LEASE

ibt that a woman ken and d stupor, days are sons and man as, MALCH 23, 1895

ned from s house. round the ed, careanny had ren. ons stood v tones of d cattle toil-worn

unaccus each other nion of the sickness.

," said the s in a low, answered

mother is as, father s would do ppened to e, sighing. he land for

ca; there's

" declared eave home. the grand-

ip with the so, John?" ther. " answered

y," settling arrulity of our great-tin peace! arc for three vn, and his he was four an evil eye, here, who is as. A long ept the lease no renewal, ncrease, and vorth ; there en from it.

side to stand till the chilirmured one

ay you and

whispered a

who, smiling

Granny goes sister Anne ne ground as and the bushes nd Peter's new e if you don't hite lamb in

with a turf-children. ered from an y, the parish with the sick

for to-night, 'Granny will lease God she ay yet."

and comfort to and daughters ys, each man his wife of the alaid at rest in nd they would ome for Amerach wife hastily

odd years of Granny's life had been lived, and still she sat in the great chair close to the hearth ; and here one day they came to tell her that William, her eldest grandson, was dead.

wrath.

ne'er-do-weels?

Who would have known the rightful

no youthful sinner but fled to Granny's

and Willie is dead ! They must have

suffering the passionless grief of age

whose faces were white and drawn.

account for their excitement.

" Dead !" screamed Mary.

Granny noticed the horse tread."

he passed by the gate not three hours

gone by. I took thought of it because

"Dead ?" murmured Granny, as if

waking from a dream ; "and is he

through the field hunting the dog.

ran up he was dead."

forgotten me."

poor.

the girl.

And Granny wept,

owner of the buried treasure found on

angrily, and the young mistress had answered: "I will not go without Ellen." No more could be said, and "You are very welcome. What Miss Margaret's beautiful, boy would,

Ellen." No more could be said, and "You are very welcome. What so three journeyed where the bride-groom had hoped there would be but in her sweet, shrill voice. "We have come from London, my good woman," said the elder man, To the country gift who had never good woman," said the elder man, been ten miles from home the journey speaking very slowly and distinctly, was full of marvellous sights, and in the years that followed Granny never heir to this estate; otherwise the land the years that followed of anny never neur to this estate; otherwise the land tired of telling nor her children of will lapse to the crown. My name is grief-stricken and careworn woman, who had just bidden a long farewell to left home. Now if you will tell us her dear young mistress, and watched the saddened wife sail with her babe where she went the task will be very

in her arms to a far away land in the simple. "That I will gladly, sir," answered Both "my lady" and "his honor "were well aware of the girl's Granny. return to her kindred, but never by then to Kin "We went to Dublin and then to Kingstown and then we took a

return to her kindled, buy inquire for their ship." word or sign did they inquire for their ship." Where did this ship go to ?" "Where did this ship go to?" "That I have forgot, sir," said Granny sadly: "it's very long ago-tall sixty years." "Comes from New York. What do you say?" "Has he Miss Margaret's marriage lines?" asked Granny, sharply. lost daughter. Granny was still a beauty, despite her heartache, and might have chosen higher than a farm-

voungest son had not her father Michael's father met one market The strangers looked at each other Their only hope lay with silently. Their only hope tay this aged woman and she had failed day and arranged the match together. Then she and Michael had been

married and had loved each other, not them. "Make an effort to remember," en-

passionately but well, working to-gether and weeping together through forty long years, until the father died, and this fragile little woman lived on treated the younger man. "I cannot, sir," said Granny very slowly, "an' strange it is, for I remem-ber the dock and the inn we lodged at "to hold the land for her sons," she as if it were yesterday, an' it's sixty often said, for Granny had always

been an able manager. But this was over now, and the Granny who rose "Will you come and show us the years ago. place ?" asked Mr. Snelling, eagerly. "That I would, sir, but I am very from the almost fatal illness was not the Grancy of old. Gone were the old, and it cost Miss Margaret many a sharp tongue and the quick temper, pound before, she had so little to spare, the contempt for failure and the pride in her own success, and in their place poor dear."

" If you will come with us, Granny, the children found a wise and gentle little woman, sitting in her great chair, patiently awaiting the coming we can never repay you." "I'll go, and gladly, sir, if 'twill do

you good, "said Granny, sweetly. "Will you start in two days?" of the summons. Were her sons per plexed, her daughters weary, it was to "That I will ; but, sir, if it is not Granny they came, and with shrewd suggestion and loving word she eased

too costly, may-may my grandchild Mary-I'm old and weak, and not used

to strangers." "Take whomever you wish," said In the excitement that ensued, Mr. Snelling.

their heavy burdens. "A very bundle of sunshine !" ex-claimed the little doctor, and the listeners silently acknowledged it was Granny, despite her age, was still mistress of her household, and paying One year became two, then five, and still Granny "held the land." taking a very earthly pleasure in the fact that little heed to the lamentations of her daughters and the arguments of her her more existence was a grievous sons, she cheerfully prepared for what disappointment to the noble lord of the soil, eager for new and more profitable

might prove her last journey. "I am going for Miss Margaret and her boy," she said, speaking no word of the husband she had so long ago It must have been Granny's wonder-It must have been Granny's wonder-ful age that awed her neighbors. For almost half a century she had been "Granny" to half the village; now she was their oracle, confidant, friend in every happening of importance. Was it not she who forbade the marriage of her grandchild Sally to the sailor lover and conclusively learned to despise. Sixty years ago Granny had travelled steatthily and rapidly, now she journeyed by slow degrees, surrounded by every luxury. No one of the little party but watched each movement of the aged woman, and none harassed her with questions the sailor lover and conclusively about the past, trusting that the improved the would be husband was the pressions made sixty years ago had not faded entirely from her mind. descendant to be expected of a race of

To Dublin they went and to Kings-town before she showed recollection. "This is not the ship," she said anxiously as they led her up the gang-plank. "It was a sailing packet;

the village pasture had not Granny told of a miser who lived and died in a cabin near the place full sixty years plank. not like this." "That was sixty years ago," they To the children Granny was a fairy

god mother. None so well as she could cure their childish ailments, telling told her. And Mr. Snelling added to the them wonderful tales the while ; and others :

"There was but one line of packets

"There was but one file of packets in those days, stopping at three ports ; we will try each in turn." "Ah, well-a - day !" murmured Granny ; "this is not the place we hearth for protection, trusting that her soft words might turn away paternal And so it came to pass that ninety

CATHOLIC

claim his own. Strange to say, come he did, a worn lawyer; and the stranger could say nothing in reply. What was to be

THE

done " It is a foolish test, but let us go to Granny," suggested Mr. Snelling. As of old, she sat in her arm chair by the hearth and smiled brightly on

her visitors. "Granny," said Mr. Snelling, "we have come to you again about the heir; this gentleman claims to be Mrs. Nugent's-Miss Margaret's son. He comes from New York. What do you

lines ?" asked Granny, sharply. The keen old lawyer looked at his

been his first question to the claimant. "My mother's papers and much besides were lost in a fire twenty years ago," said the American quietly.

information. "Come close till I see you," she said.

the stillness. "You have thy mother's eyes and "You have thy momer's eyes and thy father's curls and the look of his Honor round the mouth. Have you all your fingers?" she asked suddenly. "No," said the stranger; "I lost a

finger in my infancy." "It was thy father's doing," said Granny sadly, and the lost heir was

found Quietly the visitors withdrew, leaving the aged woman to her medita-tions. The sudden change in his fortunes did not seem to affect the new heir. Gratitude was evidently a ruling trait in his character, as all who had shared in the search soon dis-

covered. Before many days the eldest of Granny's grandsons was sent for, and the three lives lease was renewed as never lease was renewed before. They thought that Granny would be

pleased when the good news was told, but she made no sign. "My work is done," she murmured almost sadly, as she watched them hide

the precious paper in the ancient dresser. "I held the land for our boys," she whispered to a younger Michael, who stood beside her chair. It was harvest week, with no time for idle joy, and into the fields trooped the busy workers, with hearts filled with thankfulness that the tenure of

turned, weary but happy. In the road stood Mary, white and

breathless. "Come," she grasped, and ran be fore them

Wondering, they followed, even to Granny's door, and, awe struck, en-

tered. There in her high backed chair she sat, her kind old eyes closed in sleep, her fingers clutching her beads, her withered cheeks pillowed on the new lease, but one glance told the children that it was the sleep which knows no earthly awakening. - Catholic World.

THE EVIL OF SIN.

RECORD.

Much has been said, in our time, against the punishment of sin; but, they who are so interested in its punishment, give little thought, it is to be feared, to its while sinning, we wilfully risk all.

> punishment are manifest. As our happy el Creator, God surely has the right, in Review. giving us life, to command how we

must live. In other words, He has the right to subject His creatures to law, and to require their obedience to colleague in astonishment. That had that law. He has given laws to inanimate creation and to all living ness and all the other virtues that men creatures less than man. We know aim at by their material gains, set how rigorously those laws of nature little value upon modesty, gentlenes, are obeyed; for no creature, animate or even upon uprightness, except as it go," said the American quietly. Granny made no comment on the formation. "Come close till I see ou," she said. For a long minute not a sound broke he stillness. ent by compulsion, he could not de serve reward. By giving man free

will, God gives him power to merit recompense. One of the temptations to sin is the wish to be free from the law of God. But, it is a delusion to think that sinning is liberty. The sinner, never-theless, is always under this delusion. When he breaks away from obedience to God's law, he thinks he enjoys a snatch of greater liberty. Christ, who "made us free," has said : "Amen, amen, I say unto you that whosever commit the sin, is the servant of sin ' (John viii., 34). Who does not see and recognize the truth of those divine Sin is, indeed, the most words? tyrannical of slave drivers. Is the drupkard a slave or a free man? Do the votaries of impurity enjoy liberty ? Look at the avaricious with his gold-

Is the which of them is the master? embezzler, either before or after becoming a fugitive, a freer man than when he was honorable and honest? Assuredly, "whosoever committeth sin is the servant of sin."

No less a delusion of the sinner is it that he expects to find happiness in sin. It sometimes gives a fleeting pleasure, but happiness-never. Even its pleasure is, as a flash of lightning, transient and violent. Happiness is on an aged woman's life. It was sunset hour when they re- pleasure of sin worth having at the expense of happiness? The two cannot co-exist in the soul of a sinner. His experience obliges him to acknowledge this truth. His unsatisfied heart, his untranquil conscience, his disappointed desires, and, often, his premature decay, would belie his words if he

asserted the contrary. The evil nature of sin and its bitter effects should suffice to warn us effect-ually against it. Its wickedness is apparent in the fact that it is an outrage to God, to whom we owe every-thing. That we exist at all is His free gift to us. For the continuance of our Granny: "this is not the place we carried watching. — cannot of the second child, should not trouble yourself; we know the way, "said Mary. Come to the baggage shed, out of this crush. I'll find a cab at the station," said Mr. Snelling to Mary, as strengthened himself against the Al-(Job xv, 25.) Sin is, theremighty." ore, an act of the basest ingratitude. This is saying much; for no crime, even against man, is more wounding, more repulsive, more debasing, than ingratitude. If its infamy is to be measured by the obligations of the ingrate to his injured benefactor-who an understand the ingratitude of the sinner to God? Of this God Himself "Why are the Protestant magamplains bitterly by His prophet-'Hear, O ye Heavens, and give ear O Earth, for the Lord hath spoken : I have brought up children and exalted them, but they have despised Me." probably a Protestant does not examine very closely the particular form of Protestantism professed by any author, (Isaias i. 2). Moreover, every sin is an act of idolit is natural to suppose that the Wes atry ; for in sinning we run away from leyan would prefer a Wesleyan book, the Presbyterian a Presbyterian one, our Creator, to some "strange god." We use our liberty to put an idol in His etc. Consequently these markets should seem small, and the Catholic place. And how many, how despic able, and how vile, often, are the things which men worship ! Are not market larger than all of them put toriches the idol of a large portion of mankind? Is not corruptible flesh the gether. Unfortunately it is not so. The I cotestant market is a business like market-a market that buys and god of the impure? Does not the drunkard bow before alcohol? Do not pays for what it buys ; a market that never fancies it confers a favor when gluttons and sensualists worship their it takes a book or newspaper, or that own'appetites? Is not human respect it is not to be expected to pay ; a marhe idol of the ambitious? But, in truth, Self is the idol in every sin ; for ket that is not insulted when an account is rendered, and that never it is Self that we worship in the abuse of God screatures. Like Lucifer, every dreams of ordering its paper to be sinner, turning from God, says "I will stopped for the grievous offense that the account has been rendered."

world come to us through sin. War, Became overheated, causing pimples all over me,

famine, pestilence, sickness and death, are the children of sin. Its victims are developing into large and Drendful Hunning found in the prison cells, in the pesthouses and alms-houses and hospitals, and in the "potter's fields" of the world. From our birthday to our death day we taste its bitterness. Its effects begin with us in our mother's arms, cling to us through life and go accountability, some are withing to de-throne God, to give up the immortality of their souls, to abandon the hope of future happiness, and accept the grave as their "last end." Believers do not go so far, but we act, at times, as if re wished wa could, and, anyhow we wished we could, and, anyhow, while sinning, we wilfully risk all. When we think of the position which we hold with regard to God the Great Judge ; and—for the unrepentevil nature of sin becomes plain to us, and the justice and necessity of its the "gnawing worm" of their unhappy eternity .- J. Mc. in Catholic

HOLDING FAST TO OLD VIR-TUES.

Sorre, the worst on my ankle. I could not stop. Soon after I began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, the sores healed, and two bottles entirely cured me and gave me renewed strength and health. Mrs. C. H. FULLER, Londonderry, Vermont. Those who measure success, happilose many opportunities of gain of which advantage is taken by their less scrupulous rivals. These virtues, therefore, are little esteemed by men These virtues, whose ambition it is to gain a fortune or high place for themselves. Boldness and selfishness bring material gains, and these are the only ones that count with people of sordid disposition, but those of true culture find other things to enjoy in his life besides the acquisition of money. Literature and the arts, congenial society, the happiness that comes from considerate actions and good deeds. All these outweight in value success that is measured by the amount of one's material gains. And those who appreciate such things continue to respect modesty and gentleness as among the

best of virtues. When people talk of "a gentleman of the old school" they mean one who, without being at all toppish, is considerate and thoughtful of others; one who behaves with becoming modesty and treats all women with the chivalrous distinction exhibited by the knights of poetry and romance. Such a gentleman was the product of a less enterprising, pushing, commercial age than our own ; one in which business rivalries were less fierce and the standard of wealth was lower than what it is their father's land no longer depended calm, continuous, and enjoyable as the to-day. It is quite possible that under "gentleman of the old school become extinct, but it is worth while to try to preserve some of his virtues in the present and succeeding gener-ations. His courtesy to others should at least be preserved, and so also should his respect for women. No amount of wealth or so-called suc-

cess in life can compensate any man for the loss of true gentility, and yet he is in danger of losing it when in his selfish pursuit of wealth he pushes aside or tramples upon the more modest, exhibits no consideration for others, and, in his steady pursuit of one object, neglects the culture of both heart and mind. Real happiness is

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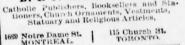
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with, " Please many a long ll then perhaps heap."

he women were the old doctor's ckering of the ent out forever? iny grew slowly rong self again. y tripped about ng enough to sit rth in her highir, contentedly or neighbors. she was, this en and women, e and her bright y smile and her She had been day, tradition s her pretty face is Honor's lady ven tenor of g alone one day met and tarried then a girl of e interview was

iends and neigh they watched the new life. Five ourney in those arful and joyous, r on a pillion as

romised to enter

good girl, Ellen, ther that brought that, my girl," ly, as he left her. vill try !" sobbed well she kept her tra pair of hands on became under companion to my , and as the years he child Margaret unford Hall, the iends. And so it hen the beautiful retly left her fath Robert Nugent's

her. oman here, Marugent had asked

"And is Willie dead, too?" she questioned, raising her trembling tion," said Mr. Snelling to Mary, as together they guided the faltering feet. hands to her streaming eyes. "Willie dead, too, with Annie and John and Wait here a moment," he continued, when a sudden exclamation made them Peter - ah me ! I am very old, and turn. There stood Granny leaning on Willie was a grown man, too; near fifty years, you say ?" slowly shaking her staff, shading her eyes with one her aged head and murmuring softly trembling hand. to herself, "and yet I remember the day that Willie was born. Near fifty

years, and 'twas I who laid the babe that was on the corner and the inn is on its young mother's arm, and she across the way." smiled at me in her joy. She was but a girl and I was an old woman then --

couragingly, as he gazed at the great business block which marked the spot where the inn had once stood.

"Now we will go to a hotel to rest," he said, anxious at the sight of Granny's agitation. To the hotel they and even as 'she mourned there come into the room two of her grandsons, went, but rest was out of the question "What is 'it ?" cried their sister, for Granny, into whose clouded mind feeling that William's death could not had suddenly flashed a day of recollec "His Honor's dead !" answered one. tion.

the money's not illspent," she mur-mured happily, and no one had the heart to tell her that their journey had been all in vain. "And 'twas there we stayed waiting dead, too? He was a hard man on the

for the letter, but his honor was ever a hard man; and there Miss Margar-et's boy was born, and he that was her husband bade me go home and took

her away." "Where did he take her, Granny John, "and saw him come riding my

dear ?" asked Mary timidly. "He took her in a ship, child," ex. way, when one of the dogs at his heels ran in among the grain. Then his master jumped the wall and rode plained Granny, with much condes called-they called it New York. A shout from Mr. Snelling intercalled that his horse was trampling the crop that was to be cut on the morrow,

but he paid no heed, and then the dog ran up. He was near the wall by that, turned and rode across to the gate. I called it was closed fast, but he tried to take the gate. It was too high and I saw him fall, and when I is living Miss Margaret bade me never tell and

"It was a punishment for his pride," said Granny. "May the Lord have mercy on him !" "Amen," added the others.

And no more was said either in praise or blame of the man that was

to Granny's cottage two strangers who making the finding of the heir almost Cows.

"A Catholic Sin." The Melbourne Advocate contains a letter from a Jesuit Father, which deals with the very scanty and grudg-

ing support extended by Catholics to newspapers and writers in "This is the town !" she cried in glad triumph. "There's the church general. Father O'Malley, S. J., heads his letter "A Catholic Sin," and sks

"Yes, yes," said Mr. Snelling enzines so beautifully illustrated and so cheap? Are we less gifted than the Protestants? Is the Catholic market smaller than the Protestant? Though

"Now we've found the place, and

"How did it happen, John ?" asked 'I was at work in the wheat," said

"to a place he called-they

rupted her. "What is it ?" she cried in alarm.

"We've found the heir !" cried the awyer ; "you've told us the place he "Child, child," answered Granny, "yes, that was the name of the town.

I have not thought on it for fifty years. It was the church made me think. Two days later began their home ward journey, and as the little party

traveled slowly back the cable hummed with messages asking tidings of Robert

not serve," and worships — himself. How vile is that Self and the things for That the "Catholic Sin " against which we abandon God ! " To whom have you likened Me, or made Me which Father O'Malley inveighs is as frequently committed in the other equal ? saith the Holy One." (Isaias countries as well as in Australia, is xl., 25.)

well known. Our Catholic people do not seem to realize the importance of From a thing so evil as sin, only the most bitter effects can be expected to follow. God Himself warns the sinner rallying round those who are fighting the cause of Catholicity, not from a pulpit, but in the columns of a weekly " Thy wickedof this when He says : ness shall reprove thee and thy apos-

tacy shall rebuke thee. Know thou and see that it is an evil and a bitter thing for thee to have left the Lord thy God, and that My fear is not with thee" (Jer. ii. 19). To Lucifer and his angels ; to Adam and Eve ; to the whole human race, individually and collectively, sin has been "an evil and bitter thing." All the miseries of this

him of friends, or whose devotion to business has left him with but one idea -that of gain-or who has obtained his fortune by fraud.

The young should be cautioned, therefore, against allowing the spirit of the age from diverting them from respect for culture, or modesty or in tegrity. With these good qualities guiding and controlling the restless desire for gain which will surely be developed in them by contact with their fellows, they may hope to come out of the struggle with a fair competency and the means of enjoying it, which is much better than great wealth without ease of conscience or culture of mind.

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