

## CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

A Man Has Failed Though Rich.

When he is coarse in his manner and brutal in his instincts.

When he is constantly reminding others that the brute still lingers in him.

When there is evidence of mental poverty in his conversation.

When he radiates soul poverty.

When he is a moral pauper.

When he does not carry a higher wealth in his character than in his pocketbook.

When he is narrow and bigoted in his opinions.

When he is living a mean and stingy life so far as his charities and magnanimity are concerned.

When he has fed others on hopes instead of on adequate salaries or just dues.

When he does not in his prosperity help those who helped him in his adversity.

When he goes on the principle of getting all he can and giving as little as possible.

When he carries about his business a vinegary face instead of a sunny one.

When he has not enriched the lives of others and made the world a little better for living in it.

When he has not helped to push civilization a little higher.

When he over-emphasizes dress and pleasure—gives them his first thought, his best time.

When his wealth has left others poorer.

When he has robbed another of opportunity; when, in amassing his wealth, he has cramped, dwarfed, or minimized another's chance.

When his career has not an upward as well as an onward tendency.

When he has piled up books, paint ings, and statuary with his wealth, but is a stranger among them, knows nothing of their meaning.

When his soul has shriveled to that of a miser and all his nobler instincts are dead.

When the best part of him has gone to seed.

When his highest brain-cells have gone out of business and he only lives in the base of his brain, down close to the brute faculties.

When his wealth is obtained at the sacrifice of character.

When he has never wiped a tear from a sad face, never kindled a fire on a frozen hearth.

When there is a dollar in his pocket dishonestly gained.

When the blood of youth or orphans or spoiled years of precious lives and lost opportunities of others stick to his millions.

When he works his woes up into fun.

When he has made his life a tragedy.

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## OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

HOW THEY MADE A MAN OF JOHNNY.

By Rev. George Bamfield.

CHAPTER XVIII.

SWEET, SWEET FACE.

"Nonsense! old fellow! they must give it you, and if they don't, they ought, that's all. Get it! why I who else should?"

"I hope I do, Joe," said Johnny, taking Muttiebury's arm with all the right of friendship, "it will please Dad so—the first prize I ever got, and I suppose the last now."

They were a pleasant pair to look upon—the two main youths—as they paced lovingly together up and down the covered playground; pleasant from the well-knit limbs, and the strong life that showed upon their features; pleasant from the curling hair and bright eye; pleasant still more from the character which shone out upon their faces, the open truthfulness, the courage, the goodness, the love of all things lovable, the earnest thoughtfulness which was yet not too grave for youthful fun.

Yes, Corney had managed to "rear" Johnny, as he had put it, and a "fine lad" he had turned out to be. The illness had been the turning point, and the quiet weeks of recovery in which he had looked back upon the past and onward to the future with many a prayer and resolution, and in which Corney's steady buoyancy of heart had got hold of the lad and gripped him in a bond which was not again unloosed.

Dear old Corney! we shall not see him again as Cornelius Wrangle. He is coming to the playground now towards the pair, and both have stopped and turned with a cry of "Here comes good old Richard!" or some such words, for it is now a year ago that Wrangle became "Brother Richard."

"Why Richard?" Johnny had asked.

"Oh! I don't you know? Down in Sussex where I came from they still talk of S. R. of Chichester—I don't mean Catholics only. You know he was one of those saints who worked over so many miracles. He was very good to the poor, and fond of going about his diocese to look after people; and they show a bridge over the river that same river I told you about when you were sick—where S. R. and fed a lot of poor people with a miraculous draught of fishes that he had brought together there. I've often stood upon the old bridge and thought about him. He is one of the saints I've come to know and try to make a friend of."

Very popular was Corney, and every boy was glad that he was not going away.

"Cornelius Wrangle," said Jagers, with much solemnity, "now that you are about to be lifted to that sublimer sphere which virtue wins for you, suffer an unworthy comrade to felicitate you on an unblemished career, which—"

"Look here! you old humbug!" laugh'd Corney, "when I'm Brother Richard, if you talk that rubbish to me, look out for a hundred lines."

Corney in his "sublimer sphere" did not forget the boy he was "rearing," and it was partly by the skill which his honest love gave him that Joseph Muttiebury and John Pymich became the fast friends which they are now as they watch him coming up the playground. Johnny had indeed improved. A clever boy, he had added work to ability since his illness, and had drawn himself forward little by little till he was in the opinion of all level with Joseph Muttiebury. He had risen strangely in the opinions and the hearts of his school-fellows, who had given back Johnny his throne without deposing Joseph. The two reigned side by side. There was no thought of jealousy between them. Joseph had carried off all the prizes till now, but to-day, which is their prize-giving day, Joe is the truest of them all in owing that Johnny had won the race, and that the prize must in all justice fall to him.

Not indeed that master Popwisch had quite given up his old tricks—of that we shall shortly have proof—or was no longer a schoolboy. Were it possible to chronicle all his school career we should have to describe another fight. Still that was in a good cause—in pulling a little fellow out of the clutches of the thick-skinned Hardwin, bigger and stronger than him, and the marks of defeat which he bore about him for some time after were so many martyr's wounds in the eyes of his fellows. In fact they had straightway raised him to the peerage under the title of "Plucky Pop!" Boy he was still, but his boyhood was beginning to ripen into a manhood that bid fair to be strong.

"Come along, you two," said Brother Richard, "we've got to get the school in order. The Bishop will be down in an hour or two, and the room isn't half tidy. Wake up, Mischief!"—(now Mischief was one of his names of endearment for John)—"don't be lazy."

"Who are you calling Mischief?" said Johnny with more good humor than good grammar. "Here, Joe! I means you: come along," and in another moment the three friends were hard at work, arranging flowers, straightening pictures, and doing the thousand and one things which on such occasions are likely enough to be forgotten when everything has been remembered.

A great day of course at Thornbury. As elsewhere, was the prize-giving day. To the boys, prize-winners or not, it was a day of days, for it told of freedom from work, of liberty and home, for some little time at least, short though it might be. But besides there was the care—in part also the fun—of the "Academy" itself, by which learned word was meant the display of their powers in music, in speaking and in acting, which they were to make before parents and friends from afar.

To-day the splendor of the prize-giving was to reach the highest height of all, for was not the Bishop himself to be there, and the prizes would be something more than prizes, being given by such hands. For weeks all had been hard at work getting ready for the Academy, and a great Academy it was to be.

"John," said Brother Richard, as they were working in the schoolroom, "do you know your Greek piece?"

"I think I do," said Johnny, "it's nothing much, you know, but laying into you fellows. Won't I give it to you, that's all?"

"Oh! said Joseph, 'I shall put some copy books up my back, if you're going to be mischievous."

Take care, Pop, my son," said Richard with a fatherly look of warning at Johnny; "you'll be getting into a row, I see."

In the piece of broad farce which the three young men had to act from Aristophanes, was part of Johnny's duty to give blows with a good heavy whip to Richard and Joseph in turn, and it was a duty which his nature inclined him to do with zeal.

Father McReady delighted in the Greek piece and he would always have a scene from them mostly indeed from the tragedies. "Yes, Outhbert," he would say, "there is nothing like it for bringing out a boy's wit, and making him throw himself into his author. He may puzzle his brains over his contrivances or go reading stupidly on, and very little of the poetry—the grandest poetry in the world outside the Scriptures—will ever get into him; but let him have to speak aloud the words the poet writes, and to fancy himself the person whom the poet pictures, and unless he is a dunce indeed, he must catch something of the poet's fire, and both improve his imagination, and learn how to use words. And I take it that it is as needful to educate the imagination as to train the reason."

Among the boys was one who had been born for music and drawing, a delicate lad, and for study or hard work, but able to do what he pleased with the paint brush and bring de lightful music out of any instrument that came into his hands. "A perfect band in yourself, my son," laughed Jagers. "You'd have made a grand fortune as bandmaster to King Nabuchodonosor." So at little rest, and with the pleasure of making happy the poor sick lad, Father McReady found him self furnished with scenery for his Greek pieces; rough rocks on which Prometheus could be chained, or temples in which suppliants could take refuge, all from the same tasteful hand.

Poor lad! his days were to be few on earth, but he lived on, and it will be long before the school can forget him.

Latin was a trouble to the Academies. "I suppose we must be content with Plautus again, Plautus, mustn't we," said Father McReady.

"His pages are at least more fit for boys than that wretched Terence. I wonder why Rome never had a poet—Oh! yes! I know, Plautus; your country-loving Virgil, and your song-singing Horace; sad copyists both, and at their best mere dwarfs beside the giant Greek; about as like them as a poodle is like an organ."

An attempt was always made at the Academy to have something original, something from the school itself, at the Midsummer Academies. One poor delicate lad should paint a new scene; the musical talent of the school was called upon for a new song, or a little piece for the string band, or something at all events which the guests would never have heard before; or again a young author, with Father McReady somewhat behind him, would be writing a prize poem or putting together some slight dramatic sketch for his fellows to present.

Of such kind was the feast provided for the guests when at last the hour struck for the Academy to begin, and the Bishop had taken such chair of state as Thornbury could give him, supported by Lord and Lady Cranke, some few of the townspeople, and a good sprinkling of parents and friends of the boys. Beneath the platform which served for a stage stood the table of mystery which was laden with hidden prizes.

The Academy began, according to tradition, with a band piece, not too loud for the Thornbury school, and the boys played, as they played to-day, in perfect time and tune. The singers who followed sang well, and all went happily till cur here came out with his two companions for the Greek piece.

Johnny was in the highest of spirits. A report had got about, true or untrue—and it is strange how secrets do leak out in more places than Theosophy—that Popwisch's name was down for a library of prizes; and Father McReady had been "looking roses" at him as the poetical Jagers put it; and though poor Michael Popwisch had to stick to his work, Mrs. Popwisch had come down in all her Sunday glory, and was sitting by the side of Joseph Muttiebury, both women anxious to hear their children talk Greek. Johnny was full of fun; and there was a twinkle of mischief in his eye, as he grasped the magnificent whip which he bore that he might try which of his two companions was a god and could therefore feel no pain. Very fond was Muttiebury, not full of an almost reverent affection for Corney, and yet not for the life of him could he stop himself from laying on the whip in good, sound earnest on the back of each in turn. Of course, in the presence of the Bishop and the nobility of Thornbury neither of the victims could show his emotion too strongly, and the smothered cries and the shoulder-shrugging of each made the scene one of the most perfectly-acted scenes ever witnessed on any stage. The applause was tremendous; even the Bishop who was a great lover of Greek, but by no means a lover of acting, being unable to hide his amusement.

"Look, Susan," said Martha Popwisch, with high glee, "how naturally your dear boy does it. He waxes and shrugs as if he really felt it."

"You may say that, Martha; and how your Johnny lays it on! The part seems to fit him. Well, I never thought Greek would be so easy to understand."

The spirit of mischief once awake in Johnny could not be put to sleep, and his next chance of practising it was in the English piece. This was a regular little play—supposed to be



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TO BE CONTINUED.

## WHAT ONE ITALIAN PRIEST DID.

People who are yearning for better social and political conditions and get no further than yearning, would do well to read "One Man and His Town," in the January McClure's.

A mile from the town of Sanctor, in the Pennsylvania mountains and but a few miles from the famous Water Gap, in a region of slate-quarries and rich, productive farms—the Moravian county—lives an Italian priest in a real Italian town. The priest is the Rev. Pasquale de Nisco, and his town is Roseto named after Roseto in the Italian province of Foggia, from which most of the early settlers came.

Father de Nisco came to Eyseltan Town when it was the terror of neighboring villages and the despair even of the Catholic Church.

I asked Father de Nisco where he had broken in for betterment—what was the very first thing he tried to accomplish—and he answered Everything! I tried to improve all their conditions—homes, labor, the Church, social conditions—everything. I tried to start it all going at once, he added, for I knew it would be slow.

In ten years, however, this priest, single-handed, has transformed the collection of shacks to a town, and reared hundreds of American citizens there.

Of this town, which contains to day more than two thousand inhabitants, Father de Nisco is the de facto mayor, building inspector, health department and arbiter of all questions relating to social conditions or business undertakings. He is also the chief of the police force, the president of the labor union, the founder of most of the clubs—social, literary, musical, theatrical, benevolent—and organizer of the famous brass band, pride of the town.

Father de Nisco gave his first demonstration as a social reformer by himself cleaning out the underbrush from the cemetery and making a park of it. Before his time Roseto was notorious for poverty, dirt and the stiletto. It is now assessed at \$175,000, the citizens save their pennies for porcelain baths, and banks gladly lend them money. Father de Nisco preaches: You are law-abiding, self-respecting

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Consider our Saviour in His human-

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serves. This is by no means an imagin-

ation but a most certain truth; for,

although we see Him not, yet it is true

that He beholds us from above.

Of all the truths which man must

learn and which it is impossible for him

to guess at, the most hidden and myster-

ious is suffering. This sense of suf-

fering is so important that nothing can

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