## CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

**Do Not Decide Important Questions When Discouraged.**

I have often heard people in mature life say, "If I had only kept on as I had begun, if I had only persisted in carrying out my ambition, I might have amounted to something and been infinitely happier."

Multitudes of people have led miserable lives of regret, with thwarted ambitions constantly torturing them, simply because, in a moment of weakness and discouragement, they turned back.

I know a number of talented young men who went abroad to study music or art, and who returned home when they were discouraged and homesick, only to regret it ever since.

I have seen medical students with great enthusiasm, who became so disheartened by the drudgery in anatomy and chemistry and the revolting sights in the dissecting room, that they left college with disgust and went home, only to despise themselves ever after for not having the pluck to go far enough to know whether they were really fitted for a physician's career or not.

Young men often go to law school with the idea of becoming great lawyers, but, in trying to wade through Blackstone and Kent, they get completely discouraged and drop their studies, feeling that they are not cut out for lawyers.

Boys who have never been away from home before sometimes go to college and decide, during a fit of acute homesickness, to throw up the whole thing and return home. They usually feel humiliated ever after for their cowardice and weakness.

How many boys have gone back to their country homes from the city be cause of homesickness or discouragement, when, if they had held out a little longer till things brightened up, their whole careers would have been changed!

How many young writers and artists, and young people learning trades, have given up in a moment of discouragement and gone into vocations against which their whole natures rebelled, and did not change later be cause they were afraid of being laughed at, or were not sure enough of themselves, or did not have sufficient confidence that they could hold out and would not give up again!

If there is any time a person needs nerve, grit, and stamina, it is when tempted to turn back, when the coward voice within says, "Don't you see how foolish it is for you to try to do this thing? You have not the means nor the strength. How foolish to sacrifice years of comfort and pleasure at home among the people who love you for the sake of doing what you have undertaken! It is better to turn back and acknowledge your mistake than to go on and sacrifice so much."

Whatever you do, or how heavy the burden, do not lay it down at such a time. No matter how dark the way, or how heavy the heart, wait until the "blue" depression or the discouragement has passed before taking any decided step.

An important decision requires your best judgment, your soundest, clearest vision, your best sense. You cannot afford to make a turning point in your life when the world looks dark and everything looks distorted to you. The turning point in your career, the great decision should be made when you are at the top of your physical and mental condition.

Never take any important step in life, or make a serious decision, when you are "blue," or depressed, because your mood will warp your judgment.

When one is suffering with great mental depression or discouragement he is likely to take almost any step which will afford temporary relief, regardless of the greater ultimate good.

Men are sometimes tempted into bankruptcy while suffering under some great temporary discouragement, when they might have pulled through and succeeded if they had only held on.

People sometimes commit suicide under acute suffering, even when they know that their trouble is only temporary and that they are sure to get relief. It is impossible, while suffering, to get the right perspective, to see things in their right relations. We cannot use our good sense, our better judgment, or a fine discrimination, when tortured on the rack of physical or mental pain.

It is a very difficult thing to be an optimist and to use good judgment in our decisions when hope is shut out of our vision, when everything looks dark and discouraging. But it is under such circumstances that we show the stuff we are made of.

The real test of a man's ability is shown in his power to stick to his task when everything goes wrong, and when his friends are trying to persuade him to give up, and telling him what a fool he is to try to go on when "fate is against him."

Inventors, discoverers, and most men who have accomplished great things in other fields, owe their success to the fact that they persisted when others gave up, kept going when others turned back, kept struggling on when there was no light or hope ahead.—Success.

**"Just Set."**

A man who does not like work very well was asked how he managed to spend his time. "Well," he said "some days I just set and think, and other days I just set."

A great many people "just set" without thinking. Mental laziness is fatal to all growth. Many people never think down deeply into any subject. They just browse around on the surface. They never have trained themselves to concentrate vigorously, to hold the mind tenaciously upon one subject; their thinking is of the hop-skip-and jump order. This desultory surface-mulling sort of brain-action is not real thinking. To really think, we must focus the mind upon one subject and hold it there.

One reason why the majority of people lead such superficial lives is because their minds are not trained to think deeply and broadly. They do not go far enough into subjects to get a comprehensive view of them. Their thinking is so superficial that their whole lives are shallow.

It does not matter how good a brain one has, before it can accomplish any thing worth while, it must be trained until concentration becomes an automatic habit. One of the great advantages of a college course is the training of the mind to think logically and deeply.—Success.

## OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

### HOW THEY MADE A MAN OF JOHNNY.

By Rev. George Bampfield.

CHAPTER III.

FREEDOM.

"I say, Spider, come along—let's go for a walk."

It was our friend Johnny who spoke. He had been a week or two at school, and the first agonies had passed away He no longer pushed his food from him at meals, nor bedewed his pillow with rushing torrents of tears, nor stood sulking in a corner of the play ground. He began to mix—a little timidly perhaps — in the games, hanging on the outskirts and watching for sly kicks at the football if ever it got away from the rush of the boys.

School was beginning already to try and make a man of him. It was teaching him that his own home was not the whole world, nor he himself the only being in it; and that instead of narrowing all his thoughts upon his little self, he had better fling them abroad upon others and live as part of a body.

Indeed he found he had to live as part of a body whether he liked it or not. It was very odd, but nobody attended to his whims; at home they always did. When others went to school, he must go; what others learned, that he; what others eat, he also; the same rules, the same order, the same restraints pressed upon him as upon others, and a quiet force of law and order forbade him to do exactly as he pleased.

This was the sore point with Johnny. "Why can't they let a fellow do as he likes? At Bermondsey I always did; this horrid old place isn't like Bermondsey." The wildest freedom! Not to be checked! not to be controlled! not to have a law here and a law there; a bound here and a bound there; but to do as he liked, where he liked, and at what hour he liked— this was his happiness; better than learning: better than comfort; better than money; better even than good food Wild freedom! Rags and dirt, bare feet and hard living, were all bearable with that.

And it was in this thirst for freedom that Johnny said "I say, Spider, let's go for a walk."

Spider was not the real name of Master Cornelius Wrangle. At home they would have been shocked to hear it. He had grown quickly; and a long lean body, with long lean arms not yet quite in proportion, ending in very long and very lean fingers, which were always restless, wandering hither and thither as if to lay hold of something, had given his school-fellows an idea that he was like a spider. He was not perhaps the friend Father McReady would have chosen for Johnny. He was not a bad boy, and yet always in trouble. If anything went wrong in school—not wicked, but mischievous and troublesome, ungenerous and little—Cornelius Wrangle's name infallibly appeared among the culprits: he was not good, rather than bad; not horribly idle, yet talking and laughing at his class half the day; not exactly a liar, yet never answering a question straight; not passionate, yet odd in his temper; he was a puzzle: he seemed without good points, so that there was nothing to lay hold of and work upon.

However, Master Corney had lately tasted of punishment, and he made a wise answer to Johnny's invitation; "Don't be a fool, Johnny," said he, "you'll get in a row."

"Row!" laughed Johnny, "not I; oh! come along Spid, you're used to tannings by this time, you know. I can't stick in this horrid old ground any longer. I want to go out and see the town. Come Spiddy! spin along, my boy."

But Master Wrangle was in one of his good fits. "It won't do, Popwich;" said he, "I've been longer at school than you, and I tell you it won't do, and it isn't right; I've had enough of rows."

"Not right, Corney! I always did it at Bermondsey, and father never said much."

"So much the worse for your father," said Wrangle with much solemnity, "and a pretty mess he's made of it. If I were your father, you'd catch it now and again, my boy."

"You!" said Johnny, with the blood hot in his cheeks, and his blue eyes on fire, "you you great long thing! I should like to see you give it me! you Tower of Babel, you! you speak of my father again, that's all!" And in a fit of virtuous indignation, feeling himself very good, he passed out of the gate with a crowd of singers, who were going to the Church to practise.

"Hallo! Popwich, you in the choir!" said the gatekeeper; "Just joined it," said Johnny calmly, and following the choristers a little way, he turned down a side alley and was free.

Securing a few suckers at Mother Possit's, he enjoyed the fullest luxury of his well loved liberty. He stood at the pond throwing stones at the ducks; he looked on at ragged urchins playing cricket on the green, not unwilling to join it had he been asked; he watched the militia at their drill, mocking the word of command from a safe distance; he held a horse for a few minutes, earning another penny for sherbet at Mother Possit's; and finally, with hands in pockets, lounged down the street from shop window to shop window, reading the songs in the Penny Songster, staring at the great doll in the barber's, coveting the marbles in the toy shop, and making the street ring with his careless whistling as he walked on: the luxury of "nothing to do" and freedom was at its height. So lounging he came at last to the Railway Station, and here was a banquet spread for the idleness of the eyes. The bookstall, the advertisements, the trains coming in and going out, the people, the porters, the luggage, the engine; never was human drone-bee so happy, as he wandered from flower to flower, sipping the honey from each.

"Want a job, boy?" said one of the porters, "here, carry the parcel for this gentleman."

"Oa! yes" said Johnny, looking up to the passenger who had just stepped out of the train.

"Why! little Popwich!" said the gentleman, "what are you doing here?" It was his master, Brother Severus, whom Johnny supposed safe in school! Very ruefully, with eyes cast down, and sniffing slightly at the nose, did Johnny go up the hill, side by side with his capturer.

"Oh! please, Sir," said Johnny, in answer to questioning, "Brother Cuthbert sent me down, Sir, to meet my mother; she's coming by the train, Sir, poor father's very ill; Cornelius Wrangle said he was sure you wouldn't be angry."

"That will do now," said Brother Severus—when we get home, I will ask Brother Cuthbert."

But Johnny escaped. Father McReady had a merciful rule that new boys should not be punished. Give them time, he urged, to get into the spirit of the place and learn its rules. He talked to Johnny, spoke of home, told him how vexed his father would be, and how he would not be let off a second time; and Johnny shed many tears, and pretended to shed more, and left Father McReady's room proclaiming with many words that he would be good. "I say, Spinner," said Johnny to Cornelius Wrangle, whom he met at the bottom of the stairs as he came away—"I say Spinner, I'm not for this place long. I shall cut it."

Had Johnny been able to be in two places at once, he would have heard Martha Popwich sobbing at the same time to her spouse. "Popwich, I tell you I can't live without that boy, I see him in my dreams; I didn't think, Popwich, when you led me to the Altar, that I was going to be robbed of my very flesh and blood, and made a slave to Susan Muttlebury. Don't tell me! if my blessed Johnny isn't here this moment, it's all along of them Muttleburys."

CHAPTER IV.

ST. GEORGE'S DAY.

As time went on Johnny began to see more and more spots of blue among the dark clouds. After all there were some pleasant things at school. Let us describe one of Johnny's happier days at Thornbury.

A splendid spring morning; Johnny had been playing a sort of tennis, not after the strictest rules, with two or three chosen comrades—what a shame it seemed to go into school on such a day! "Oa! Brother, St. George's day! don't you think Father McReady would give a holiday?" "Oh! Brother, yes—and Brother Aloysius just made a priest!" "Yes, and the Examiner said we passed very well." "Yes, and it's my birthday," said Cornelius Wrangle, with much solemnity: and with a general laugh, and a "Bravo Spid," the boys submitted to their fate and marched into school.

Our hero had special reasons for objecting to school that day. Whatever were Johnny's good qualities, industry at lessons was not one of them. "Oh! I can't," he used to say; "Oh! bother it, come along then, let's try;" but, as he said the words out would come a knife, and he would be deeply interested in one of his nails, which he was always paring and biting, and touching up as if it were a work of art

"I say, Popwich," warned the faithful Wrangle, "you'll get in a row, there's only five minutes."

Then would Johnny get his knowledge ready at his fingers' ends, writing with pencil much learning on nails, or fingers or palm, so that his hand became a perfect Westminster Abbey full of the names of the illustrious dead, or a fleshy Atlas inscribed with the capital towns of European countries.

"You'll get them in a mess," said Corney, "it won't do"

"No, I won't," persisted Popwich, "it's all right—my first finger's Prussia, because she's the leading card nowadays; and my little finger's Italy, because she's weak and no good; and my thumb's England, because she stands apart from the rest like, being an island."

"And your palm," said Corney.

"Oh! my palm's Russia, because she's so big and holds all she can get."

However, when Popwich came to class, the countries did get mixed. "Capital of Prussia?" said Brother Cuthbert?

"Copenhagen," cries Johnny, getting hold of the wrong finger.

"Fold your arms," said Brother Cuthbert; and then Johnny, being unable to read his fingers' ends, placed Madrid in Hungary, and Constantinople on the river Rhine.

And so it had come to pass that on this beautiful spring day of which we write, Johnny was either to say a thoroughly good lesson, or be presented to Father McReady as worthy of severest bodily punishment for incorrigible idleness. Already he was breaking down, and Brother Cuthbert was lecturing him on his evil ways before sending his name to Father McReady, when—with stern countenance and cane in hand—in walked Father McReady himself.

There was dread silence in the school, and the boys had melted noiselessly from their classes to their desks.

"Boys," said Father McReady, "I have come to speak to you on a matter which you will all think of much importance, and with which nobody can deal but myself." The silence became very deep.

"Several of you lately have been reported to me as not being any better than you should be;" (many faces, especially of the really good boys, looked blank at this awful charge—Johnny put on an expression of immaculate innocence,) "of many of you, I have been told that your lessons might have been better said. Although the Examiner has, in his kindness, spoken well of you, yet I am not satisfied; we must do better. When midsummer comes we must pass a better Examination than we ever passed before. Are we agreed to this?"

"Yes," cried they all, Johnny being especially loud.

"Very well, then," said Father McReady, "I have only one thing more to say. I do not wish to be hard on any boy, or compel him to do what he does not like; so that if there is any boy who particularly wishes to-day, being St. George's Day, and a bright, lovely morning, to spend it in study in this schoolroom for the Midsummer Examination, he has my free leave to do it; but if there happens to be any boys who would prefer being in the open air and playing"—but then there came a shout, and a yell, and a rush, and a scramble, and a loud hurrah—such a sudden change from consternation to joy, such a relief of anxious little hearts, such a careering about of little frisky limbs, such an unchained chattering of wild tongues, such frantic chases of each other, such mock battles between loving friends, such a tumult of freedom—that I suppose under heaven there could be no better picture of uttermost joy.

TO BE CONTINUED.

### THE PRIEST AS A BUSINESS MAN.

The proportion of financial failures amongst Catholic pastors is smaller than amongst any other class of business men the world over.

I have heard people from time to time grow merry at the expense of the priest financier; but I have seen lay management tried and I have frequently seen it given up in disgust, and even while it lasted it was the priest himself who had to go out and raise the money for necessary expenses The methods and principles of ordinary business are not applicable to conditions in which the obligation to pay is binding only in conscience.

The average amount of business done annually by the pastors of the country reaches a surprising array of figures. In this age of brick and mortar there is much to do in the building-line, and provision must be made for future contingencies as well as for present needs. The penny-wise and pound-foolish attitude will not do. The pastor must be broad enough and far sighted enough to lay the foundations for future growth. To do this he must sometimes burden the present generation with debts, but he is noted the world over for his ability to pay debts. The credit of the Church everywhere throughout the country is of the highest order, and this fact alone is no mean tribute to the man whose methods and labors have made it so.—Rev. J. T. Roche in 'The Business Side of Religion."



### HOW THE CHURCH FOSTERS IGNORANCE.

The daily increasing intercourse between China and foreign nations will lend present interest to the following item taken from an English newspaper in 1878:

"A gigantic compendium of Chinese literature, comprising nearly 6,000 volumes, has been purchased by the English Chinese Secretary of Legation at Pekin, Mr. Mayers, on behalf of the authorities of the British Museum. This extraordinary compilation was prepared under the auspices of the Emperor Kung Hi, and was printed with a font of movable cast type cast for the purpose under the direction of the Jesuit missionaries, the work begin finally issued in A. D. 1725 1726, in the ensuing reign. This vast storehouse of information will now for the first time be made accessible to scholars."

Not being conversant in this year of Grace, 1907, with Chinese literary matters, the present writer will venture only on one comment, which he thinks should be made for the benefit of garulous anti Catholic writers such as the average Methodist editor, frequently doubtless a well-meaning person, but unfailingly an "ignormus" when matters Catholic are concerned.

The comment is simple. If the Catholic Church naturally fosters ignorance, how explain the wonderful zeal for the diffusion of knowledge shown in this instance by its Jesuit missionaries in China?—Brief Catholic Comment.

When we ourselves are in trouble, do we turn to the light and flippant companions who made us merry on a summer's day? Do we not rather take our sorrows to some strong and sympathetic soul whom we know to be living true to God and to his own better self?