

Where is Home.

Where is home?
To it where stately mansions rise
With dazzling splendour towards the skies
The poor man's dream—the rich man's prize?
Where is home?

Where is home?
The humblest place beneath the skies,
When viewed with love's devoted eyes,
Becomes a perfect paradise!
This is home!

Where is home?
'Tis where the heart's best treasure is,
For perfect love is perfect bliss.
Deny me wealth but give me this,
Love is home!

Love is home!
And when our earthly loves are o'er,
And earthly mansions are no more,
For ever, on the other shore,
Heaven is home!

Misunderstood

There is a loneliness familiar to all whose loved ones have passed irrevocably to another world: it is the loneliness of bereavement. And there is another loneliness—to some more weird and awful—the loneliness of being misunderstood. When we are judged by those who do not know us, when our kindness is regarded as the calculation of policy, when our speech or our silence is believed to be the veil behind which we hide our real opinion, when our motives are read in the light of malice or suspicion: it is then that the heart knows its own bitterness. There are men and women about us, yet our world is desolate. The love for which we had looked is burnt out of it by the cruel fires of uncharitable judgment. Life seems a dreary waste; it is as if there were no one left but ourselves and God. Yet the discipline of being misunderstood may work a blessed and fruitful work upon us, if it drive us from the shallow judgments of men to the great and merciful heart of God.

Who has not looked with a shock of surprise upon the analysis of his motives by another? He listens to his well-meant words as they are scrutinized by the cunning or the prejudice of another mind. He looks at his actions as they are interpreted by another who lacks that love, sympathy, insight, imagination—call it what you will—without which no interpretation of another mind or spirit is possible. He listens and he looks with pain. For the figure with which he is confronted is not his own. The criticism which should have revealed him to himself, he knows in his own heart to be a travesty—false where it is not cruel. Like a bad mirror, it has distorted the image it was meant to reflect.

When will men learn that no act and no word, no million acts or words can exhaustively represent the spirit whose expression they are? Beneath and behind all the manifold activities through which the world learns to know us and we learn to know ourselves, is that infinite spirit of ours, which just because it is infinite and because it is spirit, can never adequately express itself in material form. It cannot make to itself any graven image which will do it justice. And therein lies the shame, the atrocity of unconsidered and unsympathetic judgement. Who can enter into the counsels of another? There is so much that we feel and must leave unsaid, so much that we divine, but have no skill to utter. There is no act into which we can pour all our character, no deed which suggests to an outsider the infinite complexity of motive and circumstance which determined it. Every personality is like a vast harbourless island. It is difficult to effect a landing upon it; and when at any point you land, you have done no more than land; the ground has all to be traversed and explored. Shall any one then harshly judge the intricacies of another mind of character, when he does not fully understand his own?

Other men do not know the limitations under which we work. Restrictions have been imposed upon us, or we may have imposed them upon ourselves. The world does not know of them; yet its ignorance does not deter it from expressing a judgment which may bring a flash of indignation or a smile of pain across the face of the man whom its judgement has wronged. Pain there may be, but indignation there should be none, if only we have learned to commit our way unto the Lord. However high may be the seat of those who may judge us, there is One that is higher than they.

Much of the pain that is caused by misunderstanding might be avoided if men were more generous in their appreciation of each other's standpoint. The man at the foot of the hill need have no quarrel with the man who has reached the summit. It is for each to enjoy, without envy or recrimination, as much of the landscape as he can. There is one glory of the mountain

and another of the valley; and let me not denounce the wider vision of another till—perhaps with toil and pain—I, too, have climbed the steep and taken my place beside him. Then, perhaps, with his vista before me, my mood will change; and if not, I shall at least know him to be my brother.

Hardly a month passes without bringing some reminder of the sheer impossibility of judging another fairly. How often, for example, do we find a man's generosity measured by the amount of his subscription to charitable causes! But who knows what another may have given, whose name appears in no subscription-list, but whose gift is written in the books of heaven? There is more in even the least complicated character than we have eyes to see. Perhaps it is a child whom his father thought wild and headstrong. He sees in him little of the tenderness of other children, and it is hard to win from him any proof of affection. Then his mother dies. And one day, long after, when he thinks he is alone, his father comes upon him on bended knee, sobbing before his mother's portrait. Ah! the father misread his boy: the mother whom he has lost knew him better. In times when your heart was sore, have you never been comforted with the comfort of a glad surprise? Someone whom you had thought to be rough and careless looked into your eyes with a silent, piercing sympathy, took your hand with a grip that revived your faith and hope, or with his own rough hand laid a flower upon the grave.

There are two consolations of which the victim of misunderstanding need never suffer himself to be robbed: his honor and his God. Opinion changes, the world passes. But God abides; He never fails. And again, no pressure of misunderstanding can essentially affect the facts of our case. We are what we are, not what we are said to be; and whatever others may say, he that was worthy will be worthy still. In the words of one who knew the human heart as few have known it: "Let not thy peace depend upon the tongue of men; for whether they judge well of thee, or ill, thou art not on that account other than thyself."—F. E. McF. in The Westminster.

Mighty to Save.

Miracles of grace have been wrought wherever the Gospel has been proclaimed in its purity. Thirty years ago there was a well-known citizen of one of our American cities who was a living illustration of the power of Jesus Christ to save to the uttermost. In early manhood he became the victim of an evil habit which has destroyed thousands of young men. He descended so low that his money was all gone, his friends were all gone, his reputation was gone, and his clothes were in tatters. The burden of life became so heavy that he determined to bear it no longer. He went down to the river by the side of which the city was built, with his mind fully made up to end the struggle then and there. It was early spring. The ice was floating down the stream in great cakes. He stepped upon one of these huge pieces of ice and then upon another. Then the thought entered his mind that there was a recruiting station for the army of the United States just across the river, and that if he would enlist in the army he might escape from his associations and temptations and still become a man. He crossed the river stepping from one piece of ice to the other, caring little whether he went across or went down. He offered himself to the recruiting officer, but was promptly rejected.

The unhappy man went back to the river to carry out his former purpose, but something whispered distinctly within him, saying, "There is another army—the army of the Lord. Perhaps they will take you." With this thought burning in his mind he recrossed the river and went up to a Methodist church. It was now evening, and the young men were holding a meeting. He heard the singing and went in. He sat down near the door, the most wretched man in the city. His eyes were bloodshot, his face was bloated, his personal appearance repulsive, his soul was utterly miserable. A young man came down the aisle and said, "Come and go with us, and serve the Lord." He was astonished at this invitation. Having been rejected by the recruiting officer for the army, he had no thought of being invited to join this noble band of young men who were following Christ. "Will you take me?" he inquired. "Certainly," was the reply. "We are seeking for just such men. Jesus is a lot to save you. Come and go with us." He rose and went to the altar of prayer. He prayed and repented and gave his heart to God.

From that night he became a new man. He soon lost his ragged garments and was clothed and in his right

mind. He lost his bloated face and wore a countenance which seemed to be illuminated with intelligence and joy. He lost his shattered nerves and reeling brain and became steady, strong, and brave. He prospered in business, became a partner in a great manufacturing firm, and an official member in the church. He was the principal contributor in the erection of a large Methodist church in that city, and one of its chief supporters for many years. He lived for twenty-five years after his conversion, serving God and his generation. Then he died in the faith and went home to God.

There is power in science, there is power in philosophy, there is power in learning, there is power in money. But none of these have ever wrought such a miracle in a human soul and life. But Jesus is mighty to save. "Jesus! the name high over all, In hell, or earth, or sky; Angles and men before it fall, And devils far and fly."

Jesus the prisoner's fetters breaks,
And bruises Satan's head;
Power into strengthless souls He speaks,
And life into the dead.

Religion is a Positive Force.

Christ did not come to cramp anyone's manhood. He came to broaden it. He did not come to destroy our manhood. He came to fulfil it. A thoroughgoing Christian is a man with a stronger reason, kinder heart, firmer will and richer imagination than his fellows—one who has attained to his height in Christ. A bigot or a prig or a weakling is a half-developed Christian, one not yet arrived at full age. What ought a Christian to read? Every book which feeds the intellect. Where ought he to go? Every place where the moral atmosphere is pure and bracing. What ought he to do? Everything that will make character. Religion is not negative, a giving up of this or that, but positive, a getting and a possessing. If a man be content with nothing but the best thought, best work, best friends, best environment, he need not trouble about avoiding the worst. The good drives out the bad.

There are two ways of lighting a dark room: One is to attack the darkness with candles. The other is to open the shutters and let in the light. When light comes, darkness goes. There are two ways of forming character. One is to conquer our sins, the other is to cultivate the opposite virtues. The latter plan is best because it is surest—the virtue replaces the sin.

Christianity is not a drill. It is life, full, free, radiant and rejoicing. What a young man should do is not to vex himself about his imperfections, but to fix his mind on the bright image of perfection; not to weary his soul with rules, but to live with Christ as one loveth with a friend. There is one way to complete manhood, and that is fellowship with Jesus Christ.—John Watson.

Portable Churches.

We have heard of portable school-houses. They even have them here in Boston, ready to set up in any school-yard where there is overcrowding. They are not unlike the portable election booths which their city sets up along the streets just before the election time—only they are larger. But have you ever heard of a portable church?

They make them though, and they are in actual use. A wooden frame-work supports sides of galvanized, corrugated iron. Walls and ceiling are lined on the inside with wainscoting. A heavy felt lining to the roof gives warmth and coolness in the proper seasons. Such a church, seating three hundred persons, can be put up for \$1,500. When the congregation has become able to build a permanent edifice, this can be carted off to some other pioneer enterprise. I like that. It smacks of gumption. It means putting religion where it is needed. It has in it a hint of the highways and hedges. It breathes the spirit of the early Christians who "went everywhere preaching the Word."

We have too many Christians who are on "standing Committees"; we need to put more of them on running committees. I do not believe in stationary religion. A mission station is anything but what its name implies; it is perpetually outgoing. So should a church be. I should like to found a new peripatetic order. What if Paul had "settled down"? What if Philip had waited for the eunuch to call around? What if Peter had sent word to Cornelius when he would be at home? Brethren, there are thousands of congregations that are starving to death for lack of work. They need to get into some portable church. Put it on wheels, if necessary, to get it where the sin and the suffering are the deepest. Thy disciples go; The kingdom come.—Selected.

A Costly Estate.

"What is the value of this estate?" said a gentleman to another with whom he was riding, as they passed a fine mansion surrounded by fertile fields.

"I don't know what it is valued at; I know what it cost its late possessor."

"How much?"

"His soul!"

A solemn pause followed this answer; for the inquirer had not sought first the kingdom of God and his righteousness.

The person referred to was the son of a pious and boring man. Early in life he professed faith in Christ, and he soon obtained a subordinate position in a mercantile establishment in the city. He continued to maintain a reputable religious profession till he became a partner in the firm. Labor then increased. He gave less attention to religion, and more and more to his business, and the cares of the world choked the Word. Ere he became old he was exceedingly rich in money, but so poor and miserly in soul that none who knew him would have suspected that he had ever borne the sacred name of Him who said: "It is more blessed to give than to receive." At length he purchased the landed estate referred to, built him a costly mansion, sickened and died. Just before he died he remarked: "My prosperity has been my ruin." What a price for which to barter away immortal joy! yet how many do it.—Unidentified.

The Kind of Men Needed

Sanity is the product of many factors. Health of body and of mind is the resultant of many forces. If the lungs are sound and the heart is weak, the health is poor. If the imagination is vivid and the reasoning process slow, the man is an unsafe leader. If the conscience (or what is regarded as such) is strong and the judgment defective and partisan, the man is a fanatic and a persecutor—more like a wild beast than a rational being. We have great need in our day of what the apostles call sound men, full-grown men, mature men, who can feed on meat, solid food, and have an appetite for it and a digestion for it, and who are not confined to a milk diet. Milk is good, but it is intended chiefly for infants. Christ said that when the Holy Spirit should come He would lead us into all the truth, and not simply into some narrow portion of it. We are in need of Christian teachers who can see the whole New Testament, and not some select part of it which is emphasized and overemphasized until it becomes positive error and the source of serious danger. A half truth is often a whole lie. We need to know how to divide rightly the word of truth and reject none of it. In malice be infants, but in understanding be men—whole men, sane men, wholesome men.—The Examiner.

The Hacking Cough.

One of the meanest things to get rid of is a hacking cough. There is apparently no cause for it. No soreness, no irritation at first; but the involuntary effort of the muscles of the throat to get rid of something is almost constant. Of course, with many coughs is a habit, but it is a bad habit, and should be stopped. When you realize this and try to stop it, you find you can't, for by that time there is an actual irritation, which will never get better without treatment. It is a curious thing that nearly all treatment for cough actually makes the cough worse. Then, too, most medicines for cough have a bad effect on the stomach. This is especially true of so-called cough remedies that contain a narcotic. The true treatment for cough is one that heals the irritated surfaces. This is what Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam does. It protects the throat also while the healing process is going on. When this remedy was first compounded our old men were young boys, and all this time it has been doing a steady work of healing throats. The most obstinate hacking cough will quickly show the effect of the Balsam. People who have been trying for years to break up the mean little cough, will find a sure friend in this old-time soothing compound made from the barks and gums of trees. All druggists sell Adamson's Botanic Balsam. 25 cents.

One Secret of Enjoyment.

Many households fail to realize even a moderate ideal of happiness, not from a lack of love, or for a want of moral principle, but simply from lack of ideas. The husband's occupation may bring him into contact with many persons, but his thoughts and reflections get into a rut. The wife, for one reason or another, gets into following a very narrow round. The result is that neither of them bring to each other or into the home any new ideas or fresh impulses, and so the common life becomes stale, flat, and unprofitable. The one wholesome corrective to this, and that is hunt

for ideas, just for the sake of brightening up other people in the home. If you hear a good story keep it in mind. If you learn of an interesting fact or a novel argument, treasure it for the sake of the good it will do to the household. The reason why conversation in the home so often descends to the level of nagging, is that people lack ideas and outlook. They do not say pleasant or bright or interesting things, not because they are dull or ill-natured, but because there is nothing in their heads for their minds to work on. The wheels whir and buzz, but the clock doesn't strike.—The Watchman.

Separation

You cannot grow in grace to any degree while you are confined to the world. The life of separation may be a path of sorrow, but it is the highway of safety; and though the separated life may cost you many pangs, and make every day a battle, yet it is a happy life, after all.

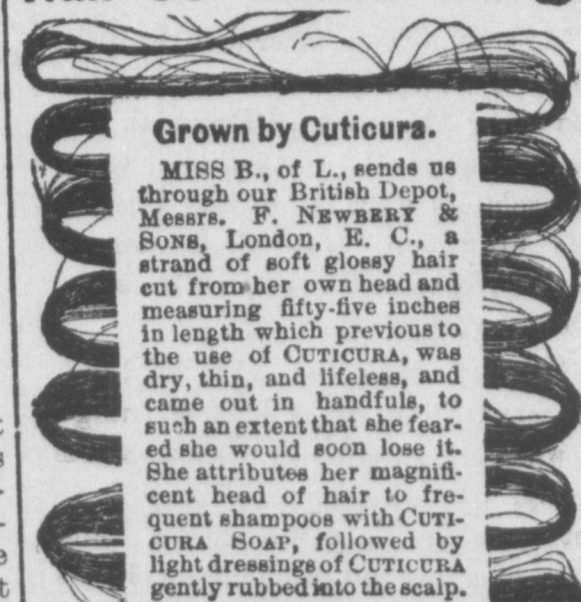
No joy can excel that of the soldier of Christ; Jesus reveals himself so graciously, and gives such refreshment, that the warrior feels more calm and peace in his daily strife than others in their hours of rest. The highway of holiness is the highway of communion. It is thus we shall hope to win the crown, if we are enabled by divine grace faithfully to follow Christ "without the camp."

The crown of glory will follow the cross of separation. A moment's shame will be well recompensed by eternal honor; a little while of witness-bearing will seem nothing, when we are "forever with the Lord."—C. H. Spurgeon.

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Hair 55 Inches Long



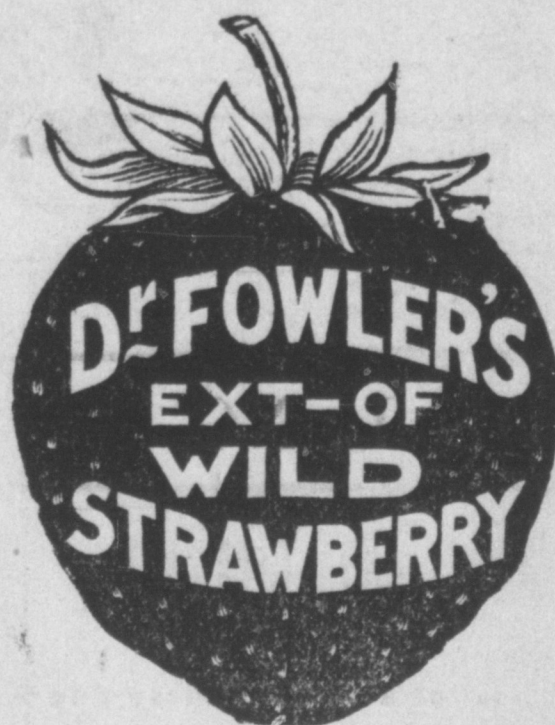
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