you he'll die if he don't have 'em. He

saved my girl and your boy—darn the brat—" (big, rough Dan choked) " and

And then a strange thing happened.

The Rev. Ephraim Jones suddenly felt throbbing against his side in a very un-

pleasant manner an organ of which he had really forgotten the use, lo! these many years. He had a heart, but pov-erty and hard work and the continued strain of dealing always with the worst

side of life had so incrusted it that he

was seldom conscious of its existence. Now, however, he felt it throbbing

painfully and urging him to a speech to which he scarcely felt himself equal. But the good in the little man was

only incrusted with doctrine and dormant, not dead, and it rose to the surface in a great wave.
"I tell you what I'll do, boys," he began, "I'll write to the board to send

my box."
Good for you, parson," cried Dan,

clapping him on the back with an uncon-formatable friendliness which made the Rev. Ephraim Jones wince from the great ham-like hand. "Bully for you!

That's the very thing! Will they do

"They send me one every year, and if they won't send two the priest can have mine. And with this he strode

None of the men who applauded him

The Rev. Ephraim Jones had been blessed under his vine and fig tree with

a wife and eleven olive branches There had been a baker's dozen, but two had succumbed to malaria, and he

had tucked their little yellow faces away in the ground with mingled pain

and relief; relief that they were out of

their misery, and pain, the wringing anguish of the parent's heart at parting

with its second self.

Eleven children to feed and clothe

sionary box sent out by the generous

Had Mrs. Jones been at home, per haps he would have stifled his generous

impulse, for she was a wise little soul who kept her husband in excellent

who kept her husband in excellent order, but the worthy woman was away for a two days' visit to a missionary meeting in Greene County, and Mr. Jones flourished alone like the proverb-

ial green bay tree. Nine little boys—ranging from fifteen to six—held high

The glow of the minister's enthusiasm

never dimmed; indeed, his troublesome

heart gave him no rest until he had written his letter. He meant to write

write directly to the church which had

not send me a box this year? It isn't that I don't want it and my wife will

"He has given away everything he has; he has saved life to lose his own.

Though not one in doctrine, he is a better man than I am, and I earnestly

better man than I am, and I exhibits ask you to relieve his difficulties rather than give any thought to me. Hoping to hear from you, and that you will not think me ungrateful for all your your property of the property of

tion of mine, for there are Joneses who

This was the letter which fell like a combshell into the midst of the Ladies'

always supplied him.

into his own hands

ladies of a rich Eastern church.

the sacrifice meant.

Luxuries in Coffin-

e didn't ge ilt to be sleel are poor and sant guest, a e eyes to e poorer than es' character e filled these When people es' and that with the dry

gathered him with thin with a tits scandalous unsey's "Sure, aghai rooster's om!" To this:
: "I am surant woman as nouldn't know e now. It said lyance."
gaye au indiggave an indig-in a smothered her way to the y: "Him noy: "Him no-he'll laugh at

eants of Coffin-emselves much st. He attend-nd never interoreover, he was nd in case of a infrequent oc ven to fighting the Ozarks, but civilized region talk afte'wa'ds n handed dow carefully as th powder horn of a Father Jone Miller's Cree nodist minister

ng son, addi g Mustang B notice his exist said Jim Betts fed Joe Smith, a

Church haven' t as bad as most Rev. Ephraim

y, judging from

ission, called by his boy, he was might later show mata to many of ," declared Dan a real Mi ed and sound all 's got the pneu-

lonation party," men, lounging, looked mildly l idea, and one of y, Jim, you all est. What does ther folk ain't no nat folks give stwise things n' s'pose you al lot of things to

not of things to nat he'd do with all the squattehs and stop every pas' and fill 'em hes hoss and the e wagon. That's im things he does Betts, and dis-o what particular id at the shrine of re is nothing like

by his pluck, his indliness. x-shcoter," began words were met of laughter from

ith a six-shooter, s hassock," shout-illy. "Sure, you him a hammer and

use it on you," ith, significantly, ty easily settled out to disturb the ev. Ephraim spoke

e him a vote of

all the children's clothes are ready.
And we can't let that poor soul starve out there, if he is a Catholic," said Mrs. Bonham, the vice-president, a millionaire in her own right several times over.

are not.

in'!" cried Dan, sed, his big Irish e. "Will a vote

Will it get him kickshaws County? Will it get him kickshaws to eat and warm blankets and coal and all the things this God-for-saken place doesn't hold for a white man to live decent with? And I tell

you, Mrs. Leader ?"

The president looked uncomfortable, then a bright thought came. " Not as a priest, of course ; nor as coming from Church, but from individuals, as a a Carren, but from individuals, as a control token of our—er—respect for a man who is fine and manly and virtuous. I will head a subscription with \$100, ladies. Who will follow?"

Were Mrs. Leader proposed, all were now he's dyin' up there with pneumoney fever, an' the doctor says he orter be having good nursin' an' luxuries.

glad enough to concur. Those who were her social equals so honestly loved her that they thought everything she did correct, and those who were below her in the social scale so wished to be ssociated with her, even in charities, that they gladly followed her example. Tact will turn a windmill, and in a few moments the astonished secretary was empowered to send the box, a finer one than ever, to Rev. Ephraim jones, and a check for \$500 to the Rev. Ed-

"Make it plain how well we think of Make to plain how well we think of Mr. Jones' work as a missionary, Miss Tracey," said the president, "and show the other, in a tactful manner, that the gift is to a brave, good man." "I will try to couch it properly, Mrs.

Leader," said the secretary, and the meeting broke up, the ladies going on their way rejoicing, with a proud con-

their way rejoieng, with a production sciousness of virtue.

Christmas was at hand, the blessed season of kind thoughts and gentle deeds to warm the hearts of giver and the season of kind to be a part to the receiver and prove as balm to the wounded Sacred Heart which gave Itself for men, and giving-broke

Christmas, with its joys, its merriment, its sorrow, too, as memory gives a backward glanee to those faces long gone, that once graced the Yule tide board with the bloom of their sweet radiance. Christmas—in happy homes season of jollity, and even in humble ones a time of blessing, since there self-denial often waits as handmaids up-

"Who gives himself with his gift feeds three, Himself, his hungry neighbor and me."

In Coffinville the snow lay white upon the ground and the rough branches of the scrub oaks and sturdy hickory trees were powdered with its feathery It had been a bitterly cold winter and snow lay heavy upon many educate and generally equip for the hard tussle of life means care and anxi-ety untold. The Ephraim looked each winter for clothing for the rest of the season to the large and abundant mis-

Father Jones sat in his old arm chair beside the big box stove in which crackled the fire of hickory logs. It was his one luxury, this roaring fire, and it was his only because of the zeal of a devoted parishioner, who brought him a load from his wood-lot whenever his watchful eye saw that the priest's

coodpile was diminishing.

The Father had changed terribly in the weeks following his illness. Pneumonia is not an easy foe to fight, but he had battled with it manfully, finding the convalescence almost harder to bear than the sickness itself. He needed tonics and delicacies, and soft. warm clothes, none of which were to be obtained in Coffinville, or for miles ranging from fitteen to six—held high earnival at the parsonage, the two youngest children having gone with their mother; so, the cat being away, the mouse was playing with all his obtained in Collinvine, of the marginal around, even had the wherewithal to obtain them been forthcoming. He felt ill, tired and discouraged. He leaned his head wearily on his hand, pondering how he could provide some Christmas treat for the poor of a parish where all, priest and people alike, were poor to-gether. As he sat quietly, a stir was heard on the gallery, which ran around the house, and a sound of voices. There to the "board," the far-away refuge of troubled missionaries, but a notice of its pecuniary difficulties met his eye in vas a knock at his study door, and Mrs. Hansey entered excitedly.
"A box for you, Father," she said, the church paper, so he decided to take

as two men carried in a huge wooden box and set it down with a flourish. "That can't be for me," said Father

always supplied him.

"Dear ladies of the Queen Street Church," he began, "I hope you will pardon the liberty I take in writing to you, but I am now wearing your clothes—I mean those you sent me—and I have had so much kindness from you that renture to ask af favor. Will you please not send me a box this year? It isn't Father Jones looked on bewildered as retired. that I don't want it and my wife will want it worse, but I think it is needed elsewhere. There is a man here who is going to die unless he is looked after. I will try to tell you about him."

Then followed a stirring account of Eather Longs' life and character, his with a view to filling masculine wants.

Father Jones' life and character, his good work in Coffinville, his poverty and his brave rescue of the two children with a clear conscience, since the keep with a clear conscience, since the two children with a clear conscience, since the keep with a clear conscience and a clear c dren. The Rev. Ephraim finished his astonishing epistle after this fashion:
"He has given away everything he is assumed to be as the contents of the contents of the box. There were oranges, lemons, dates, figs, dried apricots, prunes, luxuries indeed, and several bottles of fine wine, and all these Mrs. Hansey promptly seized and bore away to hidrag, lest the recetor give them away and lose the benefit of give them away and lose the benefit of them himself. There were candies and toys, and at the very bottom of the box

kindness to me and mine, I am, your servant in Christ, Ephraim Jones."

"P. S.—Send the box to the Rev.
Edward Jones, Coffinville, Mo. I did
not mention that the one mentioned is
a Catholic priest. He is not any relaa letter.

Father Jones adjusted his spectacles with trembling fingers. This would explain all. He read eagerly—but such a letter! He could scarce believe his eyes. It contained the warmest expressions. ions of interest in his welfare and admiration for his character, and—strangest of all—it closed with asking him "to accept the accompanying as a testimonial of the appreciation felt for Home Missionary Society of the Queen street M. E. Church, which edifice, in stone, exquisite with Gothic carvings, his excellent work in spreading the Gospel in Coffinville and bringing the people in Collinville and bringing the people to the faith of Christ," and the letter was signed "Louise Tracey, Secretary, Woman's Home Missionary Society, Queen Street Methodist Epis-copal Church." graced the largest street of an important Eastern city.

An anarchistic souvenir could not have more effectually excited the good have more effectually excited the good ladies. All were talking at once—this was not an uncommon proceeding, and at the tops of their voices—but at last the president restored order.

"The simplicity of this letter goes to my heart," said Mrs. Leader, a tall, handsome woman. "The spirit of the man is perfectly beautiful. We can not deprive him of his box."

Father Jones could not understand it, Father Jones could not understand it, but, with the simple, sturdy faith that marked him, he laid it all to the special goodness of God and thanked the sweet Christ Child for the Christmas bless-Christ Child for the Christmas bless-Christmas bless-Christ Child for the Christmas bless-Christ Child for the Christmas bless-Christmas bless

deprive him of his box."

"Of course not. It's half done, and

And we can't let that poor soul starve out there, if he is a Catholic," said Mrs. Bonham, the vice-president, a millionaire in her own right several times over.

"Christmas is coming, and I suppose Catholics have as much right to celebrate Christmas as we have," said sweet little crippled Miss Gray.

"Christ died for the ungodly," said Mrs. Fitz-Simmons Blake, tenatively.

"I always thought it must be as hard for Catholics to starve as for the elect," said brisk little Miss Bland, a latter, with a more sprightly step and letter received the day before Christmas.

He had been dreading to tell his wife they were to have no box that we have no box that we have no have aided such a man. But isn't it a joke? I suppose Father Jones thinks it's the millenium in Coffindal the deep rounds of the secretary, he sought the partner of the secretary here.

of thanks buy him a hassock, or whatever you call it?" Will it buy him wine and the best doctor in Robinson and the best docto had of late disported.

As her husband came into the sitting As her husband came into the storing room, little Mrs. Jones raised a pair of fine, dark eyes, window-lights of a soul as strong and brave as only a woman's can be, from the twenty-third sock she

had darned that morning.
"Any mail, dear?" she asked. "Yes," he answered. There this, but I guess I'd better not tell you this, but I guess I'd better not tell you

that we'll get no box this year."
"No box!" then her eye glanced from the latter to the cheque in her husband's hand. "Ephraim Jones, they have sent us 500 instead of the box!" Her voice raised to a shrill staccato in excit ment.

"Yes, dear, but you can buy what that God has forbidden so emphatically and with denunciations so often re-

you want, you needn't mind-' He stopped short, for his wife had inter

ted him with an eestatic—
Mind! Well, I guess not!" And to his horror she first flung her arms around his neck, squeezing him till he gasped for breath, and then performing a pas seul in the middle of the floor, a wild dance of joy, which ended in a fit of hysterics in which she alternately laughed and cried and said: "I can go to mother!" until poor Mr. Jones thought she had gone crazy and sat and looked at her leading the God of charity and the feeding the God of charity and the seul in the middle of the floor, a

tired of making over frocks for my children, and I'm just tiredest of all of never having a cent to buy the babies a stick of candy with—don't you dare ay a word about the heathen, Ephraim ed money just to frivol with, so adiant with delight.
"But how did it all happen?" she

asked; " what do the ladies say?"

asked; "what do the ladies say?"
And her husband read:
"Rev. Ephraim Jones, Zion Church,
Coffinville, Mo. My dear Sir: The
ladies of the Queen Street M. E.
Church beg you to accept the accompanying, hoping you may find it sufficient to fill all your needs. We much
appreciate your generous spirit and
desire to express thus our admiration
of your character, rich in all those qualof your character, rich in all those qualities that go to make the man. Very truly yours, Louise Tracey, Secretary Woman's Home Missionary Society, Queen Street M. E. Church."

It's a nice letter, but a strange," said Mra. Jones, looking puzone," said Mra. Jones, looking puz-zled. I should have thought they would have sent it to you because you are a minister of the Gospel. Mr. Jones looked thoughtful. "Perhaps," he said, "they think it is more

naps, he sid, they think its above important to be a man t'an even a minister. Well, I am glad I am one. "Which?" demanded his wife. "Both," said the minister, kissing the cheek to which excitement had

brought a fair, unwonted coler. Great was the stir in the Ladies Missionary Society of the Queen Street Methodist Episcopal Church at the January meeting when the tetters of thanks from the two elergymen were received. Blank stares met the words with which the Rev. Ephraim Jones described the happiness conferred by the receipt of the money, but when Mrs. Leader read the priest's courteously worded expressions of thanks for his box there was a horrible sil-ence. This was speedily broken by a rapturous giggle from naughty Kitty Bland, a sprightly witch with a tongue

of fire, but a heart of gold.
"You mixed those babies up," she quoted, wickedly; "Louise Tracey. you are a secretary after my own heart The priest got the clothes and the parson got the cash. Oh, what fun! I wish I had seen his Reverence when he unpacked the long-haired doll and the

"It is a disgraceful mistake and a

the Scarlet Woman," said Mrs. Fitz-Simmons Blake, majestically.
Kitty's eyes flashed fire, and mouth opened—then closed with a click like a mouse trap as Mrs. Leader laid a warning hand upon her arm.
"It is a mistake, but I am sure you will feel that it is a blessed one when you listen to the closing words of this letter." she said.

letter," she said.
"Everything in the box has been put to immediate use. The articles intended for myself are all warmly appreciated; the garments have all been distributed among the poor of my own parish, the toys and candies have made happy the hearts of those to whose homes the warmth of Christmas joys seldom extend their fires of glowing love,—little children of whom the great Christmas Guest said: 'Of such is the kingdom of heaven.' More than all, I thank you for the kind words which accompanied your generous gifts—words which went to my heart and gave me abundant Christmas joy; since they tended for myself are all warmly apprewhich went to my heart and gave me abundant Christmas joy; since they show me that your generous deeds spring from hearts as generous, and that we are one in the love of God and the Blessed Christ Child Whom we serve. Gratefully yours, Edward Jones."

There was a hush over the assembly as she read the gentle words, and there was not a dissenting voice to the vote

ing.

If Father Jones was astonished with his box, not less so was the Rev. Ephraim Jones with the check which fluttered from a letter received the day

"It's as broad as it is long, anyhow, said Kitty Bland to her chosen erony, Miss Gray. "Both priest and parson are satisfied, and why shouldn't we be? Mrs. Fitz-Simnonf Blake hates a Cath-

UNCHRISTIAN TALK

Against Civilization, Chivairy and

BY REV. MATTHEW RUSSEL, S. J. It would be very well to try and deepen our conviction of the badness and the feolishness of the habit of talking uncharitable. Unkindness and uncharitableness, not only in deeds but even in mere words, are bad and wicked because covarily and cruel and uninst

He and with denunciations so peated, as the vices of the tongue. Whole pages of sacred Scripture might bo quoted, from Ecclesiasticus espec-ially and the Catholic Epistle of St. James, denouncing with marvelous energy the mischiefs wrought by this unquiet evil, this world of iniquity;

before him, "Un deu pe politesse sert infiniment a conserver la charite."
Something similar is found in the little book entitled "Practical Sayings of Mother Macaulay, Foundress of the Sisters of Mercy": "She required the strictest attention to politeness Sisters of Mercy" "She required and good manners towards each other. She used often to say that any departure from the rules of good breeding was usually the cause of some breach of charity, while 'good manners add to the value of good works.' That famous woman of the world, Madame Swetchine, as famous for the holiness as for her social charm, said the same thing a little differently: "Politeness is one of the safeguards and exercises of

In the same place where I have jotted down these parallel passages, I find three other useful sayings which only bear indirectly on our present subject of uncharitable talk. We must try never to be uncharitable or ill natured, but always good natured and good humored, and so to keep up arou an atmosphere in which uncharitable talk an atmosphere in which unchartcube tank
would be an impossible solecism. The
lady whom we quoted last exercised
herself the happy influence which she
thus describes: "There is a silent thus describes: "There is a silent Apostleship, a living Credo, an inces-sant and efficacious mission, which con-sists in the natural radiance, the true and profound contentment of certain holy souls; for the joy which such perons feel in religion is of all homages

the least suspected.

Jules Jannin, who says that "Goodhumored people render a service to suffering humanity," has less right to be quoted here than Father Peter Gallwey, S. J., who is said to have said:
"A good laughter is a godsend in a But he certainly mean his good laughter to be a good-natured laughter, totally free from malice and uncharitableness.—Sacred Heart Suplement.

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M. A. GAUTHIER, OF BUCKINGHAM, FIT OF OTHER SUFFERERS FROM THIS

From the Post, Buckingham, Que.

We venture to say that in our town of 3,0000 inhabitants few business men are better known than Mr. M. A. Gauthier, the young and hustling butcher of Main street. He wasn't. however, as energetic or as hustlin couple of years ago as he is to-day, for a good reason—he wasn't well. Having gone into business ere reaching his majority his desire to succeed was such that no heed was paid to keeping the body in the state of health neces-sary to stand a strain, and in conse-quence of the extra demands upon the system it became run down to such an extent that epilepsy or falling sickness resulted, and these lapses into uncon-sciousness becoming alarmingly fre-quent he consulted physicians and took physicians are took on the properties. til poor Mr. Jones thought she had gone crazy and sat and looked at her helplessly.

At last she calmed down, and seeing his dazed face said: "Oh, you old goose, don't you see what this money means? We can go to St. Louis—to mother—I haven't seen mother for ten years, and she's never seen half the children. You can go to Ministers' Meeting and Conference and buy some new books, and I can choose a dress for myself. I've tried to be grateful for the boxes and things, but I'm so tired of wearing other people's clothes, if they are good as new, and I'm tired, tired of making over freeks for my Pink Pills advertised as a cure for fallwe carried away from a retreat given to the students of Maynoth, very nearly fifty years ago, by Dr. David Moriarity, before he was Bishop of Kerry: "Politeness is the fuel of charity." One might expect to see it turned the other way: "Charity is the fuel of politeness," for true politeness is founded on mutual thoughtiness and consideration for one and kept on taking them, until to-day ness is founded on mutual thoughtfulness and consideration for one another. But there is a true and useful
significance in the phrase that the
Bishop made use of: "Politeness is
the fuel of charity," or, as Pere Judde,
S. J., said more than a hundred years
before him, "Un deu pe politesse sert
before him, "Un deu pe politesse sert them to give this great medicine trial."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a posi tive cure for all diseases arising from impoverished blood, or a weak or shattered condition of the nervous system Every dose makes new, rich, red blood and gives tone to the nerves, thus curing such diseases as epilepsy, St. ing such diseases as epitepsy, st. Itada dance, paralysis, rheumatism, sciatica, heart troubles, anaemia, etc. These pills are also a cure for the ailments that make the lives of so many women a constant misery. They are sold in boxes, the wrapper around which bears the full name—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Can be procured from druggists or will be sent by mail, post paid, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Will

The Spirit of Wint r.

The Spirit of Winter is with us, making its presence known in many different ways—aome times by cheery sunshine and glistening snows, and sometimes by driving winds and blinding storms. To many people it seems to take a delight in making bad things worse, for rheumatism twisis harder, twinges sharper, catarrh becomes more annoying, and the many symptom of scrofula are developed and aggravated. There is not much poetry in this, but there is truth, and it is a wonder that more people don't get rid of these ailments. The medicine that cures them—Hood's Sarsaparilla—is easily obtained and there is abundant proof that its cures are radical and permanent. The Spirit of Wint r.

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