

Household Words.**ONE LESS AT HOME.**

One less at home!

The charmed circle broken; a dear face
Missed day by day from its accustomed place;
But, cleansed and saved and perfected by grace,
One more in heaven!

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 more in heaven!

One less at home!

A sense of loss that meets us at the gate;
Within a place unfilled and desolate;
And far away our coming to await,
One more in heaven!

One less at home!

'Till as the earth-born mist the thought would
rise,
And wrap our footsteps round, and dim our
eyes;
But the bright sunbeam darteth from the skies—
One more in heaven!

PRODIGAL GO HOME.

They sent him to feed swine, and the very hogs grunted, "Go home." When he picked up those carob husks and tried to eat them, they crackled, "Go home." He looked upon his rags, and they gaped at him, "Go home." His hungry belly and his faintness cried, "Go home." Then he thought of his father's face, and how kindly it had looked at him, and it seemed to say, "Come home!" He remembered the bread enough and to spare, and every morsel seemed to say, "Come home!" He pictured the servants sitting down to dinner and feasting to the full, and every one of them seemed to look right away over the wilderness to him, and to say, "Come home! Thy father feeds us well. Come home!" Everything said, "Come home!" Only the devil whispered, "Never go back. Fight it out! Better starve than yield! Die game!" But then he had got away from the devil this once, for he had come to himself, and he said, "No; I will arise and go to my father." Oh, that you would be equally wise! Sinner, what is the use of being damned for the sake of a little pride? Yield thee, man! Down with thy pride! You will not find it so hard to submit if you remember that dear Father who loved us and gave himself for us in the person of his own dear Son. You will find it sweet to yield to such a friend. And when you get your head in his bosom, and feel his warm kisses on your cheek, you will soon feel that it is sweet to weep for sin—sweet to confess your wrong doing, and sweeter still to hear him say, "I have blotted out, as a thick cloud, thy

transgressions, and as a cloud, thy sins."
"Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool."—*Spurgeon*.

BILLY BRAY.

A missionary magazine has the following about a convert, one Billy Bray:—One day when a little downhearted, standing upon the brink of a coal pit, some one seemed to say:—"Now Billy, just throw yourself down there and be rid of all trouble." He knew in a minute who it was and drawing back said:—"Oh, no, Satan; you can just throw yourself down there. That is your way home, but I am going to my home in a different direction." At another time his potatoes were a very poor crop, and as he was digging them Satan was at his elbow, saying:—"There, Bill, isn't that poor pay for serving your Father all the year the way you have? Just see what small potatoes!" Billy stopped hoeing a moment and said:—"Ah! Satan, at it again, talking about my Father, bless His name! Why, when I served you I didn't get any potatoes at all," and he went on hoeing and praising the Lord for small potatoes.

THOUGHTS ABOUT HEAVEN.

Heaven is not a stately, formal place, as I sometimes hear it described, a very frigidity of splendour, where people stand on cold formalities and go round about with heavy crowns of gold on their heads. No, that is not my idea of heaven. My idea of heaven is more like this: You are seated in the evening-tide by the fireplace, your whole family there, or nearly all of them there. While you are seated talking and enjoying the evening hour, there is a knock at the door and the door opens, and there comes in a brother that has been long absent. He has been absent for years, you have not seen him, and no sooner do you make up your mind that it is certainly he, than you leap up, and the question is who shall give him the first embrace. That is my idea of heaven—a great home circle where they are waiting for us. Oh, will you not know your mother's voice there? Will you not know your child's voice? She of the bright eye, and the ruddy cheek, and the quiet step, who came in from play and flung herself into your lap, a very shower of mirth and beauty? Why, the picture is graven in your soul. It cannot wear out. If that little one should stand on the other side of some heavenly hill and call to you, you would hear her voice above the burst of heaven's great orchestra. Know it? You could not help but know it.

Now I bring you this glorious consolation of future recognition. If you could get this theory into your heart it would lift a great many shadows that are stretching across it. When I was a lad I used to go out to the rail-