The Priest with the Brogue.

A MINER'S REMINISCENCE.

Down by the gulch, where the pickaxe's ring-Never struck chords with the stream's smothered singing-For we had damned its bright ardour to

there Down by that galch, where all speech seemed

one swear, Naught but profanity ever in vogue, Wandered one morning a priest with brogue.

Also a smile. Now no mortal knows whether God has ordained they should travel to-gether, But it in tongue Erin's music you trace, Bet Erin's sunshine peeps out in the face. Anybow, Father M'Cabe had 'em both, Sunshine and harmony-matural growth. While the air trembled with half suppressed oath, Right down among us he stepped; all the while bealing his way, as it were, with his smile.

while Feeling his way, as it were, with his smile, And when that staggered the obstinate

rogue, Knocking him head over heels with his bro

Inside a fortnight the brown throated robins Perched undismayed just in front of our

cabins; Sang at our windows for all they were

Sang at our worth— Lucifer didn't own all of the earth! Pistols grew rusty, and whisky seemed sour; Nobody hunted the right or left bower ; Deserts put verdure on—one little flower Bloomed in a niche of the rock. At its root, Erstwhile undreamt of, lay rich golden um fruit!

fruit! Yes ; we struck gold. Arrah, Luck's "thur-rum pogue." Couldn't go back on a priest with the brogue

-Arthur M. Forrester.

FIVE . MINUTES SERMON.

Second Sunday in Lent.

RENEFITS OF A GOOD CONFESSION.

In thee, O God, I put my trust ; let me not ashamed." (Ps. xxiv. 2.)

When our first parents fell from vir tue they immediately hid themselves. This sense of shame for sin committed is inherent in human nature, and is therefore a good thing, but like every good thing it may, by excess, become an evil. Let us see how it can become an evil.

There are some who from this very sense of shame go on from year to year making bad confessions, go on from year to year hiding some sweet darling sin from the priest. Cowards who are unwilling to bear a momentary flush of the cheek ! Sinners who are willing to commit sin but unwilling to bear its shameful effects! Then there are others-hypocritical peni tents who pose before their spiritual directors and smooth over certain sins, for fear they might incur the shame of losing the good favor of the priest. Foolish people ! They forget that the more honest and more open the con fession the more tender becomes the heart of the priest and the more effect ive the spiritual remedies he pres There is no such thing as the cribes. loss of reputation before the priest in the confessional. The priest is but the representative, the agent of God, and God knows all. What shall we say of those who imagine that they might have to suffer the shame of finding the priest very much shocked at the sin they have committed and unable to attend to it? Let us make no such mistakes. There is no spiritual difficulty, no form of sin to which the priest cannot offer a solution and a Every confessor has made cure. special studies to meet the requirements of every soul-from the innocent child's

awful picture sink deep into our hearts Let us endeavor to realize something of its tremendous significance. Then, and then only, shall we begin to put our trust in God. Then, and then only, shall we begin to crave ceremony. the opportunity of suffering shame for His sake: "In Thee, O God, I put my trust; let me not be ashamed."

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Daty. Straight and firm mark out the furrow Drop therein the golden grain ; Do thy task and rise to morrow Ready to begin again. One day like another passing. Acts and deeds of little show, Garnered seeds may be amassing. Whence the harvest fields shall glow

Fanyely, then, the ploughshare driving, Faint not nor withdraw thy band : Duties done by earnerst striving Leave, their traces o'er the land, Havd the labor, few the pleasures, Duli the task no others share : But each step that duy measures Leads up a golden stair.

Sing, then, in the early morning, Going forth to work alone : Sing at evening, home returning, Counting up the day's work done, Light the footsteps ever wending Duty's worn and dusty ways ; Light the heart, fiself expanding, Dead to thought of human praise.

Dead to self ; intensely loving In the noble throbs that move Hearts who weary not in giving Life for life and love for love. Love of souls and love of duty. Fear of falsehood, hate of wrong, These shall clothe thy life with beauly Worthy of the poet's song.

-Dublin Review.

MAMIE'S PERIL. BY M. T. R.

If having her own way could have made Mamie White happy then she ought to have been one of the happiest girl in Gowansville, for she had, though after considerable trouble only, gained the victory over everybody most concerned in her welfare, so that, for this day no one, for peace's sake interfered with her wish to do and

have as she pleased. Yet it was but now 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and Mamie was neither happy nor contented with the working out of her own sweet will; in fact she could hardly recall a day when her heart and head were so heavy.

To begin with it was Saturday, and there being no school, her mother had not unnaturally, expected that Mamie would make herself useful taking a hand in the work, and running chores, especially as the holiday season now so near, necessitated considerable extra baking, cooking, and sweeping.

th it happened, however, As weather was remarkably mild and the pleasant for this time of , almost leading the birds the idea that it was spring, year, into when our little girl awoke SO, that lovely morning, and heard a few stray birds twittering in the empty branches outside her windows, she quickly decided that it was a day more fitted for play than work and, therefore, dressed herself in accordance with that decision.

Then she skipped lightly down stairs and found the kitchen deserted by all but the big family cat, while her break fast lay covered up on one side of the long deal table.

She poured out a cup of hot coffee. uncovered the rolls and butter, and sat down to eat as leisurely as if she were a young princess, without a care or a duty aside from her meal.

By and by, her mother entering with a pail and mop, spoke a trifle sharply, and testily ; "Come, come Mamie, the coffee can't stand on the stove all day, and I must clear the table in a minute. I want to clean it,

no knowing how soon one would be precipitated from the safety of the land the absent daughter when, suddenly the door flung open, and Mamie, cross and breathless, bounced in without into the deep waters by a misstep, but gratitude will dare much for a bene-Actor. Mr. Graham made Alice shut the

'I never saw such a mean girl as A'ice ;" she exclaimed angrily, " she wouldn't come out with me, as she had some darning to do, and after that, she was going with her father to the gypsy camp, so she begged to be excused, and left me without another word. sion. She had a right to invite me to go to

the camp," added Mamie, half crying, "but she was too mean." Mrs. White kept on working, but

she listened too. "What will you do now ?" she asked wearily, hoping her child would volun-

teer to help her at last. "O, I'll paste pictures in [my scrap book, and then, I'll est my dinner, and, atterwards, I'll-O, I'll see when the time comes," this last as a bright thought entered her mind. "Do as you like, Mamie, but remember

it's your own will you are doing, not mine; so let us see if you'll be any happier when the night comes," said her mother, resignedly. This speech angered the girl, and,

with a pout she left the room slamming the door after her. "I declare it's too horrid for any

thing to be always at the beck and call of everybody," she remarked, as she got safely into her own little

"I know she'll say no if I ask to go to the camp, so I'll just walk off without asking.

Of course her mother would refuse permission, and well Mamie knew it. the rest of the morning During

various calls were made on Mrs. White by the neighbors who requested or needed some little service from her daughter, but to one and all, Mamie turned a deaf ear, and defiantly de clined to be obliging, though she was aware that, as the reward of her serv ices, neither she nor her mother would be forgotten when these same

neighbors made purchases in the town. Her dinner was only a lunch, there was no time to cook anything until the father came home from business in the evening, hence Mamie being able to start early, and, in better spirits than before, set out on

her journey. It was a long, long distance, and sorely tried her patience, but, happily, she met her uncle who good naturedly offered her the use of his pony when to told him she was going to join Alice Graham and her father for a visit

to the gyspy camp. This was false, as we know, but being Mamie's sense of honor was blunted through her disregard for her mother, and, somehow, she felt more reckless than usual about breaking a ommandment.

Mounted on her horse, she tried to feel as if she were fortunate in having met her uncle, but, in spite of herself, a strange unrest and foreboding took possession of her, and destroyed all her Then, inanticipations of happiness. convenient visions of her mother working hard and unaided, would rise before her, and throw a pall over her

ourney. The gypsies camp was near the sea, and Mamie, not knowing the way, at length found herself and her pony on the sands about the time when the tide commenced to rise rapidly.

There was a heavy mist, too, which entirely obscured things near at hand, so that, with the spreading and deepening waters, and the inability to see a foot ahead of her, Mamie had cause enough for perplexity and fear. Bruno's feet were sinking deeper and but he bravel ed on. while the girl holding the reins strained her eyes forward for a glimpse of some dry spot where they could rest, but in vain, for the sea kept on increasing its domain until there was nothing now but water and mist all about the horse and rider.

Then

probably ing or unconscious girl leaning for living in. ward on his saddle.

as she realized that she had no escape

from the deceptive and dreary mist

There is very little to add to this story now-as Mamie after her recovery was too much shocked by her near ness to a dreadful death, ever to return to her old idle shiftless ways, and thus her mother never again had cause to complain of being left alone or un-

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

Our Influence.

Every day we exert an influence upon our acquaintances : - we leave an impression upon every one whom we meet, with whom we talk, with whom we have business, our words, our looks our manners, our dress, our tones, our thoughts, our principles-our whole personality affects our neighbors, pleases, shocks or soothes, edifies or scandalizes, lifts upwards or shoves downward, helps or hinders, makes or mars. We shall never know in this world how powerful we have been to influence other lives, nor what we have effected in that way, nor what we might have accomplished if we had acted differently from what we have Sometimes, accidently, after done. many years, we hear that what we once did had immense consequences for some one, of which at the time we had no idea. A kind word, a look of trust, a helping hand-these have often changed the course of lives.

Sowing Seed.

One day, when walking along a path

lined with weeds, I carelessly dropped a tiny seed from my hand, and the next moment regretted the act, deeming the seed atterly lost. Imagine my surprise when, a few weeks later, in going along the same path I found the seed a flourishing plant, covered with odorous blossoms. It seemed incredble, and upon investigating I found that the seed had dropped upon a nour ishing soil, and the weeds, after vainly striving to uproot it, were now allowing it to shed, unmolested, its fra-

with education and a trained and dis-ciplined will, mind and body, looks down with scorn at the 'incompetency With of such living dead men. genuine ring of thankfulness in his tone, a gentleman once said : have received two bequests from my parents, for which I am exceedingly grateful. From my father I inherited poverty, and I was forced to work for my living, which has been a good thing for me. My mother left me a holy example, and her prayers have led me to practice my religion. could have received nothing greater. There are hosts of young men who are refere are nosts of young men who are fretting because they "were not born with gold spoons in their mouths," who, likely as not, would have been spoiled by riches. One such young man thought it pretty hard to receive this "bequest" from his father, who knew him well : "I give and bequeath to my son John the entire state of New York, to make his

this country,; and many a poor man

Be Resolute.

"Resolution," says John Foster, "is omnipotent." He that resolves upon any great, and at the same time, good end, by that very resolution has scaled the chief barrier to it. He will find it removing difficulties, searching out or making means, giving courage for despondency, and strength for weak-ness; and, like the star in the east, to the wise men of old, ever guiding him nearer and nearer to the sum of all perfection .- T. Edwards.

He Discovered a Great Chemist.

"The greatest discovery I ever made," said Sir Humphry Davy, "was Michael Faraday." Faraday carried forward Sir Humphry's purposes and plans beyond his own power. He improved on the work of his master. The man who can discover men of abilities and possibilities, and place them in a position to work out a life work-to render a service to their fellow menis doing a great thing both for the man and for the world.

Lenten Work.

Besides the abstinence and the fasting imposed on us during this holy season by the Church, there are other works, too often disregarded, which chime in perfectly with the spirit of this Lenten time. The first of those is this Lenten time. almsgiving. Upon this God, even in the Old Law, set His seal of approval. When about to leave the home of the elder Tobias, the Archangel Raphael, to encourage the members of that pious household in their well-doing, said " Prayer is good with fasting and alms more than laying up treasures of gold; for alms delivereth from death, and the same is that which purgeth away sin, and maketh to find mercy and life But the Master recomeverlasting.' mends this wholesome practice in stronger words of commendation : "Whatsoever you do to the least of My brethren you do it to Me." When, acting from a motive therefore, of religion, and not from mere human impulse, we give food to the hungry, or drink to the thirsty, or covering to the naked, He looks upon it all as done to Himself, because the poor are His brethren, and they, fur thermore, closely resemble Him, since He was hungry and thirsty, and with out shelter, for, He declared, foxes have their holes, and the birds of the air their nests, but the Son of Man hath not whereon to lay His Who among us would be so head hard of heart as to deny the Master's request for food or shelter? - St. Ignatius Calendar, San Francisco, Cal.

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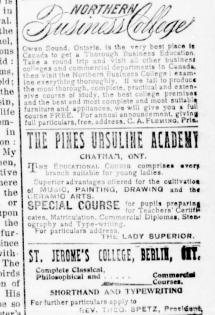
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doing, to be able to spare a thought to

Bruno !'

aided.

THE CATHOLIC RECORD

shutter of the carriage until he could return, and, while she sat on the soft

cushions trembling and fearful, he and the rude men of the forest went away out of sight on their charitable mis-Step by step they walked silently towards the spot from which the sound

of the horse's trot could yet be heard but they heard nothing else excepting the splash of the angry waves. an idea occured to Mr. Graham.

"Stand a moment !" he cried "I'll try once more! Bruno! Bruno! Scarcely had his voice ceased than the trot changed into a run, and, while the men listened breathlessly, out from the densest part of the mist dashed a beautiful pony with a sleep

Bruno, for it was he, had heard his own name, and now stood quivering

in every muscle from joy and relief at the side of Mr. Graham, who, recog-nizing the girl, lifted her tenderly, and carried her to the carriage to the wondering Alice. & Poor Mamie had fainted from fright

from a death in the raging waves, and Bruno, being unused to that portion of the coast had trotted up and down helplessly, seeking in vain an outlet

iar voice had guided him.

until his own name uttered by a famil-

to that of the blackest sinner. Herein we see what a great safeguard to our morality the sacrament of penance is. Why, even the very shame incurred in confessing a sin is half the victory over that sin ! Sometimes, also, we meet persons who refuse to bear the shame of the rebuke from their father confessor. They blush, they are con-fused, they are ashamed. The harshest and most cruel treatment, the deep est shame that man could suffer, would not be enough punishment for the commission of one deliberate mortal sin. The priest knows how much pen ance we deserve ; he has sounded the under-current of society ; he knows its rocks and shoals, and is therefore capable of guiding the soul to safer waters.

And now, what shall we say of the peaceful relief and calm repose which tollows the shameful confusion of tell ing dark sins to a priest? What can we say? Those who have experienced this season of rest, know what it is. Although the sorrow for sin still abides in the soul, nevertheless the sense of shame is lost in the sense of freedom from sin.

Finally, shame may incline us to omit seemingly little things, small cir-cumstances which, if confessed, indeed would add special malice to the sin. It may also incline us to drug our consciences so to speak, to stifle doubts as to whether a thing is a mortal sin or Oh ! let us have some common not. sense with regard to this matter. us tell all, in spite of the nervousness and remorse and feverish brain, and the great weight will be lifted from off our souls. Let us for once be severe with ourselves, without being morbidly scrupulous. Let us choke the demon of pride. Let us, as it were, subject souls to the scientific experiment of having a flood of electric light poured down into its very depths.

We cannot lead two lives before Cod. In His sight our souls are as transparthe limpid stream that flows ent as down the mountain. Oace upon a time the sacred body of Jesus Christ. stripped of its raiment, hung upon Mount Calvary-Jesus Christ, the Imwild, cruel, and jeering mob! Let the too much taken up with what she was these men knew well-for there was maculate Victim of shame before a

and then scrub the floor. As soon as you are ready, you must help me for I am awfully busy to day." "O, mother," returned Mamie,

quickly, "don't say awfully. "Well, Miss Prim, what shall I say,

then ?" asked Mrs. White, laughing, sarcastically; but, Mamie understand ing her mother's tone, remained silent.

"I guess," said her mother, taking the dishes off the table as she spoke and putting them in a pan of hot water I guess we will choose some other time to discuss grammar, and, for the present, try to finish up our work. So, take that pail now-but child ! she cried, stopping short, "why you have your Sunday dress on ; what on earth is that for ?"

Mamie reddened somewhat as she answered, glibly : "O, I intended to go visiting to day; it's such nice weather, and Alice Graham and I can have a race in the woods, when we are tired searching for scarlet berries.

"Well, that's your plan, Mamie, retorted Mrs. White gravely, "and mine is, that you go and take off that diess at once, and don you old scrub

bing gown, and set to, to help me." "O, mother !" cried the girl, begin-ning to sob, "how dreadful you are after my studying and studying every day this week until my head aches! Am I never to have a holiday like other people ?" she asked, peevishly. "You have plenty of time to play

every afternoon, child, and you know you make good use of it in that way," responded her mother, " but, if your head is really aching you can do as you like, and I'll try to do without you

Glad to get even this reluctant permission, Mamie jumped up in manner unusual to people with head aches, and hurried from the room, while Mrs. White, with a sigh, resumed her work, and cleaned and scrubbed until she felt that she was herself just

one ache from head to foot. "I wish," she murmured. "I could lie down for an hour, but, oh, dear, there is so much to be done, I wouldn't dare to take a second wink.'

So she toiled patiently, her attention

Yet, the camp was not far away, if only Mamie had known it, and quickly would the rough men have hastened to the rescue had they thought that their aid was wanted.

They burned their fires, and told their tales, while Alice and her father stood and watched them, happy and unconscious that misery and unhappiness had so near a halt between them and the sea.

By and by, Mr. Graham judging it time to start for home, gave some money to the gypsies, and, bidding them a kindly farewell, he and Alice meet the carriage which walked on to was in waiting for them some yards away.

Alice gazed seaward in calm enjoy ment of the mist which hid the waters from even her sharp eyes, while her father whistled a little tune to himself as it were ; when suddenly, his daughter somewhat startled him by exclaim-

ing : "Oh, papa ! I hear a horse trotting, "Oh, papa ! I hear a horse trotting, and it isn't ours, for see," pointing, "how still he is !"

Mr. Graham looked, and then stopped to listen. "Yes," he said, and I'm almost sure I know the step. It sounds just like Doctor White's Bruno, bail I can't see anything. I'll call, "he added briskly.

So he called the doctor's name several times, receiving no answer but that monotonous trot, trot, trot.

" said "There's something wrong, the gentleman anxiously ; "let us go back, and I'll ask the men at the camp to direct me what to do."

The gypsies were only too willing to aid the man who had been so kind to them, and soon the whole band were ready to dare travel right into the heart of the heavy cloud which hung between them and the treacherous sea It was a dangerous undertaking as

rance abroad.

This incident set me theorizing. Often a beautiful character develops where circumstances seem the most adverse. In a home of poverty and squalor a child grew, and the world looked pityingly on. There seemed ooked pityingly on. but one destiny possible for the little But there came a day when a one. gentleman, a philanthropist, was at tracted by the child, and he dropped a seed of kindness and encouragement into his heart, and, lo ! a lofty resolve was born, never to die. There were those who noted the child's ambition and wondered at it. "He will never amount to anything, it is not in the blood," they skeptically said. They were obliged to acknowledge

their error. The child developed into mature life, and was a power in the moral and intellectual world. "I trace," said he, "from the day when I received my first word of en-

couragement." Is it not a solemn reflection that we are constantly sowing seed for good or evil? Our acts seem so unimportant : one day follows another in quick suc cession, in their regular routine, varying but little. Yet silently, perhaps, but no less surely, our influence is making itself felt.

Sow all the good seed you can. Never mind if the soil looks sterile ; it is yours to sow ; it is God's to garner the harvest.

Virtue and Industry are Good Legacies Expensive tastes, a pampered body, an untrained mind, unskilled hands, Godlessness and laziness have been the bequests of many a father to a son to whom he had left these legacies at the time when manhood's strength and abilities should have been possessed. In such a condition, with money or without it, a young man's position is deplorable, and the father has deeply wronged the son. An old Jewish pro-verb says: "He that teacheth not his son a trade is much the same as he that teacheth him to be a thief." Fortunes do not stay with families many generations, but even with money a man may be poor in usefulness. It is

Diseases of the Throat and Lungs Are extremely frequent in this climate, and their danger lies in the opinion too often en-tertained that they wear themselves out. That they do not and that hundreds are being the indiverse in the open and the set of th That they do not and that hundreds are being hurried in consequence to untimely graves is one of the most patent facts of our existence. The only rational treatment is to employ Maltine with Cod Liver Oil, a preparation o inestimable value in all pulmonary com plaints. In addition to supplying the oil in 4 form in which it may easily be assimilated and without disturbing the stomach, it re presents the nutritive properties of wheat and without disturbing the solution, it is presents the nutritive properties of where oats, and barley, and it is therefore a reco-structive and tissue former of eminent value Not less important is the action of maltine-starchy foods. These are rendered digs ible and capable of replacing the wastes of body. This is Nature's own method. T Maltine with Cod Liver Oil.

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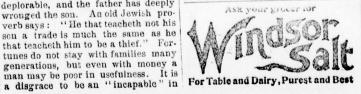
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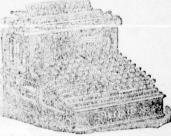
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