

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 soul, 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 norms 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, and its higher principles rest 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 fervent, 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 cleanness 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 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 handwork 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.

THE 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 sacredness, 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 rules, true and faithful, honest 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 noblest before God and men that the good man may ambition or hope for.

AVOID ENVY.

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 wilful 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 and 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

smother in the human breast the promptings to hard work and to sacrifice of ease and pleasure.

And in its exuberance wealth must go beyond the owner and the owner's family. It must never be forgotten that society is not without claims upon one's surplus revenue.—Our Young People.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

HOW THEY MADE A MAN OF JOHNNY.

By Rev. George Bamfield.

CHAPTER XI. CONTINUED.

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 mill, till he hung 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 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 arm of 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. They carried him in state to the doctor who was attending upon Frank pronounced the poor madman dead, he had broken a blood-vessel. He still bore the same horrible expression on his face that had terrified Frank so much.

As for Frank he was in bed for a fortnight. His adventure was not pleasant at all times, but he has not the delight which follows on all such troubles—that of telling to open-mouthed listeners the wondrous tale of his adventure in the air.

"Not a bad effort, my son," said Jagers, "for a youthful amateur in literary gymnastics: though portions of it do exceed the bounds of mundane credibility. Oh! you Windmill you, keep your sails still," as Corney shot out both his long arms, not without effect, towards his tormentor's breast.

CHAPTER XII.

TABITHA.

"Oh! Tabitha! what's that?" So spoke Miss Susanna Chase; and the two grey ringlets, that tried mournfully to brighten up her pale face with a gleam of twilight, trembled with more than their common trembling. Tabitha Firm, her widowed sister, some years younger, and with the tearful silver lightly sprinkled over her brown hair by time as it lay, lit her candle at the gas as if in play, lit her candle at the gas with the intention to go forth and see. But a more appalling noise than ever, a rumbling r-sing into a roar, a mysterious twanging, playing weird and farcical accompaniment to the roar, heavy thuds, —yells as of a savage delirium his toe to mortal fight—these mingled sounds of horror were agony to the poor sister's ears and consternation to her hearts.

"Oh! Tabitha, dear!" cried Susan, "don't, don't go out; look out of the upstairs window — or no — perhaps they'll be throwing mud; tell Molly to get a can and throw cold water over them; and let her run for Father McReady; it's those boys again."

It was not an unusual suspicion. The sisters dwelt next door to the Infirmary of Thornbury School; and the restlessness of playful youth is but an ill companion for rest-desiring age. The back windows of Susanna's house looked out upon the Infirmary garden, and the youths, who after some little silent felt their blood bounding with new health, were full of playful acts and jesting speech, which to them seemed innocence itself, but over which Miss Chase shook her warning ringlets and wondered what the world was coming to.

Certainly she was right about her pearls and plums. They were not the property of the boys; and the very mildness of all theologians could not devise argument in favour of their

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, 'tis much sicker their conscience so whenever they see an apple, it's only charity to take it. It was a man's now—"

"Hullo! you young rascals," cried neighbour Collier at that moment, horse-whip in hand, and Wrangle showed how his theological views would fleet 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 degradations, and made restitution of baskets of bonny fruit in due season, plumper and flatter than any which grew in Susanna's paradise.

"It's a cruelty, Conibert, for any one to have fruit trees near 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 noises which the two sisters heard. What could they mean? Martha's opinion 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 Bermondsey, 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, or of his share in many parcels from many Marthas to their sons, we 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 darts, fearful liquids professing to be curative of colds, and covered with a butter-like nungent; eggs broken, and thickening with their contents a comforter and a pair of gloves; a photograph of Mrs. Popwiche, very eggy; 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 the lad 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 the holiday entertainments. 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 urochins sat on a table looking solemn, and then bursting into wild laughter at their black solemnity; or while one rattled two pieces of slate as bones, 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 clerks by way of a lion's skin.

In the midst of all Hardwin came in 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 Hercules appearance, "let's see the Mother of God."

The Blessed Trinity took its throne in heaven looking out over the world beheld the sad state into which man had fallen. The darkness that was spread over the earth, the onward march of the human race to perdition, the absolute way with which the enemy of his children of Adam ruled over what had been intended as an earthly paradise, moved the God-head to pity; and the time being ripe for the coming of the Messiah, the Blessed Trinity decreed to send the Redeemer upon earth.

But where upon earth was she to be found who was worthy of the sublime dignity of being the mother of God? Not in the palaces of the rich could she be found, for the women of rank were given up to the vanities of the world. But in a quiet secluded village of Judea, spoken of by the outside world with contempt, the Blessed Trinity found a virgin praying and beseeching the heavens to open and to send down the Savior that had been promised to redeem the world. And to Mary, accordingly, the Angel Gabriel was sent

serenade her; come along—bring your barjo, Dick, and this stool will do for the tambourine," and grasping his club and snatching up the lid of a large saucepan by way of shield, Johnny led his little companions forth over the separating fence.

It was the terrible noise of these youthful serenades that had alarmed Miss Chase. Being unable to remember at the moment any more appropriate melody, Johnny, putting himself into as tender an attitude as the saucepan lid and the club permitted, was exclaiming aloud "O! I George, tell me if you love me still!" while one of his supporters thrummed on the bottom of a cane chair for a barjo, another beat horribly on his tambourine stool, a third playing the while a Jew's harp, and a fourth discoursing barbarous music on a child's fiddle.

In the midst of all the lurch of the back door was lifted, and the venerable form of Mrs. Firm appeared. Johnny instantly advanced his shield, brandished his Herculean club in air, and began to crouch, to spring, to leap, and to utter most fearful cries, in imitation as he thought of the war dance and the war whoops of the native New Zealanders. Mrs. Firm, who had gone through many shocks in life but had never faced such a sight before, turned and fled, and catching her foot in the door mat fell prone and lay groaning.

As Miss Chase only a child's foot, Johnny might have been tempted to pursue his warlike serenade to still more daring lengths, had not Molly, who had lived as scullery-maid in a boys' school, scratched up a brom with a wary cry of "you cheeky young rascals," beaten down the club of Hercules, and driven the Hercules on indignantly over the palings. Johnny reported that he had pulled up his trousers, for he said feelingly after wards that Molly's broom was prickly on the bare flesh. "George apparently," Jagers remarked, "as represented by Molly, did not love him still."

Though on the night it was to the boys at least all fun, things looked somewhat graver on the following morning. Poor old Miss Chase was sadly shaken in such nervous power as age had left her, and Mrs. Firm, her self still trembling from her fright and fall, thought it her duty to lay the matter before Father McReady. The boys were also up in arms on the subject. The two old ladies had won the good will of the lads. They were kind, and indulgent to boyish weaknesses. If balls got knocked over into their garden, as frequently happened, they were quickly thrown back again without complaint; and the good creatures submitted even to the mysterious disappearance of their fruit with fewer complaints than might reasonably have been expected. Johnny found therefore that his tricks, though the whole school laughed, were condemned as lowering the character of the school; and rumors went round, and were kept from Johnny's ears, of a possible flogging from Father McReady as soon as he had left the Infirmary, or falling this, the boys would make him "run the gauntlet." Neither prospect was cheerful, and in the retirement of the Infirmary Johnny's thought again turned upon escape from school.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE ANNUNCIATION.

The Feast of the Annunciation, which will be celebrated next Wednesday is one of the most glorious festivals of the Church. It is also the commemoration of the most important event that ever took place in the world.

At the time of Adam's sin we all know that a Redeemer had been promised, who was to reopen the gates of heaven to the fallen race of man. During the long ages that intervened before the Angel Gabriel appeared to the Blessed Virgin, the expected of nations had been heralded by the prophets and awaited by the children of Israel as the restorer of their nation to its primitive glory and power. With the exception of the Jews, and only a small part of these, the peoples of the world had become estranged to God, and in their blindness had set up strange gods which they worshipped as the lawful and divine rulers of the world. As the nations had turned away from God so also had they departed from the principles of justice and right-doing. The most repulsive crimes were made light of, so that in the course of time men were praised and held in honor, not according to the noble virtues which distinguish them from the mere animal, but in proportion to the measure by which they outclassed their fellow-citizens in licentiousness and riotous living. Even deluges were set up as examples for the imitation of men, and were reported to be endowed with all the virtues that make even the demons horrible and detestable. To such depths had the nations fallen, and in such helplessness and misery were the race of Adam tottering on the day when the angel came from heaven and announced to Mary that she was to be the Mother of God.

The Blessed Trinity took its throne in heaven looking out over the world beheld the sad state into which man had fallen. The darkness that was spread over the earth, the onward march of the human race to perdition, the absolute way with which the enemy of his children of Adam ruled over what had been intended as an earthly paradise, moved the God-head to pity; and the time being ripe for the coming of the Messiah, the Blessed Trinity decreed to send the Redeemer upon earth.

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to announce that she was to become the Mother of God.

On the Blessed Virgin's answer depended the fate of the entire world. Had she, not obedient to the will of God, refused to entertain the angel-salutation the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity could not have become man; nor could the human race ever have been redeemed by Jesus Christ. But after Mary had become convinced of the nature of the angel's message, she bowed her head humbly, and said: "Behold the handmaid of the Lord; be it done unto me according to thy word."

And from that moment the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity was conceived by the power of the Holy Ghost in the womb of the Virgin Mary; and the word was made flesh.

On the feast of the Annunciation, therefore, we celebrate the most important event that has ever taken place in the world. On this day was made a certainty that which from all eternity had been predicted and which had been promised from the time of the fall of Adam. While in the wise legislation of the Church the feast of the Assumption is no longer a holy day of obligation, it is a great festival, nevertheless, and should be fittingly celebrated by the faithful. On that day which marked the foundation of all her glories and triumphs, the Blessed Virgin will be most ready to dispense her favors. And the faithful will find no sweeter consolation than in praying to the Blessed Virgin under the most glorious of all her titles, "Mother of God."—Providence Visitor.

Manning and the Jesuits.

Wilfrid Wilberforce relates a new anecdote of Father Bernard Vaughan, S. J., and a good one. Father Vaughan had lectured, by request, to a gathering of Nonconformist ministers, and his subject was, "Why I am a Jesuit." At the close of the lecture one of them asked him: "How is it, if the Society of Jesus is as you describe it, that Cardinal Manning disliked it so much?"

"Well," replied Father Vaughan, as though sharing the perplexity of his questioner, "I can only suppose that the explanation is this: Cardinal Manning belonged once to a Jesuit, and when he was conditionally baptized, that peculiar sentiment in his Protestant nature must have escaped the water."

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