

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Anger Wrecks the System.

It is well known that a violent fit of temper affects the heart instantly, and physicians have discovered the danger of poison in the blood immediately after such outbreaks. This explains why we feel so depressed, exhausted, and nervous after any storm of passion—worry, jealousy, or revenge—has swept through the mind. It has left in its wake vicious mental poison and other harmful secretions in the brain and blood.

There is no constitution so strong but it will ultimately succumb to the constant racking and twisting of the nerve centers caused by an uncontrolled temper. Every time you become angry you reverse all of the normal, mental and physical processes. Everything in you rebels against passion storms; every mental faculty protests against their abuse.

If people only realized what havoc indulgence in hot temper plays in their delicate nervous structure, if they could only see with the physical eyes the damage done, as they can see what follows in the wake of a tornado, they would not dare get angry.

When the brain cells are over-heated from a fit of temper their efficiency is seriously impaired. If not absolutely ruined, the presence of the anger poison, the shock to the nervous system, is what makes the victim so exhausted and demoralized after loss of self-control.

One reason why so many people have poor or indifferent health is that the cell life is continually starved and dwarfed by vitiated blood. No one can have abundant, abounding life, a superb vitality, can reach his greatest efficiency, when this mental poisoning process is constantly going on in his nervous system.

The brain and nervous mechanism were intended to run quietly, smoothly, harmoniously, and when so run they are capable of an enormous output in good work and happiness. But like a delicate piece of material machinery, when over-pressed, or not properly oiled, or when it is run without a balance wheel to steady its motion, it will very quickly shake itself to pieces.

There is something wrong in the education, the training, of the man who can not control himself; who has to confess that he is a man part of the time only; that the rest of the time he is a beast; that often the beast in him is loose and runs riot in his mental kingdom.

Lack of Self-Control is Lack of Power.

A lack of self-control always indicates other lacks and weaknesses which are fatal to the highest attainment. A man who can not hold himself in check, certainly will not be able to control others. A lack of self-control indicates a lack of balance. A man who can not keep his balance under all circumstances who can not control the fire of his temper, who lacks the power to smother the volcano of his passion, can not boast of self-mastery, has not arrived at success.

The person who is the football of some passion, who is at the mercy of all sorts of influences, will never respect himself or the confidence of his fellow-men. The man who can not control himself is always at a disadvantage in every situation in life.

Zopyrus, the physiognomist, said, "Socrates' features showed that he was stupid, brutal, sensual, and addicted to drunkenness." Socrates upheld the analysis by saying: "By nature I am addicted to all these sins, and they were only restrained and vanquished by the continual practise of virtue."

In one of the greatest political crises in France, Mirabeau, when speaking at Marseilles was called "calumniator, liar, assassin, scoundrel." He said, "I wait, gentlemen, till these amenities be exhausted."

In Revelations, the writer refers to the final conquerors as those who have triumphed over the beast. No one can lay claim to mastery while he is the slave of his passion.

The Creator has implanted in every man a divine power that is more than a match for his worst passion, for his most vicious trait. If he will only develop and use this power he need not be the slave of any vice.

Emerson says, in effect, the virtue you would like to have, assume it as already yours, appropriate it, enter into the part and live the character just as does the great actor when absorbed in the character of the part he plays. No matter how great your weakness or how much you may regret it, assume steadily and persistently its opposite, until you acquire the habit of holding that quality in mind, or of living in its wholeness, its integrity. Hold the ideal of an efficient faculty or quality, not of a married or deficient one. The way to reach or to attain anything is to bend oneself toward it with all one's might. We approximate just in proportion to the intensity and the persistency of our effort to attain.

You Become Like Your Thought.

If you are inclined to storm and rage, if you "fly all to pieces" over the least annoyance, do not waste your time regretting this weakness, and telling everybody that you can not help it. Just assume the calm, deliberate, quiet, balanced composure, which characterizes your ideal person in that respect. Persuade yourself that you are not hot-tempered, nervous, or excitable, that you are calm, serene, and well balanced, that you do not fly off at a tangent at every little annoyance, and that you can control yourself. You will be amazed to see how the perpetual holding of this serene, calm, quiet attitude will help you to become like your thought. All we are or ever have been or ever will be comes from the quality and force of our thinking.

A bad temper is largely the result of false pride, selfishness, and cheap vanity, and no man who is worthy the name will continue to be governed by it. There is nothing manly or noble in the quality which lets loose the "dogs of war" which in an instant may make enemies of our best friends. A well-poised mind gives a sense of mastery which nothing else can supply.

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Jimmy had to gulp hard at that. Why they could hardly find a living here, so how could they manage to go south? And if they didn't? Jimmy put the thought from him. It was too dreadful.

Somehow, too, they all seemed to rely on him, his frail little mother, least on him, almost as though he were his father, the little invalid brother, the baby sister, all seemed to think he could help them out of any difficulty. If he were only a man and could earn at least ten dollars a day, wouldn't it be grand? But he was just a boy, with no experience, and about as much education as the ordinary lad of his age.

And so it was that on this stormy December day, Jimmy stood at the window with his hands in his pockets, whistling partly to keep his spirits up, and partly to aid his thinking.

Suddenly there seemed to come an answering whistle from below, and looking down Jimmy beheld a boy, smaller than himself running along with a pile of papers under his arm.

Like a flash came the thought, why couldn't he do that, too? Before 9 and after 5 o'clock, he had nothing to do, and those were exactly the hours for such work. It might be sufficient to take Freddy's job, till on could never tell, and it was something—something to keep him from thinking.

So before and after business hours Jimmy turned paperboy.

Of course, like everything else, it had its disadvantages. At first he found it very hard to get up in the dark and cold, and to run along the snowy streets, lighted only by the street-lamps, but he would have done much more, for the additional dollar and a half it brought him.

But the worst time, of the whole day, was from 5 to 7 o'clock. He was tired after his busy day's work, the weather was cold, the papers heavy, and he was new at the business.

Then, too, he sometimes met his old chums, and while the majority of them treated him as in the old days, a few jeered at him and although he told himself, that "he didn't care," and that, "it was honest work at any rate," still it hurt. But his mother's smile when he handed her the proceeds, (sometimes fifty cents, amply repaid him.

He soon found out that the station was the best place for this kind of business, and it was not long before he had a flourishing trade.

One day, when Jimmy had been about a week in the paper business, a gentleman came hurrying through the station.

"Telegram, Times, Post, sir," asked Jimmy.

"Post," said the gentleman and hurriedly snatching the paper ran through the gate to catch his train.

Jimmy looked at the coin which the gentleman had given him, and then dashed after him, but the train had gone and so had the man.

Jimmy returned to his stand at the door and looked at the coin again—it wasn't a five dollar gold piece after all: it was only—he caught his breath—and looked at it again—it was a fifty dollar California gold piece. Freddy would go south. They would all go and he would find a position there and they could remain as long as they wished. Freddy would be cured, and his mother would get strong again and she would never look tired any more. Oh! it was lovely, lovely—almost too lovely to think about.

It must be owned that Jimmy did very little business that evening. He seemed to be in a dream, and a beautiful dream it was, too. His regular customers were rather surprised to see, the usually bright Jimmy handing them for a Times or a Post or a Telegram for a Times, in a most pre-occupied manner.

Force of habit made him stay until 7 o'clock, but when at the time he started for home he still carried half his bundle of papers. Instinctively he turned the right corners and kept out of the way of the cars. When about half way home, he stopped suddenly right in the middle of the street and dropped his papers. He had come out of his day dream with a start. "The money was not his," said a dreadful awakening. What would he do his first thought. Go home and tell his mother the whole story? No! She had enough troubles. What then? As he stood gazing about him, his eye caught the glimmer of the moon's clear rays on the golden cross of the great cathedral, and his question was answered.

Confidently the little figure walked up the aisle. Never before had the old cathedral seemed so still, so grand, and to the little storm-tossed life the sanctuary-lamp sent a message of help, and safety, and comfort. Here he could pour forth all his troubles, sure of receiving assistance. He was too tired to think much, so he just knelt there drinking in the splendor of this holy place and by degrees the answer came and the strength to do what was right.

When Mrs. Coghlan, after putting the younger children to bed, made the usual nightly announcement: "To yer knees, to yer knees!" Bryan had already been kneeling a good ten minutes, and with all the fervor of his soul had already brought the God of Mercy to avert misfortunes from his innocent children, adding, however, the invariable ejaculation of the Irish peasant when asking for temporal favors, "Welcome be the will of God!"

In the family circle of Bryan Coghlan the Rosary after supper was never omitted. There was a tradition that in the old homestead of the Coghlan's it was said nightly without any break or interruption for three generations, and the present family would no more think of neglecting it than they would of abandoning the faith.

Mrs. Coghlan "gave out" the Rosary in a low, sweet voice and in a manner so deeply reverential that one could not listen to her without being moved to sentiments of greater piety and devotion. As she knelt there, with her mild blue eyes raised heavenward, and with a holy calm and peace radiating from her gentle, spiritual face, one could not help comparing her with the statue of Our Lady of Lourdes in the Chapel of Doon, or, if influenced by literary associations, of thinking of Wordsworth's exquisite sentiment:

The holy time is quiet as a nun, Breathing with a-our-till.

Probably about the same hour in thousands of humble homes throughout the land the Rosary was being recited just as devoutly as in Bryan Coghlan's, and we can well imagine the Mother of God and the whole court of heaven nightly bending their earnest gaze on our own little spot of earth, "our own loved island of sorrow," and listening with strained and enraptured attention to the full chorus of praise that swells upward from Erin in one grand symphony to the throne of the Most High.

Whilst the fourth decade was being said a neighbor and kinsman of Bryan's, Mat Coghlan, lifted the latch of the door and entered. Finding the family at the Rosary, he quietly dropped on his knees, as was customary in such cases, and joined in the responses. At a silent intimation from Mrs. Coghlan, he even said the fifth decade, a privilege of which he seemed to be proud. As he seldom came for candle so late, Bryan instinctively associated his visit with bad news, and his heart sank.

The Rosary finished, each spent a considerable time in saying what they denominated "their own prayers." Although Mrs. Coghlan, according to an invariable custom, now extending back over many years, had already recited the first two parts of the Rosary (in the morning and at mid-day) and had consequently completed the devotion, nevertheless she was the last to rise from her knees after completing "her own prayers." A delicate compliment to her in particular, the visitor did not arise sooner, and only then did he exchange salutations with the household.

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He crept home tired but victorious, and in the morning set about his task of finding the owner of the gold piece.

As he did not know the gentleman's name he was forced to wait until he would see him again.

He waited all that day and all the next—the gold piece ever on his mind, and almost burning a hole into his pocket he thought.

On the third day, however, there was a meeting of the board of directors of the company, in whose employ he was, and he was sent into the board-room with some papers. To say that Jimmy was surprised, is a very inadequate word to describe his feelings, when he beheld the gentleman of the gold piece and of his thoughts in the president's chair.

Shyness was never one of Jimmy's characteristics, and boldly approaching the president, he laid the gold piece before him, on the table saying: "I think, sir, you made a mistake in giving me this, the other night, at the 'epo.'"

The president looked first at the money, and then at the boy.

"Where did you say you got that?" "You gave it to me, by mistake, I guess, when you bought a paper from me Monday night."

"How do you know it was I?" he asked with a smile.

"I wasn't likely to forget you, sir, when you gave such a scare."

"Scare! It was nothing to the scare I gave myself. Its my lucky piece, my boy, and I wouldn't lose it for half what I own."

"It was a present, too, and I've carried it for nearly thirty years. I thought it was gone for good, but I see that even newshoes can be honest."

The little officeboy threw back his head at that and looking the grey-haired president straight in the eyes said, with a touch of pride, "I hope I'll always be honest, no matter what work I may have to do."

Although around the table all cheered at that, and the president smiled a little sadly, it must be owned, as though he regretted something of by-gone days.

That was all just then and Jimmy was sent to his work again, but after all the other men had gone the president called him into the room alone.

"I hope you'll forgive me for slighting you, my boy," he said, "and now I want to know how much you expect as a reward."

"Reward! For what, sir?" "For returning my money, of course."

"I didn't think of any, sir. I wasn't expecting—"

"But it seems to me a boy in your position might like something. Now wouldn't you like to buy something for Christmas?"

Although Mr. Bennett was expecting anything from a dollar to a fifty dollar article, as the desired Christmas gift he was not prepared for the answer.

"Oh, sir! I'd like to go south."

"South!" he asked, "and pray for what?"

Then out came the whole pitiful story, and as Jimmy continued, he grew more and more confidential, until at last he felt as though he had been talking to his father.

"And you're Dr. Mitchell's son. Well, if you're as good as he was, (and I think you will be), you'll do."

"So you would like to go South with your brother would you?"

"Oh! I don't want to go. I want him to go, that's all."

"Well, your father saved my life once so I guess I can afford to save his boy's. I'll just pack you, and the whole family down to the same place, from which my lucky piece came."

But although Jimmy thanked him, in behalf of his mother and the little ones, he refused to go himself.

"I can't pay you now, sir, but I'm going to some day, and if you'll allow me, I'll commence to pay up now, by working for you since I have no money."

The old gentleman rubbed his hands. "I like that; I like that. You're a chip of the old block, all right. Hand me my coat there, and get your own. I'm going to see your mother."

And hand in hand, the old millionaire and the small boy stepped out into the snow-clad street, and Jimmy was whistling—Gertrude Kelly in the Christian Family.

There are quarrels among relatives because there is no sparing of disagreeable truths.—F. Fabr.

A GLIMPSE OF AN IRISH HOME.

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