

BECKETT'S DIABETES. Beware of the stuff that pretends to cure these diseases or other serious Kidney, Urinary or Liver Diseases, as they only injure a time and makes you ten times worse afterwards...

WAITING FOR THE TRAIN.

Still, as if spellbound, we three persons sat each leaning to speak, each watching the hitherto silent figure. Now there was a stirring, an awakening of the soul and being. She threw her hands up, she clasped them as if in wild entreaty; twice she tried to speak, but the words refused to come.

Not much was said while in her room, but towards morning they urged me to take some rest, as they feared I might be tired out. Next day, when we met at a late breakfast, Mrs. Caverhill suggested that her husband should call on the Rev. Father Hamell...

I could not help enjoying the bit of dry humor in his speech, although on so grave a subject. "I am afraid to have an opinion; but do you find your mother weaker or lower than you have seen her? Have you grounds to suppose she is dying?"

"Oh, no, no," said Mrs. Caverhill, "only she is so quiet and sorrowful." "How can she be otherwise than sorrowful?" she inquired. "She is conscious that her Alec is gone from her forever. Ten o'clock has struck some time ago and she said nothing about going to the station to meet him, as she has been in the habit of doing."

"Very little," she answered; "what she took with an effort, as if it were more to satisfy my pleading and coaxing than to appease her own appetite. Still, that little, was better than none."

"Well, then, I would give her perfect quiet; keep her as tranquil as possible. Unless she speaks of Alec herself I would avoid all mention of him. And here is an idea that has taken possession of my mind since yesterday; it will not leave me, do what I will, but like a persistent beggar, knocks to be heard. Perhaps you will think it a wild vagary, but everything that has happened these last two days seems like a dream. Last year I made the acquaintance of the Rev. Father Angus, an old Scotch gentleman, a native of Inver-keithing, Fifeshire. He speaks as broad Scotch as 'wee mither' herself, and would infinitely prefer to converse in his native Gaelic than in English. With your permission I will give him an outline of her story and request him to visit her with as little delay as possible. He is the parish priest of some one of the Scotch settlements near or about Glengarry. A letter will reach him in two or three days."

half an hour. I thought she might have fallen asleep, she lay so white and still. As I watched the lovely face, I fancied the large hidden eyes looked as if they were full of unshed tears. Nor was I mistaken. Great drops were slowly welling up, the first I had seen her shed, and a torrent of passionate weeping followed that I hope I may never witness in an aged person again. Youth may weep, but the tears are soon dried. Mid-life, too, is quick to be assuaged, but the tearful sorrow of an aged heart is something that Heaven alone can console. I did not offer her any of the ordinary words of comforting, but I sat at her feet until the paroxysm had passed.

"I man-speak, y' pardon, neebor, but if I did na greet, my heart wad brak." O, Alec, she murmured, "gin ye had gaed, wi the han' o' the blessed Kirk ower ye, as y'er paur father afore ye had, and no been taen awa, w'out time to cry, 'Lord pardon as my sin.' But the auld mither can say, an offer every prayer and thought, o' the rest o' her days, for y'er saul's sweet rest. Look ye, neebor, I had a bit bottle in some o' my auld pouches. I can na' set ma, what I pit it, but gin ye'd look abin it ye'd see it."

"Neebor, that's it, that's my bozie, Alec's gift, a perlin prayer bead," and taking them out of the receptacle, she kissed them reverently and began reciting the prayers for the dead.

I stole out of the room noiselessly, feeling the dear old soul was better pleased to be alone. As I passed down the hall to look for Mrs. Caverhill, being eager to tell her the last scene I had witnessed, I stood face to face with Father Angus. The servant had just ushered him into the house and never was visitor more welcome.

Mr. and Mrs. Caverhill was with us in a few moments, and as soon as the first greetings were over I told them of the tearful sorrow I had just felt. The good priest was visibly affected by her story. "Ah, dear friends," he said, in the self-same accent of "wee mither" herself, "yon sorrowful nicht's wark left mony—a we heart and hame in Auld Scotia, but a'ther's neever a dark cloud w'out its siller lining and y'er mither's cloud has been weel lined w' the siller o' God's mercy. I got y'er message, Miss Harland, three days sine, and I lost nae time in comin, I can stay on'till the morrow nicht, for my folk wad be needin me. There's a Missiou for ae' the parish—young an auld—sae ye see the Auld Bog-garth man be at his post, to conduct the beginnin' o' it."

When she realized who her visitor was and heard him address her in her native Gaelic, she tried to rise and kneel for his blessing; but the old servant of God forthly prevented any exertion on her part, and blessed her where she sat. Humbly, tearfully and thankfully she drew "wee mither" made her preparation to receive her God in the Holy Sacrament of the Eucharist, and mingled with her child's name was a prayer and a blessing for her neebor. The blessing of a mind at rest, and filled with submission to the Divine mandate that called her idol home from her, told on the hitherto restless soul.

Only the other day I received a black-bordered envelope from Mrs. Caverhill. The "Bonnie wee Mither" had gone home quietly. She called Allan and herself together, told them the end was near, blessed them both over and over; that they might bring the parish priest, Father Hamell, very soon. The day following she died, like a child going asleep, with the perlin prayer beads in her hand, the cross of which she frequently raised to her lips. She left a remembrance to be sent or given to me, a large, massive gold locket set with diamonds, with a chain of antique workmanship to correspond. Inside was a tress of silver hair, with these words traced in a weak, wavering handwriting, peculiar to old age: "Freend and neebor; pray for the sufferin' sauls, and in y'er prayers, dinna forget the auld mither an Alec."

To Father Angus she left her Perlin Rosary, with an ancient illuminated Gaelic Bible, written on vellum or parchment, that dated its existence before the devastating tide of the so-called Reformation had swept o'er the land o' the Gael. "When Scotland's hills and Scotland's dales" were dotted with monastic piles and holy priories, wherein was nurtured the love of art, science and study, amongst which was the production of text books, such as the one "wee mither" bequeathed to her Gaelic friends. Each illuminated page was in itself a chef d'oeuvre of a master, who doubtless had poured o'er his work with the devotion of a religious and artist combined. And it is to these "monks of the olden time" that we are now indebted for the preservation of the original text books considered priceless by the scholar and antiquarian.

LETTER FROM MEMBER OF CONGRESS HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, Washington, D. C., Feb. 19th, 1883. Gentlemen—Enclosed find one dollar, and will you send me some of N. H. Down's Vegetable Balsamic Elixir, by express. I have a bad cold, as has almost everyone else here, but cannot find the Elixir, which I use frequently at home, and consider a most valuable medicine; in fact, the very best remedy for a cough that I ever used. Very truly yours, WILLIAM W. GROUT. To HENRY, JOHNSONS & LOAN, Burlington, Vt. Down's Elixir is sold by all Druggists throughout Canada.

The real estate agents of Chicago have undertaken, by means of a black list, to protect themselves against tenants who do not pay. H. Gladden, West Sheffield, P. Q., writes: For a number of years I have been afflicted with rheumatism. Two years ago I was attacked very severely. I suffered a great deal of pain, from which I was not free for a day, until last spring, when I began to use Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, and I rejoice to say it has cured me, for which I am thankful.

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We also have the honor to refer to the following Clergymen and Sisters: Rev. Thos. Kierns, Lehigh Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.; Rev. J. Slattery, Susquehanna, Pa.; Rev. J. Murphy, Blossburg, Pa.; Rev. M. Voigt, Franciscan College, Trenton, N.J.; Rev. T. Reardon, Easton, Pa.; CONVENT OF GOOD SHEPHERD, Baltimore, Md.

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