

"general merchant's" shop and asked for a penny account book, "we'll have a thing in order," he muttered to himself as he turned over the "choice" the merchant laid before him; then a thought struck him, he turned to the shopkeeper.

"Mr. MacMath, yo wadna be for gieing Father Peter a trifle for the gude o' the chapel wa's?" The grocer shook his head, but—traded in not good in a little country town, the little MacMath got through a heap of oleather—the "general merchant's" bairns could not run about, like their humbler neighbors, bare footed, and Davie Moore was never pressing, he would even take payment in kind—tea, sugar, oatmeal, a keg of herring, a cheese; at a moment's hesitation, the man dived his hand into the till and brought out half a crown.

"Atween you an' me Davie," he winked, "Atween you an' me." Moore returned as he took the offered coin. "Gin it's t' gang 'il' the book ye'll say 'a freen'?" the merchant asked anxiously. He was a prominent member of one of the many dissenting bodies of the district.

"Aye, we'll say 'a freen,'" Davie returned, and borrowing a pen, made his first entry. "The lifin' 'il' ro' be easy," the shopkeeper said.

"No, the lifin' 'il' no' be easy," Davie said, "the folk's poor," and, perhaps, next to Father Daly himself, no one knew better than Davie Moore what a task he had set before him, but—St. Mary's chapel, rockless!

Once at home, Davie sat down solemnly and began making out a list of the persons from whom he might expect a mite, and that finished he brought out from a recess at the back of his box an old leather pocket-book or case, and taking out its contents spread them out before him.

It would then for him, Davie Moore, to be giving too much, he told himself, it might frighten, maybe, poorer folks, and it wouldn't look well to give more than Peggieslea, who had promised his pound. Davie was in what he would have called himself, "a quardary," when suddenly his face lighted, and he gave a little chuckle as he nodded at the first entry in his book, "gin there's a freen, there can be anither," he said, and chuckled again.

"I was thinking, Davie, that His Holiness at Rome had so many friends in D—," Father Peter said, a twinkle in his keen blue eye, when Davie, at the end of the month or two, showed his account book.

"Well, Davie, man, you have done well," the Father said, "but it's not one summer's 'lifin' that'll roof the chapel," here came a little sigh. "Well, Rome, we know, wasn't built in a day, not in a Presbyterian village anyway," and the Father laughed.

Father Peter was right, another summer came, and—I am almost ashamed to say it—a piece of tarpaulin that once had covered Peggieslea's corn stalks was in requisition to keep the rain out of the vestry—the "lifin'" among such a congregation could not be slow; but neither priest nor "lifin'" lost heart.

"We'll manage it, Davie," the Father always said. With August came a bit of luck, a Catholic took some shooting in the neighborhood and Davie, summoning all his courage, called on him, after his work one day, and was rewarded with a five pound note. The "lifin'" was getting on!

It was a still, sultry evening, and Davie, when he got home, after making himself a cup of tea, took out the precious leather pocket-book to add the day's collection to its treasures. The money was nearly all in one pound notes, notes given him by his friend, the "general merchant," in exchange for the shillings and sixpences so slowly gathered, but making, already, a little packet.

One, two, three, Davie counted, though he knew the sum to be got together in a place like D., even in a twelvemonth.

He had just put the notes back into their envelope before consigning them to the pocket-book, when a knock came to the door.

"Davie, man, Davie, are ye there?" The speaker was an old Catholic woman who lived in a cottage facing the chapel. "Davie, man, are ye there? Father Peter's been flung out of the Crosskey gill, an' they're sayin' his leg's broke."

In a second Davie was flying down the street, he saw what Mrs. Pagan, the priest's housekeeper, was, when her nerves, as she put it, were "up set," and had he not nursed Father Peter single handed through his attack of pleurisy two years before?

Davie was breathless as the Presbytery reached, he took the short cut through the chapel into the house, but even in his haste he stopped for a moment before the Lady altar and blew out a smouldering candle, inwardly anathematizing Mrs. Pagan as he did it, for a "careless limmer."

ting blinds, and yes, surely—there were unaccustomed noises, for mid-night on the street, voices, cries, the patter of passing feet.

Gently, on his stocking soles, Davie crept to the window, and drew the blind aside. Half way up the street there was a glare, a blaze, and against the flames were figures, figures hurrying to and fro. Davie started—impossible—it could not be, but—yes—no house but his own stood so far back from the street. It was his house that was burning.

Davie looked at Father Peter sleeping heavily after his draught, but muttering through the sleep now and then; the doctor had said he might sleep like that till morning. He must call up Mrs. Pagan and run up the street and save—leather and odds and ends of furniture had been in Davie Moore's mind, and then came another recollection—the "lifin'?" The "lifin'" in its paper envelope lying, as he had left it the night of Father Peter's accident, on the table.

As he stood, almost stunned for a moment, a knock came to the Presbytery door, that made poor Father Peter start, and turn his head from side to side, a summons to Davie.

"A spark on the thatch, we're thinkin'" the bearer of ill news explained, as side by side the two men hurried up the street "onway, the fire has ta'en the roof, an' ye'll no save a steek, Davie, man, I's feared."

A steek! The "lifin'" was all Davie cared about. If he could save that; but at the instant there was a shout, a cry to the nearer on lookers to stand back. The flames seemed for a moment to mount like a pyramid to the sky, and with a crash, the roof had fallen in, and Davie, sick and giddy, was holding on to his companion for support. The next moment he had nart into tears. House, home, leather, tools, the "lifin'", all were gone.

A room could be found to work in; the leather, the tools—Davie was known as a man that could be trusted—could be replaced, but the thirteen pound, the thirteen pound seventeen and six! Davie sobbed like a child. His own fault, too. Why had he not, like a sensible man, banked the money instead of "hainin'" it up in that way, just that he might look at it from time to time. What would Father Peter, what could Peggieslea, what would the other folk who had trusted him with their money, think—say? What would our Lady—but—with that thought—the first ray of comfort came to Davie's breast. Our Lady knew, if no one else did, that every bit of "lifin'" and "hainin'", too had been for her.

It was not till Father Peter had been carried down stairs one day by Father John and Davie that he was told of the loss of the "lifin'."

"Well, well," the Father said, and lifted for a moment his eyes to heaven. "I never lifted a penny," he went slowly on, with a shy look at Father John, of whose solemn ways he stood a little in awe, "that I didna count it to her afore the altar," he sunk his voice at the last words.

"Ah," the old twinkle came to Father Peter's eyes. "That accounts for the think chink that disturbed me at my prayers. Davie, ye've many a distraction of your priest's to answer for."

Davie blushed. "She was in her rights to see it a'," he went on, and if the voice had its usual deprecatory ring there was firmness in it, too. "She was in her rights to see it a', an' she saw it, every babooe, an' I didna think it o' her."

"Come, come, Davie," Father Peter remonstrated, "you must not be too hard on Our Lady," but his face was very gentle as he looked at the tall shoemaker.

"I never thought it o' her," Davie repeated. "Well, well, she'll find it for you yet," Father Peter glanced a little anxiously at his nephew. Father John was but young and he might—Father Peter saw the expression in his face—be inclined to improve the occasion, by preaching Davie a little homily on resignation.

"It's time ye Reverence was back in bed. It's weel there someyin' in the house with seese." Mrs. Pagan had opened the parlor door and was eyeing first Father John, and then Davie, with severity.

"Well, well," Father Peter said, "there's nothing like obedience." "You must not be too hard on Our Lady, Davie," Father Peter whispered when half an hour later he was settling down on his pillow.

Davie looked at him. "I'm awa' t' the chapel t' gie her a bit o' my mind," he said.

Father John would have spoken, but Father Peter laid his hand on his arm. "Away with you, then, Davie," he said, "and don't forget the two poor sinners here."

Father John was still at his office. Father Peter was just falling into his first sleep, when Davie opened the door.

at him, "I thought it was a petition from one of the people."

"Ah, we haven't snatched advanced ways here," the Father said, and then he turned to the shoemaker, "I am amends." There was a tear as well as a twinkle this time in Father Peter's eye.

"I kenna about Amens," Davie said, and Peter turned away his head to smile, "but, she an' me understand each other fine."

"Well, please God, my first Mass shall be in her honor," Father Peter said.

"As mine shall be to-morrow," said solemn Father John.

HOW TO KEEP LENT. Can you fast? If you have any doubts about your duty in regard to fasting or abstaining in Lent, consult your confessor. Do not wait till Lent has passed. Do not cheat yourself of the grace of obedience and respect of God's law. We respect the law when we seek a dispensation, or when we seek light in regard to our duty respecting the law.

Not everyone is capable of solving his own doubts; and it is not treating God fairly to act on every apparent reason, however slight, for evading the law. Let us be candid; and in all things act as becomes children of God and true Catholics, loyal to Christ and obedient to His Church.

Lent is a time of grace—a time when God pours upon our souls great favors. It is a time set apart by God through His Church for penance. He who does no penance in Lent is like an instrument out of tune, giving forth discord instead of sweet music. Our Lord declares "except you do penance you shall all perish." We have sinned, and there is no way out of sin save the way of penance. This is the only road to heaven for him who has sinned. If you cannot fast rigorously, you can do a little lovingly. You can be prompt in rising, especially on Sunday mornings, and thus be in time for Mass. You can keep away from balls, and the theater and the saloon during this holy season, when the chief thought is the Passion of Christ and our own part in that tragedy.

Stop your daily stimulants, smoke less and give more to the poor. Guard your senses from disorder, let no evil speech proceed from your mouth. Stay at home and strive by pleasant means to make others happy. Do good to some one who has hurt you. Check your bursts of impatience; speak kindly. Go to church on Wednesday evenings for the sermon and the Benediction of the Most Holy Sacrament; and on Friday for the Way of the Cross. Also go kneel in the confessional and humbly confess your sins. There are a thousand other ways of doing penance sweetly and constantly. During all the days of Lent keep your mind upon our Blessed Lord, and do all to please Him. Absain from all that will wound His heart. From all that bring you much peace and great joy on Easter morn.—The Messenger.

TOLD THE TALE AS HE HEARD IT. A correspondent who signs himself "Philip Quarles," sends to the Bazaar Journal the following strange story: The subsequent experience of Mr. M'B—, as related to me by my friend, was even more strange than the first. One night in November, he had gone to bed early as the weather was very cold, and towards dark a heavy rain had set in which as the night wore on changed to hail and sleet. The bed room was on the ground floor—indeed, the house consisted of but one story. Somewhere in the small hours of the night, Father M'B—was awakened out of a heavy sleep by what he supposed was a tapping on the window pane. He listened intently, but heard nothing save the beating rain. After a few moments he fell asleep when once more the sound was repeated, and this time he called out "Who is here? A voice which seemed to be that of a boy or a woman, replied: "A woman is dying at Smithson Post-office—comes at once for God's sake!" There was no mistaking this summons. The priest arose, threw on some clothing, and opened the door. "Come in," he called out, "I will be with you in a moment." No answer. "Have you two horses?" he asked in a loud voice. Come in, come in out of the storm." Still no answer. Having dressed, he lighted a lantern, and again opened the door. Up and down the road, around by the footpaths, near the stable: he looked in vain—there was no one to be seen.

New Smithson Post-office is eighteen miles from St. Mary's and it seemed almost impossible that any one should have come from that out, utterly so that they should have gone back on this terrible night without waiting for him to accompany them. The good priest deliberated for a few moments, and began to think himself the victim of a practical joke. But this idea was scarcely tenable. He knelt down and asked the assistance of Heaven. "I will go in the name of God," he said, as he arose from his knees.

It did not take many minutes to saddle his horse and don a waterproof coat, and in half an hour from the time he first heard the tapping on the window pane, he was on his way, the tears and protestations of his good old housekeeper notwithstanding. A hard ride of four hours, through mud and storm, brought him to Smithson Post-office which consists of two or three houses, and the same number of shanties near the railway. He saw a light in one of the shanties, and knocked at the door. It was opened by a man in his shirt sleeves, who held a candle in his hand and thrust it into the face of the visitor, as he said: "Who are ye come from?"

"I am a Catholic priest," was the reply. "Did you send for me?" "Did we send for ye Father?" answered the man; "did we send for ye? ye shure had no one to send, but the poor woman inside has been calling for ye since midnight when death struck her. Come in, Father, come in." The priest followed the poor man into an inner room where a woman was lying, a new-born infant beside her, and three small children sleeping on a mattress on the floor.

"Father!" she cried out in a trembling voice, extending her cold hand, welcoming him with eyes which death was slowly sealing—"Father, I sent my guardian angel for ye, and he brought ye, praise be to Almighty God!" "Shure, we thought it was ravin' she was," said an old woman, who was seated in front of the fire, "when she was droon't to herself all night. 'Bring him good angel, sweet angel, she'd say.'"

The priest saw no time was to be lost in hearing the woman's confession. Her story was soon told, and she died almost immediately after the last Sacraments were administered. The man maintained positively that no one had been sent for Father M'B.—They had no friends, and were the only Catholics in the place. The daughter of a pious Irish mother, his wife had kept her faith and piety burning as bright in that desolate spot as when she went regularly to the Sunday Mass and her monthly confession in the home of her girlhood. She had not seen a priest for months. They had always prayed that she might not die without the last ministrations of the Church.

Father M'B—firmly believed that he had a supernatural visitant that night, and so did his friend Father A—, I tell the tale as it was told to me. Nothing is impossible with God. His ways are not our ways.—New York Freeman's Journal.

Men become followers of Jesus not because they see great Cathedrals erected in His honor and hear majestic organs and splendid choirs sound His praises, but because they know some plain men and women whom devotion to Him has made just and kind and humble.

PARALYSIS YIELDS TO DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS. AFTER SEVERAL DOCTORS HAD PRO-NOUNCED THE CASE HOPELESS—CON-VINCING PROOF THAT CURE WAS PER-MANENT IN FIVE YEARS. THE PATIENT HAS HAD NO RELAPSE—FACTS IN A REMARKABLE CASE—SUB-STANTIATED BY SWORN STATEMENTS. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are not a patent medicine, but the prescription of a physician, placed on sale with full directions for use under a trade mark that is a guarantee of their genuineness to every purchaser. They contain no stimulant, opiate or narcotic, and while they have cured thousands have never injured anybody. To show that cures effected by this remedy are really permanent and lasting we recently investigated the case of Mr. Frank A. Means, of Reedsville, Mifflin County, Pa. Mr. Means has been an elder in the Reedsville Presbyterian church for many years, has served three years as county commissioner and as school director for nine years. He was afflicted with creeping paralysis, losing the entire use of the lower half of his body and for a year was a helpless invalid, confined to his bed with no power of feeling in either leg, and physicians had given him up as hopeless. Mr. Means was cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and his testimonial was printed five years ago as follows: "I had the grip for four winters and as a result my nerves broke down. I lost the entire use of the lower half of my body. My stomach, liver, kidneys, heart and head were never affected, but the paralyzed condition of the lower part of the body affected my bladder and bowels. For a whole year I lay in bed perfectly helpless and the feeling gone in either limb and the feeling gone so that I couldn't feel a pin run into my legs at all. I couldn't turn over in bed without help. To move me a pulley was rigged up on the ceiling and a windlass on the floor. "During two years of my affliction I had six different doctors, but none of them gave me any relief. A specialist from Philadelphia treated me for three months, but he was of no benefit to me. These doctors gave me up and said it was only a question of a few weeks with me as nothing more could be done. After the physicians had given me up, a friend sent me a pamphlet containing statements of two men who had been afflicted something like me and who had been cured by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I began taking them at once and although my improvement was slow it was certain. Now I can walk most of the time without a cane and everybody around here thinks it is a miracle that I can get about as I do. Your pills have certainly been a God send to me. Within the last three years I have answered dozens of letters from invalids who had heard of my case and who asked me if it was true that I had been cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I have told them all that this remedy cured me, and I am glad of this opportunity of telling about my case so that others may find relief as I have done."

Since my cure, as related in my statement of April 17, 1901, I have never suffered any relapse nor had occasion to employ a physician except for minor troubles such as coughs, colds, etc. I endorse Dr. Williams' Pink Pills as fully and heartily to-day as I did five years ago."

Signed, FRANK A. MEANS. Subscribed and sworn to before me this 22nd day of January, 1906. JACOB KOHLER, Justice of the Peace.

Justice Kohler, of Reedsville, before whom the above affidavit was made, voluntarily gave and signed the following statement: "I have personally known Mr. Frank A. Means for the past forty five years and know that any statement he makes is entirely reliable. I personally visited him when he was confined to bed and utterly helpless. I now see him daily and know him to be in as good health as most men of his age."

Signed, JACOB KOHLER. Mr. Daniel W. Reynolds, postmaster at Reedsville, Pa., stated that he had received many inquiries from all parts of the country concerning Mr. Means' marvellous cure, and he cheerfully added his confirmation of the truth as follows: "I certify that the facts stated in the testimonial of Mr. Frank A. Means are absolutely true. I knew him when he was unable to move and I see him every day now on the streets and in my office."

Signed, DANIEL W. REYNOLDS. Here is evidence that must convince the most skeptical. But because many of the cures accomplished by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are so marvellous as to challenge belief, the following offer is made: "\$5,000 reward—The Dr. Williams Medicine Company will pay the sum of Five thousand Dollars for proof of fraud on its part in the publication of the foregoing testimonial."

No sufferer from paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus' dance or any of the lesser nervous disorders can afford to longer neglect to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, the great blood purifier and nerve tonic. Sold by all druggists or sent by mail on receipt of price, 50 cents per box; six boxes \$2.50, by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are not a patent medicine, but the prescription of a physician, placed on sale with full directions for use under a trade mark that is a guarantee of their genuineness to every purchaser. They contain no stimulant, opiate or narcotic, and while they have cured thousands have never injured anybody. To show that cures effected by this remedy are really permanent and lasting we recently investigated the case of Mr. Frank A. Means, of Reedsville, Mifflin County, Pa. Mr. Means has been an elder in the Reedsville Presbyterian church for many years, has served three years as county commissioner and as school director for nine years. He was afflicted with creeping paralysis, losing the entire use of the lower half of his body and for a year was a helpless invalid, confined to his bed with no power of feeling in either leg, and physicians had given him up as hopeless. Mr. Means was cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and his testimonial was printed five years ago as follows: "I had the grip for four winters and as a result my nerves broke down. I lost the entire use of the lower half of my body. My stomach, liver, kidneys, heart and head were never affected, but the paralyzed condition of the lower part of the body affected my bladder and bowels. For a whole year I lay in bed perfectly helpless and the feeling gone in either limb and the feeling gone so that I couldn't feel a pin run into my legs at all. I couldn't turn over in bed without help. To move me a pulley was rigged up on the ceiling and a windlass on the floor. "During two years of my affliction I had six different doctors, but none of them gave me any relief. A specialist from Philadelphia treated me for three months, but he was of no benefit to me. These doctors gave me up and said it was only a question of a few weeks with me as nothing more could be done. After the physicians had given me up, a friend sent me a pamphlet containing statements of two men who had been afflicted something like me and who had been cured by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I began taking them at once and although my improvement was slow it was certain. Now I can walk most of the time without a cane and everybody around here thinks it is a miracle that I can get about as I do. Your pills have certainly been a God send to me. Within the last three years I have answered dozens of letters from invalids who had heard of my case and who asked me if it was true that I had been cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I have told them all that this remedy cured me, and I am glad of this opportunity of telling about my case so that others may find relief as I have done."

Signed, FRANK A. MEANS. Subscribed and sworn to before me this 17th day of April, 1901. ALBERT S. GIBBENEY, Notary Public.

One day recently Mr. Means was visiting at his handsome home overlooking the valley of Horey Creek, near Reedsville, where he made the following statement: "Before I began taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I had been treated for a long time by my home doctor who pronounced my trouble to be creeping paralysis. I always believed that to be my trouble and I do yet believe so. I had also spent five weeks in the University Hospital in Philadelphia without the treatment benefitting me and had returned home to die. I began taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in 1897, but did not give a statement of my case for publication until I was sure that I was cured. After returning from the hospital I did not take any other medicine for my trouble and I owe it to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and to them alone that I am able to be about to-day."

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