

You have a heart of fire and gold—  
Not gold nor fire for me is bright—  
I would forget those days of old—  
Which seemed to show your heart aright—  
Not mine to mix among the crowd  
Who wish you, and bend the knee,  
To sing your praises loud and loud—  
Love's silence is reserved for me.  
My love, that is both dumb and deep,  
Is freely given as 'tis true,  
What secret still the fates may keep  
I know not—but I say, adieu!  
I say adieu because my part  
Must be to leave this world behind,  
Where every moment is a smart  
And every day a year of pain.  
—Lon man's Magazine.

### LILLIE'S LOVE.

"My patience, how that girl does try me! Now just look at her. And I sent her out to pick peas for dinner more than a quarter of an hour ago!"  
It was a summer morning. David Elwyn had come to the house for a cool drink from the well while the horses rested. His mother, in close, scant dress and gingham sun-bonnet, was hurrying about from kitchen to cellar, and from cellar to well, full of the cares of farm and household.  
Across the yard, the one group of trees in all that great expanse of cornfield stood gaily fluttering their brisk leaves in the wind, while from a strong lower branch swung "that girl," Ponto, the big brown dog, frisking gaily about her, thinking it some new, delightful game.  
David forgot that he was expected to look reprovingly at the spectacle. He removed his straw hat, wiped the moisture from his face, while a fond expression came into his earnest gray eyes.  
"It's no use talking, David; she'll have to go out to work. I can't get anything out of her; but I'll bet a sixpence Jonas Quinn's wife can. When you and me both have to toil all day long to make a living, and that mortgage coming due, we can't keep Lillie in idleness. She's well and strong, and she'll have to learn to take her share of the burdens of life."  
"Oh, mother! Send Arthur Forrest's daughter to be Mrs. Quinn's drudge and slave? I'll work harder—do more of yours; or, if you once firmly and kindly make Lillie understand you are doing too much for your strength, I'm sure she will try to help you more."  
"Oh, I don't say but she's willing enough! She forgets, and she's so full of fun and play she can't just work, some way. See here, Lillie! I am waiting for those peas for dinner."  
The pink form gave a spring and landed on the ground.  
There was a merry laugh, then a sweet voice exclaimed, "Oh, auntie, I forgot! The world is so lovely to-day I want to fly away up to the sky. The good old trees and the rushing winds did their best, but I couldn't get clear away. I'll have those peas picked in two seconds!"  
The pea-vines suffered, but Lillie had handfuls of the bursting pods in her basket in a twinkling.  
Seventeen years before, David and his friend, Arthur Forrest, who was several years older than himself had come to Canada "to seek their fortunes." David's father, failing in business, failed to find anything in life to live for, so ceased doing so.  
Arthur had angered his guardian and uncle by marrying the girl he loved with her beauty and poverty, instead of one he disliked with her plain face and handsome income. So the two boys, alone but for wife and mother, struck out bravely to dig success from the soil.  
Arthur, unused to hardships, found the struggle too great for him. The soil yielded him only a quiet resting place. His young wife pined away, and very soon followed, leaving a beautiful baby girl, helpless and poor, in the strange, new country.  
But this sort of life was not to go on forever. One evening David received an important letter which changed it all. It seems that the obdurate uncle had died, and though he had never before recognized Lillie's existence, he had at the last moment made a will in her favor, ignoring, with a sort of grim humor, the host of fawning and expectant friends that surrounded him. And he had hoarded more money than anyone imagined, so Lillie, after all, was very rich. Her guardian, until she became of age, was a wealthy and highly respectable old lawyer in Quebec. David and Mrs. Elwyn were to be paid for their care of her, and then her connection with them was to end.  
"I won't go! I won't have their old money if I can't do as I like!"  
"But you must; there is no other way."  
"If I go I can do what I please with my money, I suppose?"  
"With your guardian's consent."  
"He must consent! You and auntie shall not work hard any more. If you want to stay here you must hire everything done and take your ease. All I have is yours. Where is the money, anyway? I want to put it all in your own rough, good old hands, Davie."  
"I am afraid that you can do less as you like than ever you could before, Lillie. You must leave us, and go among your father's friends; you must go to school, for, though I've taught you nearly all I know, you are not accomplished, as a lady in your position should be. And then you must take your place in society. Ah, my prairie blossom, I fear we have lost you forever!"  
"Oh, no; just wait, and you'll see. And tell that tiresome old guardian to give you all the money you want to use, will you?"  
David eyed her. Whether they would have it or not, Lillie had to go. He could not take payment for that, which sweetened all his toil—some life, and after the sad parting, he and his mother took up the same old struggle with a new shadow and

a new loneliness falling about them.  
Two years slowly dragged themselves away. Not a letter had come to them from Lillie, not a word of affections or remembrance.  
Mrs. Elwyn's tireless energy was failing her. All their work seemed so unrequited. Crops failed, but interest-bearing notes of hand never did. David fell ill in the midst of harvest; autumn was approaching, and there would not be enough in the barn and the bins to keep themselves and the stock over winter. The mortgage was likely to be foreclosed at any time. Ruin and homelessness seemed staring them in the face, instead of the comfort and ease they had toiled and hoped for.  
David, still weak, was creeping about among the cattle one evening, attending to their wants; the mother sat discontentedly on the porch, the chickens and calves still uncared for.  
She felt as if she could do no more—it was of no use. She was growing old, and was no better off than when she first began to toil so hard. And "that girl," had forgotten them in her prosperity, just as she anticipated she would. Everything was as discouraging as it could possibly be.  
At that very moment the sky brightened. A carriage and horses came flying along the road; it stopped at their gate; a beautiful creature with shining curls and radiant eyes sprang from it, and came so swiftly, so softly, to her side, it was like the gliding of an angel.  
"You dear old auntie! You are alive and well after all! Why—why haven't you written to me all this time?"  
"Lillie, it's never you?" the tired woman was weeping. "You forgot us; we never hear a word from you."  
"I wrote often at first; but my letters at school had always to be given to the principal—I do not believe one was ever posted. My guardian is a pompous, hard-hearted man who wanted me to forget my old home and friends. And he wanted me to marry his empty-headed son. Bah! The minute I became of age I demanded that my property should be placed in my own hands. I defied them all, and came back to you. I don't like the city—it is only a moving prison. I don't like society—it is full of smiling prisoners, all deceiving each other. I like the glorious prairies, and you and Davie. Where is Davie, auntie?"  
He would soon be here, the softened woman said, and went on to tell their sorrowful story, while the beautiful little lady sprinkled tears that lay like diamonds on her thin gray hair.  
David came slowly around the house, wondering if it was possible he had heard voices. What vision was this? Something too bright, too precious, for him to touch. And yet it came close to his side, clasped his hand between two soft, snowy flakes; it resolved itself into a familiar form, clad as he had never seen it, and a well-known face with lustrous eyes gleaming through tears to look fondly into his own. One of his many dreams had come true.  
Well, she would not leave them. She would live nowhere else, and she would invest her money in farm mortgages, valuable stock, improved machinery and substantial buildings. She turned a deaf ear to entreaties and commands from wealthy admirers and exasperated relatives; she declared she would never go back, and finally they all gave it up, voted the little helpless out and let her alone.  
David apperintended the elaborate farming, and improved in his health and in his looks, as cessation from excessive labor improves every one. He ought to have been happy, but he was not. How could he, when he owed everything to this beautiful little woman he worshipped, but who was so far, far above him? She would marry some time, and leave them, and just now she was making that future hard to contemplate. She seemed to cling to him; she came to him for advice, confidence, friendship; all that was great and good in David's nature answered to her faith in him. But it was only as an elder brother, he assured himself a hundred times a day; he never suspected he was a man for a woman to love, with a character more lovable than idleness and luxury could have made it. He only mourned in secret over the great distance between them, and at last resolved he could bear it no longer.  
"Lillie," he said, at last, "buy my farm outright. Make some arrangement by which mother can have a home here, and I will go away. I am thinking of California, and—and—well, I can't stay here any longer."  
Lillie lifted her startled eyes to his face and dropped them again, for she read something there.  
"You are going away? Oh, David, did I think you would treat me so?"  
"Treat you so? My dear—Lillie, it is for your sake! I cannot always refrain from telling you what is in my heart, and then you will hate me."  
"And you mean to desert me? You have been so attentive, so kind, so good, that you have led me to believe that you really had serious intentions." There was a sob in her voice, but oh, what a mischievous light in her shaded eyes! "It isn't right for a big, strong man to win the heart of a poor little thing like me and then go away and leave her!"  
"Lillie, Lillie, you will drive me wild if you are only jesting! Dare I love you? Will you be my wife?"  
"Why, Davie, I've always loved you. Why else have I come back? Why else have I been determined to stay? So, now, if I'm never your wife, I'll be auntie's old maid companion, and we'll live on the farm till we die. Are you going away?"  
"No! I will never be parted from you again, my little love!"—N. Y. Journal.

LIGHT.  
Lord, send us Thy light,  
Not only in the darkest night,  
But in the shadowy, dim twilight,  
When our strained and aching sight  
Can scarce distinguish wrongs from right—  
Then send Thy light.  
Teach me to pray,  
Not only in the morning gray,  
Or when the moonbeams silver ray  
Falls on me—but at high noon to-day  
When pleasure beckons me away,  
Teach me to pray.  
—London Spectator.

### SHE WAS SATISFIED.

The gray, discouraging light of the autumn morning revealed every crack in the discolored ceiling, every flaw in the uneven board floor, and Mrs. Kisbee looked around with a bewildered air as she came in to get breakfast.  
"Come, mother, make haste!" shouted old Kisbee. "I've got to get out to the wood lots bright and early this morning."  
"Yes, I know, father." The old woman still stared around her. "I can't think what makes the room look so queer. Oh, I know! Father, you've torn those morning glory vines away from the window."  
"Of course I have," said he. "Dried-up old truck, keepin' out the light and air. What use were they?"  
"But there were lots of flowers and buds on 'em yet, father. And in that sheltered spot the frost wouldn't have touched 'em for a week to come."  
"Mornin' glories don't amount to nothin'," snarled Kisbee. "Besides, I'm goin' to hev a load dumped there to-day. It's a handy place for the wood pile."  
"Father."  
"I'm goin'—to—hev—a—load—o'—wood—dumped—here to-day! Don't I speak loud enough?"  
"But father, you always said you was goin' to build a kitchen out there."  
"I never said nothin' of the sort!"  
"I want a kitchen," pleaded the poor old woman.  
"That's a horse of another color," sneered the old man.  
"And when we were first married you promised me—"  
"I dare say I promised a good many foolish things then. There's some promises better broken than kept," philosophically observed Luke.  
"And this old room's damp and the walls has settled, and the ceiling has fell—and I was calculatin' to hev it fixed up and put my bed in here, when the new kitchen was built. It always makes me feel so cheap when the sewing society meets here to hev our bed a standin' in the parlor, no matter how handsome the patchwork is."  
Luke wiped his hands on the roller towel.  
"Well, you've stood it thirty years," said he, "an' I guess you can stand it a little while longer."  
"Do you mean, father, that I ain't to have a new kitchen, after all?"  
"That's exactly what I do mean."  
Mrs. Kisbee said no more, but the slow, bitter tears of old age trickled down her cheeks as she lighted the fire, brought a pail of drinking water from the spring and began to fry the ham and eggs in a little skillet.  
Her son George came over that afternoon from Farley's mills, where he was foreman in a great shirt factory.  
"Mother!" said he. "I've got something to tell you. I'm engaged to marry Susy Stopford. Why, mother, what's the matter? What are you crying about? I thought you'd be so pleased."  
"It's just like all the rest of 'em, the luck!" sobbed poor old Mrs. Kisbee. "Father's been an' tore down all my morning glory vines, an' I ain't goin' to hev any new kitchen after all these years, and now my only son has got engaged to one of the Stopfords, that wasn't never friends with our folks."  
"But, mother," laughingly pleaded George, "these are not the days of Montague and Capulet feuds."  
"I don't know what you're talkin' about," said Mrs. Kisbee, who was not a student of the immortal Shakespeare, "but I always despised them Stopfords. An' Susan, she's a story writer. I am told, as she goes about with her fingers all inky and don't help none at all with the house work."  
"But, mother she hires a girl with the money she earns. She's the best and sweetest girl in the world. When may I bring her to see you?"  
"I don't want to see her at all," said the old woman, querulously. "And then she broke down again, crying."  
George went away much perturbed in spirit. He had never seen his mother so broken-hearted before.  
"I don't know what she'll say," thought he, "when she hears that father has made up his mind to sell the old place. It's too bad of him. But father never treated mother half decent."  
Susy Stopford was at the window when young Kisbee came back. She ran out to meet him, her bright hair blowing in the wind, her red lips apart.  
"Well, George!" she cried.  
"I don't know what to say to you, Susy," he began; "mother isn't herself to-day. But she—"  
"She doesn't like me, George—I knew that before. There was some old trouble between her mother and grandfather Stopford. She jilted him or he threw her over, I never quite understood which. But I fully intend to make her like me."  
"I am afraid she won't give you the chance, Susy."  
"Tell me all about it, George," she said. George told her. "I only wish I was rich," said he, "I would buy the place myself, and I'd build that kitchen the poor old soul so longs for, and a porch in front to train morning glory vines on."  
Susy looked thoughtful.  
"Who buys it?" she asked.  
"Doctor Trevor."  
"What does he pay?"  
"Twelve hundred dollars. It isn't

a very big price, but the land is sterile and the house is old. Poor mother! It will break her heart, I fear, to leave it."  
Susy suddenly lifted her bright eyes to her lover's face.  
"George," she said, "I can't give you up, not even to your mother."  
"Susy, my darling!"  
"But this I will do—I'll make her like me yet—see if I don't!"  
The girl jumped up and ran sobbing into the house. She could not resume her writing again, though the manuscript of a half-finished story lay on the table in her cosy sanatorium. She got out her bankbook and studied it for awhile; then she brought in a shallow box and adjusted it in the sunniest nook of the kitchen casement.  
"La me, Susan, what are you doing?" asked Aunt Pamela, who was cutting up pumpkins for pies.  
"Plantin' morning glory seeds at this time o' year. Be you gone crazy?"  
"I thought I should like to have some plants ready for blossoming the first thing in the spring," said Susan, coloring a little.  
Mrs. Kisbee's poor old face grew very white and drawn when she heard that her husband had sold the old place, but she signed the deed without a word of remonstrance.  
"It's late in the day for me to oppose Luke's will," said she. "But one thing I know—I'm too old a tree to bear transplanting. When I leave the old house where I was born I shall leave it in a coffin. Father, he's goin' to put his money into Western land speculation that Squire Oliver's so full of, and it will be scattered like autumn leaves. Oh, dear oh, dear!"  
"George," she said to her son one day, when he stopped in to see her, "Dr. Trevor, he's a buildin' on the prettiest wing you ever see. He said he hoped it wouldn't disturb me none, but they was in a hurry with the alterations."  
"You don't mind it, do you, mother?"  
Mrs. Kisbee shook her piteous old gray head sadly.  
"No," said she. "I like to hear the hammerin'. I'm glad Mrs. Trevor's goin' to have a nicer place to work in than ever I had."  
"Mother, Susy says—"  
Mrs. Kisbee's face hardened.  
"I don't want to hear what Susy says," said she. "I don't calculate to go and live with you and Susan Stopford. I am an old woman, an' I've got ways of my own that I can't give up. I don't want nothin' to do with a daughter-in-law."  
She watched her son go down the path.  
"George has got an orful queer look in his face," said she. "Mebbe I said too much. George has always been a good boy an' I didn't mean to hurt his feelin's. But I meant every word I said."  
It was spring before the alterations on the house were finished.  
"It's the old home, and yet ain't," said she. "The new bedroom furniture came yesterday, and two Darby and Joan cheers for the veranda, and such a pretty kitchen set, with new crockery complete. Mrs. Trevor'll be a happy woman."  
Luke Kisbee stood sheepishly looking out of the new south window.  
As his wife came up to him he suddenly turned around.  
"Mother," said he, "I may's well tell now as ever. That Western property turned out bad. There wasn't a good title, it seems, an' you've lost every cent!—Ev—er—y cent!"  
Mrs. Kisbee did not answer him. Her attention was apparently concentrated on something else.  
"Father," said she, "what's them under the window? Morning glories! This time o' year? Why the apples ain't fairly in bloom yet; and here the mornin'-glories is four feet high and trained on strings already. Who's that woman down there workin' around the roots? Transplantin' them from a wooden box, true? I live! Why it's Susan Stopford! And there's George liftin' another box of 'em outen a wagon! Well, I do declare!"  
She hurriedly opened the window and called excitedly:  
"George! George! Susan! Don't you put all them vines into the ground! Save one in a little flower pot for me when I go—to the poor-house!"  
Susy Stopford laid down her trowel.  
"Mrs. Kisbee—mother!" said she, in a voice so full of tender sympathy that the old woman involuntarily held out her hands to her.  
"Mother!" interrupted George, "let me tell you the story. Right here among the morning-glory vines, under the window. This is your birthday, mother. You're 70 years old to-day. And here are the deeds of the old home in my pocket—Susy's present to you, mother. It's Susy that has bought this place and fitted it up just as we thought you would like. And here you are to live like a queen in your palace to the end of your days."  
"I never thought o' that," said she. "It ain't a dream, is it? But I—I won't live here, Susy, unless you and George will come here and live too."  
Susy shook her sunny head.  
"George must be near Farley's mills," said she. "But we'll come and spend Sunday with you, mother, if you'll let us!"  
"If I'll let you!"  
Trembling all over, Mrs. Kisbee opened the door and came out into the sweet spring air and sunshine.  
"Won't you kiss me, Susy?" said she. "I've been awful uncharitable in my thoughts of you, but I'll warrant to take 'em all back now. If I'd only known you loved mornin'-glories as well as I did, I'd have felt different."  
"Susy," said George, as they drove home together, "are you satisfied with your investment?"  
"And Susy answered:  
"More than satisfied!"—Boston Globe.

## THE GARTEN REMEDIES FOR THE CURE

OF THE

## Liquor, Morphine and Tobacco Habits ARE RELIABLE!

They not only have no bad effects on the system, either during treatment or after its completion; but on the contrary the general health is improved from almost the first treatment.

### Garten Gold Cure Co.,

411 & 412 Ellwanger & Barry Bldgs. ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Hollister Lumber Co., LIM.  
**LUMBER and COAL,**  
106 North Goodman Street, next to N. Y. C. & H. R. R. R. Telephone 63.

The Delaware & Hudson Canal Co.,  
**LACKAWANNA COAL**  
W. C. DICKINSON, AGENT,  
13 East Main Street, and 69 Clarissa Street.

**Maguire Brothers,**  
Coal Dealers,  
Try our Mine Pea Coal for domestic use. Price \$1.00 per ton less than regular size. Up-Town Office, Brewster Bldg 187 E. Main. Yard and Office, 281 Lyell Ave. Telephone 18a.

GEO. ENGERT. BUY YOUR A. F. SCHLICK.  
**COAL,**  
Of GEO. ENGERT & CO.,  
Principal Office and Yard, 308 Exchange Street. Downtown Office, Ed. McSweeney's, East Main corner South St. Paul street. Telephone 257.

**BERNHARD & CASEY,**  
Dealers in **Celebrated Lehigh Valley Coal,** Baltimore Vein.  
And also in the Helvetia Mines, Reynoldsville Basin Steam Coal,  
YARD AND OFFICE, 162 ORCHARD STREET, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Hack, Coupe and Livery Stables. Fine Carriages and Moving Vans on Hand.  
**City Baggage and Hack Line,**  
Walker S. Lee & Son, 296 and 298 Central Ave. Telephone 53a.

Dealer in **CHAS BRADSHAW SCRANTON COAL,**  
Our Pea Coal is the largest and best. \$1.00 per ton less than regular size. Yard and Office, 48 South Fitzhugh St. Telephone 143.

Wholesale and retail dealer in **LOUIS EDELMAN, Anthracite and Bituminous COAL,**  
Cumberland and Mt. Vernon Smithing Coals.  
TELEPHONE 576. 40 North Avenue.

**JOHN M. REDDINGTON**  
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in **COAL**  
TELEPHONE 390. 179 WEST MAIN ST.

Send Your Book and Job Printing TO THE **Catholic Journal Office,**  
327 EAST MAIN STREET.

Byrne Sells a Ladies' Tan Goat Blucher at \$2.00. See them Boots and Shoes of all kinds 25c to \$1.50 below uptown Prices.  
**J.P. BYRNE, 408 State Street,**  
JUST NORTH OF BROWN ST.

John H. Ashton. Jas. Malley.  
**ASHTON & MALLEY,**  
FIRE INSURANCE,  
Old, Tried and Reliable Companies.  
Losses Promptly Paid Rates Reasonable  
OFFICE—410 Ellwanger & Barry Building, Rochester, N. Y.  
Entrance 39 State St.

**L. HIGINBOTHAM,**  
AND PHOTO ENGRAVINGS,  
24 State Street, Rochester, N. Y.

**S. B. STUART & Co.,**  
**COAL**  
ROCHESTER SAVINGS BANK BLDG.

**PATENTS**  
Create, Trade-marks, Design Patents, Copyrights,  
And all Patent business conducted for  
**MODERATE FEES.**  
Information and advice given to inventors without charge. Address  
**PRESS CLAIMS CO.,**  
JOHN WEDDERBURN,  
Managing Attorney,  
P. O. Box 463. WASHINGTON, D. C.  
This Company is managed by a combination of the largest and most influential newspapers in the United States, for the express purpose of procuring their subscribers against unscrupulous and incompetent Patent Agents, and each paper printing this advertisement vouches for the responsibility and high standing of the Press-Claims Company.