One Less.

One less at home! The charmed circle broken; one dear face Missed day by day from its accustomed But, cleansed and saved and perfected by

One more in heaven!

One less at home One voice of welcome hushed, and ever-

One farewell word unspoken; on the Where parting comes not, one soul landed

One more in heaven!

One less at home! A sense of loss that meets us at the gate Within, one chair unfilled and desolate And far away, our coming to await, One more in heaven!

One less at home! Chill as the earth-born mist the thought would rise,

And wrap our footsteps 'round and dim

But the bright sunbeam darteth from the skies-

One more in heaven!

One more at home! This is not home, where, cramped in earthly mould, Our sight of Christ is dim, our love is

But there, where face to face we shall behold,

Is home and heaven!

One less on earth; Its pains, its sorrow, and its toils to share, One less the pilgrim's daily cross to bear; One more the crown of ransomed souls to wear,

At home in heaven

One more in heaven! Another thought to brighten cloudy days; pitch that the strain threatened her taith. Another theme for thankfulness and

One other link on high our souls to rais To home and heaven.

One more at home! That home where separation cannot be That home where none are missed eternally; Lord Jesus, grant us all a place with thee At home in heaven!

The Converted Dutchman

BY REV. R. B. WARD.

S mewhat more than twenty years ago I made a trip across the State from Southwest Missouri to the southeast. Twenty miles east of Springfield I stopped over night at a little town called Henderson. A protracted meeting was progress in the town. I went to church, heard a good sermon, and the next day took up my journey.

Three weeks later, on my way back, my horse got sick, and I stopped over night at a farm-house four miles from Henderson.

I found my host to be an old Dutchman, who spoke English in a very broken way. He was exceedingly kind in helping me with my sick horse. After being out with the horse till a late hour of the night, I went into the house, and found my host reading a new Bible, I said, That is a good Book you are reading.

With the glow of joy upon his face he replied, Yah; dot ish von good book. I just got um last week; I never read no Bible till I got dish von. Now we read um

every day.

Then I mentioned the meeting that was going on in the town a few weeks before. Yah, said he. Dot vas a good meetin'. I vonts to tell you about dot meetin'. I don't go to church since I lef' te old country, und I knows noting 'bout te Protistant meetin's. I goes over mit te town to get mine plough sharp, and te placksmit said, I can't sharp your plough yust now; I got to go to church. You come und go mit me, to te meetin's, and den you eat dinner mit me, and den I fix your plough.

Vell, I said, I don't know notings bout dose meetin's but I go mit you

anyway.

Vell, dot breacher, he yust talk bout Jesus all de times. He said Jesus vas so goot He lufs eferybody; he said Jesus coomes to dis vorld and die on de cross for de beoples, and He can save de poor sinners. Dot breacher he yust breach so much 'bout de good Lord, und by and by I began to feel so bab. Oh I just feel so awful bat, I dont know vat's de matter mit me.

Den dot breacher said, If any-

but I don't eat no dinner. So I gits my plough fix and start home; but I feel so bat I just stop en de and late with all the cooking, wash- in dire distress represented the cost road, und I gets on my knees and ing, and household drudgery of the of twenty days' smoking. pray and pray, und I feel so bat I humble home. There were many The clergyman was an impulsive dinks I vas going to die; so I yust to clothe as well as to feed, and so man. Instead of lighting his fresh go back and stay mit de night scanty were the facilities of that cigar of the choicest brand, he

get religion. Und I goes up mit

und I yus ought to die. So I them. said, O Lord, kill me right now und send me right down to Hell. I Scotch mother was, she was always ought to been dere long time ago! the light and life of the household.

better, und I looks up, und every- was brightened by her cheerfulness tobacco. body was feeling goot und looks so purty. Ob, I feel so good-I yust want to fly away. 'Bout dot time a woman took me 'round de neck ; und I looks und it vas mine vife, und she vas got religion. Den I see my boy, und he vas down praying. Den he gets religion, too.

O dot vas de biggest meetin' vat you ever see. I can't tells you how I feels. I yust vant to tell de beoples bout Jesus.

The secret of the presence of his wife and son at the meeting was that they got uneasy about the husband and father and went in search of him, finding him at the meeting. They sat down in the back of the house. The old gentleman did not know they were there. They followed him to the altar, and all three were saved that night.

Wonderful are the ways of the Lord. Oh, for more conversions like that of my friend, the Datch man !- Cumberland Presbyterian.

A Famous Prescription.

Some years ago a lady, who tells her fine qualities of mind. the story herself, went to consult a worried and excited her to such a asked him if he had any religiou physical strength, and even her I have never had anything else, questions only to be astonished at hymns on the Scotch coast! his brief prescription at the end:

Madam, what you need is to read your Bible more!

hour a day, the great man reiterated, with kindly authority, then come no justice in it. back to me a month from to-day. And he bowed her out without a possibility of further protest.

At first his patient was inclined to be angry. Then she reflected One was a doctor with a metropolitthat at least the prescription was an practice. Three were successful not an expensive one. B sides, it merchant, and one was a highcertainly had been a long time since | minded publisher. All were richly she had read the Bible regularly, endowed with their mother's courshe reflected with a pang of con-lage and mental resources, and all science. Worldly cares had crowded shared her deep religious nature. out prayer and Bible study for years, and, though she would have resented being called an irreligious woman, she had undoubtedly be-

his office. Well, he said, smiling, as he looked at her face, I see you are an obedient patient, and have taken my prescription faithfully. Do you feel as if you needed any other

medicine now?

No, doctor, I don't, she said honestly. I feel like a different person! But how did you know that was just what I needed?

Madam, said he, with deep earnestness, if I were to omit my daily reading of this book, I should lose my greatest source of strength and skill. I never go to an operation without reading my Bible. 1 never attend a distressing case without finding help in its pages. Your case called, not for medicine, but for sources of peace and strength outside your own mind, and I showed you my own prescrip-

tion, and I knew it would cure. Yet I confess, doctor, said his patient, that I came very near not taking it.

Very few are willing to try it, I find, said the physician, smiling again. But there are many, many cases in my practice where it would work wonders if they only would

This is a true story. The doctor died only a little while ago, but his prescription remains. It will do no one any harm to try it .- Cali. fornia Christian Advocate.

A Story For Mothers.

A poor peasant on the Scotch coast had an unusually large brood relighted his cigar; but it seemed to body vants to get safet und get of children seven of them, boys, have a bitter taste, and he took out and little indeed could be do for a fresh one. Before striking a match Vel, I goes, and I pray und them. He labored early and late he jotted down on paper the price pray; but it don't do no goot. I in the fields, and contrived to keep of the cigar and the number which meetin' close, und I don't feel no was all. There never was a shilling that tobacco was costing him five Consumptive Syrup, and cure yourto spare, and the farmer's life was a shillings a day, and over ninety self. It is a medicine unsurpassed for against poverty and adversity.

The mother, too, worked early which he had given to his old friend lufs de poor sinner, und I vants to one, to read and write.

de front again, und I yust pray all the older children she would have to help an old friend in great need I could; but I feels no better-I had help in the housework. Her that he resolved sternly never to yust feels like I vas going to die. daughters were the youngest of the smoke again. Being a man of Den I yust said, Now, Lord, I family, and only added to her cares strong will, he was as good as his vas de meanest man yat never was when she was least able to endure word.

Weary and overworked as this Just den someding makes me feel It was a happy home, because it and contentment.

When there was a boy old enough to read a book aloud, there was entertainment for the family while she was sewing, and she taught her children to sharpen their wits by keen arguments, and, above all, to think for themselves.

Then, too, this Scotch mother, while not a trained musician, had a deep, rich voice, and a stirring way of singing old-fashioned hymns. On Sunday evenings the Bible would be read aloud, and she would sing one hymn after another, while her brawny Scotch lads listened with eagerness, and enjoyed the treat so keenly that they often complained because Sunday only came once a week.

The brood of children left the home nest one by one, and the mother died prematurely because of overwork and anxiety. But she lived anew in the boys as they became successful men in various profees ons and callings. For, although at the outset they were poor and had little education, they had her buoyant, hopeful nature, and had

One of them was a soldier, and famous New York physician about was mortally wounded in a foreign her health. She was a woman of campaign. The chaplain in the nervous temperament, whose hospital told him that he had only troubles-and she had many-had a few hours of life in reserve, and

reason. She gave the doctor a list he replied. I can hear my good of her symptoms, and answered his mother singing her Sunday-night

Another son became a prosperous barrister, with a great reputation for learning and wit. He would But, doctor, began the bewildered have had a large income if it had not been for a striking peculiarity Go home and read your Bible an He invariably threw up a case when he was convinced there was

I like to think of my dear old Scotch mother, he would say, when I plead a case in court.

Another was an earnest preacher

In many a temptation and crisis they recalled her face, shining in the winter firelight of their old home, and the hymns she had sung, come a most careless Christian. She in which she had expressed the went home and set herself conscier- religious devotion that had governed tiously to try the physician's remedy. [her life, and the tender, unfailing In one month she went back to love of a mother's heart.—Christian

The Minister's Last Cigar.

An English clergyman, who was hard smoker, was cured of the taste for tobacco by a sudden twinge of conscience.

He was sitting one day in his library with an expensive cigar in his mouth, when the name of one of ling, in a a little stream, from the his oldest friends was announced. opening in the pipe, now about an The visitor, when greetings had been warmly exchanged, confessed that he had come upon a begging

A story of pathetic distress was told, and an urgent appeal was made for immediate relief. The clergyman was a warm-hearted. plunged at once into his pocket, own souls instead. And we excuse but he found only a few shillings a 'little' profanity, or a 'little' bad there. He then fumbled in his temper or a 'little' untruth, or a to his friend that it was a very sad and urgent case, and that he would and hidden, we are safe. So we do what he could; but when he looked at his bank balance his face changed color. The account was

nearly overdrawn already. only give you a beggarly sum. I did not know how poor I was.

The check which he drew was only a fifth of the amount which was needed. He made many apologies for giving the visitor so Charles Kingsley. little money when his heart was deeply touched and he longed to do

When his friend had gone, he American money. The amount

the thought that a little self denial just the specific.

If there had been girls among on his part would have enabled him

This good man's tobacco bil was a heavier one than is ordinarily paid. But many a smoker would be surprised if he were to count the cost of his own self indu gence in

A recent investigation has shown that the students of a military academy in England expend enough money on cigarettes to provide for the education of forty young men too poor to have the same advantages. The effect of tobacco on health may be disputed, but no smoker can deny that smoking is a wasteful habit, and that there would be large compensations for self-denial. Youth's Companion.

A Little Leak

This is a story of a leak that was only a little one. But there is no knowing where a 'lit le' thing stops,

New York. The pipe brought the and was nickel-plated, so that is looked very nice indeed. Nobedy of endurance. susp cted that it leaked, for the crack was such a tiny one that only a drop oozed through now and then. So the family that owned the big nouse went away to the seashore, and locked up the house, and left the pipe to itself, not dreamin; what mischief it was up to.

The leak opened a little bit more the week after they left, so that the drops came faster. Another week, and it was just a trifle larger still. Two weeks more, and an old colored woman, who was taking care of the house next door, went and complained to the police that a very queer thing was happening. The water was trickling through the cellar wall from the closed house. She thought something must be the matter; and she had heard, besides, sounds of something falling, every now and then, next door. The police came around and found water oozing into the cellars on both sides, but could not get into the house that was closed, because they had no keys. So they telegraphed to the owner, and asked him to come home, and find out what was the matter.

He came home. And then he found out what a little leak can do. All the rear rooms on the two lower floors were in ruins. The ceiling of the dining-room (which was just below the third-story bath-room) had fallen, covering all the fine hardwood flor, laid new that Spring, with soaked plaster, and broken laths and water. The handcome tapestries on the wall were soaked and dripping, and had fallen down in places. The carved turniture, with its beautiful covering, hau been ruined by the plaster dropping upon it, and the water in which it stood. The rooms below were no better-ceilings fallen, floor ruined and streams of water trickling down the walls. The water in the cellar was a foot deep. Everywhere was ruin and damage; and above, in the bath-room, the water was still trick-

inch long. Fifteen hundred dollars' worth of damage, it was reckoned, came from that little 'leak.' A ruinous thing like that has no little or big about it; it is just ruinous, and that is all. Yet sometimes we forget this, especially when it is not a house or propgenerous man, and his hand was erty that is in question, but our very desk for his check-book, remarking 'little' even thinking or doing, and feel, as long as our sins are small need the obvious lesson of the litile leak -isn't it so? the ruin it made, the damage it did, the day of discovery that came at last as it always I am very sorry, he said, I can comes-Reformed Church Record.

> Let anyone set his heart to do what is right, and ere long his brow is stamped with all that goes to make up heroic expressions .-

The fleeting smile of the world may be purchased at the price of

So rapidly does lung irritation spread and deepen, that often in a few weeks a simple cough culminates in tubercular consumption. Give heed to a I goes home mit de blacksmit; hopeless, exhausting struggle pounds a year, or about \$450 in all throat and lung troubles. It is compounded from several herbs, each one of which stands at the head of the list as exerting a wonderful influence in curing consumption and all lung

meetin's. Und dot breacher he lonely stretch of coast that she herself taught the boys, one by lafe de poor sinner and I vants to lone to read and write. If the hair is falling out, or turning

William Didn't.

Now, boys, said the Sundayschool teacher, surely some one of you can tell me who carried off the gates of Gaza. Speak up, William.

I never touched 'em! said the indignant William, with a suspicion of tears in his youthful voice. I don't see why folks always think when things get carried off that I've had something to do with it!-

A Hint too Tired Mother

It is no kindness to a husband to to work so hard for him and the family that when he comes home tired it is to meet a woman so dragged out that every fibre of her body is aching, with a spirit so stretched and strained that it canno beer another ounce of tension Tie tird man, unless the is of an exceptionally amiable temperan, does not hesitate to apply that ounce; is either surly or fault finding, o · l-e he goes around with a martyr like expression, which seems to say: I guess if you had to work as I, you when it comes to result, as you will | might be tired. Either of these dis agreeatle varieties of temper would It was in a small pipe in the third have no place to find a l dg floor bath room of a big house in ment for any length of time if the wife bad had a little thought for water into the stationary washbowl, herself during the day, and not worked or fretted beyond the limit

ON FIRE.

An exploding lamp; the clothing in blaze; a paragraph in the paper telling of horrible suffering from burns. Tragedy in this form moves a man to tears. But for women who are

daily being consumed by the smouldering fire of disease there is little sympathy. Inflammation,

with its fierce burning; ulceration, eating into the tissues; the nervous system almost shattered by suffering; these are only part of the daily agonies borne by many a woman. Dr. Pierce's Fa-

vorite Prescription puts out the fire of inflammation, heals ulceration, and cures female weakness. It tran-

quilizes the nerves, restores the appetite, and gives refreshing sleep. "Favorite Prescription" is the most reliable put-up medicine offered as a cure for diseases peculiar to women. It always helps. It almost always cures.

"When I first commenced using Dr. Pierce's medicines," writes Mrs. George A. Strong, of Gansevoort, Saratoga Co., N. Y., "I was suffer earing-down pains, weak and tired feeling al the time. I dragged around in that way for two years, and I began taking your medicine. After taking first bottle I began to feel better. I took four bottles of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, two of 'Golden Medical Discovery,' one vial of the 'Pleasant Pellets,' also used one bettle of Dr. Secrets Catarah Pennedy. bottle of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. Now I feel like a new person. I can't thank you enough for your kind advice and the good your medicine has done me."

Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser, paper bound, is sent free on receipt of 31 one-cent stamps to pay expense of customs and mailing only. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

The T. Milburn Co., Limited. Toronto, Ont.

Some time ago my blood got order and nine large boils appear my neck, besides numerous small a my shoulders and arms. Four sores appeared on my foot and lea was in a terrible state. A friend Burdock Blood Bitters, so I procure bottles. After finishing the first bo boils started to disappear and thes heal up. After taking the third there was not a boil or sore to he Besides this, the headaches from suffered left me and I improved so an grandma that I am now strong and robust as Yours truly,

MISS MAGGIE WORTH Feb. 3rd, 1901.

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JUST OPENED

feels vorse all de times. Den de the wolf from the door, but that he usually smoked a day. He found delay, get a bottle of Bickle's Anti-Royal Blue and White Stripe, Navy Strip White Stripe, Old Rose and Green and Black and Red Mottled Pattern

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