## REPRIEVED

LILLIAN GREY.

I have been near to death;
So near, I caught his chilling breath,
And felt his strange mysterious power
Encircle me. Hour after hour
I lay between his world and mine,
And thought no more my sun would shine
For me, nor happy seasons roll
For one who swift had reached the goal.

Death has been near to me;
He turned my hopes to mockery,
And showed me how unfinished were
My dearest plans; with no demur
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 icy breath,
I heard him say: "For bitter rue
I bring thee heart's-ease tired and true;
I give surcease from toil 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 him 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
Then 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 respite has received;
This pleasant earth 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. PARSONS, 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 "drink" so hideous that the children will grow up most determined enemies of alcohol. 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 love by 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 belong 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 then their parents were. Much of this improvement must go to the credit of the Sunday-schools. 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. Wherever 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 sly 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 aider 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 firesides. 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 everywhere 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 just the ones to do 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 influence 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 liquors 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." A lady, officer of a union, was served 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; mayhap 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 brandy into a cup, stirred it, and then, lifting 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 precious 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 dosed when small with gin, whiskey, wine or cider by silly, doting 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 needed only 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 use 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; they were 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 my 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; 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 potion was refused on 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." So one 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 from statistics place that 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 free, educated, Christian 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 often spoken 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 us.

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 dare hope. Permit me to suggest work on the following practical line: 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 of a call and sympathetic 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 of the non-church members—with sympathy, love and literature. The details of this must be left to the people of each place.

Of all the dear words in the world "home" is one of the sweetest. The word is mother of the precious things of life. This word is Saxon, 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 uphill fight for prohibition; with such training in the home Temperance must be the victor.

## God's Gentleness.

BY REV. E. T. TOMLINSON, 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 a man like Lord Bacon, who, with all his 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 learns the relative importance of things. The raiment is important, but not so important as the body it covers. The body is important, but not so important as the life it contains. That life is important, but not so important as the soul that finds its shelter there. Emerson 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: "Be ye also enlarged." How much more life would be to us if we did not spend so much of it upon petty affairs. How much greater we all should be if we did not allow the smaller events to have and hold such dominion over us.

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 Goliah, and not lose heart when prosperity forsook him, 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 psalms, and in his sin indite the 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 after God's own heart—we do not close our eyes to his sins, but we see the aspirations of his soul, and the goal and ideal of his life.

And David said the cause of his greatness was God's gentleness. There are two kinds of gentleness—that of weakness and fear, and that of strength and tenderness. And we learn this often by contrasts and surprises. A man whom we have always looked up to, but who in a moment of irritation displays his weakness, surprises, but informs us of himself. The gentleness of weakness may appeal to us, but seldom moves us. The fawn is gentle because timid. But the sight of a great strong man holding a little one in his arms shows us the gentleness of power. This moves us. Some parents are gentle because they are of weaker will 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 springtime come gently into our lives and bring the power of their coming ere we are awake. The children quietly, 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 smaller life because not spoken in love.

The history of the English word gentleness gives us a similar though not exact meaning to that of politeness *Gens*—it denotes high birth and breeding. If, reverently, we substitute "politeness" and say, "thy politeness hath made me great," it may touch our hearts in other ways. An old book of heraldry refers to Mary "of whom was born that gentle man 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 lad 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 and 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. 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. During the troublous times of the past summer, one of the saddest lessons has been to 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 burdens.

And so in all David's sorrows and sins, it was God, ever gentle, that moved him upwards. Jesus, in his dealings with weakness, was ever gentle. At Simon's table, and with the sinning woman, how great he appears beside the small minded Pharisees, 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 off the marble block; only a great sculptor can cut with gentle hand the features of a human face.

God was, and is, 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 pities and cares for us. Gentleness is of a higher nature. It never brings regret to us. Paul speaks as though God were gently beseeching men to come. Jesus wept 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 in that tender word "Rejoice." "Rejoice with Me." "Thy gientleness hath made Me great." *Thy* and *me* 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 at 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 sense; and in the light and warmth of that relation His life is uniformly lived. But now He has lost His Father. It is not now "My Father!" but "My God!" The like of it in small ways down here is constantly happening. Loving hearts that are grief-stricken are continually re-enacting a little of this Calvary experience. The widowed and the orphaned here are saying, "My God! my God!" when they cannot say, "My Father!" The word "Father" will not come. Not angry with Him, but with a benumbed sense that leaves no means of finding and feeling Him in His fatherliness. The mountain of their own love-sorrow rises between and leaves them walking in the twilight. My dear grief-stricken friend, our Lord has been there. No depth of agony which He has not touched; no experience of orphanage under which He has not waited; no hour of great darkness through which He has not walked. And he is our advocate with the Father. Seeing, then, we have a great High Priest, that is passed into the heavens, Jesus the Son of God, let us hold fast our profession. For we have not an high priest who cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities; but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin. Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy and find grace to help in the time of need.—C. H. Parkhurst, D. D., New York.

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We judge of days as being 'short" and "long" by pretty nearly the same rule as God uses. For believe me; thought is the only true measure of time; work is the only true standard of life. The heart that has thought much about God, the hands and the lips that have worked much for God, are old already, however few be the years, as men count years, that they have loved and labored. The heart that has loved little, the brain that has thought little, the tongue that has spoken little, the hands that have wrought little, about God, and for God's sake, these are still young, still in their infancy, although the hoary head of their owner may show the approach of the threescore years and ten. For, in a word: Life is not days and years. Life is Love and Labor.—Rev. P. H. Newham.

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There is nothing in the universe that I fear, except that I may not know all my duty, or may fail to do it.—Mary Lyon.

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Dyspepsia is frequently found to be a divinely-appointed health officer, stationed at the gateway of excess, to warn off all comers, and to punish those who will persist in entering the forbidden ground. Spiritual dyspepsia is, in most cases, the result of sin indulged or of duty neglected. How can a Christian be healthy who neglects a wholesome diet for his soul, or who seldoms does a "stitch" of work for his Master? How can his faith be strong who seldom enters his closet? The constipation of charity soon becomes chronic when selfishness locks its purse against the most eloquent appeals. My dyspeptic friend, I commend to you the double remedy—Bible diet and Bible duty. If these don't restore you, then your case must be past all medication.—Theodore L. Cuyler, D. D.

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A Christless cross no refuge wers for me;
A cressless Christ my Saviour might not be;
But, O Christ crucified, I rest in Thee!
—Hamilton.

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