

him for a minute and then said in a gruff voice: "What might you want here?"

"Don't you know me?" said Charles, advancing into the barn.

"Know you," said the farmer, "how should I know you? I've never seen you before to my knowledge."

"Do you forget your runaway son?" inquired Charles, taking a few steps toward his father.

Instantly Mr. Maynard threw down his flail, with which he had been beating out the ripe grain, and hurrying to his son, clasped him in his arms, exclaiming, I'm so glad you've come back, Charlie! I was afraid you never would; and I never can forgive myself for the harsh way I treated you before you went away. I won't act so again, with the help of God."

"I did very wrong to run away," said Charles, penitently, "and I hope you'll forgive me."

"Indeed, I will forgive you if there is anything to be forgiven," said his father affectionately. "But come let us go into the house, and we can hear all about your wanderings."

If ever there was a happy household, it was farmer Maynard's on that memorable evening. After a bountiful supper, such as poor Charles had not tasted since leaving home, they all knelt down and returned thanks for the return of the long-absent son and brother, and each member of the family felt that a load of sorrow had been lifted from their hearts, and joy infused into their inmost souls.

Mr. Thomas Strachan, Postmaster, Robalton, writes:—My daughter has been ill for the last four years with female weakness, and had been attended by four of the best doctors in our section. She then began the use of your Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I find that the use of two boxes has done her vastly more good than all the medicines she took from those doctors. We then recommended them to an old lady, a neighbor of ours, who was a terrible sufferer from dyspepsia, and they are working a miracle in her case. I cheerfully volunteer this statement for the benefit of other sufferers.

Hot wood ashes applied to a stove when cold, will remove grease. Cover the spot entirely; do not be sparing of the ashes.

"JOHN III. 16."

"God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

One cold, wintry night a poor Irish boy stood in the streets of Dublin—a little city arid, homeless, houseless, friendless.

He had taken to bad courses, and become an associate of thieves, who were leading him on the broad road to destruction. That very night they had planned to commit a burglary, and appointed him to meet them in a certain street, at a certain hour.

As he stood there, waiting, shivering, and cold, a hand was suddenly laid on his shoulder. It was very dark, he could only see a tall form standing by him, and he trembled with fear; but a kindly voice said, "Boy, what are you doing here at this time of night? such as you have no business in the streets at so late an hour; go home, go to bed."

"I have no home, and no bed to go to."

"That's very sad, poor fellow! Would you go to a home and to a bed, if I provided one?"

"That would I, sharp!" replied the boy.

"Well, in such a street, and such a number (indicating the place,) you will find a bed." Before he could add more the lad started off. "Stop!" said the voice, "how are you going to get in? You need a pass; no one can go in there without a pass. Here is one for you, can you read?"

"No, Sir."

"Well, remember that the pass is 'John III. 16; don't forget, or they won't let you in. 'John III. 16.' There, that's something that will do you good."

Joyfully the lad rushed off, repeating his lesson, and soon found himself in the street, and at the number indicated, before a pair of large iron gates. Then his heart failed him, they looked so grand. How could he get in there? Timidly he rang the bell. The night-watchman opened and in a gruff voice asked, "Who's there?" "Me, sir. Please sir, I'm JOHN THREE SIXTEEN," in very trembling tones. "All right; in with you, that's the pass," and in the boy went.

He was soon in a nice warm bed, and between sheets such as he had never seen before. As he curled himself up to go to sleep, he