CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

SELF-CONTROL

Prove to me," says Mrs. Oliphant that you can control yourself, and I'll say you're an educated man; and without this, all other education is

good for next to nothing.

The lack of self-control has strewn history with its wrecks, it has ruined multitudes of ambitious men, men of rare ability, fine education, and im-

mense promise in every way. Every day the papers tell us of the tragedies that have been exacted when the blood was hot with anger!

Ask the wretched victims in our penitentiaries what the loss of selfcontrol even for a moment perhaps has cost them. How many of these unfortunates have lost their liberty for life through a fit of hot temper The fatal blow was struck, the cruel shot was fired, the trigger was pulled in an instant, but the friend or brother man returned never, the crime could not be undone.

Many a man has lost a good position, has sacrificed the opportunity of a lifetime, in a fit of bad temper. He has thrown away in the anger of a moment, perhaps, the work and experience of years in climbing to his

Think of one's whole life being marred, of feeling oneself handicapped at every turn, forced to strangle ambition, to stifle aspiration, to be looked upon as a nobody, just because one can not control his temper, and yet to possess power and brain force equal to that of the giants

who are heading great enterprises ! I know a very able writer who has occupied splendid positions on the best and greatest dailies in the country. He is a forceful, vigorous, masterful writer on a great variety of subjects, fine historian, and warm, tender-hearted man, who will do anything for any one in need, and yet he is almost a total failure because of his explosive temper. He does not hesitate, in the heat of a moment's anger, to walk out of a position which it has taken him years to get. This man is conscious of great ability, yet he has drifted from pillar to post, hardly able to support his family, going through life with the full consciousness that he is the slave of a bad

Everywhere we see victims of ar uncontrolled temper tripping themselves up, losing in a few moments all they have gained in months, or maybe in a lifetime. They are continually climbing and dropping back-

I know several old men whose whole careers have been crippled by hot tempers. They could not refrain from giving people with whom they had differences "a piece of their mind." No matter how adversely it affected their own interests, or what was at stake, they would let their tongues and tempers run away with

A pretty costly business, this of giving another person "a piece of your mind" when your temper is up!

very able business man in New York has practically ruined his reputation and his business by his passion for telling people what he thinks when he gets angry with them. When his temper is aroused there is nothing too mean or contemptible for him to say. He calls them all sorts of He raves without reason or sense. He drives his employees away from him. It is almost impossible for him to keep in his employ any one with any spirit or ability.

I have seen people in the grip of passion or anger act more like demons than human beings. I recall one these terrible fits of anger, would smash everything he could lay his hands on, and pour a volley of the vilest abuse upon any one who got in his way, or attempted to restrain him. I have seen him in his rage almost kill animals by striking them with clubs or fence-stakes. His eyes would glare like a madman's. When this demon of anger had possession of him, he was for the time a maniac and did not seem to have the slightest idea of what he was doing. After his passion storm had subsided, although a robust man, he would be completely exhausted for a long

A man in a fit of uncontrolled assion is really temporarily insane. He is under control of the demon in him. No man is sane when he cannot completely control his acts. While in that condition he is liable to do things which he would regret all the rest of his life. Many a man has been obliged to look back over a scarred, discord ant life, a life filled with unutterable mortifications and humiliations, cause he did not learn to control him-

What writer, what artist could ever depict the havoc which the whole brood of evil passions—anger, jeal-ousy, revenge, and hatred—have played in human lives? just think of the effect on one's character of harboring for many years the determination, the passion to get square with an imagined enemy, of waiting for the opportunity to reap vengeance

Think how much a violent explosion of temper takes out of one's entire system, mental and physical Much more than many weeks of hard work when in a normal condition. And then picture, if you can, the terrible after-suffering, the humiliation of it all, the remorse and chagrin, the loss of self-respect, the shock to one's finer sensibilities, when one comes to

A fit of anger may work greater damage to the body and character than a drunken bout. Hatred may leave worse scars upon a clean life to swim!

than a bottle. Jealously, envy, anger, uncontrolled grief may do more to wreck the physical life than many years of excessive smoking. Anxiety fretting, and scolding, may instill more subtle poison into the system

than even the cigarette.
"Many a soul is in a bad condition to-day because of the fire of anger which recently burned there."

trolled temper shortens multitudes

Some people fly into such a rage that they will tremble for hours after-wards and for a long time be wholly unfitted for business or work.

I have known an entire family com pletely to upset their physical ditions and to make themselves ill by a violent quarrel. They would al most tear one another to pieces by their explosive passions. In a short time their faces were transformed; you could see the demons of passion fighting. We all know that such quarrelling, as well as back-biting. twitting, denunciation, and criticism will play fearful havoc in any life.

How many people, at the mercy of an uncontrolled passion, have slain friends, or members of their own family, whom ten minutes before nothing could have induced them to harm! What fiendish crimes even good people have committed when blinded and drunk with passion!

When jealousy once gets possession of a person it changes and colors the whole outlook upon life. Everything takes on the hue of this consuming The reasoning faculties are paralyzed, and the victim is completely within the clutches of this thought-fiend. Even the brain strucis changed by the harboring of

this fearful mental foe. Every little while we see accounts of people who have dropped dead in a fit of passion. The nervous shock of sudden and violent rage, no matter what the cause, is so great that it will sometimes stop the action of the heart, especially if that organ is weak. Violent paroxysms of anger have often produced apoplexy. A temper storm raging through the brain develops rank poison and leaves all sorts of devastation behind.

We often suffer tortures from the humiliation and loss of self-respect we bring upon ourselves by indulgence in fits of anger, in jealousy, hatred, or revenge; but we do not realize the permanent damage, the irreparable injury we inflict upon our entire physical and mental being.

Because the mental forces are silent, we do not realize how tremendously powerful they are. We have been so accustomed to think of disease and of all forms of physical ills as the result of some derangement in the body, and have so associated their cure with drugs or other remedies, that it is difficult for us to look upon them as caused by mental disturbances or discords.—O.S. M. in Success.

REAL MANHOOD Daniel in Babylon, and Joseph in Egypt show us that high character and unswerving manhood cannot be crushed by outward conditions. No modern city, however debased, can parallel the moral perils through which these heroes of faith passed to victory without a single conces sion to wickedness or one compro mise with the evil current about Them. They rejected firmly that false dogma that necessity knows no law and stood confidently on the high conviction that the law of godliness and righteousness knows no neces sity. In this faith they came off more than conquerors from all their conflicts.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

HOW DAVID WON

"Fourteen, fifteen, sixteen strokes! Good boy, Roger!" David generously applauded as, dripping and shivering, Roger climbed over the slippery edge of the float.
"How many?" chattered Roger.

Sixteen. Two more than yester-

day. "Goody! How many strokes can you take?

Oh, six or seven, I didn't count. "I wish you'd try again, David. We cannot have that little skiff for our own until we can both swim twenty-five strokes. You know what father said."

"Huh! I can swim alright, but I go to the bottom, and you stay on top, where the folks can see you. a crab, I guess." David splashed his legs up and down in the water with a fine show of indifference. "Anyhow, it's more fun to dive. It's fine way down under the water. You can see all sorts of queer things, kelp and

ea-moss and lobsters!" My! It must be lots of fun! But how do you stay down so long?"
"Ho! That's easy! I take a good

long breath, and then I just hold on." Father, who stood some distance away, smiled when he overheard this conversation. He knew David's ability to "hold on." and he hoped the plucky little fellow would win. He knew that in spite of his "don't care" air, David did try hard to learn "He's younger than Roger" ather, "so it may take him thought father, "so it may take him longer, but I believe that he will stick to it until he learns how.'

The days passed, and before long Roger could swim his twenty-five strokes, but David although the better diver of the two, still swam "like a

All this time the much-coveted little skiff lay at the steamboat wharf a mile away. The boys visited it often. They adjusted the rowlocks handled the tiny oars, and took im-

Then one day something happened How it happened neither Roger or David could tell very clearly, but mother at the door, and father in the motor-boat, heard a cry, and saw two struggling little forms in the water the float; then the bobbing heads disappeared beneath the surface. Mother could see one sturdy brown hand clinging to the ring in the corner of the float. "Can he hold on" she whispered, as she hur-

ried down over the rocks.

Father was there first. He caught the clinging little hand and drew up on the float not one boy but two. David was holding fast in his left hand a corner of Roger's bathing suit. Mother clasped them both in her arms without a word.

"Well, how did it all happen?" asked father, a little later, when the boys sat toasting themselves before

the open fire.
"Oh, I caught my foot in a rop when I was trying to dive," said Roger. "I pretty nearly went under the float, but David dived and caught

Father stroked David's curly head "I'm proud of my son," he said.
"Oh, I didn't do anything," proested David, much embarrassed

I just held on."

That evening, after the boys wer fast asleep, father took a trip to the village, and came home towing something behind the motor-boat. When the boys looked out the next

morning, the dear little skiff lay at the moorings. A big sign that stood upright in the stern read: Roger and David.'

But I can't really swim, father. said David, trying to conceal his de

"That's all right, my son," returned father, heartily. "You will soon learn. I have no fear for a little lad who can 'just hold on!'"

—Mary E. Jackson in Youth's Com-

THE CELTIC CROSS

In many parts of Ireland there are large stone crosses which were erected in the early ages of Christianity, when the Missionaries and scholars of Erin carried the light of the gospel to many parts of Europe. Scenes from the Old and New Testaments are carved on some of the crosses, while on others the drawings are purely symbolical, and even the most learned archaeologists have been unable to decipher them. one peculiar feature of the Celtic

A pretty legend is told of the origin of this cross. One time when Saint Patrick visited the Monastery of Saint Brigid, the venerable abbess begged him to, remain and celebrate Mass for the nuns in the morning. Saint Patrick consented, but the next morning when he was ready to perform this sacred duty, he found that ne had overlooked bringing the paten. Saint Brigid felt very sad, and tears filled her eyes as she knelt on the steps of the altar. God heard the prayer of the saint, and sent an angel to her bearing a golden paten. Brigid immediately sent for Saint Patrick, who said the Mass, using the angel's paten. In the center of the paten was a cross and circle, and Brigid asked Saint Patrick to explain the meaning of this symbol.

"The cross," said Saint Patrick.
tells the story of man's redemption, and the happy eternity for which we are destined has, like the circle, no end. (The circle is sometimes used as a symbol of God, having no beginning nor ending. From this time the Irish used the cross and circle in loving remembrance of the great saints who did so much for them .-

Sunday Companion. WHEN WE SAY WE ARE SORRY How few of us are really sorry for deeds and how many of us are only sorry for consequences? But we say It was a mean thing we are sorry. you said about your neighbor. When gossip whispered it in her ear, you were sorry. You summoned your courage, mustered your womanliness and asked her pardon. Then you fitted your head to a new halo and hought yourself a saint.

But you thought an even meaner thing about her than you said, and you never felt a twinge of sorrow

You did her an injustice and you never repented of it because she

never knew it. So many of us veneer our piety and try to pass it off as solid mahogany. We are not content with trying to fool others but we stupidly try to fool ourselves. We join the great congregation in repeating "forgive us our trespasses," and then fancy that we thus wipe out the past as easily as the schoolboy's sponge wipes from the slate the problem in which

he has discovered a mistake. Our religion teaches us that some where in the mysterious future there is a dark closet in which all disobedi ence will be punished. So often it is the thought of the sin which gives the voice a little more pleading and pathos as we say "forgive us our tres-passes." We gather our frightened sobs and forced prayers and label them repentance and faith.

When the heart looks upon the loved face of one whom it would give the world to arouse from the long sleep to catch the sobbing whisper "I'm so sorry" then this is true re-pentance which puts to shame the veneered pretense whose only purpose is to win favor or avoid penalty.

-Catholic Sun. THE HOLY BEGGAR

For many years the people passing in and out of the Church of Saint Clement in Rome, were edified by a poor beggar, whose cheerful manner won for him the love of all. From



his infancy Servulus was afflicted with the palsy, and he was never able to stand or, sit upright. The poor man was never able to lift his hand to his mouth, or turn from one side to the other, but he was never heard

to complain. Every day his mother and brother brought him to the steps of the Church of Saint Clement, and he had to live on whatever was given him by kind passersby. He took great delight in listening to the words of the gospel, and he would beg some charit-able person to read a paragraph or two from the Bible, and he listened with so much attention that he learned the gospels by heart. He also learned to sing hymns of praise and thanksgiving, in which he was often joined by some of the devout wor-

shippers of the Church. One day, feeling that his end was near, the holy man begged those who gathered around him to join him in singing hymns. All of a sudden he cried out, while his eyes were fixed on Heaven: "Silence! Do you not hear the sweet melody and praise which resound in Heaven?" after this Saint Servulus died, and his pure soul was carried to Heaven by angels on the 23rd of December, in the year 590.

FLOWERS BY THE WAYSIDE

A young girl visiting the country, was following the farmer's wife along winding half overgrown path amid a tangle of wild flowers. The young visitor exclaimed at their beauty. "I mean to gather all I can carry

when we come back and I have a little more time," she said. "Better pick them now if you want them, said the older woman. "Tain't like y we'll come back this way." It was one of those simple, homely

incidents that sometimes seem to epitomize life. We must pick now, if we want them at all, the flowers that God scatters along our way. The pleasant hours, the dear friendships, the offered confidence, the happy gatherings—all the brightnesses and blessings that we so often push aside but mean to find leisure to enjoy sometime—we must take them by day as they come, or we shall lose them altogether; we never can turn back to find them .- Sunday Com-

A QUEER "UNION SERVICE"

One of the inexplicable anomalies of contemporary Protestantism is the "Union Service."

How men believing in doctrines Protestantism may pretend to explain.

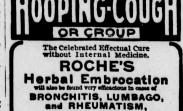
A "Union Service" is an official recognition, by each of the denominations taking part, of the truth and claims of all the participants in the 'Service." If any one of the denominations is teaching false doctrines how may the others justify themselves in recognizing this denomina tion as teachers of the truth? And when often the participants in a "Union Service" teach directly contrary doctrines, how can they true, be the teachings of Christ?

How absurd these "Union Ser-ices" become! How illogical vices' How absolutely un-Christian! If truth is truth, and God is God

how impossible they are before high heaven! We are all worshipping the same

God, they will tell us. But are we? We may imagine that we are. We may be worshipping the God of our imagination.

When we proclaim that there is but one God, we proclaim at the same time that there is but one religion. God is one; truth is one. That religion, and that one only, is the true religion which teaches the truths which God has revealed. Religion is not of man; it is of God. God has chosen to teach us what we shall be-lieve, what moral laws we shall oberve, how we shall worship Him. The religion which God ordains alone can be the true religion, and by it



ists, or Lymans, Limited, Mon

may we acceptably worship

Him' 'Union Services." are a direct con tradiction of the one God, a direct contradiction of the principles of Christianity. Man-made religions, the confused congeries of Protestant ism-are really an insult to God, im plying as they do the rejection of His truth and teachings. The God of truth may not be worshipped through the lips of contradiction and error. The religious Babel of Protestantism speaks every tongue except the language of God. They may erect their tower, but it is only to their own con

"Union Services" among Christian sects are illogical and unworthy enough, but how can we express the blasphemy of a "Union Service" of Christians with Jews?

Such "Union Services" are, indeed, a blasphemy for the Christians taking part, and a mockery and a delusion for the honest Jew.

We read in the American Israelite of such a "Union Service" recently held in our own State; we confess we read it with a blush of shame for its

essential hypocrisy :
"At Paterson, N. J., a union service of Jews and Christians was held in Barnert Memorial Temple. The key-note of the meeting was struck by the Rev. Leo Mannheimer in his address of welcome when he said: 'If the Churches, instead of directing their attention to those doctrinal dif ferences which will never be settled by mankind, directed themselves to the improving of our city so that the children of this and the coming generations should have a more beau tiful and healthful environment to soon we would make of this an ideal

"The opening prayer was by Rev. H. B. Howe of the Second Presbyter ian Church; benediction was given by Rev. Dr. Joseph F. Shaw of Trinity M. E. Church. Other speakers were Rev. D. Stuart Hamilton of St. Paul's Church: Rev. Arthur N. Bean, First English Lutheran Church; Rev. W. W. Walker of St. Augustine Presbyterian Church, and the Hon. John W. Griggs. The opening prayer was by Rev. Samuel A. Weikert of St. Mark's Church. The attendance represented all denominations and

completely filled the synagog." What must the Christian people of Paterson think and what must the sincere Jew think as they witness this travesty on religion? How they esteem these Christian ministers and this Jewish rabbi anything else than charlatans? What appeal may any of these clergymen make in the future in favor of religion? Are they not all demonstrating that their contrary and opposite can "unite" in a religious service is something which only the "logic" of modern Did not the rabbi, Rev. Leo Mann heimer, express the logical feelings of this pious group when he professed the doctrine of pure naturalism in

"If the churches, instead of directing their attention to doctrinal differences which will never be settled by mankind, directed themselves to the improving of our city so that the erations should have a more beauti ful and healthful environment to grow to mankind in, who knows how soon we would make of this an ideal

Doctrinal differences" forsooth What need for those who are willing to accept the plan of Rabbi Mann heimer to profess any religion? What need of a Church at all? Why not hand the whole matter over to a committee of the Board of Aldermen

We marvel how these Protestant ministers can face their congregations. How can they longer preach Christ and Him crucified? Do they realize that they have vir tually denied the divinity of Christ?

They have joined hands with those who honestly declare that they do not believe that Christ is God. What consistency may either min ister or rabbi claim in this "Union Service?" What honesty for the minister to close his eyes to the fundamental doctrine of the Chris-

tian religion, and what honesty for the rabbi to pretend that with him it makes little difference whether Christ be God or not! How is the act of either compatible with common sense or religious consistency And to-morrow will these ministers e eloquently preaching the Divinc Christ and Christianity, whilst the rabbi in his synagog earnestly repud-

iates both! Is it all a farce? Is re ligion only an instrument of liveli-Is there no difference between Jehovah and Baal? Is Christ God to-day and to-morrow, at convenience.

"Bear not the yoke with unbelievers. For what participation hath justice

mere human being?

with injustice? Or what fellowship hath light with darkness? And what concord hath Christ with selial? Or what part hath the faith-

ful with the unbeliever?
"And what agreement hath the temple of God with idols? For are the temple of the living God; as God saith: I will dwell in them and walk among them; and I will be their God, and they shall be my people.

Wherefore, go out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean

And I will receive you and I will be a Father to you; and you shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty."-(2 Cor. c. 6, v. 14-18)—The Monitor.

"CHARITABLE" CALUMNIATOR

When William Bayard Hale under-took, in the World's Work article to which we devoted some attention a few weeks ago, to create the impression that Catholicity was largely superstition in Central America and Hayti, he mentioned the case of a Haytian Bishop who approved of Voudouism and assured the interviewed that he was "Philip the Evangelist," who ascended to the chariot of the eunuch Queen of Sheba and converted him, "that St. John the Apostle was a particular friend of his." He proposed to give Mr. Hale a letter to the Queen of Sheba, and so

forth. Bishop McFaul took the trouble to write to Mr. Hale asking him for the name of the Bishop he referred to But Mr. Hale was charitable. His answer was: "On reflection, I am sure that you would not wish me to be so uncharitable as to make public the name of one who had fallen into such lamentable errors. I suppressed it in the article, and I regret that I cannot see my way clear to give it to

Mr. Hale had good reason for being so charitable. He had spoken of the Catholic Church all through his article, and the natural inference was that it was a Catholic Bishop he referred to. In his reply to Bishop McFaul he left this impression. But the doughty Bishop of Trenton was not satisfied to let the matter rest there. He wrote to the Coadjutor Archbishop of Hayti regarding this strange Bishop who had "fallen into such lamentable errors," that Mr Hale could not give his name.

The Archbishop was puzzled, as he knew of no such individual. He knew all the Catholic Bishops in that region and they were all sane, zeal ous and doctrinally sound. But, on reflection, he added: "There has however, been here a certain Bishop Monsignor Holly, an American from Mobile, a negro, representing the High Church of England and calling himself a Catholic, but not a Roman Catholic—a man afflicted with the sect of the Adventists, etc. Per-Adventists, etc. chance this is the Bishop to whom the writer of that article alludes; but the Catholic clergy have nothing to do with this Protestant."

The Archbishop is very charitable o Mr. Hale. He says that "perhaps" this is the individual to whom that writer alluded in his article. We would think it would be a safe gues that he is the man; and if so, how contemptible William Bayard Hale appears in leaving the impression hat the Catholic Church is respons

ible for this poor man's vagaries?
This is but a sample of the tactics pursued by the men who set to out write against the Church. They are very "charitable" when pressed for definite facts. They either have not the facts to give or else the facts tell against their argument. And so they suppress them. It is an old game

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