

portant point), would do more to advance the cause of prohibition than any efforts to organize and maintain a Third Political Party. Let our opponents see that we are not seeking the spoils of office, and that our watchword is "Principles, and not Parties nor Men." I believe that standing upon this high ground, and being consistent always, never failing, in one instance, to carry our temperance principles with us to the polls, we shall in a few years exercise an influence throughout this whole land that will be irresistible, and before which the liquor traffic, with all its array of wealth and power, will be compelled to yield. If others see a better way to secure the same grand result, let them work in it—and let us not waste energy in condemning one another, which should be spent in the common cause, which we all have so deeply at heart.

EDWARD H. MAGILL.

ESSAY.*

"HOW TO MAKE HOME HAPPY."

There is nothing in the world so pleasant, so tranquil, so heart-resting as a happy home; and nothing so chilling or depressing, so heart-paining as an unhappy one.

The only receipt I know of to make home happy is simply by cultivating a good and even temper. We should be patient, forgiving, always abounding in love and sympathy for our parents, brothers, sisters or friends. If each individual would live strictly to the dictates of their own conscience and "do as they wish to be done by," would not there be more happy homes to-day? I often think of the old proverb "Like begets like;" by being cross and irritable we soon, by constant annoyance, get others in the same manner too.

Does the happiness of home merely consist in splendor, wealth or estate? Alexander Smart, in his poem, gives a

full illustration in answer to this question:

"Better than gold is a peaceful home,
Where all the fireside charities come—
The shine of love, and the haven of life,
Hallow'd by mother, or sister, or wife.
However humble that home may be,
Or tried with sorrows by heaven's decree,
The blessings that never were bought or sold,
And centre there, are better than gold."

It is also where each one's motto is to live in harmony with each other, and if necessity compels us to show one an error, to do it kindly and sympathetically, remembering that we too have faults. "Are we not our brother's keeper?"

When we do acts of kindness how happy we are, but when we do deeds that are wrong how soon there is a sadness in our minds; and when we come to repose for the night, in looking over our accounts for the day, we feel unhappy if we have done wrong. Here is a line drawn—on another occasion we will act more mild. This life is a school (for we are constantly learning) and God the teacher. Let us strive to do all the good we can, for we will not pass this way again. Love is the only cure for hate, although it seems difficult for us to use those kindly that are just the opposite to us in feeling.

What makes home more happy and cheerful than for children to obey their parents, for what makes it more unpleasant than a wilful child? To such as those their parents' advice will be as "bread cast upon the waters, to be found after many days." Life is but short, we should endeavor to live happy, and when we hear the language: "Steward, give up thy stewardship," we may depart this life with the assurance that we have finished our work, and that we may not be heard to say: "The harvest is passed, the summer is ended, and we are not saved."

It is right living which prepares for safe or even joyous dying.

*Read by Bertha A. Zavitz at the "River-side Friends' Literary Society," Bertie, Ridgeway, Ont.