

BUNYAN IN PRISON.

By William Morley Punshon.

In 1680 he was indicted "as a common upholder of unlawful meetings and conventicles," and by the strong hand of tyranny was thrown into prison; and though his wife pleaded so powerfully in his favor as to move the pity of Sir Mathew Hale, beneath whose ermine throbbed a god-fearing heart like that which beat beneath the tinker's doublet, he was kept there for twelve long years. His own words are, "So being again delivered up to the jailor's hands, I was had home to prison." Home to prison! Think of that, young men! Fee the bravery of a Christian heart! There is no affectation of indifference to suffering—no boastful exhibition of excited heroism; but there is the calm of the man "that hath the herb heart's ease in his bosom"—the triumph of a kingly spirit, happy in its own content, and throned over extremest ill.

Home to prison! And whereof not. Home is not the marble hall, nor the luxurious furniture, nor the cloth of gold. If home be the kingdom where a man reigns, in his own monarchy, over subject hearts—if home be the spot where fireside pleasures gambol, where are heard the sunny laugh of the confiding child or the fond "what ails thee?" of the watching wife—then every essential of home was to be found, "except these bonds," in that cell on Bedford Bridge. There, in the day-time, is the heroine-wife, at once bracing and soothing his spirit with her leal and womanly tenderness, and, sitting at his feet, the child—a clasping tendril—blind and therefore best beloved. There, on the table is the Book of Martyrs, with its records of the men who were the ancestors of his faith and love; those old and heaven-patented nobility whose badge of knighthood was the hallowed cross, and whose chariot of triumph was the ascending flame. There, nearer to his hand, is the Bible, revealing that secret source of strength which, empowered each manly heart and nerved each stalwart arm; cheering his own spirit in exceeding heaviness, and making strong, through faith, for the obedience which is even unto death. Within him the good conscience bears bravely up, and he is weaponed by this as by a shield of triple mail. By his side, all unseen by casual guest or surly warder, there stands with heart of grace and consolation strong, the Heavenly Comforter; and from overhead, as if anointing him already with the unction of the recompense, there rushes the stream of glory.

And now it is nightfall. They have had their evening worship, and, as in another dungeon, "the prisoners heard them." The blind child received the fatherly benediction. The last good-night is said to the dear one, and Bunyan is alone. His pen is in his hand, and his Bible on the table. A solitary lamp dimly relieves the darkness. But there is fire in his eye, and there is passion in his soul. "He writes as if joy did not make him write." He has felt all the fulness of his story. The pen moves too slowly for the rush of feeling as he graves his own heart the page. There is beating over him a storm of inspiration. Great thoughts are striking on his brain and flushing all his cheek. Cloudy and shapeless in the earliest rise within his mind, they darken into the gigantic, or brighten into the beautiful, until at length he flings them into bold and burning words. Rare visions rise before him. He is in a dungeon no longer. He is in the palace Beautiful, with its sights of renown and songs of melody, with its virgins of comeliness and of discretion, and with its windows opening for the first kiss of the sun. His soul swells beyond the measure of its cell. It is not a rude lamp that glimmers on his table.

It is no longer the dark Ouse that rolls its sluggish waters at his feet. His spirit has no sense of bondage. No iron has entered into his soul. Chainless and upon the page. There is beating over him swift, he has soared to the Delectable Mountains—the light of Heaven is around him—the river is the one, clear as crystal, which floweth from the throne of God and of the Lamb—breeze of Paradise blow freshly across it, fanning his temples and stirring his hair. From the summit of the Hill Clear he catches rarer splendors—the New Jerusalem sleeps in its eternal noon—the shining ones are there, each one a crowned harper unto God—this is the land that is afar off; and THAT is the King in his beauty; until, prostrate beneath the unsufferable splendor, the dreamer falls upon his knees and sobs away his agony of gladness in an ecstasy of prayer and praise. Now think of these things—endearing intercourse with wife and children, the ever fresh and ever comforting Bible, the tranquil conscience, the regal imaginings of the mind, the faith which realized them all, and the light of God's approving face shining, broad and bright upon the soul, and you will understand the undying memory which made Bunyan quaintly write, "I was had home to prison."

SPARKLES.

Because a woman "figures in society" it is no sign that she knows the multiplication table.

"Pa, what is poetic license?" "Well, my boy, as nearly as I can learn, poetic license is something which enable a man to say things in verse which would incoercerate him in a lunatic asylum if worked off at a political meeting."

An old Irish lady, when urged to educate her son, replied: What does the boy want with education? Isn't he a fine, handsome boy? And can't I keep him till he grows up? And then he'll go over to England, and some rich lady will trate herself to him!

Professor (coming from his club holding up triumphantly his umbrella to his wife): You see, my dear Alma, how stupid are all the anecdotes about our absent-mindedness. You see, I haven't forgotten my umbrella."

Mrs. Professor: "But, my dear, you didn't take your umbrella with you; you left it at home."

A young Ayrshire farmer was about to enter his first farm at Martinmas last. One day he met the minister of the parish church, who greeted him warmly and said, "I am glad to know, Tammas, that your new farm is near the kirk."

"That's a vera weel," said Tammas, "every man to his ain trade; but as for me, masel', I wad rather it had been near the smiddy."

"Darling," said the lovelorn youth, "can't you suggest some good deed of daring that will enable me to prove my love for you?"

"Well," she replied, "you might speak to papa."

Joseph, caddy, watched the latest convert to golf-lunacy with contempt. As a matter of fact, the tyro was succeeding very well for a "first time round," yet the lps of Joseph curled. "Joseph," whispered the pro., "what's up?" "Him," indicated Joseph. "He'll never make a player!" "On the contrary," said the pro., "he is playing very well considering." "Let us know about it," snorted Joseph. "I tell yer he'll never make a player! D'ye know what he sez when he misses a ball?" continued the indignant caddy. "He says, 'Tut, tut!'"

LACK OF BLOOD

Is What Causes Headaches, Dizziness and Heart Palpitation.

On the blood depends the welfare of the whole body. Where good blood exists disease is unknown, but where the blood is poor and watery disease quickly seizes hold of the body.—It is then headaches, backaches, dizziness, heart palpitation, and other serious ailments make themselves felt. Good blood can always be obtained through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. They actually make good rich blood, and thus restore lost strength and banish disease. Mr. Herbert Hanson, Brewers Mills, N.B., says:—"I cannot praise Dr. Williams' Pink Pills too highly. I was troubled with headaches, dizziness, and loss of strength, and had a hacking cough which I feared would lead to consumption. I tried a number of medicines without benefit, but was finally persuaded to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I did so, and used these Pills for several months with remarkable results. They helped me so much that I now strongly recommend them to all other sufferers."

The experience of Mr. Hanson is that of thousands of others who have found health and strength through Dr. Williams' Pink Pills after other medicines had failed. It is through their power in making good blood that these Pills cure such troubles as anaemia, indigestion, rheumatism, heart palpitation, neuralgia, nervous troubles, and the distressing ills of grilhood and womanhood. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are sold by all dealers in medicine or direct by mail from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50.

MEASURE OF LOVE.

A teacher in the Sabbath school had asked the boys of her class how much they loved their mothers, and one boy said:

"I love my mother more than tongue can tell."

"I love mine a thousand bushels," said another little chap.

"What would you be willing to do for her?" asked the teacher.

"Oh, I would be willing to die for her," replied one boy.

"I would be willing to fight for my mother," said another boy of ten years.

"Just let a fellow say anything against my mother, and I guess he'd catch it. I wouldn't let anyone say a bad thing about my mother!"

"Neither would I!" exclaimed another boy.

"You haven't said anything yet, Willie," said the teacher to a little chap of about ten years. "What brave thing would you be willing to do for your mother?"

After a moment's reflection, he said: "Well, I am always willing she calls me in the morning, the first time she calls me. I think that's doing a good deal."

"Yes, Willie, it is," replied the teacher, laughing heartily. "Judging from my experience with boys, I think that the boy who gets up at the first call from his mother, especially on a frosty morning, is a pretty brave boy."

Prevent a friend from doing you good, impress him with the idea that he is of no use to you, and his affection will cool. But ask a man for little services he is ready to render, let him know and keep in his mind that he has conferred a benefit upon you, and he will like you all the more for it, become interested in your welfare, and feel real devotion for you. I have never known this experiment to fail.—Selected.

It is when one's wishes to rise to the desire for holiness that he discovers the imperfectness of his morals.