

## HOME, SWEET HOME.

One song above all others has sung itself around the world, appealing to all hearts and striking chords untouched for years, until they vibrate again. That song is the title of these few words. The reason that it has captured the heart of the world is not from any excellence in the music to which it is sung though that may be tuneful, but rather from the sacred fact which the words enshrine. There is no place like home, and there is no sorrow so keen as that of which we speak as "home-sickness." Why is this? Because home speaks to us of three things. It speaks of protection, of loving intercourse, and of the purpose for which all our life outside its sanctuary is lived.

Home speaks to us of protection. The journey is never long that ends at home. No struggle is too severe if it only ends in getting a home of one's own. On the night of storm, after wrestling with the wind that has driven the cold sleet into our faces, how welcome are the lights of home, and how cheery is the word we pass to our companions as we say: "We shall soon be home now." From the strife of men along the busy walks of life, home gives us the protection that the heart craves. Once within its shelter, we can lay aside the armor we have worn throughout the day and be ourselves. At home we are not misunderstood. Our actions have the best construction put upon them. The atmosphere of struggle is no longer around us and the stress of conflict dies. We are at home. That is all. No more need be said. There is nothing better to say. We are home. That tells all that is to tell. "Lord, a home hast thou been to us."

Home speaks to us of loving intercourse. At home we tell out all our heart and open our hearts to the thoughts and purposes of those we love. We let loose our heart's affections in the genial sunshine of home. Restraint is cast to the winds. Our half thoughts we utter freely, feeling sure that love will understand. To be at home makes life a wedding feast. And turning all life's water into wine, is the magic touch of love. We are home. That is all. Nothing more can be said. "Lord, a home has thou been to us."

Home is that for which all the struggle of life is endured. We are born into homes. We are educated and started in life that we may secure a home. We enter the arena of commercial conflict that we may "keep a home over our heads." And when the shadows lengthen then it is at home we want to be, and when death claims us we want him to find us at home. It is home that makes country dear, and in defence of it men will even dare to die. Why do men work early and late? Why do they scorn delights and live laborious days? It is for the sake of home. Nothing more need be said. No higher purpose could men have. They live and die for the sake of home. "Lord, a home hast thou been to us," and a home thou wilt be to us in all the ages of eternity.

## GIRLS SHOULD KNOW.

That the home kitchen, with mother for teacher and a loving, willing daughter for pupil, is the best cooking school on earth.

That "the most excellent thing in woman"—a low voice—can be acquired only by home practice.

That true beauty of face is possible only where there is beauty of soul manifested in a beautiful character.

That the girl everybody likes is not affected, and never whines, but is just her sincere, earnest, helpful self.

And, finally, that one of the most beautiful things on earth is a pure, modest, true young girl—one who is her father's pride, her mother's comfort, her brother's inspiration, and her sister's ideal—which we should all try to be.—Selected.

## OUT-OF-THE-WAY INFORMATION.

An emigrant is worth about £200 to Australia.

The first census in Britain was taken on March 10, 1801.

Sixty-three in every thousand persons in England are called Mary.

Spring begins March 20; summer, June 21; autumn, September 22; winter, December 21.

The northern limit of corn growth is in Norway, where the cereal flourishes in latitude 70 deg.

The British Parliament has met on Sunday eleven times, the first in the reign of Edward III, the last at the death of George II.

Dumas made more money by his novels and dramas than any other writer in the whole history of literature.

Fewer murders occur in Britain than in any other civilized country, while the largest proportion is in the United States.

Mr. Chamberlain, in his youth, used to train himself to become a public speaker by making long political orations for his own benefit, standing in front of a mirror.

In France the oxen that work in the fields are regularly sung to as an encouragement to exertion; and no peasant has the slightest doubt that the animals listen to him with pleasure.

The longest straight piece of railway line in the world is from Nyngra to Bourke, in New South Wales. This railway runs one hundred and thirty six miles on a level in a perfectly straight line.

The marigold is a good weather prophet. If the day is going to be fine, the flower opens about three or four o'clock in the afternoon; but if wet weather is in store, the marigold does not open all day.

Arabians on meeting shake hands six or eight times. Once is not enough. If, however, they be persons of distinction, they embrace and kiss one another several times, and also kiss their own hands.

The following words have no perfect rhyme in the English language: "Silver," "shadow," "planet," "filbert," "squirrel," "beetle," "angel," "poet," "window," "budget," "open," "almond," "bayonet," "blossom," "something," and "nothing."

The Mediterranean is not free from sharks, and these pests have increased there enormously during the last few years, a state of things which is said to have been brought about by the construction of the Suez Canal. Before this artificial communication between the Mediterranean and the Red Sea was formed sharks were almost unknown in the former.

## THE NORTHERN LIGHTS.

All scentless in the fields of snow  
The valley mists hang deep below;  
No earthly damps attain the air,  
And all its pure and white and fair.

No stir betrays the wandering breeze,  
No whisper from the frozen trees;  
They muster still and stark and pale,  
A phantom host in silver mail.

And silver-studded over all  
Is drawn night's velvet purple pall,  
And all is peace the fitful breath  
Seems sacrilege in this land of death.

When far athwart the Northern Pole  
The rainbow-tinted streamers roll,  
The leagured wizard of the North  
Has flung his fiery challenge forth.

And, where across the frozen plain  
Lies the grim harvest of the slain,  
His icy searchlights coldly sweep  
The approaches of his virgin keep.

So are there latitudes too high  
In realms of cold philosophy,  
And barren wastes, that cannot give  
The bread whereby a man may live.

—The Spectator.

## WORRIED MOTHERS.

Much of the worry which every mother of young children undergoes, would be spared if the mother kept Baby's Own Tablets on hand, and gave an occasional dose when the child was fretful, cross or feverish. Nearly all the ailments of childhood can be traced to the stomach, bowels or teething. For these troubles no medicine can equal Baby's Own Tablets, and the mother has the guarantee of a government analyst that this medicine is absolutely safe. Mrs. Kenneth McInnis, Lakefield, Ont., says: "Baby's Own Tablets are a perfect medicine in every way. There will be no sickly children in the homes where they are used." Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box by writing The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Breakville, Ont.

## CHRIST'S EXAMPLE.

Christ went everywhere good. His presence was always a benediction. The religion of Christ is everywhere a blessing. It is suited to tired men and women and children. It is suited to the office, the cradle, the sewing machine, the schoolroom, the lonely attic, the evening ramble. It would sweeten all the moments, thoughts and feelings, the voice, the conversation, the toils and afflictions of life, the temper, the heart; and all may have and enjoy it.

## PARDON OUR BLUSHES.

A letter received by the Passenger Department of the Grand Trunk from a gentleman living in one of the large cities on the Atlantic coast who had taken a trip via the Grand Trunk and its Western connections to California, is filled with praise for the admirable service experienced on the journey. He says: "I have been a traveller for 42 years and have visited the principal parts of this continent, as well as journeyed through foreign countries, and will candidly say that I have never received such good treatment as I experienced on the Grand Trunk. Your roadbed is perfection, cars beautiful and scrupulously clean and the service on the dining cars equal to the most exclusive hotels in the country. I am not prone to flatter but when one can enjoy travel as comfortably as on your line, I think everybody should be made aware of it."

Good citizenship rests upon patriotism, patriotism rests upon morals and morals must rest upon Christianity.

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