

One Less. One less at home! The charmed circle broken; one dear face Missed day by day from its accustomed place;

One less at home! One voice of welcome hushed, and evermore One farewell word unspoken; on the shore Where parting comes not, one soul landed more—

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

One less at home! Chill as the earth-born mist the thought would rise, And wrap our footsteps round and dim our eyes;

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

One less on earth; Its pains, its sorrow, and its toils to share, One less the pilgrim's daily cross to bear;

One more in heaven! Another thought to brighten cloudy days; Another theme for thankfulness and praise,

One more at home! That home where separation cannot be, That home where none are missed eternally;

The Converted Dutchman.

BY REV. E. B. WARD.

Somewhat 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.

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.

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 was a good meetin'. I vants to tell you about dot meetin'.

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 take it.

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.—Californian Christian Advocate.

A Famous Prescription.

Some years ago a lady, who tells the story herself, went to consult a famous New York physician about her health. She was a woman of nervous temperament, whose troubles—and she had many—had worried and excited her to such a pitch that the strain threatened her physical strength, and even her reason.

Go home and read your Bible an hour a day, the great man reiterated, with kindly authority, then come 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 that at least the prescription was not an expensive one.

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.

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 take it.

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.—Californian Christian Advocate.

A Story For Mothers.

A poor peasant on the Scotch coast had an unusually large brood of children seven of them, boys, and little indeed could he do for them. He labored early and late in the fields, and contrived to keep the wolf from the door, but that was all.

The mother, too, worked early and late with all the cooking, washing, and household drudgery of the humble home. There were many to clothe as well as to feed, and so scanty were the facilities of that lonely stretch of coast that she herself taught the boys, one by one, to read and write.

If there had been girls among the older children she would have had help in the household. Her daughters were the youngest of the family, and only added to her cares when she was least able to endure them.

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.

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 professions and callings.

One of them was a soldier, and was mortally wounded in a foreign campaign. The chaplain in the hospital told him that he had only a few hours of life in reserve, and asked him if he had any religious faith.

I have never had anything else, he replied. I can hear my good mother singing her Sunday-night hymns on the Scotch coast!

Another son became a prosperous barrister, with a great reputation for learning and wit. He would have had a large income if it had not been for a striking peculiarity. He invariably threw up a case when he was convinced there was no justice in it.

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

Another was a doctor with a metropolitan practice. Three were successful merchants, and one was a high-minded publisher. All were richly endowed with their mother's courage and mental resources, and all shared her deep religious nature.

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, in which she had expressed the religious devotion that had governed her life, and the tender, unflinching love of a mother's heart.—Christian Age.

The Minister's Last Cigar.

An English clergyman, who was a 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 his oldest friends was announced. The visitor, when greetings had been warmly exchanged, confessed that he had come upon a begging errand.

A story of pathetic distress was told, and an urgent appeal was made for immediate relief. The clergyman was a warm-hearted, generous man, and his hand was plunged at once into his pocket, but he found only a few shillings there.

I am very sorry, he said, I can 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 little money when his heart was deeply touched and he longed to do more.

When his friend had gone, he relighted his cigar; but it seemed to have a bitter taste, and he took out a fresh one. Before striking a match he jotted down on paper the price of the cigar and the number which he usually smoked a day.

The clergyman was an impulsive man. Instead of lighting his fresh cigar of the choicest brand, he threw it into the fire on the hearth. He was so deeply impressed with the thought that a little self-denial

on his part would have enabled him to help an old friend in great need that he resolved sternly never to smoke again. Being a man of strong will, he was as good as his word.

This good man's tobacco bill 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-indulgence in tobacco.

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.

It was a happy home, because it was brightened by her cheerfulness 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.

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, when it comes to results, as you will see.

It was in a small pipe in the third floor bath room of a big house in New York. The pipe brought the water into the stationary washbowl, and was nickel-plated, so that it looked very nice indeed.

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.

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.

When I first commenced using Dr. Pierce's medicines," writes Mrs. George A. Strong, of Gansevoort, Saratoga Co., N. Y., "I was suffering from female weakness, a disagreeable drain, bearing-down pains, weak and tired feeling all the time.

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William Didn't

Now, boys, said the Sunday-school 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!—Tribune.

A Hint to Tired Mother

It is no kindness to a husband 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 cannot bear another ounce of tension.

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NINE BOILS

FOUR RUNNING SORES

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

Some time ago my blood got order and nine large boils appeared on my neck, besides numerous smaller ones on my shoulders and arms. Four of these were in a terrible state. A friend advised me to take Burdock Blood Bitters, so I procured a bottle. After finishing the first bottle the boils started to disappear and the second day after taking the third there was not a boil or sore to be seen. Besides this, the headaches from which I suffered left me and I improved so that I am now strong and robust as ever.

Yours truly, MISS MAGGIE WORTHINGTON, Feb. 3rd, 1901.

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