

**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 had many—had worried and excited her to such a pitch that the strain threatened her physical strength and even her reason. She gave the doctor a list of her symptoms, and answered his questions only to be astonished at his brief prescription at the end:

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

"But, doctor," began the bewildered patient—

"Go home and read your Bible an hour a day," the great man reiterated, with kindly authority, "then come back to me in a month from today."

And he bowed her out without a possibility of further protest.

At first his patient was inclined to be angry. Then she reflected at least the prescription was not an expensive one. Besides, it certainly had been a long time since she had read the Bible regularly—she reflected with a pang of conscience. Worldly cares had crowded out prayers and Bible study for years, and, though she would have resented being called a irreligious woman, she had become a most careless Christian. She went home, and set herself conscientiously to try the physician's remedy.

In one month she went back to 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 though you needed any other medicine now?"

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

For answer the famous physician turned to his desk. There, worn and marked, lay an open Bible.

"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. I 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 prescription, 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 would only take it."

This is a true story. The doctor died only a little while ago, but his prescription is still good.—*Christian Advocate*.

**ODD WEDDING FEE.**

A New York preacher was conversing with a lawyer member of his church upon the financial rewards of the different professions. The pastor asserted that ministers received less for their work than any other class of professional men. The lawyer disagreed, and remarked that the item of wedding fees alone amounted to quite a sum.

"What do you think is the average fee I receive?" asked the clergyman.

"I should say \$20 is a low average. I have known persons to give \$100, and \$50 is quite common."

"Your calculation is too high; we marry poor people," replied the minister. "I will give you \$10 for half your next fee," said the lawyer.

"I will accept the offer," said the minister, after hesitating a moment.

The next day a rough-looking farmer and a blooming country maid came to the minister to be married. After the ceremony the farmer said:

"We hain't no money, but I have a nice pup here that would make a nice pet for your children." Then he opened a box and out rolled a white pup. The minister could hardly contain his mirth, thanked the bridegroom, and was soon on his way to the lawyer's office.

"I had no idea," he said, "that I should come to claim your offer so soon, and I should not have accepted it so quickly had I known I was to receive such an unusual fee."

"No backing out, now," said the lawyer. "Here's your \$10. Hand over half your fee."

The minister demurred a moment, said he would be careful about making such rash bargains in the future, and then tumbled the pup out on the lawyer's desk.

"Which half will you take?" he asked.—*Exchange*.

**THE UPSIDEDOWNNESS OF CHINA.**

The Chinaman shakes his own hand instead of your.

He keeps out of step when walking with you.

He puts his hat on in salutation.

He whitens his boots instead of blackening them.

He rides with his heels in the stirrups instead of his toes.

His compass points south.

His women folks are often seen in trousers, accompanied by men in gowns.

Often he throws away the fruit of the melon and eats the seeds.

He laughs on receiving bad news. (This is to deceive evil spirits).

His left hand is the place of honor.

He says west-north instead of north-west, and sixths-four instead of four-sixths.

His favorite present to his parents is a coffin.

He faces the bow when rowing a boat.

His mourning color is white.

He pays the doctor when he is well.

Nothing when sick.

To bore a hole, he uses an instrument that works up and down instead of around.

The children of a Chinese school study out loud.

A Chinaman's armor is worn on the back instead of on his breast.—*Selected*.

**LAID UP HIS HEAD.**

Daniel Webster once told a good story in a speech, and was asked where he got it.

"I had it laid up in my head for fourteen years, and never got a chance to use it until today," said he.

Some little boy or girl wants to know what good it will do to learn the "rule of three," or to commit a verse of the Bible. The answer is this: "Some time you will need that very thing. Perhaps it will be twenty years before you can make it fit in just the right place some time; then if you don't have it, you will be like the hunter who had no ball in his rifle when the bear met him."—*Selected*.

More than 150 books on the war in South Africa have been published.

**THE BOOTBLACK'S STORY.**

Going from the office one evening last week we were stopped on the second floor of the building by a wan-faced, sad-eyed boy. He says he's seventeen, but in size he doesn't look it by a half dozen years. He hadn't had enough to eat since he came into the world. Hunger is a law of his life. Despair peeps from his sad little eyes, and premature sorrow has been cut into the cheeks which God intended should bloom with roses of youthful joy. But joy is a stranger to this youngster. He lives in hell—the hell created by a drunken father. He was cursed before he was born, and the saloon did it.

"Let me give you a shine for mother's sake," he said. The appealing tone in which he spoke must have stormed the heart of God. It was more than an appeal; it was a live coal of prayer from off the white altar of the Eternal.

As his slender little head moved swiftly to and fro across the shoe, he said: "Say, can't I handle a brush, Mister?"

"You can indeed, my boy."

Seeing he was disposed to talk, we asked: "Are your parents living?"

"Yes," he answered quickly, and a flood of bitter memories seemed to look through his eyes. "Yes, but you see, Dad—he don't live with us no more."

"Doesn't he?"

"No; we had to drive him away. He'd steal mother's hard-earned money and mine, and spend it for beer."

"Too bad, boy; too bad."

"But say, Mister, he like to got us before he went." Here his eyes sparkled as he recalled their narrow escape. "Policemen were just in time to save us."

"Save you? How?"

"Why, man, he had a big butcher knife and was about to kill mother and me, when the cops nabbed him."

This boy is worse than fatherless. Why? Ask the saloon. It made a brute of his father.

This boy is homeless. Why? Ask the saloon. While brutalizing his father it also robbed him of the money with which he could have built a home.

This boy has not an equal chance in the world with other boys. Why? The saloon makes him shine shoes, when his place is in school.

This boy goes home every night to a crushed, broken and husbandless mother. Why. Because the saloon has taken away her husband.

This brave little warrior goes forth every morning into the streets to fight the wolf for mother, himself, and five still smaller ones who are unconsciously saloon victims.

The institution which will make a thief and a murderer of a father will destroy a nation, if given time. The one remedy is: Destroy the institution.—*Keystone Citizen*.

**THE MAN CAN'T FORGIVE.**

"We can forgive the one who injures us," said the wise student of human nature, "but the one whom we find it almost impossible to forgive, is the one whom we have injured."

We do not state the case in that way to ourselves; nevertheless it is true. There is nothing that will more surely incline us to dislike another than the knowledge that we have in some way wronged him. His acts, whatever they may be, take on unworthy motives to us. It is easy to believe any evil report concerning him. The sight of him awakens our animosity. Why? Because deep in the spirit, too deep for

Relieve those Inflamed Eyes

**Pond's Extract**

Reduced one-half with pure soft water, applied frequently with a cotton or eye cap, the congestion will be removed and the pain and inflammation instantly relieved.

**CAUTION!**—Avoid dangerous, irritating Witch Hazel preparation, represented to be "the same as" Pond's Extract which easily soothes and generally contains "wood alcohol," a deadly poison.

our conscious recognition of it, perhaps, lies a desire to justify oneself, and to prove that he deserved the treatment we have given him.

For the one who has wronged us we may find excuses, but for the one whom we have even a secret suspicion of having wronged, there is solace in finding condemnation. The sight of him makes us uncomfortable; his presence wounds our self-respect. We cannot forgive him for making it impossible to forgive ourselves.

"What has he ever done to you?" is the question commonly asked when an unexplained enmity manifests itself. A question we might more profitably ask ourselves, would be, "What have we ever done to him?"—*Christian Uplook*.

Professor Flidner, of Madrid, in a recent interview, expressed his conviction that the power of Romanism is declining in Spain. There is a growing hatred of clericalism and at the same time a growing disposition to hear the gospel. A marquis recently asked Mr. Flidner to send an evangelist to preach to his tenants.

In a southern hospital a little girl was to undergo a dangerous operation. She was placed upon the table, and the surgeon was about to give her ether when he said, "Before we can make you well, we must put you to sleep." She spoke up sweetly, and said, "Oh, if you are going to put me to sleep, I must say my prayers first." So she got on her knees, and said the child's prayer, "Now I lay me down to sleep." Afterwards the surgeon said that he himself prayed that night for the first time in thirty years.

**Poison—**

In the Blood brings Humors and Boils, Salt Rheum, Eczema and Scrofula,

**WEAVER'S SYRUP**

Will cure them permanently by purifying the

**Blood.**

Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd.,  
MONTREAL Proprietors, NEW YORK.