

When I go Home,

It comes to me often in silence,
When the firelight sputters low—
When the black, uncertain shadows
Seem writhings of the long ago;
Always with a throb of heartache
That thrills each pulsing vein
Comes the old, unquiet longing
For the peace of home again.

I'm sick of the roar of the cities
And of faces cold and strange;
I know where there's warmth of welcome
And my yearning fancies range
Back to the dear old homestead
With an aching sense of pain;
But there'll be joy in the coming
When I go home again.

When I go home again! There's music
That may never die away,
And it seems the band of angels,
On a mystic harp at play,
Have touched with a yearning sadness
On a beautiful, broken strain,
To which is my fond heart wording—
When I go home again.

Outside of my darkening window
Is the great world's crash and din,
And slowly the autumn's shadows
Come drifting, drifting in.
Sobbing, the night wind murmurs
To the plash of the autumn rain;
But I dream of the glorious greeting
When I go home again.

—Eugene Field.

Wanted a Minister.

The Smithville church was without a minister. Elder Berry had written to his wife's cousin's husband, who was preaching at Clay Center on a very small and uncertain salary, to come up and visit them, "for," said the elder, "I think it can be managed all right." (The elder's "it," however did not mean the visit.) Deacon Whitesides also sent word to his old friend and pastor, the Rev. Mr. Thumper, who was suffering with hay fever, and desired a change of climate, to arrange it so that he could spend a Sabbath with them; "for," said the deacon, "I think Brother Thumper is just the man for us."

Several letters had also been received from preachers here and there who, though "their labors had been greatly blessed where they were, were willing if the Lord saw fit, to change their fields of labor."

After the elder's wife's cousin's husband had preached for them, and the Rev. Mr. Thumper had also happened to be passing that way, and had consented to preach, and after two other applicants had been heard, it became more and more evident that the Smithville church was a very desirable field; and as this became known throughout the congregation, they began to extend their range of vision, and to talk of certain great men, known through the press and otherwise, as possible pastors for their church.

"Let us make the experiment, at any rate," said Mr. Bondclipper, the chief supporter of the church, "and for my part, I believe we can get as good a man as is to be had. I am willing to double my subscription if necessary."

Mr. Bondclipper repeated his views at a congregational meeting, and added the suggestion that an advertisement be placed in the columns of the *Christian Trumpet*, stating just what kind of a man was wanted.

"It will accomplish more than all the letters we can write, and I move that we instruct the clerk of this meeting to note carefully our views, and to advertise for the man we want."

The motion was carried.

"And now," continued Mr. Bondclipper, "let us not be satisfied until we secure a pastor with the right qualifications. We are all agreed, I am sure, that only a young man can do the work to be done here. We want some one who can get hold of the young people—some one who is sociable and can preach upon the topics of the day. The young people do not care for theology, neither will they come to hear anyone who reads from a manuscript or preaches long sermons."

"What Brother Bondclipper has just said is very true," said Mr. Dunnem, the chairman of the board of trustees, "and I will only add a word. No one is in a better position than I to know how hard it is to raise the funds that are necessary to carry on the work of this church. Now let us not be too hasty. Let us not promise more salary than we have pledges for. We can get the man we want, I am sure, but we want some one who will not object to—say—a reasonable salary—no more in fact, than we paid our last pastor."

"As to getting a young man," said Deacon Whitesides, who rather favored the Rev. Thumper, though he did not boldly say so, "it is my opinion that we want a man of years and wisdom; a man of ripe scholarship, and one whose religious experience will enable him to instruct us in sound doctrine. We do not want a youth of uncertain convictions and a free and easy manner, but a man of authority and dignity."

Here Elder Berry rose and said: "It matters very little whether our coming pastor is young or old, so long as he has the right idea concerning his calling. His work of saving souls should be his only thought, and yet I have known ministers to so far forget themselves as to turn their efforts from soul-saving to money-getting. I have known others to lose their influence entirely because they have worried and fretted over a small deficit in their expected salaries. It's too bad that such should be the case, but a man of faith—such as we want here—will never have a mercenary thought. He certainly will never mention salary."

At this point in the discussion, Mrs. Emmons, president of the aid society, arose and said: "We are about to overlook one thing, and a very important one. We must see to it that our pastor is a married man. We need a minister's wife here, as well as a minister. She can be a great help if she has a mind to be; and as I say to Sister Meeks just now, says I, we want some more help in the aid society, and we ought to have a missionary society organized and a band of hope. Besides, we want a teacher for the infant class in the Sunday-school, and therefore I say let us see to it that our next minister is married, and also what kind of a wife he's got."

"I don't often speak in meeting," said Mrs. Higby, a widow with five grown daughters, "but I must say it's all nonsense to insist on our pastor's bringing a wife with him. To say so is as bad as the Catholics. They say their priests shan't marry. We say our preacher must be married. Now I hold that a single man can do lots better work than a married one. He has less cares; and I'm in favor of a single man."

This was a bold speech from Mrs. Higby. Several whispered to their neighbors, and two of the Higby daughters who were there blushed slightly.

There was a pause here and the clerk's pen was scratching rapidly. Finally he stopped, and gathering his notes together rose and said:

"Brethren, I have succeeded in condensing your views and wants into a brief space, and shall be pleased with your permission, to insert the following in the *Christian Trumpet*."

WANTED—A Minister.—A young man having had long experience in the ministry. One who can attract the young people. One who is liberal, sociable, and alive to the issues of the day. One who will instruct the church in sound doctrine; is dignified and conservative. A single man preferred. Must be married to a wife who is capable and willing to fulfill her duties. Subscriptions will be doubled if necessary to secure one who is entirely free from all mercenary thoughts. None but those having the above qualifications need apply. Address (inclosing stamp),

THE SMITHVILLE CHURCH.
The meeting then adjourned.—
The Ran's Horn.

SKODA'S LITTLE TABLETS
Cures Headache and Dyspepsia.

Two Millionaires.

I met to-day, but not in the same place. One of them was in a private parlor in a fashionable hotel. As he was an old acquaintance, we had a long and confidential conversation. He told me of his early struggles after he left the school where we were fellow students—of his speculations, disappointments, and final sweep. He said: "You know, Obediah, how poor our folks were. I was disgusted with poverty and determined to be rich. I went to California, worked in the placers, and saved my dust until I had enough to go prospecting. I staked out several claims, and thought that I had 'struck it rich' again and again. But the ore failed to pan out as I had expected. At last, however, I did get on a quartz ledge that went five hundred to the ton. I worked it deep enough to make a good show, then I organized a company and put the stock on the market. While it was booming I sold out, and invested all that I had made in Government bonds. Here they are. I brought them from my box in the safe deposit vault to cut off the coupons. They amount to a round million, and give me an income of forty thousand a year. I don't own a foot of real estate, or any kind of property. I have just this package of bonds [taking it out of his bosom] so you see that I am free from care. My bonds are safe in the vault, and whenever I want any ready cash I have only to go and cut off coupons."

"But," I said, "that bundle of paper in your bosom which you say makes you a millionaire has no intrinsic value. Those bonds are only promises. Suppose the signer of them should fail?"

"Why, man they are United States bonds! The faith of the Government is pledged for their redemption."

They are better than gold or silver. My only fear is that the Government may pay them at maturity. I would be glad to have them run as long as I live."

"So you are a millionaire by faith," I said. "You don't see your real wealth or handle it, but only pieces of paper that represent it."

"Yes, that is so, and while those pieces of paper represent the wealth and the honor of the best government in the world, I am satisfied."

The other millionaire I found in the county poor-house. I used to know him, too, in former times. He was a good boy at school. He grew up a good man. But "whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth," and this old friend had a succession of financial disappointments, followed by broken health, until he was compelled to go to the pauper's home. He, of course, was without lands or material wealth of any kind, and yet he had, like the man in the hotel, a bundle of promises. As I sat by him in his narrow chamber, he took from under his pillow a well-worn Bible. He held it up in his thin, trembling hand, and said: "Obediah, people call me a pauper, but I am worth millions. Why, in this Book which I sometimes think that God has written expressly for me, there are more than three thousand exceeding great and precious promises." "I wouldn't exchange one of them for a \$50,000 Government bond. The bond I would have to leave in a few years at furthest; but these promises I shall take with me when I die, and claim in a land where there is no more death. They are the bonds of him who owns, not only the earth, but all the worlds that roll around them."

As I walked slowly home, after that second interview, and thought over the events of the day, I concluded that I would rather be in the place of the millionaire in the poor-house than in that of the millionaire in the Palace Hotel. Both are rich in faith; but the basis of the confidence in one case is human and in the other divine. I am an enthusiastic patriot. I believe that our Government is the best on the earth. But I would rather trust God, yes, a thousand times rather, than it. His wealth is boundless, his power is limitless, his truth is immutable, and his love is infinite.—*Interior.*

USE SKODA'S DISCOVERY
The Great Blood and Nerve Remedy.

The Minister's Wife.

"I never realized what a slave to duty a minister's wife is, until I spent a summer with my cousin, who is the wife of a country clergyman," said an independent, spirited woman. "During that visit I was a score of times at an actual white heat of rage at what, for want of a milder term, I might have called the meddlesomeness of the members of that parish. That poor little woman literally didn't dare to say that her soul was her own about a great many of her private affairs. It is said that in China, if a man closes his doors or pulls down his shutters, some one immediately says: 'What can he be doing that he chooses to conceal?' and straightway the members of the community are wild with curiosity. It seemed to me that it was very much this way with my poor little cousin, for whatever she did without any explanation or without consulting the feminine members of the church was sure to be heard from after ward."

USE SKODA'S DISCOVERY
The Great Blood and Nerve Remedy.

The Minister's Wife.

"She was a diplomatic creature, and learned very early that it was possible to avoid trouble and comment by keeping her doors and windows open, and apparently telling everybody everything she knew. All the same, however, she kept to herself, and that in the most decided way, the things it was important the community should not know. One of the most deeply interested mothers in Israel in that charge told me, one day, that they had never had a minister's wife who was so confiding; that she hadn't a thought which she kept to herself, and they loved her devotedly for it. It used to be a matter of wonder to me why it was that those women fancied they had a right to know the very innermost thoughts of their clergyman's wife, and why they should love her in proportion as she opened the doors of her soul, or (what was much more to the purpose) of her store-rooms and pantries, to their prying and not always particularly charitable eyes. But such was the case; and it required more time and management to conceal facts which were in no sense the business of these people (and to which they had not the slightest right) than to superintend the entire details of the rest of the household affairs."

By some mysterious process or other which I—possibly because I was a prejudiced outsider—could not understand, these people seemed to feel that in taking the minister and his wife into the community,

they had acquired the right to pry into their most private affairs; that nothing they thought, said, or did should be kept from the self-appointed censors of that church. I have never been able to comprehend why everybody should not mind his own business, and let other people's affairs alone, even if those other people were the minister and his family. It is very little wonder that ministers' children frequently turn out bad and that the old saying about their worthlessness has come to be a sort of proverb. Constant meddling, continual nagging, that prying espionage which is the most exasperating of all conditions to an independent spirit, is so exercised over the minister and his belongings that one may well ask why any grace is left in their hearts. It would be a good idea to organize a mind-your-own-business league in every church in the land, and to establish as the fundamental rule of its existence the precept: Whatever you do don't imagine that you own mentally, morally, bodily and spiritually the minister or his wife and children.—*New York Ledger.*

USE SKODA'S DISCOVERY
The Great Blood and Nerve Remedy.

LUCY.

"I love you, Lucy; but I cannot eat these biscuits."

So said a young married man to his wife in the early days of their married life. Lucy was a fine pianist; she understood the arts of embroidery and crochet and knitting; she was quite skillful in water colors; and she took high honors when she graduated from college; but she could not cook. That part of her education had been neglected. When she married, because she loved him, a young physician, just getting into practice, and undertook to do her own work, how she regretted that some of the hours she had spent over the embroidery frame or at the easel had not been given to a more thorough acquaintance with the culinary art. All day long, after those words of her husband were spoken, she seemed to hear: "I love you, Lucy; but I cannot eat these biscuits."

So Lucy set herself diligently to work to "conquer biscuit," and then bread and meats. After many failures, she was happy in seeing the relish with which her husband ate the food she set before him, and she resolved inwardly that no daughter of hers should ever undergo the pain of hearing her husband say: "I love you, my dear; but I cannot eat these biscuits."

SKODA'S LITTLE TABLETS
Cures Headache and Dyspepsia.

Being Pleasant.

It will surprise many persons to learn that being pleasant is merely a matter of habit. It must be cultivated like every other good habit. It has its root in an unselfish desire for the happiness of others, not excluding one's own family. It will require a great effort at first to check the hasty words, to forego the profitless argument, to withhold the impatient criticism, to speak the truth in love, but it is an effort that is well repaid by the results. Rudeness is never justifiable. It is sometimes necessary to reprove, to warn, to remonstrate, even to speak gravely and plainly of faults that should be corrected; all this can be done without encroaching in any way upon the courtesy that is due from one human being to another. Well-bred persons are never rude; the chivalrous man, the refined woman hesitate to hurt the feelings of any one with whom they are brought in contact. They treat them with the respect which they exact for themselves. There is no surer sign of a flippant, ill-regulated, narrow mind than a disregard for the rights of others. "Be courteous" is a divine command as binding as "Be pitiful."—*The Congregationalist.*

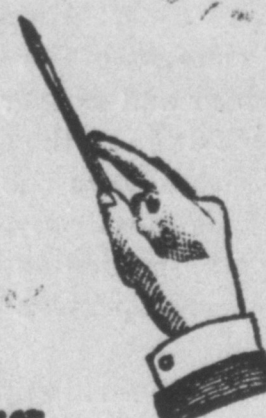
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