

WHEN THE PRODIGAL CAME HOME.

Did you ever think how different it would have been, when the prodigal went home, if there had been no heart of the loving and forgiving father waiting there to give him a welcome? No ring for his finger, or shoes for his feet, or best robe shaking fragrance from its rich folds, or dinner served in state, or father's embrace and kiss, but only a vacant chair, a cold hearth, an empty space.

Well, that might happen in an earthly home, with its changes. Dear, forgiving parents might have lain down in death, while the wanderer strayed away. Prodigals may return too late in this world of mutation; but it is not so when the going back is to God. No danger of a shut door here, nor a cold, unfamiliar countenance. Not thus, from the far country, are God's prodigals ever met, with pain, disappointment, rebuff, and bitter sorrow. Always, as in the beautiful parable, when the wanderer returns there is eager haste to anticipate his confession; there is unspeakable fullness of delight, that he has grown weary of the husks and the swine, and retraced his steps to the Father's house.

Our blessed Lord came to his own, and his own received him not. But never is this experience repeated by a single child of his, who, suddenly, awakening to a sense of sinfulness and shame, has a vision of the face of God. Plenty is there in the old home for everybody. Never a scarcity. The table is always spread. The cup is overflowing.

"There were ninety and nine that safely lay

In the shelter of the fold;
But one was lost on the hills away,
Far from the gates of gold."

The lost one the shepherd went after; and, though the prodigal did not know it, the Father's heart went after him, in the wilderness and the want, and he would not have had the impulse to go home, if that yearning of the Father had not drawn him.

All over this world there are households which are shadowed by the wrong-doings of prodigal children. The mother's eyes have often a look of anguish bravely hidden, but woe-fully plain to those who know her best; the father's head is bowed, his anxiety is wearing him out; the brothers and sisters are praying for one whom they seldom name. O prodigal son, and daughter, too, wherever you are, turn about and go home. Leave the land of want and sin. Forsake the evil company, and turn away from the snares and the lures. You have wasted your substance, and lost your birthright, but there are restoration, and peace, and pardon for you still. Come home! Come home!—*Ch. Herald.*

An Inexpensive Way in which to Furnish a Girl's Room.

I furnished my daughter's room very prettily at small cost. I had an iron bed, two old chairs, and an old table. I bought twenty yards of India linen at three and one-half cents a yard. For the two windows I made single window-curtains with deep ruffles. This required seven yards. I also made a cover for the bed, with a six-inch ruffle all around, using ten yards. With the remaining three yards I draped the table, first making a foundation cover of five-cent lining, which may be obtained in any color. I used blue. I purchased a square mirror for one dol-

lar. This was not large, but good. I procured a box three feet long, eighteen inches high, and eighteen inches wide for ten cents. This I covered with three yards of denim, which cost fifteen cents a yard, making a very nice shirt-waist box and window-seat. I lined this box with five-cent lining. I bought two and one-half yards of chintz—delft-blue predominating—and made cushions for the chairs, which I had had enameled white at a cost of fifty cents. I fastened two iron brackets to the wall, and placed a board twelve inches wide on these, making a nice book-shelf. The floor of the room I covered with a delft-blue denim, which cost fifteen cents a yard. The walls I decorated with prints, half-tones, and two water-color pictures. The mirror was suspended from a hook immediately above the table, making a dressing table.—*Woman's Home Companion.*

SAVED BY HIS HORSE.

The intuition and sense of locality of the horse are well known, and are found invaluable at critical times, as illustrated in the following account of an actual occurrence sent to *The Little Chronicle*.

"My grandfather lived in Vermont in the days when, if one wished to go to Boston, the journey could be best made on horseback. One spring, just as the ice had cleared from the rivers, he was returning home from that noted place on his favorite horse. It was pitch dark when he reached the river below where his farm lay. He crossed where the bridge had always been, arriving home after all the household had retired, and did not disturb them. The next morning his wife asked him how he crossed the river.

"On the bridge, of course," was the reply.

"Why you are crazy! The bridge went down stream when the ice went out," exclaimed she.

"I don't believe it, and I shan't until I see for myself," said the worthy man, starting up.

"He went directly to the river, and there, spanning the stream, was one rather narrow plank, beneath which a torrent of muddy water poured. His plucky horse had, in the inky darkness, crossed on that single plank.

MODERN SAMSONS.

Samson ran a short and fatal career. He was a giant and he seemed a hero. He possessed marvellous prowess as long as he honored God and walked in righteousness; but his strength was not in his stature, his muscles, his hair, even. It was in the fact that these natural gifts were invigorated and supplemented by divine power. The same thing is true for every young man. Young men have strength of body, intellect, affection, will; and yet these things alone do not make a moral athlete. They must be bound together by the power of grace and holiness. Young men are like a rich young man who came to the Saviour. He had many virtues, but one lack, and that lack was fatal. Thousands of young men, who, under the witchery of some evil influence, take the fatal plunge every year, are painful proof of the fact that there are hordes of modern Samsons. What more can be done to save the young manhood of our nation from the false lovers who deceive and destroy? Young man, are you a Samson? Is any Delilah sin sapping your power? If so, flee for your life.—*Preachers Magazine.*

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WHICH?

A dispatch from Chicago tells us that Captain Sam Bryant, the aged follower of the turf, was carried on a stretcher to the race-track in Chicago, although in a dying condition, in order that his wish might be gratified "to see the Derby before he died." For over fifty years this man has been prostituting his God-given manhood in following the races, and when dying, was taken from Louisville, Kentucky, in a sleeping car, and to the race-track on a stretcher. On his way thither, he whispered, "I'll die with my boots on, anyway." The last wish of his life, "to see the Derby," has been gratified, and it is doubted whether he can be kept alive until he reaches his home. Such a scene needs no comment.

Rev. J. M. Gray, D. D., describes the last hours of the great preacher, George Whitefield, at Newburyport, Massachusetts. In reply to the remark of a friend that he was "more fit to go to bed than to preach," he replied, "It is true, sir." Then, turning aside, he clasped his hands, and, looking up, said, "Lord Jesus, I am weary in thy work, but not weary of it." Retiring early, he exhorted the household in the hall "until the candle burned out in the socket," and so at daybreak, with a smile of kindling rapture, the daybreak of eternity dawned upon him. Such a scene needs no comment.

There are two ends, either of which we may choose.
Which?

Tested by Time.—In his justly celebrated Pills, Dr. Parmelee has given to the world one of the most unique medicines offered to the public in late years. Prepared to meet the want for a pill which could be taken without nausea, and that would purge without pain, it has met all requirements in that direction, and it is in general use not only because of these two qualities, but because it is known to possess alternative and curative powers, which place it in the front rank of medicines.

FACTS PROVE TRUTH.

One man writes these facts from Black River, N. B., January 4, 1903.

"I had a sore on my leg and went to the hospital for treatment, but left no better. I finally began using your

NERVE OINTMENT

together with your Invigorating Syrup and Acadian Liniment. This treatment has removed the soreness from my leg and healed it completely except a very small spot. I think your medicines 'can't be beat.'"

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This merely emphasizes the fact that for sores and skin diseases nothing can be found equal to Gates' Nerve Ointment. Never fail to have a box on your toilet table.

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