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"For the benefit of other women in Canada, I am pleased to give you my experience with DIAMOND DYES. I have been a user of DIAMOND DYES for nearly ten years, and can truly say that I find them perfect at all times. A few days ago I colored a faded light brown skirt, using your Diamond Seal Brown for Wool. On the same day I colored a much faded light blue Cashmere Blouse with Diamond Navy Blue for Wool. In each case, the work was easy and very successful, both pieces looking as well as the day they were first made. DIAMOND DYES are the best in the world; this is my experience after trying many other dyes."

Mrs. Alfred T. Farley, St. John, N.B.

A Valuable Hint.

Never take a dye from a merchant who says that it will color Wool and Cotton equally well. Wool (an animal fibre) and Cotton (a vegetable fibre) require different dyes. DIAMOND DYES are the only dyes that specially provide for this, in order to make home dyeing successful. Had Mrs. Farley used one of the common dyes sold by some dealers, her work would have proved a failure.

DO NOT FORGET that a new color made by DIAMOND DYES practically means a new dress, blouse, skirt, jacket or cape. No skill is required in using DIAMOND DYES—simply care and the following of easy directions which are given on the envelope. Full, rich, fashionable and even colors are always produced by DIAMOND DYES.

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES AND IMITATIONS. When your merchant offers you such, insist upon getting the reliable and warranted DIAMOND DYES.

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hand. "It's blood money!" And with an involuntary impulse she threw the roll from her as though it had burned her. It fell upon the damper of the stove, and rolled from it thence into the open grate, where the coals had been arranged all hot for the breakfast toasting.

I sprang for it, and so did Miss Tring, but between us, interfering with each other as we could not but do, it was not snatched out quickly enough, and, before we could rescue it, it had burst out into a flame.

Miss Tring, it is true, snatched the flaming mass from the stove, but it burned her hands and fell again upon the coals, where we could but watch it fall rapidly into a quivering black mass, upon which a solitary X shone out, first red, then white, ere the suction of the chimney drew it whirling among the flames.

Then, what was there to do but sit down and look at one another in speechless wonder.

My mother was the first to break the silence.

"Oh dear, oh dear!" she wailed, with her saving propensity again paramount. "What made me do that? I'm sure I never thought it 'ud ha' gone into the stove! 'N' we didn't even know how much there was! 'N' if Henry Carmichael hed a mind to pay up fer that timber he took, why the money was ours, 'n' I never thought to ha' done you out of it, Peggie."

"Are you sure it was Henry Carmichael who sent it," asked Miss Tring.

"Sure, yes sure! who else 'ud be sendin' conscience money to me? . . . Hev' ye any idea how much was in it, Peggie?"

"Not the slightest."

"Oh dear, oh dear! It was a fine heap, anyway! Whatever made me do it? 'N' me so anxious to lay up fer ye, just as yer father 'd ha' done, Peggie!"

So my poor little mother wailed away, rocking to and fro in her low chair, and wiping her eyes with her apron, while I tried to assure her that I should do very well without the money, which we had never expected to see, anyway.

When Chris came in the story must be told him. He took the envelope in his wrinkled hands and looked long at it.

"Well, I don't know who sent it," he said, "but there's one thing clear, 'twas the stirrin' o' some poor soul set it on its way, 'n' the power o' God 's surely abroad in this place!" "Carmichael sent it, of course," said my mother.

But Chris only shook his head, and sat down to eat his breakfast in a very preoccupied way.

All day long my little mother kept bemoaning the loss of the money, and all it might have done for me, but I only kept hearing Chris's words, "The power o' God 's surely abroad in this place!" How the power of God could be working, especially in Henry Carmichael, who had attended none of the meetings, and was not, therefore, likely to be wrought upon at this season more than any other, I could not exactly see; but was not I, in my way, just a sort of little heathen?—And then, there was no knowing how far influences may travel.

At any rate, I should like to see something of those meetings, from which, according to Chris, had emanated a power sufficient to send down money as from the clouds; and, as evening drew on, I set myself to induce my mother to go that night, and so prevailed that she at last consented to go, and suggested that I should run round and bring Amanda Might also. Miss Tring, who had only been prevented from attending sooner by the fact that my mother and I had not gone, consented, as a matter of course.

"I never did hev' much use fer revival meetin's," said Mrs. Might, when I drove over for her. "Fer they always seem to me like the fizin' up that comes when ye put soda in a vinegar drink; 'n' it seems to

make light o' religion to think it needs special stirrin' up once every two or three years, when it's given us fer our daily bread 'n' meat. Livin' right right along, 'pears to me, is all that's expected of us, 'n' the noblest thing we kin do. 'N' sich livin' comes easiest o' daily trustin'. . . . But I'm not sayin' good isn't sometimes got out o' sich things, 'n' seein's ye've come all this way fer me I'll go—though ye've got to bring me back to-night, Peggie, fer I've promised to sit up with Mrs. Carmichael after twelve."

"Is Mrs. Carmichael ill?"

"Jist one of her turns, but ye see Dick isn't there now to take his share with Henry Carmichael at the nursin'. A rare hand Dick was with his mother, jist Henry Carmichael over again, that gentle 'n' tender-like with her. . . . Peggie, I never did see why you 'n' Dick Carmichael didn't take to other. I alwus had ye set out fer other, 'n' after that night o' my parin'-bee, when ye went home together, I thought—"

"Mrs. Might," I said, "did you work a little plan that night?"

She glanced at me rather shamefacedly, then looked away crossly.

"Yes, I did," she said, "'n' neither o' ye ever guessed, neither; but a pile o' good it did anybody! Adam 'n' me might ha' saved ourselves the trouble!"

And so evident was her dudgeon at the thought of the failure of her plan that I burst out laughing. Mrs. Might as a matchmaker was truly Mrs. Might in a new guise.

"All the same," she went on, "if ye ever git a chance o' Dick Carmichael, Peg Mallory, 'n' don't take him, I say ye don't know how to put yer best foot foremost."

"Well, well, Dick isn't here, so how can I smile on him?" I laughed.

"No," she grumbled, "though what he wants rampin' around them lumber woods at the land's end fer, 's more than I kin make out."

When the time came for setting out from the Clearing for the school-house, the night was crisp and beautiful, with the moon shining, and a thin mistiness of the evening congealing into rime on every twig; and as we jingled along in our little jumper sleigh, with old Chris holding the reins and singing snatches of hymns in the old, low drone, but more uncertain of the tune than ever, we could hear bells in all directions and see the sleighs turning down here and there toward the Back Line.

When we arrived the little school-house was already packed almost to its fullest capacity; but some of the "Christians" made way for us up near the front, and they themselves found seats on the platform, where the preacher, a serious-faced man, with a deep, thrilling voice, was giving out the number of a hymn.

I do not know what there was about that meeting which affected us all, especially me, who had been so often careless, and "mindful about many things." But I know that when I looked upon these "Christians," humble people, for whom the foolish things of the world seemed to have few attractions, and saw them singing with rapt and devout faces, I felt as though I had gone back over the centuries, and had come face to face with the little band who had been destined to become fishers of men. I did not wonder at the silence and reverence of the place, for here noise or foolish gaping would have seemed sacrilege; and when the "preacher" began—his low, earnest voice, telling just the old story, but with new power, all shorn of cant and the stale and meaningless expressions which so often are as but the tinkling of cymbals, and make but as little impression on the heart—I wanted to cry, and dared not look up lest the big tears should roll down my cheeks. When the sermon was over, there was just a little time given in which others might speak, and I listened intently, and felt that these simple

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