

REPAIVED

LILLIAN GREY.

I have been near to death. So near, I caught his chilling breath, And felt his strange mysterious power Encircle me. Hours after he had left his world and mine, And thought no more my sun would shine.

For me, nor happy seasons roll For one who's wife had reached the goal. Death has been near to me; He turned my hopes to mockery, And showed me how unfaithful were My dearest plans, with no demer He showed me all that I had done, The failures made, the little won, How I had lived too much for self, And gained small store for future wealth.

I have been near to death; And, underneath his life breath, I heard him say: "For better rest I bring thee here, 't is ease tired and true; I give succor from toll and pain, From care and fear, and ne'er again Thine eyes earth's sea-salt tears shall weep, But, folded, know the balm of sleep."

Death has been near to me, He whom I deemed mine enemy; I did not fear, in now so much, Since close I felt his kindly touch, And heard him whisper: "It is best To give up strife and pain for rest; With one last prayer give me thy hands, And trust to God, who understands."

Then life stood in Death's place; Dear life, sweet life! more full of grace Than e'er before. She smiled on me, And thrilled me with a hope to be, Of pains fulfilled, and stronger will To do all kindly things, and fill My little station with more grace— Since I have seen Death face to face.

I feel like one reprieved, Who blessed earth has received; This pleasant rest is dear, so dear; There is so much to hold me here, That when Death smiled and turned away, It seemed my night had dawned to day; And from henceforth my care shall be, To use the time thus given to me.

TEMPERANCE TRAINING—AT HOME.

By J. FARRAR, B. A., Halifax, Nova Scotia.

Home is the place par excellence for training. Training in honesty, industry, truthfulness, loyalty, meekness, gentleness, etc., must be done at home or the prospects for success are discouraging. This applies to temperance more, perhaps, than to any other of the virtues, yet boys and girls reared by drunken, dishonest, or lazy parents may come out honest, sober men and women—bright and shining exceptions to a generally sad rule. I see how a drunken father can make a "drunk" so hideous that the child will grow up most determined enemies of a cohort. Some of our best temperance people are most active workers because in their earlier or later years the demon of strong drink robbed them of friends and happiness.

"Training" is more than teaching; it is more than good example, fine precept, profound learning. It is the doing and the compelling to do. Put the child in the way that he should go and with strong words, precept, example, reason, praise, censure, rewards, punishments, and if need be, force, keep him in that way; and when he is old he will not depart from it. The earliest training and the most beloved to home. Day school takes six hours a day; Sunday-school one or two hours a week, while home has all the time for the first five years with the mind and body most susceptible, and about eighteen hours a day till the child comes to the age of maturity. So if home is right the boy will be right.

In keeping my eyes open and taking some notes since 1880 I am exceedingly pleased with the boys and girls of America. They are doing remarkably well for the kind of training and example they have received from their fathers and mothers. Most of them are growing up to be better men and women than their parents were. Much of this improvement must be the credit of the Sunday-school. Were there no outside elevating power, such as the Sunday-school, children would remain about on the level of their homes. Contrast the young people of two villages in only one of which is a Sunday-school, in style, make-up, manners and character even an infidel could tell which is ahead. Comparing the boys of today with those of 30 years ago, we have every reason to take courage. We never even slight temperance training was done in the homes good results have abounded.

But solid temperance principles cannot be expected to come from a home where mother keeps on hand some whiskey or gin in case of sickness, or wine to treat her visitors, or brandy or cider for cooking; or where the father takes some toddy for a cold at times and occasionally a social glass. He may belong to a temperance society, or be a deacon of a church, or even a pastor, and be very shy about the drink, but his boys will surely find him out, his girls will learn of it, and he will be a hypocrite in addition to being an sinner of intemperance.

Many of the middle-aged and old people of today who now stand for temperance had to break away from the drinking customs of their ancestors and burst the bonds that were forged on body and mind at their own home tables and fireplaces. They became total abstainers in the early days when drinking was still fashionable and when church and state were against them.

All honor to those moral heroes! Their sons and daughters are proud to inherit virtues and characteristics from such noble ancestors. These sons and daughters are seen every where today in the thickest of the battle of life on the side of temperance and moral and social reform. These are turning the world right side up, and they are not the ones to it.

To praise liquor or to try to give good qualities to it, or to advocate or use it in cooking, or to uphold the use of

"wine" at the Lord's table (when Scripture does not mention "wine" at the supper) put the person on the wrong side of the temperance fence, and his illuence gives a bent to the minds of children that may render them, when grown, very crooked citizens. For a mother to patronize or send her child to make purchases at a grocery or drug store which sells liquor does more harm than several temperance addresses can do good. A lady friend told me a short time ago that when her babies were born she thought she must have cake and wine to treat her callers, and she was an earnest Christian during those years, but had not then risen to the greatness of the white ribbon. When one day in a small company I remarked (as a feeler) that perhaps liquor had its place and was good sometimes, a lady wearing the white ribbon said: "I thought you were always against alcohol, but now that you have said that much I'll tell you that I always keep some brandy in the house."

I lady, officer of a union, was asked that year, perhaps other years, from a grocery that also sold liquors. Her temperance activity caused people to remark on it. Perhaps her husband ordered the groceries, maybe she did not think of the incongruity. Years ago I visited a home and saw a beautiful three-year-old boy. He had a cold and was restless in his cradle and the mother put some hot water, sugar and lemon into a cup, and then she lifted the darling child's head, gave it to him to drink. I spoke to her of the danger, and incurred her lasting displeasure. When a year later the papers published a notice of the death of that precocious boy it seemed clear to me that God was determined to possess that soul and so had to stretch forth His hand and take him away from the ruin his mother was working. How many of the drunkards of today were doctored with gin, whiskey, wine or cider by silly, do ing parents or ignorant, loving elder sisters? How many drunkards of bygone years, now in dark, sad graves, were drugged with liquor by nurse or doctor, or mother, when their little systems had their own nature's food? There are white-haired mothers today and grief-stricken sisters who, if they will only be honest and humble, can look back and see in their own acts enough cause of liquor to have made their dear ones drunkards. They were made drunkards by home training. Let the mothers and sisters who see and feel go forth and everywhere use their love and experience in favor of temperance training at home.

A man whose life was a failure through drink, talking with me one day, put his hand to his throat and, with agony in his look, said: "I got this hankering for drink at my own father's table; my parents always had it there, and, of course, gave it to me; my virtues, yet by good people, but they blasted my life. I fear I shall never meet them in heaven." That old father was a Baptist deacon who did not take up with the new temperance movement.

We were talking on this point a few years ago in one of the Middle States, when a friend, a Methodist pastor, gave this incident. Said he: "What you say about women being reckless in the use of alcohol is, I fear, too true. Why, only a few mornings ago it was raining hard and my landlady, a most devout Christian and church worker, when learning that I was going out to make some sick calls, insisted on my taking some warm drink in which she had put some brandy. When the position was reference to temperance principles she said that, although herself a temperance woman, she had the idea from her childhood that liquor was good to keep out cold or wet."

Some may think she was right, but where women like her abound total abstinence cannot be a great success. There are 12,000,000 mothers in Canada and the United States; how many of them are identified with the temperance reform? Not over five millions. I cannot find a statistician's place (many). Where do the others stand? There are enough mothers throughout the land using spirituous or malt liquors, wine or cider today, in cooking or as beverages, to fully account for all the drunkards in America. Oh, how sad! how terrible the thought that mothers' love and sisters' affection have so often put the cup to their darlings' lips! Well, here is the grim fact in the closing years of this brilliant century, and in the latest Christendom of America. Some lecturers and writers get up maudlin sympathy on the ground that innocent women have to endure so much from drunkenness; perhaps as a class they have to suffer. When a mother sends her son, through life from the cradle to the grave a victim to the desire for strong drink, her training was all wrong and she ought to be punished. Heredity is the chief culprit of nowadays by some who know a little and by some who know less, but I venture this assertion: If all the mothers, nurses and elder sisters were staunch abstainers there would be comparatively few drunkards twenty years hence. We can fight heredity and win if only mother and sister will help.

Wonderful progress has been made since women banded together in temperance union. The home life can be better and more easily touched by them than in any other way. Had the women roused up forty years ago and touched the springs of life the world would be much better off today; still we are thankful this phase of loving energy came when it did and is here to stay. No part of woman's work gives better returns than the efforts for home training.

With these facts, what is to be done? Many influences must be kept busy, and the results will be better than we can hope. Permit me to suggest you on the following practical lines: Let the reader look more carefully to his or her own home, and then to the homes of our State, city, county. Many mothers, dull, ignorant and uninterested, would be glad to call and sympathize talk with a friend or judicious woman. Many young mothers and fathers know so little about training their dear ones. Let every temperance society and church have a "Home" committee whose members will quietly look around and endeavor to fill every home—especially the non-church members—with sympathy, love and

literature. The details of this must be left to the people of each place. Of that the less the shorter there, the "home" is one of the sweetest. The word is mother of the precious things of life. This word is Latin, English, American; it belongs to us more than to other tongues or peoples. The power and teaching of home is called "training." Without Temperance training we have uplift for prohibition; with such training in the home Temperance must be the victor.

God's Gentleness.

BY REV. E. T. THOMLINSON, PH. D.

David sang that God's gentleness had made him great. But what is a great man! So many men are small. Their vision is contracted, their desires are for the little things of life. We feel instinctively the smallness of our men, great men, who, with all their intellectual powers, could stoop as low as to receive bribes. The little things of language, of theology, and of life absorb the time and attention of many men, and the ideal soon marks the real. A great man is one who sees and seeks great things. He does not discard the little things. He realizes that he who is faithful in that which is very small, is very greatly faithful. But he earns the relative importance of things. The reward is important, but not so important as the life it contains. That life is important, but not so important as the soul which it contains. The soul is said, "I count him great who inhabits a higher sphere of thought into which other men rise with labor and difficulty." We grasp Paul's meaning when he wrote the Corinthian Christians: "The things which are seen are few and unimportant, but the things which are not seen are many and of great value." How much more would it be to us if we did not depend so much of it upon petty affairs. How much greater we all should be if we did not allow the small events to have and hold such dominion over our souls.

But David was a great man. He not only could say it of himself, but others could say it of him. He who could brave Goliath, and not lose heart when properly provoked, had a great soul. He who could take the kingdom, secure Jerusalem, within ten years subdue the neighboring tribes, reorganize the army and the worship of God, had wonderful powers. A man great enough in his persecutions to write the shepherd psalm, and in an idle hour to write a fifty-first, had a great soul. It does test a man's power to say, "I have been mistaken." "I have sinned." Small men are tenacious. Great men are firm but frank. "God's friend," a man who displays his weakness, surges, but does not refuse us of himself. The gentleness of weakness may appeal to us, but seldom moves us. The law is gentle because timid. But the sight of a great man holding a rule in his hand, and in his arms shows us the gentleness of power. This moves us. Some parents are gentle because they are of weaker build than their children. Some parents are gentle out of their strength, and this wraps the children round with an atmosphere of greatness. So David, when God's gentleness is borne in upon his soul at times when he felt keenly his own sins and ill desert, is moved by it, more than a condemnation that would have been just and deserved. It had stirred his heart to its depths.

Decay and death may come gently or in the whirlwind. The course of destruction is often marked by ruins wrought by a power that was not gentle. But the sunrise and the spring come gently into our lives and bring the power of their coming ere we are awake. The children quickly, steadily pass out of the years of childhood and stand by our side as men and women almost before we have realized their presence, so gently have the years pushed them on. Life forces are gentle, as God, all powerful, is yet all gentle in his power. We are ourselves to do more than speak the truth. We are to speak the truth in love. Many a son has felt his father's rebukes to be just and true, but they have pushed him downward into a smaller life because not spoken in love.

The history of the English thought gentleness gives us a similar though not exact meaning to that of politeness. "Gent" denotes high birth and breeding. If, reverently, we substitute "politeness" and say, "thy politeness hath made me great," it may touch our hearts and lead us to a new book of heraldry refers to Mary of whom was born that gentleman Jesus, Jesus of Nazareth—gentleman in the largest meaning—is a lesson to us all. God had dealt gently with David in his earlier years. His very name signifies "the beloved," "the darling." He was the youngest of the family, and a peculiar feeling goes out toward the baby of the family, no matter how great he may be. A shepherd led on the Bethlehem plains, looking out over the fields where Ruth followed the reapers, where Amos, the prophet, was to speak, and where the Son of David in after years would receive in the manger the gifts of the worship of the wise men. The music which he learned, the quiet of the Bethlehem plains, all were mighty factors in making the little lad, whom Samuel, in such a quiet manner brought into public life, a great man.

God was gentle in the care of his life. David had troubles and sorrows as did God or David bring those upon him? God was gentle and David was his own worst enemy. Sometimes we do wrong in tracing all our troubles back to God. Doing so, we bear our own burden of the past summer, one of the saddest lessons has been read of laborers one day discharged, and the next day a care of the city. God's yoke does not mean a burden from God. It is God's gift to help us bear our own burden.

And so in all David's sorrows and sins, it was God, ever gentle, that moved him upward. Jesus, in his dealing with weakness, was ever gentle. At Simon's table, and with the sinning woman, how great he appears beside the small blinded Pharisee, so small that they could only think of God as an enlarged Pharisee.

Thomas Arnold, like every teacher, loved not at first to teach dull boys. One day, speaking sharply to a slow-witted boy, he received the reply: "Why are you angry? I am doing my very best, sir," and Arnold learned the lesson, and by his gentleness brought forth the slumbering powers of many a bashful, diffident boy. The trained nurse, with knowledge and power, is gentle where even love, because of its ignorance, may be rough. Any man can paint a fence, only a great artist can bring forth the delicate lines in a portrait. Any man can knock the first chip of the marble block; only a great sculptor can cut with gentle hand the features of a human face.

God was gentle in His teachings. Every hard doctrine has a softer side. We may talk of the hardness of "election" or the gentleness of providence. Not as a king, but like as a father, so God pleads and cares for us. Gentleness "Father" is higher nature. No never brings rebuke to us. Paul speaks as though God were gently beseeching men to come. Jesus went over Jerusalem, but did not condemn. "How often would I have gathered you, but ye would not." The shepherd follows the wondering sheep. The errors of the sheep make the shepherd go forth into darkness, through brambles and briars, and over the mountain side and wilderness. Jesus bore our sins. He carries our sorrows. But it is with gentle touch He lifts the wandering sheep to His bosom, and carries him safely back to the fold. Nay more, there is the gladness of a gentle soul that tenderly says, "Behold, I rejoice with you." "Thy gentleness hath made me great." "Thy and we are the contrasted words. One look of that pale, suffering face will make us feel the deep disgrace of weakness;

We shall be sifted till the strength of self conceit be changed all length to meekness. —Examiner.

In His sorrow He lost His Father. Regularly in His prayers Christ's address is to His Father. His whole intercessory prayer, like a rose out of fertile ground, springs from His filial address to His Father. His whole intercessory prayer, like a rose out of fertile ground, springs from His filial address to His Father. His whole intercessory prayer, like a rose out of fertile ground, springs from His filial address to His Father.

The like of it in small ways down here is constantly repeating. Loving hearts that are grief-stricken are continually re-creating a little of this Calvary experience. The widowed and orphaned here are saying, "My God! my God" when they cannot say, "My Father." The word "Father" will not come. He who with Him, but with a benumbed sense that leaves no means of finding and feeling Him in His fatherliness. The mountain