

When I Go Home.

It comes to me often, in silence,
When the freighted sputters low—
When the black, uncertain shadows
Seem wreaths of this long ago;
Always with a thro' 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 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 that 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's rain;
But I dream of the glorious greeting
When I go home again.

—Eugene Field.

Waiting Upon God.

BY REV. ANDREW MURRAY.

What can be the reason that so many of God's beloved children complain continually, "My circumstances separate me from God; that trials, temptations, character, temper, friends, enemies—anything can come between my God and me?" Cannot God so take possession that he can be nearer to us than anything in the world? Must riches, or poverty, sickness, or sorrow, have a power over me that my God has not? No. Why is it then that we so often hear God's children make that complaint? There can be but one answer, "They do not know their God." If there is trouble or feebleness in the church of God, this is the reason. And this is why, in addition to the promise, "I will be thy God," the promise is so often added, "And ye shall know that I am your God." If I know that, not simply through man's teaching, nor with my mind, or imagination, but in the living evidence which God gives in the heart, then I know that the divine presence will be so wonderful, and my God himself will be so beautiful and so near, that I can live all my days and years, a conqueror through him that loved me. Is not that the life that we need?

Then why do not God's people know their God? For this reason: They take anything rather than God—ministers, and preaching, and books, and prayers, and work, and effort, any exertion of human nature, instead of waiting until God reveals himself. That is the one necessity. Ah, brother, no teaching can put you in possession of this blessed light of God, all in all to your soul. I would to God that each one of us would ask his heart what he is saying every day, "I want more of God. Do not speak to me only of all the beautiful truth in the Bible. That cannot satisfy me. I want God." In our inner Christian life, in our prayers, in our churches, in our fellowship, in our conventions, God must always have the first place. If that be given him he will take possession. In a meeting, every eye is fixed upon the chairman as the man who is to say who shall read, and pray, and speak, and keep order. Oh, if in every meeting each heart were set upon the living God, crying, "My soul thirsteth for God," what power and what blessing, and what presence of the everlasting God would be revealed! When a man is giving a lecture with a map of illustrations, he often uses a long pointer to indicate the places or illustrations. Does the audience look at that pointer? No. It might be of fine gold, but the pointer cannot satisfy them. They want to see what the pointer points at. The Bible is nothing but a pointer, pointing to God, and Jesus Christ came to point us, to show us the way, to bring us to God. I fear there are many people who love Christ and trust in him, but who fail to see the one great object of his work; they have never understood the Scripture, "He died that he might bring us unto God." There is a difference between the way I am going, and the end I have in view. I might be traveling amid beautiful scenery, in delightful company, but if I have a home I long to reach, all the scenery and company around me cannot satisfy me. And God is meant to be the home of our souls. Christ came to bring us back to God, and unless we take Christ for what God gave him, our religion will always be divided. What do you read in Hebrews vii. "He is able to save to the uttermost." Whom? "Them that come to God by

K. D. C. for heartburn and sour stomach.

him"—not them that only come to Christ. In Christ we have the graciousness, and condescension, and tenderness of God, but we are in danger of being content with that, and Christ wants to bring us to rejoice as much as in the glory of God himself, in his righteousness, his holiness, his authority, his presence and his power. He can save completely those who come to God through him.

How can I come to know God as the God above all circumstances, filling my heart and life every day? The one thing needful is: I must wait upon God. You know the original is, "My soul is a lent unto God." What ought to be the silence of the soul, conscious of its littleness, and ignorance, its prejudices, and danger from passion, from all that is human and sinful, and saying, "I want the everlasting God to come in and take hold of me, and to take such hold of me that I may be kept all my life long in the hollow of his hand; I want him to take such possession that every moment he may work all in all in me." That is what is implied in the very nature of our God. How ought we to be silent unto him, and wait upon him?

What is a God for? He is to be the light and the life of creation, the source and power of all existence. The beautiful trees and green grass, and the bright sun, God created that they might show forth his beauty, and wisdom and glory. When that tree one hundred years old was planted, God did not give it a stock of life in which it could carry on its existence. Nay, verily, God clothes the lilies every year afresh with their beauty, every year he clothes the tree with its foliage and its fruit, every day, and every hour, it is God who maintains the life of all nature. God created us, that we might be the empty vessels in which he could work out his beauty, his will, his love, and the likeness of his blessed Son. That is what God is for—to work in us by his mighty operation, without one moment's ceasing. When I begin to grasp that, I no longer think of the true Christian life as a high impossibility, and an unnatural thing, but I say, "It is the most natural thing in creation that God should have me every moment, and should be nearer to me than all else." Think what folly it is to imagine that I cannot expect God to be with me every moment. Look at the sunshine! Have you ever had any trouble as you were studying in the light which the sun gives? Have you ever said, "Oh, how can I keep that light and be sure that I shall have it to use while working?" God has taken care that the sun itself should provide you with light without your care. Has God arranged that the light of the sun which will one day be burned up, can come to me unconsciously, and abide blessedly and mightily; and is God not willing or not able to let his light and his presence so shine through me that I can walk all the day with God nearer to me than anything in nature? Praise God for the assurance; God can do it. Why then does he do it so seldom and in such feeble measure? There is but one answer: you do not permit it. You are so occupied and filled with other things, religious things, preaching and praying, studying and working, so occupied with your religion that you do not give God time to make himself known, and to enter and take possession. Listen to the word of the man who knew God so well, and say, "My soul, wait thou only upon God."

This life of dependence on the Father is the very glory of the Creator, the very life Christ brought into the world, and to which he wants to lift us. The secret of the Christ-like is this; such a consciousness of God's presence that whether Judas came to betray him, or Caiaphas condemned him unjustly, or Pilate gave him up to be crucified, the presence of the Father was upon him, and within him, and around him, and man could not touch his spirit. That is what God wants to be to us. God first says to Moses, "I will bring you out," and then, "I will bring you in." Ah, God be praised! He has brought many of us out of the unconverted state, but has he brought us into the life of abiding communion? I fear not. Does not all that anxious restlessness and all that futile effort prove that we have not let God do his work? Do not think that this desire is the stirring of your own heart; that everlasting Divine Magnet is drawing you. These restless yearnings and thirstings, remember, are the work of God; come, be still, and wait upon God, he will reveal himself.

How am I to wait on God? First of all, in your times of prayer; you must take more time to be still before God, without saying one word. In prayer, the most important thing is to catch

For nervous headache use K. D. C.

the ear of him to whom I speak. Do not offer one petition until you are fully conscious of having secured the attention of God. You need to have your heart filled by the Spirit, with the holy consciousness that the everlasting, Almighty God is, indeed, come very near you. Be still before God; wait, and say, "On, God, take possession. Reveal thyself, not to my thoughts, or imaginations, but by the solemn, awe inspiring, soul-subduing consciousness that thou art shining upon me. Bring me to the place of dependence and humility."

Prayer may be, indeed, waiting upon God, but there is a great deal of prayer that is not. Waiting on God is the first and the best beginning for prayer, when we just all bow in the humble, silent acknowledgment of God's glory and nearness. Then, ere we begin to pray, there will be the very blessing that we often only get at the end. From the very beginning I come face to face with God; I am in touch with the everlasting omnipotence of love, and I know my God will bless me. God help us, that nothing may stand between us and God; that we may never be so occupied with hearing and listening, that we forget the presence of God.—*The Chris. Work.*

Peace.

While the Christian life is a life of activity and strife, it is a life of perpetual victory, bringing with it a perpetual, unbroken peace. God will know, and we know, how much we need this peace. Take two people, one a Christian and the other not, and let them miss a train. Could you tell which was the Christian by the spirit in which they take it? How many Christian lives are different from non-Christian lives in their composure, in their peacefulness? We wake in the morning and our start isn't right, and the day is spoiled. Life is full of uneasiness and restlessness to most of us. Now this is clearly wrong. The divine life is meant to be a life of perfect, unbroken peace to every Christian. What else did Christ mean when He said, "My peace I leave with you, My peace I give unto you." These things I have spoken unto you, that in Me ye might have peace. In the world ye shall have tribulation; but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world." He promised peace. He must have meant it. It must mean something that in the rest of the New Testament there is scarcely anything which the early Christians seem to have loved to dwell upon so much as the perfect peace Christ brought into the Christian's life. Paul speaks of Christ as having brought peace from afar off. Peter speaks of His bringing the glad tidings of peace. The angels sang, "Peace on earth." Our feet are to be "shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace." When Zacharias sang over the birth of his son, it was because he was to be the forerunner of Him who was to guide the feet of His people into the way of peace. Can you find in Christ's life a single instance of anxiety or restlessness or care about the future? Not one. Nor was there anything that seemed to appeal to the old prophet more than that the life the Messiah was to introduce should be a life of peace. They lived in the midst of turmoil, and they loved to think of the Peace Bringer, the wonderful One, the Prince of Peace. Isaiah says, "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of Him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace; that bringeth good tidings of good!" "Neither shall My covenant of peace be removed." "Great shall be the peace of thy children." "Ye shall go out with joy, and be led forth with peace." "Peace, peace to him that is afar off." "I will extend peace to her like a river."—*Robert E. Speer.*

Pure, Not Puritanic.

The distance between good and evil is often extremely small; especially when the evil is only an abuse or an exaggeration of the good. There are certain chemical compounds where the elements are so nicely adjusted that a single drop too much of any one of them will radically alter the nature of the mixture. So the ordering of life in the higher ranges requires much wisdom. It is easy to disturb the delicate balance, and to turn what was an eminent virtue into something very like a vice. Too much is as bad as too little. Rightful respect for authority readily passes into slavish adherence to tradition. Proper independence of mind is not far from offensive self-conceit. Carefulness to be just right in little things may become morbid scrupulousness which brings the soul into bondage. There is such a thing as an over-strained punctiliousness in minor matters that negatives freedom and defeats decision. Life is too short to spend a great deal of time in determining which shoe to put on first.

K. D. C. Pills tone and regulate the liver.

It is scarcely possible to be too strict with one's self in avoiding sinful or doubtful things, it may be thought; yet one can carry this idea so far as to put fetters on all free expression, and rob the spirit of everything like liberty, and breadth, and power. Censoriousness lurks very near to such a habit, and a narrowness of view that rules out a great deal which is entirely innocent and every way beautiful. Large numbers, not satisfied with being pure, have become Puritanic; and what was originally a true holiness has got turned into such a sour, cold, Pharisaic severity toward the unholiness that it has no very close resemblance to the Christlike spirit of love. There is pressing need of watchfulness, not only lest our good be needlessly evil spoken of, but lest it be gradually changed into evil.—*Z. Herald.*

How Spurgeon Prayed.

The great men of God have been men of power. The greatest preacher of our century by far—and I mean a preacher; I don't mean the most brilliant sermon maker, or the most learned Bible student, but I mean the most extraordinary proclaimer of Christ to dying men—was my beloved friend, into whose study I went last summer; and when I looked at his empty chair, his dear widowed wife and his son Tom and I had a good cry over that empty chair. There has not been left a chair like that in my day or yours. Once I saw that man in that chair. It was Saturday night, after a delightful afternoon with him at his home in Upper Norwood. He said: "When you are gone I am going to get something to feed my chickens with to-morrow." That was his way, to select his text about six o'clock Saturday night, and then in thirty minutes to prepare his sermon, which he delivered to thousands the next day. That was his way: to fill up the clock with the Bible, turn on the spigot, and let it run. We went into his study—that great workshop whose work has gone around the world—and we had prayer, and when I had finished prayer he was in such awful pain with his neuralgia that he could not even keel down. He sat at the end of the table and dropped his head between his hands and began to call on God like a child at his mother's knee, sweet, simple, fervent, grating, glorious. When he had done I said to Dr. Newman Hall, who was with me: "Newman, did you ever hear such a prayer as that in your born days?" "Never; never," was his reply. That was the time he got into the secret power. A man that could pray like that could influence the world.—*Dr. T. L. Cuyler.*

The Testimony of a Good Conscience.

There are moments of serious inquiry in every thoughtful life; seasons of honest, earnest introspection, when the one supreme question is: "Am I really accomplishing God's purpose in life concerning me?" That question does not, of necessity, originate a morbid condition of soul. It may be, and ought to be, entertained so as to produce a healthful, intellectual, and moral activity. It will result in this, provided we are sure of our relationship to Him as the adopted children of His spiritual household. In other words, if we have in our hearts the witness of His Spirit to our adoption, we will be able, without injury to ourselves, to submit to rigid self-examination upon questions that affect our secret motives and manner of living.

Am I doing the will of God, and as He would have me do it? It is well for each one to ask this concerning himself. We can answer this question with confidence if our hearts are right with Him. It is possible for us daily to live so that we can say: "Lord, this is Thy work, and I am doing this task that Thou hast given me for Thee." All this may be said with a feeling of unworthiness and insufficiency. And yet it may be spoken with humble boldness and inward strength. When this is our attitude before Him there will come into our hearts joy, peace, and love for His service, however trying that work may be to the flesh. We may go forth day by day with an uplifted countenance; with a feeling that, while we are weighed in the balance, through the mercy of God we are not "found wanting."—*Chris. Advocate.*

The Payments of Vows.

Who of us all is guilty of not having requited the Lord for His mercies unto us? In the time of our trouble we called upon Him, and He heard our prayer. He spared to us the beloved mother when for hours her precious life trembled in the balance. He gave us back, as it were from the grave, the child of our affections and our hopes. He preserved our own life when we

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were brought low. He averted calamity and ruin from us. It was the Lord's work. We said so at the time; we acknowledged that God's hand had been stretched out in our behalf—that He had covered our defenseless head.

Have we ever requited Him? What return have we made to Him? Have we spoken well of His name? Have we told others of His goodness? David acknowledged that "the Lord had heard him in the time of trouble," and so he said: "I will bless the Lord at all times; His praise shall continually be in my mouth." Have we done all that? The nobleman, in recognition of Jesus' goodness to him, not only believed on His name, but openly acknowledged Him as his Lord also. Have we done all that? Have we tendered again to the Lord for all His goodness to us, or are we in debt to Him still for that which we promised Him in the hour of our trouble? Have we any unpaid vows?—*Geo. D. Baker, D. D.*

Fault-Finders.

Are you a fault finder? Very emphatically, if not indignantly, you answer, No! Well, I hope you are not. Why should you be, when you have so little ground for being a grumbler? Well, to test the matter, keep an account against yourself every day for a month. Keep a debit and a credit account, and then sum the matter at the end of the month, and let us know how many days in the month you got along without finding fault with anybody or anything. If one month is not satisfactory, try it a second month, and so continue from month to month, till you can make what you will consider a satisfactory report. Surely, there can be no objection to an investigation of this kind. I will hope that such a testing will prove to your complete satisfaction that you are not a grumbler.—*Chris. Standard.*

Can Christians Dance.

Bob Burdette answers this question in his usual unique fashion: "My a Christian dance? Of course he may. He may swear, and lie, too, but it would not make him a better Christian. Surely, Christians, you may dance, but dancing will never identify you as a Christian. What puzzles us is that you ask the question so often. Christians who don't dance never ask it. Yes, Christians, dance if you can't live without it. Join hands with Salome, Herodias and Herod, and circle to the left. But don't be surprised if you are mistaken for a goat. That is the side they are on."—*The Religious Herald.*

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