remains not only the dictate of the Christian religion, but also the natural and necessary protection of the family hearthstone.

Where the good man lives, true and faithful, benign and forbearing, there is seldom need even of separation; where separation is deemed urgent, it must never be supplemented by the rupture of the marital bond. That he is a good husband and a good father is one of the highest and most commendable of God and men that the good man may ambition or hope for.

AVOID EVIL. The good man's relations with his fellow men, with the social organism will be characterized by absolute justice and charity. "Avoid evil." Do no harm to rich or to poor. Be honest and honorable.

The acquisition of wealth, be it of one dollar or a million dollars, is praiseworthy when it follows upon industry, the use of high talent, the vigilant observation of opportunity. To be poor through slothfulness, wastefulness or willful ignorance is a sin and a disgrace. But, throughout, justice must prevail; nothing must be taken that belongs legitimately to others; no methods must be employed that law or equity reprove. "Avoid evil; do good."

USE OF WEALTH. When acquired, wealth must be put to good use. Let it, indeed, serve in fair abundance the owner and his dependents. Let it be stored up in view of future contingencies. To reduce the use of wealth to mere necessities, to put the rich in this regard on the plane of the less successful, is to eliminate from society the spirit of enterprise, to

mysterious disappearance. Wrangle indeed, showing early signs of a theological mind, attempted its defence. "You see," he said, "it was a woman who brought us all into trouble by taking fruit which she had no business to; and it's only fair to be revenged on the sex by priggish all their apples over since. Besides," he continued, "picking a large green pudding apple from its parent stem, 'it must prick their conscience so whenever they see an apple, it's only charity to take it, if it was a man's own—'"

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. HOW THEY MADE A MAN OF JOHNNY.

By Rev. George Bamfield. CHAPTER XI. CONTINUED.

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The cause of this strange movement was soon made clear to Frank, and again his heart sank, and his newly-born hope fled. Was he not to escape after all?

The madman had waited on the parapet till the next arm of the mill came within reach, and had sprung out on to it. His face, his whole look, were horrible as before, but his voice was silent; he was planning how to catch and murder the boy.

Frank waited anxiously for his ascent to cease. When it did he was considerably higher in the air than the madman, who had been gradually and cautiously moving backwards until he had reached the extreme end of the wood. Even then he was thirty feet from the ground, and Frank, who saw the great distance, hoped that he would not dare to drop from such a height; but the madman hesitated not for a second. Letting himself down till he hung by his hands, he loosed his hold and came to the ground with a heavy thud, and lay there motionless. The arm on which Frank hung was now free to descend again, and his heart beat quickly as he at length saw a chance of escaping from the terrible danger that had been threatening him for the last half-hour. Quickly he let himself down the distance that separated him from the extremity of the sail, till he hung with his arms convulsively clasped round the lowest piece of wood.

He was now as near to the ground as he could be, but he was still some twenty feet from it, and to him it seemed more. Till now the picture of that terrible face had been in his mind, the roaring of that terrible voice in his ears; but now that all these were gone, that was apparently no longer in danger from the madman, and he had such an example of the effect of this dropping before his eyes—his heart failed him, and he was afraid to loosen his hold. Just then his eyes caught sight of his brother and Henry Heatherton returning homewards by way of the mill. He was safe now without a doubt; so he hung there waiting for them, (for he could not regain his former position) his arms getting more and more tired, and his grasp more and more relaxed, until, just as they were beneath him, the excitement and fatigue overcame him, and he fainted and fell. But his brother was beneath, and caught him, and gave way under him, so that they both came to the ground with very little hurt. Then he was carried to the house by this same strong armed brother of his, while Henry Heatherton stayed behind to watch Burton, who had not yet moved. In a short time two men-servants came to his relief, who cautiously approached the prostrate man and turned him on his back, but they could detect no signs of life; he neither moved, nor, apparently, breathed. One night the girls which had pleased most, especially such as had a chorus, were shouted with occasional variations in the tune, and with no variations in the loudness. Another night, with faces blacked, as boys only know how to black them, the young uchiens sat on a table looking solemn, and then bursting into wild laughter at their black solemnity; or while one, alone, two pieces of slaves as black, another beat a stool as representing a tambourine, and the two performed extravagant antics unknown to Moore and Burgess.

On the night of which our history treats they were enacting the doings of a Black Hercules. Johnny, as being the biggest boy among them, was voted to be Hercules himself; and by way of imitating that hero as closely as possible he tucked up his trousers to the knee, turned his jacket inside out displaying a Zebra lining, and armed himself with a huge stick covered with black to represent the club, and one of the Brother's cleaks by way of a lion's skin.

In the midst of all this hard work came to show a bruised finger to the matron and stopped to look and laugh at the fun. "I say, you fellows, you ought to have an audience; why don't you go and show yourselves to Miss Chase next door?"

"Oh! fine," cried Johnny, very proud of his Herculean appearance, "let's see the Hercules himself, and we'll be revenged on the sex by priggish all their apples over since. Besides," he continued, "picking a large green pudding apple from its parent stem, 'it must prick their conscience so whenever they see an apple, it's only charity to take it, if it was a man's own—'"

"Hullo! you young rascals," cried neighbour Collier at that moment, horse-whip in hand, and Wrangle showed how his theological views would affect him if the fruit was a man's by disappearing with miraculous speed over the nearest fence.

Father McReady was much distressed at the account of these doings, and made restitution of baskets of bonny fruit in due season, plumper and finer than any which grew in Susanna's paradise.

"It's a cruelty, Collier, for any one to have fruit trees round a school; I'd cut them all down, if I had the power; or make them pick the fruit before it began to tempt so cruelly."

But it was now only a short time after Christmas, and no fruit-laden branches could possibly account for the unearthly noise which the two sisters heard. "Martha! Martha! it was so. Though you would not believe it, though you knew he was the best and quietest little lamb that ever was, though you averred, forgetting his daily rambles about the streets of Bernonsday, that you had brought him up so carefully and that never was he out of your sight across the threshold of the door for a moment save to school or to church—for all that, Martha, an historian must be sternly true, and your Johnny it certainly was who was now frightening the life, or at least the wits, out of the two sisters with the silver hair."

Johnny had been in the Infirmary, whether it was the result of Martha's peck, or of his share in many parcels from many Nixthas to their sons, was cannot flatly declare, but if it were so it was not wonderful. Marvellous were the parcels which arrived at Thornbury School; indeed, we might state it as a general truth that marvellous are the parcels which arrive at schools. When, as was sometimes the case at Christmas time, the parcels arrived at their journey's end some what thinner than they started, Father McReady declared those who took the contents to be actuated by the purest benevolence, and to be benefactors of his boys. Huge goblets of heavy pudding, mince-meat walled in by impenetrable crust, splashes of window dices, fearful liquids professing to be contrast ointment, especially such as had a butter like unguent; eggs broken, and thickening with their contents a comforter and a pair of gloves; a photograph of Mrs Popwiche, very egg; a pork pie and a prayer-book; such was the parcel which reached the hands of Johnny. We shudder to think of the festival that followed. But Mrs. Popwiche to this day deposes that she had never had a day's illness at home, and that if he was sick it was the negligence of the matron, and the cruelty of his masters.

In the retirement of the Infirmary Johnny, with a few companions afflicted with Christmas colds, or chilblains, acted over again