

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Man-building More Than Living Getting. It ought not to be necessary to ask a man if he likes his work. The radiance of his face should tell that. His very buoyancy and pride in his work, the spirit of unbounded enthusiasm and zeal, ought to show that. He ought to be so in love with his work that he would find his greatest delight in it; and this inward joy should light up his whole being.

A test of the quality of the individual is the spirit in which he does his work. If he goes to it grudgingly, like a slave under the lash; if he feels the drudgery in it, if his enthusiasm and love for it do not lift it out of commonness and make it a delight instead of a bore, he will never make a very great place for himself in the world.

The man who feels his life-yoke galling him, who does not understand why the bread-and-butter question could not have been solved by one great creative act, instead of every man's being obliged to wrench everything he gets from nature through hard work, the man who does not see a great beneficent design and a superb necessity in the principle that every one should earn his own living—has gotten a wrong view of life, and will never get the splendid results out of his vocation which were intended for him.

The man who does not look upon his vocation as a great unfolding, enlarging, cultivating, educative, elevating process—the results of which could come in no other possible way—has made a very poor guess at life's riddle. Multitudes of people do not half respect their work. They look upon it as a disagreeable necessity for providing bread and butter, clothing and shelter—an unavoidable drudgery, instead of as a great man builder, a great life university for the development of manhood. They do not see the divinity in the spar of necessity which compels man to develop the best thing in him, to unfold his possibilities by his struggle to attain his ambition, to conquer the enemies of his prosperity and his happiness. They cannot see the curse in the unearned dollar, which takes the spur out of the motive. Work to them is sheer drudgery—an unmitigated evil. They cannot understand why the Creator did not put bread ready-made on trees. They cannot see that the best thing in man has ever been developed by the necessity of labor. They do not see the stamina, the grit, the nobility, and the manhood in being forced to conquer what they get. No one can make a real success of his life when he is all the time grumbling or apologizing for what he is doing. It is a confession of weakness.

The Curse in the Unearned Dollar. What a pitiable sight to see one of God's noblemen, made to hold up his head and to be a king, to be cheerful and happy, and to radiate power, going about whining and complaining of his work, apologizing for what he is doing, and deploring the fact that he should have to work at all!

It is demoralizing to allow yourself to do a thing which does not get your approval, if you do it in a half-hearted, grudging manner. There is a great adaptive power in human nature. The mind is wonderfully adjustable to different conditions; but you will not get the best results until your mind is settled, until you are resolved not only to like your work but also to do it in the spirit of a master and not in that of a slave. Resolve that, whatever you do, you will like it; that you will bring the whole man to it; that you will fling the whole weight of your being into it; and that you will do it in the spirit of a conqueror, and so get the lesson and power out of it which come only to the conqueror.

Put the right spirit into your work. Treat your calling as divine—as a call from principle. If the thing itself is not important, the spirit in which you take hold of it makes all the difference in the world to you. It can make or mar the man. You cannot afford grumbling service or botched work in your life's record. You cannot afford to form a habit of half doing things, or of doing them in the spirit of a drudge, for this will drag its slimy trail through all your subsequent career, always humiliating you at the most unexpected times. Let other people do the poor jobs, the botched work, if they will. Keep your standards up, your ideals high.—O. S. M. in Success.

Anticipating Work. When Beecher was asked how he managed to accomplish so much with so little friction, he replied, "By never doing my work twice." Many people do their tasks a dozen times over in anticipation. They waste as much energy in thinking about their work in advance, in dreading it, in wondering how it will turn out, as in actually doing it.

For most of us, the actual day's work would not be so hard if we came to it fresh in mind and body, instead of weary and discouraged from dreading it, worrying about it, and anticipating the troubles which we are likely to meet in its accomplishment. Anticipating our work, doing it over and over mentally beforehand, is fatal to the greatest efficiency. It cuts off a large percentage of our power. Many business men, instead of relaxing completely when they retire at night, begin to plan and perform their next day's work mentally, anticipating in connection with it all sorts of difficulties and troubles which never come. They go to sleep with a troubled, anxious mind, and wearing, grinding, exhausting mental processes go on during sleep. The result is that instead of feeling refreshed and vigorous in the morning, they wake up tired and exhausted.

These men ruin their minds for real creative work, and destroy their ability to grasp opportunities and seize situations efficiently. By constantly anticipating their business, thinking about it out of business hours, they lose that mental freshness and buoyancy of mind which make a man resourceful, inventive and original.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

HOW THEY MADE A MAN OF JOHNNY.

By Rev. George Hampfield.

CHAPTER VIII. CONTINUED.

Dear Rev. Sir,—My boy will reach you on Tuesday by the train due at King's Cross at 3.30. He takes my cheque for your account, which kindly acknowledge.

I wish him put forward in whatever will fit him for commercial life. With his religious knowledge I am fully satisfied, and his conduct is excellent. I find him frail in the higher branches of arithmetic, and of algebra and book-keeping he knows next to nothing. He seems to know as much as he needs in religious instruction, and I wish him to leave off Latin altogether, and give his time to more useful things. Oh what good will Caesar and Virgil be to him in after life? All the Latin I learned at school never earned me a penny.

Mrs. Wipstur is pleased with the boy's looks, but would like to know who dars his stockings, as they were very badly done. Kindly look into this.

Believe me,
Yours very respectfully,
DANIEL WIPSTUR.

"I fear, Placidus, I haven't time to attend to the sound condition of the boy's stockings myself; ask the matron about it, will you? But I am sorry about this Latin: the parents will think they understand the science of education. They mistake cramming for education. You might as well tell a carpenter not to sharpen his tools; that he could not take the grindstone with him to his work. People will not see that Latin is the grindstone of the mind—the sharpener and the softener; that it sends out the man with his wits sharpened for any work; and that, though he may never read a word of Latin afterwards, his life through, he carries the effect of his Latin in the shape of sharpened wits to his desk, or his counting house, or his trades."

"Won't French do as well, Father?" "I don't believe it, Placidus; Latin is the trunk; French is a branch only. But I could talk for hours about the use of Latin—let us go on."

"What's this, Placidus? On my word, a letter from Mrs. Wrangle."

Dear Rev. Father—Convey my love back to-morrow. I am sorry I couldn't send him before. It wasn't the poor boy's fault. He worried me to let him back to time, but I couldn't get his clothes ready, and he was not altogether well, so I wanted him to see Dr. Gregson, who had gone to the seaside.

I thank you Father, very much for what you did for my poor boy. He is quite changed. He's been a comfort to me all the holidays, and he seems so fond of his masters and of your reverence, and says, poor lad, he'd like to be a priest himself. But I tell him it needs a deal of book learning to be a priest, and he doesn't altogether take to his books.

So I give him into your Reverence's hands to do the best you can for him, knowing you'll be as good as a father to him.

I'll send a quarter's money to-morrow by the boy.

Your humble servant,
MATILDA WRANGLE.

"Cornelius Wrangle wants to be a priest!" laughed Brother Placidus.

"Yes, Brother! and do you know it wouldn't surprise me at all if he made a priest and a good one. It is not always the sweetest temper nor the straightest goer, in their childhood that make the best priests. Even if he'd been a bad boy, commend me to repentance for making saints. But Wrangle has not been a bad boy; queer—odd-tempered—mischievous, but he has a conscience, and though he argues with it, he mostly follows it. I like Corney! But I always do like these odd fellows."

"You seem pleased, Father, at the letter you are reading now."

"Well! yes! Placidus, I am glad they are going to send me Joseph Muttelbury at last. Decent people are those Muttelburys, and the lad is a well-behaved boy, not without wits."

"Have they not something to do with Popwiche?"

"Nothing but a terrible feud between the women; Mrs. Popwiche and Mrs. Muttelbury were girls together, and Mrs. Popwiche has a notion that her husband, Michael wanted to have had Mrs. Muttelbury. So poor Mrs. Popwiche has never been able to forgive her old schoolfellow for being prettier than herself. It's an odd world, Placidus, isn't it?"

CHAPTER IX.

JOHNNY DETHRONED.

"Well! Joe, how's Bermondsey?" Joseph Muttelbury had come, and Johnny, as became an "old boy" who had been his neighbor, was playing the patron. They were standing together under the long covered playground, which ensured the boys open air all the year round, without wet in winter or sun-stroke in the summer, and were watching the various fortunes—the splendid kicks—the amusing tumbles—the brave ventures—of a game of football. Here they naturally fell to talking of the masters and boys who were playing.

"Who gave that kick?" said Joseph. A loud shout from the boys proclaimed something unusual, as the ball flew high in air clean over the line of roof that parted the playground from the street. Nor—truth to tell—was the tumultuous joy of the boys diminished by hearing the crash of a window pane in the opposite house. It was in truth a splendid kick, though it could not be allowed as winning the game.

"Oh! that!" said Johnny, "that's Brother Severus, he teaches the fourth form; he'll be your master, I think."

"Will he? What sort of a fellow is he? Do you like him?"

"Yes, pretty well; all the fellows like him. He's awfully severe though; down upon you like a thousand of bricks if he sees you talking in class time; and won't let a boy answer him a single word when he's blowing him up. On! he did give it to young Jagers one day for answering him back—there's young Jagers there, kicking his legs about; he's an odd chap, always using big words—ever since that thrashing Jagers says that he has 'assiduously maintained the most rigorous silence,' when Brother Severus is blowing him up."

"But what makes the fellows like him if he's so savage?"

"Oh! I don't know—he's not exactly savage, you know, only strict, and then he gets the chaps on, and he's such a jolly fellow at games; I don't know how it is, he seems to take interest in you, and all that."

"Who's that quiet Brother this end?" said Joe, "he does not seem to do much."

"On! Placidus, he's a muf, we don't care much about him; he never does anything, that's the best of him; and never waxes a fellow; but the boys don't like him somehow."

"How's that?"

"On! he's a bit of a sneak, he's always telling about us to Father McReady; and he don't play—just look there," as poor Placidus let the football roll tranquilly between his legs, without its occurring to him to close them and bar further progress. But the troubles of Placidus did not end there; the ball bounded back upon him from the wall; a rush was made; Placidus and the ball got hopelessly entangled, and Cornelius Wrangle, flying windmill-like across the play, charged the unhappy Brother; when the battle parted, Placidus lay limp upon the ground, while Wrangle carried the ball triumphantly through the goal.

"Brother Cuthbert's your master, what sort is he?"

"Oh! he's a good master; you can't do what you like with him, he's just the same every day, as regular as clock-work—when his hour comes there he is in school and grinds away at the lesson the whole time; you can't put him in a passion, and you can't trick him, and he's always kind to you. I like Brother Cuthbert."

For a short time the friendship between the boys continued; but as Joseph Muttelbury made his way in the school, gathered his own friends, and established reputation as a lad of some wit, Johnny grew a little vexed that his patronage was no longer so valuable as at first. The friendship grew cooler and cooler; Joe Muttelbury was placed in a higher class than Johnny, and was positively sometimes put over him as a kind of monitor. The old feud sprang up again; and a sort of rivalry began to exist between the two boys. "I Jagers said," the noble citizens of the aristocratic suburb of Bermondsey.

At last one day the smothered flame burst out.

"Joe," said Johnny, who had been loitering on a bench for the last twenty minutes looking at Joseph doing no mean things in a game—"Joe! cut across to the lobby and fetch me my hockey stick." A common request enough, easily complied with without loss of schoolboy dignity; but there was something in Johnny's tone and way that meant more than request.

"Fetch it yourself," said Joseph, flinging himself down, "I'm done."

It was the first instance of rebellion on the part of Joseph, and Johnny looked surprised. He said nothing, but sauntered across, and fetching his hockey stick came back and began to hit Joseph, half play, half earnest, on the legs.

"So you won't go for a fellow's hockey stick, won't you?" said he.

"Now then, drop it, that's enough." But as the hockey stick went on swinging, Joe clutched it and held it fast.

"Leave my stick alone," cried Johnny.

"You leave me alone, you bully!" and the boy's eyes meant war as he spoke.

"You'll call me bully, you cheeky young beggar, will you? do you remember that thrashing I gave you in Breeze-or's Alley?"

"Talk of thrashing! where are the marks of the warming my mother gave you afterwards?"

"Your mother, the old—but Joseph was up on the instant, his breast heaving, his eyes raining tears, and his fists doubled fast.

"Drop the stick, and I'll fight you," he said.

Would that we had not to chronicle so undignified a squabble! but what is history without truth? We are telling of no fictitious boys; no Homeric heroes in a fancied school; but of real every-day English boys; and we are bound to record the petty wrangle and the schoolboy fight.

"Hullo!" said Wrangle, "here's a lark; go it, Johnny!" and spite of his good resolutions, and his desire to be a priest, poor Corney was soon actively engaged in encouraging Popwiche to the fray.

It seemed an unequal match. It was true that the boys had fought before in the streets of Bermondsey, and the battle had ended in a crushing defeat for Muttelbury. From that day the superiority of Johnny had been an acknowledged thing. Even without the sense of former failure to discourage, Joseph did not look equal to the

fight.

He was younger by a few months than Johnny, spare, light, of delicate complexion, and small-limbed Johnny was sturdily put together, taller and heavier and encouraged by a sense of certain success.

But both boys had grown older since the childish fight in Bermondsey, and the character of both had been forming as they grew. Johnny had been running idly about the streets; Joseph had been under training, and the training of his mind told even in a schoolboy fight. When the first passion was over which Johnny's sneering mention of his mother's name had raised, he became self-possessed and cool. His face was set and very pale—growing paler and more set as the fight went on and the crowd of boys gathered. At first things went against him; Johnny flung himself upon him with a dash which Joseph was too weak to bear—drove him back, and dealt one or two fierce and bruising blows upon the pale set face. But Muttelbury kept calmly on and Johnny's dash began to wear away. He was panting and confused, and somewhat disheartened at resistance which he did not expect; and at one of the pauses he heard the name of "Muttelbury" murmured among the bystanders with evident approbation. At last Muttelbury began even to drive Johnny back, and amidst a shout of applause dealt a blow home into Johnny's face which sent him staggering among his schoolfellows. Then from the pale set face looked paler still, and more determined, Johnny, confused by the blow, annoyed by the shout, lost his self control. Dashing wildly at Muttelbury he put his head down, and worked his fists over his head without seeing where they fell.

"Hold up your head! stupid!" cried Wrangle, but in vain.

"Now, Muttelbury, you've got him," said Jagers, forgetting for once his big words; "hold yourself up and hit under!" And Joseph gathering himself together put his whole strength into an upward blow which drove Johnny to hold up his head for an instant, and display a face streaming with blood and conscious of defeat.

"Brother Placidus! look out!" cried one or two voices; and in a minute the crowd of boys had scattered.

"Oh! Placidus!" said Father McReady coming quickly up, "where have you been; how is it you never see anything?"

And Johnny said afterward that if Brother Placidus had not come up he would have given it to Joseph; but the boys all said that Johnny had got the worst; as a matter of fact Johnny

never told Muttelbury to fetch his sticks again; and when the boys laughed at him, and asked him if he wanted another fight, he did not accept the challenge; and Joseph was silently crowned king instead of Johnny, much to poor Johnny's discontent.

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