## THE MYSTIC HOPE.

ins is this mystic, wondrous hope in me. hat, when no star from out the darkness bern Gives promise of the coming of the morn; hen all life seems a pathless mystery arough which tear blinded eves no way can When illness comes, and life grows most forlorn, Still dares to laugh the last dread threat to

scorn, nd proudly cries, Death is not, shall not be? vonder at myneift. Tell me, O Death, If that thou rul'st the earth; if "dust to dust" Shall be the end of love and hope and strife, om what rare land is blown this living breath That shapes itself to whispers of strong trust, And tells the lie-if 'tis a lie-of life? -Minot J. Savage.

MY AUNTS HOUSE

We were very well off until our aunt, rho wanted to do us an ill turn, died, nd left us her house. Of course we vere very pleased at first. It was a retty, rambling place, with a low eranda quite covered with ivy and oses, and an old fashioned garden, with rim straight borders and neatly kept ravel paths.

There were three of us-Matthew. ane and I. Matthew was a clerk in a ank when he was younger, but as our faher had left us each a little sum of money when he died we persuaded Matthew o leave his work, for he had never been trong, and now that he was getting Iderly we could not bear to see him oming back pale and tired from his desk n the evening. We were very happy ogether. We had a nice garden to our house, where Matthew spent most of his time, and though we lived in a small way it never occurred to us to wish for more. But now that this unexpected stroke of good fortune had befallen us we began to consult what we should do. "I think we had better live in the house ourselves," said Jane. "Tenants are always a trouble, and it would be so nice to have that pretty place."

Jane is quite young-hardly more than 40-and it is necessary to check her when she is too forward in giving her opinion; but Matthew is always very enient with her, and he said at once, "Yes, the garden would be very pleasant in the summer, and we should have no rent to pay."

I always have to think for them both, and Lspoke up decidedly: "There could not be a more foolish idea. Live in it, indeed! What should we want with a great place like that for dust and mice to run riot in? We must let it of course. and the rent will make a nice little addition to our income!"

crighten us, for we determined to take one thing at a time, and only go as far as we found it necessary. It was a constant amusement to go over to the house and see how things were getting on, and I think we both agreed with Matthew when he said, "Really, I shall be quite sorry when the work is done."

It was not so pleasant, however, when the bill came in. How it had mounted up so enormously we could not tell, but the sum total fairly staggered us. I undertook to write to the builder and demand an explanation, but when it came we could understand it less than the bill itself.

"I think we had better put it into a lawyer's hands," said Matthew.

To this, however, I would not give my consent. "We shall only lose more in the end," I said. "We must pay an installment now, and when we have let it we can pay the rest out of the rent."

"When we have let it!" The words passed into a household phrase before that longed for day arrived. We put an advertisement in several papers, and many people came to see it, but they all had some objection or other to make. Some thought it too big, some too small, some too far from the town, and some too near; some wanted more bedrooms, and some even disliked our delightful corridor.

"Very pretty! Oh, yes, very pretty indeed!" said one lady as we pointed it out to her; "but it is a parfect wilderness of cold draughts!"

We were silent; we could not deny it. Matthew said something rather feebly about cocoanut matting, but the lady left without listening to him.

Things were getting very desperate when one day a gentleman called and said that he had heard that we had a house to let. Instantly we were all in the highest state of excitement. Jane and I flew to put on our bonnets, and Matthew reached down his hat and stick.

The gentleman told us that his name was Wilton; that he had seen our advertisement in the paper, and that he want ed a house some little way out of the town, as his children were not very strong.

"How many children have you?" inquired Matthew. "Oh, several," replied Mr. Wilton,

"Is this the house? It looks very pretty." We had become so accustomed to hear the house found fault with that our

## THE CATHOLIC JOURNAL.

Raffilly evenes wir wet wearand property water Months passed away, and still the house remained unlet. One gentleman was very much inclined to take it, but there was no coach house, and though Oh, I wish we had never had the house we were sorely tempted to build one we stall; but you shall do just what you dreaded bricks and mortar too much to venture, unless he would have taken the house for at least seven years. A widow lady offered to take it if we would let her have it free for the first two years, and we were rather sorry afterward that we had not closed with the proposal, for there seemed no chance of anything else turning up. Meanwhile we had to reduce our expenses daily to meet the drain of the interest.

"The next thing will be that we shall not be able to pay our debts," said Matthew gloomily, but it is always the dark est hour before the dawn, and only a few days after he made the remark we had an offer that bade fair to remove our difficulties. A gentleman and his wife came down to stay at an hotel in the town and look about for a house. Directly I heard of it I got Matthew to go with me to call upon them, for I felt that such an opportunity might not occur again. Mr. and Mrs. De Courcy were most pleasant people; one could see at once that they had been accustomed to move in the very best-society there was an ease and grace about them that contrasted pleasantly with our local manners. They received us most kindly and made an appointment to see the house.

"I can hardly hope that they will take it," I said, as we walked home; but contrary to my expectations they were enchanted with it, and fell in with all our wishes with the most surprising readiness. I did not wish to say anything about a repairing lease, for I was afraid they might not like it, but Matthew had been so alarmed by our prévious advent ure that he insisted upon it.

Mr. De Courcy was most gentlemanly I must say. "I should have proposed it myself if you had not thought of it," he said, with one of those bows of his that made me feel that my bonnet was very shabby and that the was a darned place in my Sunday shawl.

Such politeness required a like return. and when he asked us if it would make any difference if he paid the rent yearly instead of quarterly, as it would be a good deal more convenient to him, we could only reply that it would make no

rect' his first words were, "Now we must think how to meet our creditors." "Matthew," I cried, in a sudden burst Suntings, Trouserings, Vestings of remorse, "it has all been my fault. think best now."

"Very well," said Matthew, "we will sell the house and pay off the mortgage, and then we will see how we stand with the world."

I felt it was right, and I said not a word to hinder him, but it was not the affair of a moment; nor when the house was sold at last were we in any better position than we were before; for in addition to the back debts which still had to be paid there were the legal expenses.

I was not at all surprised to see streaks of gray in my hair, nor to notice how many new lines had appeared on Matthew's forehead. As for Jane she cried all day, which only made me cross, could see no way out of our troubles. and I did not even try to advise Matthew. The sky was so dark and gloomy that it seemed impossible for any light to appear.

"I suppose we shall have to go through W. C. Comstock, the bankruptcy court?" said I bitterly W. C. Comstock, "I suppose we shall have to go through one day.

"No," said Matthew; "there is another way, and I want to consult you about it. If we sell off some of our capital we can pay off all of our debts."

"But how shall we live?" I exclaimed. "We must take a little cottage and ture. Fitted with all modern inkeep no servants, and I must try to find some work as a copying clerk. I am afraid that is all I am good for now."

"Matthew! You a copying clerk again? I cannot let you do it."

"There is no other way," said Matthew cheerfully, "and so we must make the best of it."

-- Iszid no more; -no, not even-when--1 found that after all our debts had been paid we should not have enough to live on, unless Jane and I found some employment. I knew that Matthew was right, and that it was the only honorable thing left for us to do. Jane has gone out as companion to an old lady, and 1 take in needlowork and keep our tiny cottage in order for Matthew and myzelf.

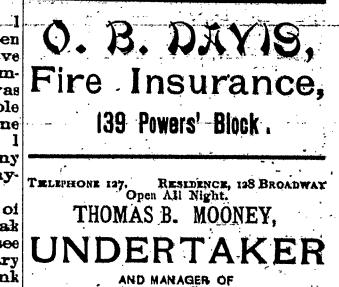
We are not quite unhappy, in spite of all our troubles, but we feel the break up of our home keenly, and when I see Matthew come in, worn out and weary from his scantily paid labor, and think of the happiness he used to enjoy as he went about helping those in poverty and said Matthew to me afterward. "We distress, I feel that the best wish I can bestow on any one who has an asunt is that if she should die she may not leave them her house.-M. B. Wheting in Boston True Flag.

Now Ready and Qvercoatings, IN ALL THE LATEST DESIGNS. Julius C. Altpeter 401 East Main, near Gibbs Street. Gormly Bros Importers of and Dealers in Grockery, Glassware, Silver Plate. LAMPS, &C. 67 State Street, opp. Market.

THE GRAND HOTEL, LOCKPORT, N. Y. Prop.

Remodeled last year. Refurnished entirely with new and elegant furniprovements including Electric Lights, Steam Heat, Call Bells, Elevator, etc.

Free 'Bus to all day trains.



Joyce Undertaking Room

-196-West-Main-Street,

I am the eldest, and-I say it without pride-I have more common sense than both the others put together; therefore they generally fall in with my opinion, even though they may not altogether agree with me.

"Let us go and look at it," said Matthew, "and then we can decide what to do for the best.'

My aunt's house stands about three miles out of the Lown, in a pleasant little hamlet; a branch line runs out past it, so that it would be a most convenient place for a gentleman of business.

It certainly looked very pretty on that summer afternoon, and I could almost echo Jane's wish that we should make it our home, but I knew better than to indulge such thoughts, and turned my mind to practical considerations. "Let us go over it, I said, and see what repairs it will want."

There is something wrong with the water pipes evidently," said Matthew, as he pointed to a large pool in the middle of the kitchen floor.

"Yes, they must be thoroughly looked to, of course, and I think the whole place must be painted and papered; it will never let while it looks so dingy as tt does now."

"I must say the rooms are very small," said Jane. "Don't you think while the workmen are here they might knock down the partition and make a nice drawing room."

I generally snub Jane at once; it answers best in the end; but this remark had so much to justify it that I could not but listen to her, and Matthew took up the idea eagerly.

"Well done, Jane!" he said. "That would be a grand improvement; but if we throw that piece of the passage into the drawing room how shall we get round to the dining room?"

"We must make another passage," said Jane decisively.

"Yes, but we cannot make a passage without a place to make it in.'

I had been silerated long only because I had been revolving something in my mind. "Listen to me a moment," I said. "We will carry out your idea, Jane, but with an addition. We will throw the passage into the drawing room and run up an outside corridor, with French windows opening into the sitting rooms." .

"Capital!" they both exclaimed at once, and the matter was settled.

We agreed not to employ an architect, but to engage a working builder to carry out the plan under our own directions. It was a much pleasanter way of doing it: there was no estimate to hearts warmed to him at these words, and we parted mutually pleased, after showing him over the place. We heard from him in a day or two, accepting our terms. Our house was let! We could

scarcely believe our good fortune. We took an early opportunity of walking out in that direction, and paying a call on a friend who lived in a house not far from ours. The conversation soon turned upon our new tenants, and Miss Caxton's words confirmed our worst fears.

"I am so sorry you have got such a tribe of rampaging children into your house," she said. "I was going by the other day, and heard a great noise, and there were two boys crawling over the roof of the corridor. Their mother was again we congratulated ourselves on our leaning out of the window trying to reach them with a broom, and as one of them got away from her he put his foot through the glass. You never heard such a set out as they made in your life." Our hearts sank to zero. The Wiltons

had taken the house by the year, and we did not see how to get rid of them at a "The year will be up in a fortnight moment's notice; yet before six months now," I said, when Matthew was groan ing one day over our unpaid bills. poor house would be a ruin, and our garden a wilderness. It was not altogether with disappointment, therefore, that in a few months' time we heard that ' Mr. Wilton had decided to leave the neighborhood, and would be much obliged if we would release him from our agreement.

We gladly consented, though with a little outward show of reluctance. But we could not quite understand why the Wiltons were so eager to be off. They had had the house remarkably cheap, considering their requirements, and it seemed ungrateful, to say the least.

They were no sooner gone, however, than we found out the cause of their haste. Our house was a wreck. The term may seem a strong one, but it is not too strong for the truth. Both paper and paint were practically gone, tiles off the roof, windows broken, pipes out of order-everything was a ruin where once all had been so neat and beautiful. We watched the builders at work this

time with very different feelings. There was no pleasure in it now, and though the bill was not so heavy as it had been before it made no difference, for there were no funds to meet it.

"What was to be done?' Matthew suggested that we should sell out some of our capital, but that was clearly impossible, for we should then have little left to live upon. It was a difficult point, but as usual I hit upon a solution We would morigage the house! Matdid we alter the like the plan but, as he had no better one to, propose, I carried the day. The house was mort-

difference at all.

'It will be awkward, all the same," have had to go into debt already, and if we are to get no rent for a year we shall have to go in deeper still."

"I know that, but what could we do We might have lost them altogether if we had refused, and with such excellent references our money is safe enough."

When a thing is done there is no use in discussing it; we had got our tenants, and I think we were glad to get them at any price. No people could have been more pleasant than they were; they made no difficulties about anything, and were always friendly and cordial whenever we saw them. Again and good fortune.

We were very glad all the same when the year drew to a close, for of course we had been obliged to pay the interest ately appropriated seven of Whittier's as usual, and as we had only our regular income with which to meet it we had language and caused them to be printed gone into debt on all sides.

"The year will be up in a fortnight zines. When the fraud was discovered

The next day was fine and bright, and proposed that we should go out and call upon our tenants. We thoroughly enjoyed our walk; the pleasantness of the of Covington, "is one of the oldest Kenday, added to the near prospect of relief tucky dishes we have. No one knows from our difficulties, raised all our spir. who first made burgoo, nor does any its, and we chatted gayly along the road one know where or how it got its queer LIVERY AND BOARDING STABLE until the house came in sight.

"I think they might keep curtains in tion, and pots of 'burgoo' have simmered the windows," said Jane as we reached over a hot fire in the sun at every big the gate.

"You are always finding fault about that, too. It is not only an extremely something or other; no doubt it is the palatable dish, if you can call it that, latest fashion to have no curtains."

"The house does look rather odd, though," said Matthew; "in fact" He broke off suddenly, and quickening his pace went up to the dining room win dow and looked in. Jane and I followed, and pressed our faces against the glass. The room was bare!

Not a stitch of furniture was left; carinto tears.

growing dread at my heart than that I tents float. really thought her stupid. "Of course they are house cleaning."

in his nature. When we had proved be kled at the prospect.-Cincinnati Com- Dated the syth day of vond a doubt that our fears were cor- mercial Gazette.

## Origin of Time Measure.

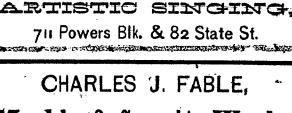
The division of the day into twenty. four hours originated with the Egyptians, then passed to Babylon and Greece. Why divided into twenty-four instead of some other number of hours it is impossible to say. The Chinese reckon twelve hours to the day and night-evidently making their hour to correspond with the time of the apparent passage of Charles Abercrombie, the sun over one of the twelve zodiscal signs\_-St. Louis Republic.

An unprincipled French girl deliber-

Doems which she translated into her own

asher own in Paris papers and maga-

ROCHESTER. N. Y. 300K8 Our Christian Heritage, Cardinal Gibbons, net Carmel in America, 1791, A Tale of San Domingo, " Faith of Our Fathers, cl. \$1.00 pap. .50 Manual of Prayers, \$1.35 to 4.00 Manual of Prayers, SEND FOR CATALOGUE Agrents wanted Professor of True Tone Production



508 and 510 State St.

B. J. BURKE REAR 111 EAST AVENUE, TELEPHONE 587, ROCHESTER, N. Y. "Nonsense, Jane!" I replied sharply. Henry Clay was a boy, and years before Saddle Horses can be Rented by the Hour

LEGAL NOTICES.

## Mortgage Sale.

DEFAULT has been made in the payment of fifteen dollars claimed to be due at the date of this notice on a mortgage bearing date the sixth day of February, 1890, between Charles E. Begle scribed and recorded in said Monroe County Clerk's nerefore, notice i ises described in and covered by said mortgage located in the City of Rochester, County of Monroe "Then it is put on the fire. It must and State of New York, being part of the Jennings be allowed to simmer slowly for six links south of the southeast corner of lot 132; thence Fract, beginning at northeast corner of lot 111. eleven and tried the door; it was open, and we rushed in. The empty rooms echoed to the sound of our feet; the bare walls seemed to mock our misery; our tenants had run away, and we were ruined! Whatever Matthew's faults are I must

> ADELIA R. HOPKINS. Mortgagee

What "Burgoo" Is. "Burgoo," explained Col. James Orr,

name. 'Burgoo' is an out of doors creapolitical gathering in the state since but it's very nourishing. 'Burgoo' is a cross between a stew and a soup. It is always made in the open air.

"How is it made? Well, I take a big cauldron, put some red pepper pods in the bottom, add some potatoes, tonnatoes and corn; then put in half adozen prairie chickens, as many more tender yellow (50000) five hundred dollars with interest part of legs' and a couple of dozen soft shell the purchase money of the premises hereinafter depets, curtains, all were gone. Jane burst crabs\_ I add some young squirrels when office the sixth day of February, 1890, at 2:40 they Can be obtained. When everything p. m., in Liber 324 of mortgages, at page 392, now, "Jane, how stupid you are!" I er is in readiness there is enough water put of a power of sale contained in said mortgage, claimed angrily, but more because of the into the cauldron to just make the con- and of the statutes in such cases made, the prem-

Matthew said nothing. He went up hours, and must be stirred constantly west parallel with the line of lot 132 one hundred and tried the door; it was open, and we with a hickory stick, A hickory stick is and filly links; thence north in the west line of admit that there are sparks of nobility is dorne-um!" and Col. Orr's eyes spar- 1800, at o o'clock a. m.

