

HOW TO KEEP LENT.

Excellent Advice to Catholics for the Holy Season.

The following extracts from a pamphlet issued by the Paulist Fathers are well worthy of perusal by every Catholic at this holy season of Lent:

You are well aware, my dear reader, that the Holy Church has set apart each year a certain time called Lent, in which she enjoins on her children to practice fasting and abstinence from certain kinds of food. Now, one may ask: Why does the Church do this? I will tell you.

She prescribes fasting from food in order to sarction and recommend the grand principle of self denial in regard to worldly things and pleasures, so that we may raise up our minds to a greater earnestness in heavenly desires. In this she shows clearly the Divine wisdom which directs her, and that she is truly Holy Mother Church, that is, a true mother of our souls.

Is it not plain that most people need such a time as Lent to renew themselves in spirit, and to correct what had become amiss? It is so with the merchant. No matter how carefully he manages his affairs, he must have his set times for posting up his books and taking account of his stock, or his business will fall to disorder. When he has done this and brought everything into good order, he feels great satisfaction, and is prepared to go on with new life and energy.

In the first place begin it with a good will and say:

"I will now endeavor to give my best attention to the affairs of my soul, and in order to do this I will withdraw it as much as possible from all vain and useless things, which would take up my mind and drive God and holy things out of it. My fast shall not be merely from the meat of the body, but from vain thoughts and idle words; and I will go into Lent with a cheerful and hopeful spirit, trusting in the goodness of God, Who never refuses to help those who sincerely seek Him, and ask His grace with humility."

Make up your mind to attend all the services which are held in the church during this time; assist at mass with all possible devotion; and when ever the work of God is preached, be there to hear it. If there is to be preaching or the Way of the Cross in the evening, do not mind the cold of the weather, but get your supper and be off to the church.

Let your faith warm your heart, and go to the church. There God is present in the blessed sacrament, and speaks through the mouth of his minister the priest.

How much better to be there than at a place of dissipation, where sin abounds and all sorts of evil conversation are carried on? How much better to be there than to be idling away your time at home in jokes and laughter, if not in slandering your neighbor or in mere sinful talk!

Pray as much as you can during Lent. Fasting would be of no great advantage without prayer. If you do not offer up the fast with the right intention to God, it will not be acceptable to Him; and this right intention cannot be kept up without much prayer. One ought to say to himself:

"I have a good deal of business to transact with my God at this time, and I must be about it. I must send up to heaven a great number of prayers to beg for mercy and pardon, and for a thousand graces I need so much. I will do it in the house and in the street, at my work and at my meals, at home and in the church, by night and by day, at all times and in all places."

Short prayers or ejaculations, as they are called, repeated frequently, have a most powerful effect to draw down the grace of God in abundance upon the soul. Some who have practiced them faithfully for even a few days have been so changed that they have abandoned a wicked life, and turned to God with their whole hearts, and continue to lead holy lives ever after until the hour of their death.

And try to get a good time each day when you can be alone with God, and spend it in sending up sincere and earnest prayers and good wishes to draw down the grace which He has promised to give to all who persist in begging until their prayers are granted.

But what would be the use of going to the church and praying, if you should allow yourself to go on in sin or in sinful

habits? It is of the very first and prime importance to shut the door on such things at the very beginning of Lent. Bid good-by, then, to any old habits of sin you may have, and you need not be very polite about it either. Say to them all: "Get you gone! you have deceived and cheated me long enough."

Avoid the habits of dissipation, the drinking-shops or bar-rooms, or any other bad resorts. Say to yourself: "As to such and such a place, I will never set my foot within it from this moment. If I would avoid the kingdom of Satan for all eternity, I must keep out of his dominions now."

Make this firm and good resolution. Stop all sin at the outset of Lent. Out of all the occasions of sin which led you into sin before, and will do so again if you go into them. Do this, and it will be the surest of way drawing down God's blessing upon you. It will most surely drive the evil one from you, and break up his power, so that it cannot get it again.

This will sometimes cost a great deal, and requires a strong resolution; but think of the reward beyond all price, and it will give you courage to make the sacrifice, and to make it gladly and cheerfully.

With these dispositions, I can safely promise that the Easter-time will not go by without your having made a good and satisfactory confession, and obtained the pardon of your sins. You may have been a long time away or your conscience may be weighed down by heavy sins, and you may feel a dread of confession, but your good-will will remove all difficulties.

The confession and the communion put the seal on the good work begun by prayer and self-denial; and this is the reason why the Easter communion is made an obligation on all Catholics. Would that Holy Church, and the holy angels and saints, and our Lord Jesus Christ could look with satisfaction on the spectacle of all the faithful clothed in white garments of innocence and renewed in the spirit of their minds, assisting each year at the celebration of the festival of Easter, when our Lord arose from death to immortal life.

Those who are able to read would find it a great help to spend their Lent well, if they had some good books to occupy themselves with when they find leisure time. I would recommend particularly the Holy Scriptures and the lives of the saints. Nothing is more powerful than than example to encourage us to the practice of virtue. The word and life of our Lord, the lives of the saints and their happy deaths, influence their souls with an ardent desire to imitate them, and to be associated with them in their reward. Instead of trashy novels and irreligious newspapers, how much better to read moral and religious books. For the rest, remember that Lent is the time for all sorts of good works. The examples of Jesus Christ and of His Blessed Mother ought to be before your eyes constantly.

Draw near to God in this way during Lent, and He will draw near to you. Spend even one Lent in this way, and you will be quite sure to spend the next in the same way, and all that come after it. By and by there will be no need of Lent, for you will enjoy a perpetual never ending Easter in heaven.

A GREAT IRISH WIT.

His surroundings as an ecclesiastic doubtless prevented the late Rev. Father James Healy, parish priest of Little Bray, Ireland, from becoming as celebrated a wit as John Philpot Curran or Richard Brinsley Sheridan. Innumerable anecdotes are told concerning him, and all illustrate the rich gifts bestowed upon him by nature as well as by education. The late Father Tom Burke was a humorist of the O'Connell type, pungent and raucy of the soil, but even he did not equal the epigrammatic genius of Father Healy.

One who knew Father Healy speaks of him as follows:

"All Dubliners know Dalkey church—the Protestant one—built on an eminence. The rock immediately joining the church is quarried away. Some people were chatting over the neighborhood and its beauties one day, and the site of the church was praised. A Protestant gentleman turned, smiling, to Father James and said: 'It is a church founded on a rock.' Yes, a blasted rock.' The owner of the great oyster establishment in Dublin was one day telling him of the musical

accomplishments of his daughter, when the Padre, with hearty sympathy, said: 'She would be a regular oyster Patti.' He never talked politics, but he answered all questions with genial rapidity. When being asked what would Mr. Healy be when home rule came, he said at once: 'An old man.' I said to him, when living during the summer in his parish, 'I think I met your curate just now—rather stout.' He replied, 'That's he; I send him out as a sample and keep the thin one at home.'

"Once a busybody asked him whether a friend of his was a good Catholic, and he got the answer, 'No better man but a child could beat him at fasting.' He was once at Monte Carlo on a visit, and a friend tried to get him to enter the great room for play. 'Is it not like a cathedral?' 'Ah,' said he, 'there is all the difference. In a cathedral they pray for a man; here they prey on him. His friends comprised all classes, rich and poor, old and young, Protestant and Catholic. He was a priest devoted to his church and his flock; but his heart was big enough to include kind and loving feelings for all. His funeral was one of the largest and most representative held for many a day in Dublin, and it will be long before Father James passes from the memory of those who had the delight of knowing him.'—*Colorado Catholic*.

GOUGAUNE BARRA.

(By JEREMIAH JOSEPH CALLAHAN.)

There is a green island in lone Gougaune Barra,
Where Ailua of songs rushes forth as an arrow;
In deep valleys Desmond—a thousand wild
fountains,
Come down to that lake from their home in
the mountains,
There grows the wild ash, and a time stricken
willow;
Looks chidingly down on the mirth of the
bellow;
As, like some gay child that sad monitor scorn-
ing,
It lightly laughs back to the laugh of the
morning.

And its zone of dark hills—oh! to see them all
bright'ning,
When the tempest flings out its red banner of
lightning,
And the waters rush down, 'mid the thunder's
deep rattle,
Like clans from their hills at the voice of the
battle;
And brightly the fire-crested billows are gleam-
ing,
And wildly from Mullagh the eagles are
screaming,
Oh! where is the dwelling in valley or high-
land,
So meet for a bard as this lone little island?

How oft when the summer sun rested on
Olara,
And lit the dark heath on the hills of Ivera,
Have I sought thee, sweet spot, from my home
by the ocean,
And trod all thy wilds with a minstrel's devo-
tion,
And thought of thy bards, when assembling
together,
In the cleft of thy rocks, on the depth of thy
heather;
They fled from the Saxon's dark bondage and
slaughter,
And woke their last song by the rush of thy
water.

High sons of the lyre, oh! how proud was the
feeling,
To think while alone through that solitude
stealing,
Though louder minstrels green Erin can num-
ber,
I only awoke your wild harp from its slumber,
And mingled once more with the voice of those
fountains,
The songs even echo forgot on the mountains;
And gleam'd each gray legend, that darkly was
sleeping
Where the mist and the rain o'er their beauty
were creeping.

Least bard of the hills I were it mine to inherit
The fire of thy harp and the wing of thy spirit,
With the wrongs which like thee to our
country have bound me.
Did your mantle of song fling its radiance
around me,
Still, still in those wilds might young liberty
rally,
And send her strong shout over mountain and
valley.
The star of the west might yet rise in its glory,
And the land that was darkest be brightest in
story.

I, too, shall be gone;—but my name shall be
spoken,
When Erin awakes, and her fetters are broken;
Some minstrel will come, in the summer eve's
gleaming,
When freedom's young light on his spirit is
beaming,
And bend o'er my grave with a tear of emotion
Where calm Avon-Buee seeks the kisses of the
ocean,
Or plant a wild wreath, from the banks of that
river,
O'er the heart, and the harp, that are sleeping
forever!

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.

Our post office box heretofore has been No. 1758; in future all communications should be addressed to our new box—post office box 1188. We trust that special note of this change will be taken by all who have communications to address to THE TRUE WITNESS.

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REV. ABBE TROIE

APPOINTED PARISH PRIEST OF NOTRE DAME.

Reverend Abbe Troie, P.S.S., who has been appointed parish priest of Notre Dame, was born at St. Remi, Napierville County, early displayed an aptitude for classical studies. He pursued his studies at the Montreal College and the Grand Seminary, and was ordained in the Mother Church of the Sulpician Order in Paris. Abbe Troie has at all times identified himself with the numerous agencies for good in connection with St. James' parish and is very popular with the young people. He is a convincing preacher, and especially powerful in controversy. As an administrator and man of business he will be of great service to the enormous parish of Notre Dame. The Abbe is about forty-five years of age.

THE RIGHT SORT OF PLUCK.

Thirty years ago two Irish immigrants employed as porters in New York warehouses undertook to study law. After working from morning until night, packing goods, loading drays and making deliveries, they sat up until twelve o'clock in their rooms in a boarding house reading law books and discussing principles and cases.

The ambitious young men were so deeply interested in their night work that they frequently argued points of law during leisure moments at the store, and naturally exposed themselves to chaffing and ridicule. With Irish wit they parried every thrust and never lost their tempers.

Their companions nicknamed them the "Judge" and "Lawyer John," and asked them mockingly whether they thought that merchants would consult them as lawyers after employing them as porters.

"They may do it," answered the "Judge," "after we have worked up a fine criminal practice in keeping out of the penitentiary night brawlers like yourselves, who ought to be in their beds and asleep."

"Instead of loading your drays," said an intemperate clerk, "you stand there arguing whether an injunction could be brought against the firm for obstructing the sidewalk. You are your own lawyers, and you have fools for clients."

"Judgment may be affirmed," said "Lawyer John," "but not with costs. We have borrowed our law books, and we save money by keeping out of the saloons. It costs less to fuddle our brains with law than with drink. A debauch over Blackstone leaves a better taste in the mouth than a night spent in carousing."

So the laugh in the end turned against the intemperate clerk. The young porters knew how to take and return a joke. By their good humor they amused everybody in the store, and it was not long before members of the firm helped them to get clerkships in law offices.

One of them is to-day on the bench, and the other is a lawyer with a lucrative practice. They made their way rapidly, and neither criticism nor ridicule kept them back.

Landlord to departing guest: I trust I may rely upon your recommending my establishment? Guest: I don't happen to have at this moment a mortal enemy in the world.