

words, indulged thoughts, cherished feelings and been swayed by motives unworthy of the high vocation wherewith we are called. Let us come back to the old home, to-day as the prodigal with the penitent cry on our lips, "Father I have sinned against Heaven and in Thy sight and am no more worthy to be called Thy son." The Father wants us to come. He waits to welcome us with the warm embrace and the kiss of love. His voice is, "Come home, weary one, come home. Why wander in the strange land! Why feed on the swine husks more! Come back, here are the best robe, the ring, the shoes and the feast of love and joy." Mark the waiting attitude, the outstretched arms, the yearning heart, the words of welcome. Let us arise and go to our Father, receive His greeting and enjoy His love.

This is the place for the cure of home sickness. You are unhappy, Christian, and you hardly know why. The wealth you gained, the fame you won, the pleasure you tasted have not brought the satisfaction you expected. Sighs come unbidden, you are restless and unsatisfied.

Your feeling is very like that of the child away from home. He is surrounded by every comfort. There is a kind man at the head of the table, but it is not father. There is a dear woman over the household, but it is not mother. There are kind children for playmates, but they are not brothers and sisters. There are toys and attractions on every hand, but it is not home. He weeps as if his little heart would break, sobs himself to sleep and wakes with the same sorrow heavy on his heart. He gets no rest until the distance is passed, and he nestles again in his father's bosom, or feels the impress of a mother's fond kiss, amid brothers and sisters, the toys and scenes of the old house at home. Home sickness, Christian unhappy, it may be that which troubles you. You have been mingling too much with the world and have gone from home and the renewed heart has found no resting place there. You must come back, back to the place of birth, to the bosom of Jesus, to the presence of the Father and to hold Communion with brothers and

sisters in Christ at this home feast. Then your spirit, free and glad, in the smiles of God shall leave its burden and lose its gloom.

Come one and all to the family feast. Come for all things are ready. The provision is just such as the hungry soul requires. Here is pardon, full and free. Here is peace with God, from God, in Jesus. Here is joy, unspeakable, a rill from Heaven. Here is hope, bright, glad, joyous. Here is the beginning of Heaven. Listen to the Master's words, "Eat oh friends, drink, ye drink abundantly oh beloved, from this feast of fat things, a feast of wines on the lees, of fat things full of marrow, of wines on the lees well refined." Let us eat and be satisfied as with marrow and fat and our mouths shall praise Him with joyful lips.

TEMPERANCE.

The desolations of Intemperance are undiminished. The lava tide rolls on withering, scorching, and blasting, regions which otherwise would be fair as Eden and lovely as the garden of the Lord. Would that as a Church we were free from all charge of aiding its progress and from the sin of apathy in view of its appalling effects.

Many, nearly all of our ministers have given time, study, and advice, warning and entreating, sermons and lectures, to stay the march of the destroyer. Many of our people have given time as precious and talents and zeal, prayers and tears, for the same end, and some of them have died at their post, after a life's struggle.

And we had thought that by this time the fiery flood would have been dried up, and our children comparatively safe. Alas it is not so. The motion of the insidious element of danger and death is steadily onward, and those who would successfully oppose it must be ever on the watch and at work.

We have a Synodical Committee on Temperance and we would like to strengthen their hands. We have working men and women and children too, in every congregation in the body zealous in this war with vice, and we would like to encourage