CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Always Getting Ready to Live.

Few people live *to day*. Many live in the past, regretting their mistakes, lamenting their lost opportunities, or they live in the future, in air castles, dwelling on the wonderful things they are going to do, the things they are going to enjoy. Thus they miss the splendid present, with its magnificent possibilities for growth, enjoyment and achievement.

Most of us look on to-day as a mere resting place, a stop-over point where we do not unpack our baggage but take out the few articles we need for the night and leave everything ready for the journey of the morrow. It is rare to find a person who does not feel that he is still en route to something beyond. The interest centres in some thing a little further on, not here.

There is always this "beyond." We are always getting ready for to-morrow, for the time when we are really going to live, when everything will be settled, and all the wrongs righted, when we shall get out of discord into harmony, out of error into truth, when we shall get freedom from the things which annoy and shall be surrounded by our friends in the midst of comforts and luxuries. All our faculties and energies are focused on some distant picture; and when we arrive at the point where we thought attainments dwelt we shall probably find that the rainbow has moved on and is as far in advance as before. So multitudes of people impress us as always on the hunt for the real object of their lives, and as not yet having found it.

No one can do his best work while he is trying to live in the past or the future. He must focus his mind vigorously and persistently upon the present. Habitual dreamers of the past or of the future usually get a very small percentage of their ability into the pratical in life.

That only becomes ours which we live, and if we are habitually living old days over again or living in anticipation, we get very little out of the present.

One of the greatest delusions that ever crept into a mortal's brain, is that which robs one of the blessing, joys, and comforts of to-day either by regrets for the past, or the expectation of something better to morrow.

Our future is in our present.

Looking for some far-off glory, some future joy, some unknown happiness that may come, shall we lose the present joy of home and friendships, and the daily opportunities to do good and scatter flowers as we go along?

When we struggle to get away from the disagreeable routine and drudgery of the present, in the hope that we shall find, in a mystical future, freedom and happiness, we labor under a delusion similar to that held by those who think that, if they could only get rid of the thorn which pricks at the moment, or of the gravel in the shoe, they would be happy.

Yet how do we know that they who do not laugh to-day, will laugh to morrow? *If* the enjoying faculties are not used, will they not wither and atrophy? If we do not cultivate a habit of enjoying as we go along, that portion of our brain-cells in which the faculty of enjoyment centres will shrivel and decay, and we shall soon lose the power to enjoy, just as Darwin lost his passion for music because he did not exercise it as he went along. He thought he would take it up again when he had the leisure; but *when the leisure came, the power had gone.*

Everywhere we see men restless in their business, pacing their stores or offices—like animals in their cages, which dream of liberty in the jungles or the forests—dreaming of the glorious future, the freedom and the happiness which wealth will bring. In the meantime, they thrust from them and pass over, without appreciation, the little pleasures and enjoyments that are within their grasp each day as they go along.

If we could realize that only the present is real, that only the present exists, or ever can; that there is really no yesterday or to morrow; that we can never be certain of anything but the moment we are living in; that we cannot project ourselves into the future, nor can we step backwards; that there is only *only eternal Now*—and that the years, the months, the days, the minutes are mere arbitrary divisions of the eternal Now—if we could only fully realize this, how it would multiply our power and increase our enjoyment and efficiency!

People who live in the present, and use it to the best possible advantage, who do not spend their time in regrets over their mistakes or over what they failed to do yesterday, nor waste their energies in dreaming about the possible to-morrow, are much more successful and get infinitely more out of life than those whose gaze is always turned forward or backward.

Many people find it almost impossible to concentrate their minds with power on the present moment. They have dreamy natures, wandering minds, and they have allowed too many things to fight against their focusing on the present; there are so many confused images in their minds that to day slips away from them before they weave it solidly into their life-work, for they have only put a tithe of their energy and their efforts into it.

If they waste a large part of their precious energy and time, living in the past, brooding over their mistakes, castigating themselves for not having done better, or if they anticipate the future in dreaming, they have little left for the living, ever present now.

Could we let the yesterdays and the to morrows take care of themselves, we could do something worth while.—O. S. M. in Success.

The Man Who Sings.

Give us, oh! give us, writes Carlyle, the man who sings at his work. Be his occupation what it may, he is superior to those who follow the same pursuit in silent sullenness. He will do more in the same time, he will do it better, he will persevere longer. One is scarcely sensible of fatigue while one marches to music. The very stars are said to make harmony as they revolve in their spheres. Wondrous is the strength of cheerfulness; altogether past calculation are its powers of endurance. Efforts, to be permanently useful, must be uniformly joyous, a spirit all sunshine, peaceful from very gladness, beautiful because bright.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

HOW THEY MADE A MAN OF JOHNNY.

By Rev. George Bampfield.

CHAPTER XVII. CONTINUED.

"Why! hundreds of years ago they say the Danes, or some of those uncomfortable people who were always bothering England for love of her, went up the river and got into the Church, and carried off all they could find, and among other things one of the church bells. But you know sacrilege never pays: and when they got near the mouth of the river, just before you come to the bar, the ship got into a kind of whirlpool and went round and round, and sank, Danes and bell and all. Certainly there's a big round place there now. Well! the odd part of it is this. On a calm day when the seven bells of that church are ringing, if you stand by that hole where the ship went down hundreds of years ago, and listen to the sound of the bells coming down the river, you will hear the eight bell ringing with its seven sisters as clearly as possible; I've done it many a time?" (We do do not pretend to know where Cornelius Wrangle lived — but we know that this is the case at the mouth of the river at Shoreham, where the seven bells of the Steyning Church are heard as if they were eight. A similar legend prevails there.)

"No where else?" said Johnny.

"No where else?" said Corney.

"That's very funny," said Johnny. "But look here, Corney, it wasn't those bells, nor the eggs and oranges, that made you a different chap. You are shirking. Just you tell me what it was."

"Well!" said Wrangle, "it was something which happened on that river though, the last holidays I was home. For the first mile or two, Johnny, the river's very wide. Oh! very wide! so that they have made there now enormous oyster beds for keeping the oysters in."

"Never mind the oysters," said the sick boy, "you get on."

"Well! at high tide it looks a splendid river, but at low tide it's all full of sandbanks up the middle—beautiful hard sand you can run about on—and just a wee little stream no bigger than a ditch finding its way among them. When the tide's coming in, it soon cuts off these sandbanks from the dry land; and if you happen to be on them you must look sharp to get off, for the tide runs in like a mill stream. You know I'm a pretty good swimmer, and swimming with all my might against the stream I can't get forward an inch, only just keep where I was."

"Well!" said Johnny.

"Well! down at home there is a big school also, set up on a splendid chalk cliff that looks far away over the sea, and up and down the whole stretch of the river. Oh! it is a jolly place. And they know the dangers of the river there: and of course the masters make a rule that the boys are not to go down to the river without a master with them. Of course the boys don't always obey, and there were three boys there last summer when I was at home"—

"Is this true," said Johnny, "or are you humbugging?"

"It's true," said Corney; "it is indeed."

"There are always three boys in every story," said Johnny, "that's all."

"There were three actual living boys in this, and I knew them; one of them I knew well, a poor little delicate fellow, the only boy his mother had left, and her husband had been dead a long time. He was the youngest of the three, and the other two took him down almost by force"—

"Down where?"

"Down to the river, didn't I say? It was low tide: the only thing he went for was for shells on the sand banks: but the other two went more for a lark, just for something to do, and to get out of the way of the masters. Racketts, he was the biggest of the three, about fourteen—I think Racketts was a nickname—he started a game of leap frog up and down the sandbank, and then they got chevying little crabs and teasing them, and fighting an old hermit crab that they found in a winkle, and so they went on until they saw one of the masters on the big suspension bridge that went over the river. Then they were afraid to stir, and so they lay down on the sand several minutes quite quiet that he mightn't see them.

"Did he see them?"

"Yes! at last. I was with him and I made him look, but it was too late. While they had been playing the fool, the tide had come racing in, and the sandbank on which they were was cut off on every side. The bridge on which we were standing looked up and down a long reach of the river, but we were an immense distance from them. The master could not swim, and neither he nor I could have brought them off in the rapid current by swimming."

"Were there no boats?"

"He bade me stop on the bridge while he ran into the town to see, but the oyster smacks were far away at the deep oyster beds in mid-channel, and the two or three other boats were at a Regatta a few miles up the coast. There was the boat of the school itself, but it was locked up in the boathouse, and it was long before the key was got and the boat run into the water, and men found to man it. Meanwhile the poor boys were in their agony; here and there they ran round their terrible cage to see if they could find escape, but there was none. Poor Racketts ventured in up to his waist, but the tide would have swept him away had he gone further: and rapidly the cage was narrowing and narrowing about them. Further and further up the sand-bank they retreated till they stood huddled together, holding and clinging to each other, as if holding and clinging would save them.

And the water lapped over their feet, and rose little by little over their feet and crept up their legs and over their knees. Oh! their despairing eyes and white faces, as they looked up the river and down it, and to the distant school, and to the deserted bridges for help, and no help came. Higher and higher, up to the breast of the youngest and most delicate—the only son left to his mother—higher and higher and the cold arms and hands of the bigger boys were unlocked from him and he was swept away: for a little while his hair was tossed like seaweed on the top of the river—and there stood only two. I could not stop still. I ran round and down to the boat which they were just launching and sprang in to steer it; and down we swept with all the rapidity of the tide, and of oars urged by the arms of strong men eager to be in time to save. Another wooden bridge went across the river which hid the boys from our sight, and when we rushed madly through it snapping one oar against the side, one boy only was still seen above the water. It was the eldest, standing as it seemed almost on tiptoe, and struggling to hold his own against the tide. A fresh burst of effort with the three remaining oars—I could hardly steer with such uneven pulling—but on a few more strokes; he saw us, poor boy, poor Racketts! He tries to stretch his arms to us, when the tide overpowers him and sweeps him away, beneath the waters. The scream that went over the waters is in my ears still; the look of that face is in my eyes still.

They found him two miles higher up the stream, his face gnawed away with fish and water vermin; and near the spot where he sank they found my poor little friend who was the only child. I saw them buried; and I saw her face, the face of the mother, not torn and convulsed with horror like the face of poor Racketts, but crushed, and quiet, and silent with a great grief."

Cornelius had spoken with a strong unboylike feeling which the terrible sight had given him, and both boys were quiet.

"Did that change you, Corney?" said Johnny.

"That made me think, Johnny."

And they were quiet again till Johnny stretched out his hand to Wrangle, "Corney! you are a good old fellow. Come to me again to-morrow."

TO BE CONTINUED.

BY A NON-CATHOLIC JOURNAL.

On the closing day of a mission held recently at Ithaca, N. Y., the seat of Cornell University, Right Rev. Bernard J. McQuaid, D. D., confirmed a class of forty five converts and gave one of the ablest addresses in defense of the Catholic faith ever heard in that city. The sermon was prompted by recent blasphemous utterances by a Cornell professor, who would have the world now believe that Jesus Christ was only a mere man, and not the Son of God as well as the Son of Mary. An editorial in appreciation of the Catholic Church and the benefits of a Catholic mission appeared in the Ithica Daily News, as follows:

"Century after century, the mighty arm of the Catholic Church has been stretched forth to subdue the powers of darkness. Unwavering in her professions, unswerving in her teachings, the Grand old Church of Rome has thundered forth, year in and year out, that the wages of sin is death. In vain have the tides of atheism beat against her adamantine ramparts; in vain has so called 'advanced' theology leveled its slung-shot and volley-fire into her entrenched camps. The Catholic Church stands to day, as it has stood, for the inviolability of the faith, and supreme in the hearts of the people who compose its membership. No one of properly balanced mind, in or out of the Catholic Church, can fail to admire and profoundly respect a structure that can survive all this—defy all this without ever so much as asking quarter or receding a hair's breadth. As for Christian people, professing whatever creed, they surely must rejoice that a defender of the faith so sturdy and so able remains to them. For the Catholic Church belongs by no means to the Catholic priesthood and to their immediate followers; it belongs to the Christian world. It is because of this fact— dimly perceived long ago, and now fully recognized by countless thousands blinded hitherto by an unreasoning prejudice—that the mission in progress at the Immaculate Conception church takes on unusual interests. These services of the mission are announced to be for non Catholics as well as Catholics. Those of us who are out of the Catholic fold may improve our minds a great deal of the subtleties of an absolute devotion, by joining our Catholic friends in hearing the mission Fathers this week and next."

THE LOGICAL RESULT

It need not surprise anyone who is at all familiar with the drift of governmental opinion in France to learn that M. Briand, the Minister of Justice and Worship, has come out in favor of "trial marriages." We see it stated that this great defender of the French State against the encroachments of the Church "indorses the idea of the gradual evolution of the doctrine of divorce until the point is reached where a marriage may be contracted for a specified period under legal safe guards protecting the interests of both parties." M. Briand declares it is impossible for those about to enter upon the marriage relation to know the true character of their partners, and that it is unnatural and intolerable to expect an ill mated pair to drag out a miserable existence because they blundered in entering upon the most vital relation in life. The mere fact that Jesus Christ, the Son of God, did not make any provision for "trial marriages" in the religious system which he founded, does not, of course, bother M. Briand in the least. The French Government, collectively and individually, has got beyond Christ and Christian ethics. We do not believe that conscientious Protestants in this country are willing to go to such lengths as M. Briand in this matter. Yet (with some few exceptions) they applauded the French Government in its attack upon Christianity through a mistaken notion that it was simply an attack on Catholicism. They have yet to learn that whatever weakens the Catholic Church in France weakens all religion. When the hold of the Catholic Church upon the consciences of any Catholic people is broken, look out for "trial marriages" and kindred disorders. — Sacred Heart Review.

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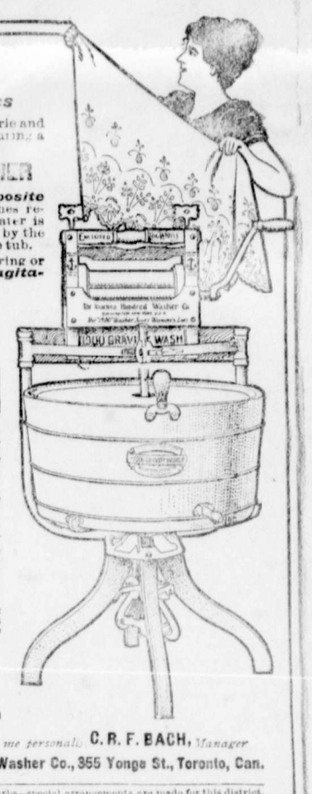

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Prohibition Impossible.

Cardinal Gibbons, who is visiting New Orleans, in an interview on prohibition, said: "I am persuaded that it is practically impossible to put prohibition in effect in any large community and the best means, therefore, to promote temperance is to limit the number of saloons by high license. I would be in favor of inflicting severe punishment on the proprietors of saloons who violate the law in the first instance; and in the second instance of violation I would withdraw the license altogether.

"In the country places I would suggest local option as an excellent means for the repression of intemperance if, in the judgment of the majority of the voters, the sale of liquor should be entirely eliminated.

"Laws like prohibition that are certain to be violated had best not be made, for incessant violation draws down upon them disrespect."

Jesus Christ is our hope and our trust; in our own weakness we fall, in His strength we persevere.

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