



The Family Circle.

MY LEGACY.

They told me I was heir. I turned in haste,
And ran to seek my treasure,
And wondered, as I ran, how it was placed—
If I should find a measure
Of gold, or if the titles of fair lands
And houses would be laid within my hands.

I journeyed many roads; I knocked at gates;
I spoke to each wayfarer
I met, and said, "A heritage awaits
Me. Art not thou the bearer
Of news? Some message sent to me whereby
I learn which way my new possessions lie?"

Some asked me in—naught lay beyond their
door;
Some smiled and would not tarry,
But said that men were just behind who bore
More gold than I could carry;
And so the morn, the noon, the day were spent,
While empty-handed up and down I went.

At last one cried, whose face I could not see,
As through the mist he hastened;
"Poor child! what evil ones have hindered thee,
Till this whole day is wasted?
Hath no man told thee that thou art joint heir
With one named Christ, who waits the goods to share?"

The one named Christ I sought for many days,
In many places, vainly;
I heard men name his name in many ways,
I saw his temples plainly.
But they who named him most gave me no sign
To find him by, or prove the heirship mine.

And when at last I stood before his face,
I knew him by no token
Save subtle air of joy that filled the place;
Our greeting was not spoken;
In solemn silence I received my share,
Kneeling before my brother and "joint heir."

My share! No deed of house or spreading
lands,
As I had dreamed; no measure
Heaped up with gold; my Elder Brother's
hands
Had never held such treasure.
Foxes have holes, and birds in nests are fed—
My Brother had nowhere to lay his head.

My share! The right, like him, to know all
pain
Which hearts are made for knowing;
The right to find in loss the surest gain;
To reap my joy from sowing
In bitter tears; the right with him to keep
A watch by day and night with those who weep.

My share! To-day men call it grief and death;
I see the joy and life to-morrow;
I thank our Father with my every breath
For this sweet legacy of sorrow;
And through my tears I call to each, "Joint
heir
With Christ, make haste to ask him for thy
share!"
—Helen Hunt Jackson.

CUMBERED WITH SERVING.

BY MARY HOWE STEWART.

"Please, ma'am, and will a cup of sour milk do instead?" "Instead of what?" exclaimed Auntie Briar, glancing up quickly from the bowl of eggs she was beating, and encountering a maiden with a pair of merry brown eyes holding out for her acceptance a heaping cup of sour milk.

"Why, you know," answered Mina Neal, for such was the maiden's name, "that the Bible says to 'give a cup of cold water,' but as you do not happen to stand in need of water, and you do of the milk, I suppose it's all the same."

"How in the world did you know that I wanted just one more cup of sour milk?" asked Auntie Briar in a surprised tone.

"Why I heard you telling your niece so the last time I was in, of course," answered Mina.

"Yes, I do remember now about your speaking of needing some more milk, auntie, but I forgot all about it in a moment afterward. How did you happen to think of it, Miss Mina?" asked Marie Saunders, glancing up, pen in hand, from the letter she was writing to her far-away western home.

"You would remember that or anything else, however trivial it may seem to you now, if you were baking for a church fair to feed half the country. The capacity of our farmer boys for fancy cake is something wonderful to contemplate."

"How much are you baking for this tea,

anyhow, Miss Mina? I am really getting interested," said Marie, laying aside her pen and giving her whole attention.

"Let me see," answered Mina, "there are five fruit cakes, three marble and two sponge, besides a number of cream pies. But that is not much, others are doing more."

"Not much! did you say? Why, you are certainly not giving all that out of your own pocket, Miss Mina," Marie exclaimed in surprise.

"Yes, Miss Saunders, of course we are. But it is all right, we are all good Methodists in this community, mother and all," laughed Mina, giving a roguish wink at Mrs. Kenley as she spoke. Then like a flash she was off.

"Good Methodists! well, I should think they would need to be, and pretty good Christians, too, to be willing to do all that amount of baking for one fair. Then to think of standing and washing dishes and waiting on tables for two whole days," almost gasped Marie, who in her seventeen years of city life had never been to a real country fair, nor seen a church tea gotten up on such an extensive plan.

"I am sorry to say, my dear," said Auntie Briar, "that the Neals are not Christians. They are nominally Methodists, that is, members of the congregation, but not of the church. We will go over there a little while this evening, if you like, then you may meet the rest of the family."

"That pretty Mina Neal not a Christian! To be sure she does not act so very saint-like, but somehow I thought she must be a Christian to be so actively engaged in church work."

"There are a great many people 'actively engaged in church work,'"

"There are a great many people 'actively engaged in church work' who are, I fear, a long ways from experiencing any work of grace in their hearts," and dear old Auntie Briar heaved a sigh as though the burden of it all lay upon her motherly soul.

After tea, when the thousand and one things needful for the household's comfort were attended to, auntie and Marie went for their call. Mina's father and mother were out, but the grandmother, a dear old lady with snowy white hair and gentle voice, was at home. She reminded Marie of one of Margaret Sangster's pretty pen pictures of an old lady who had "grown old gracefully."

They were having a cosy time, Marie relating her bits of sermon, anecdote and story; telling also of meeting with Moody and Sankey, Beecher and Cuyler in her city home, and of their various methods of work, when the door opened and the younger Mrs. Neal walked in. Her presence as effectually stopped all such conversation as though they had been speaking in an unknown tongue.

You have all seen just such women as Mrs. Neal; quick, sharp, active, and of the rather jerky kind both in speech and manner. She did not even stop to take off her things, but talked away about the coming fair, and, of course, principally of that part which most concerned the church tea.

Marie ventured to suggest that she must be rather tired, as she observed when she came in she limped slightly, as though in pain.

"Tired! Well I should say I was. Why I have nearly sprained my ankle, and I don't know but my whole leg, standing up and running around so much. I am never off my feet from six in the morning till ten at night; and then it is time to go to bed. Of course in the evening I must go and have a chat with my neighbors, as it is all the time I have. Grandma says for me to stay in the way she used, but I say I won't. As long as I can be on my feet I shall be on the go," and thus she rattled on with scarcely a moment's cessation until Auntie Briar and Marie took their departure.

When the early country bed-time came at nine o'clock, and all the family except Mrs. Kenley, who was busy setting the table for breakfast, had retired for the night, Marie drew up a low stool before the old-fashioned kitchen stove and sat down for a last little "think," as she was wont to call these firelight reveries. The rosy month had not the faintest suspicion of a smile playing around it now, and the blue eyes, gazed into the dying embers with such a thoughtful look that Mrs. Kenley could not help exclaiming, as she dropped into a low rocker and drew the shapely head crowned with its wealth of golden hair upon her lap:

"A penny for your thoughts, my little Marie. They must be very grave ones if your face is any index of their character."

"It is all clear to me now, auntie," answered Marie, nestling closer in the dear motherly arms, "all about Mary and Martha and being 'cumbered with much serving,' and the resting at Jesus' feet, which, after all, was truest service."

"And what, my darling, has led to all this train of thought?" tenderly asked Mrs. Kenley.

"Your own dear self, and the Neals, and the church tea, and, oh, ever so many things!" impulsively answered Marie. "You see, auntie," continued she, "I never could understand it, it has always troubled me since when a little child I first heard the story in Sabbath school, why it was that Jesus should rebuke Martha when she was working so hard for Him, and those things had to be done to make Him comfortable, and commend Mary who was merely sitting at his feet and learning of Him, wrapt in spiritual exaltation. I was afraid to ask the minister or any one about it for fear they would not understand me. But I see it all now," Marie went on, almost forgetting for the moment that she was speaking aloud, "how that Jesus was not speaking merely to Mary and Martha of Bethany, but through them to all the busy, cumbered Marthas, and to all the restful Marys who should read the story in all ages of the world. Jesus knew that the quiet resting at his feet and learning of Him must come first before there could be any acceptable services rendered. I wonder what the angels think as they look down and see those numerous cakes and pies, and then the two days of hard work out in that cold shed-like place, where you say the tea is to be held, washing dishes and waiting on tables, and, as Mrs. Neal herself says, and I fear she is only a representative of thousands like her, busy every other day in the week from early morning till late at night, and still finding no time to get near to Him whose heart for thirty-three long years beat with such human tender love for us all, and who by His Spirit has been calling all the restless, unsatisfied ones of earth to come to Him and rest. Oh, if Mrs. Neal could only see it, all the blessings she is losing by not taking time to sit for a few moments every day as Mary of old did at Jesus' feet, and learn of Him the true beauty and joy of living."

The blue eyes fairly shone now with a soft and tender light from the great peace within. "If Mrs. Neal and our church tea have helped you to see this great truth thus early in your Christian life, my child, your coming to our quiet country town will not have been in vain, and they will both have accomplished far more than they dream of aside from a money point of view," answered Auntie Briar. "But," continued she, "many years ago this thought, too, troubled me, though unlike you, I took it to my dear old pastor. He told me to take my Bible and study the lives of Moses, David, Paul, and even John, the loved disciple, and see how God had dealt with each one. Their lives were all so different, but alike in one thing—the necessity in all of them for these quiet resting times, when God communed with and fitted them for his service. My little Marie, I hope as the years roll on, you will never let yourself fall into this external Martha-like church work to the exclusion of the inner Mary part. The Master made no mistake when He said that she had chosen the 'better part,' for He knew that a life of love would be a life of service, while one of mere outward service would be but a dead thing at best, and soon die for want of the indwelling life, which is love."—*Christian at Work.*

PUDDING-SAUCE.

MRS. F. B. CONE OF BOSTON.

I don't think that our vanity as housekeepers and dainty cooks weighs a tenth as much as our love for the sick friend to whom it is such a pleasure to send the wine jelly, or for the husbands and sons whose weary appetites we mistakenly stimulate with wine sauces at hurried dinners. Now if we can show that the sick friend's recovery is retarded in some degree by the reaction inevitably consequent upon the stimulus of the wine jelly and that orange or lemon jelly would be in all cases more refreshing to the invalid, then it surely will

be substituted. And we need only to set mothers' and sisters' eyes on the alert to observe the beginnings of sorrow within every one's view, arising from these same jellies, frozen puddings, pudding sauces, and ices flavored with alcoholics, set out upon home tables. Let me read to you two little bits from a leaflet, "Alcohol in the Kitchen," which should be in the stock of every union for individual giving: A physician, prominently connected with one of the life insurance companies of this state, made to me the following statement of facts: "Of 622 moderate and immoderate drinkers with whom I have conversed, 337 tell me that they acquired the desire for wine and other alcoholic poisons by their use in articles of diet and in the family and social circle, dealt out to them by their wives and sisters and female friends. Of this number, 161 cases, (more than twenty-five percent) were from the use of liquors in articles of diet. Of the whole number referred to, 328 fill a drunkard's grave, seventeen died of mania a potu and five by suicide." "I have sometimes thought what I should do if Fred took to drinking," said a notable housekeeper to a friend. "It is so dreadful, what if it should come into my dish." At the same time she was mixing in liquor with Fred's dainty dishes. And one day, when he missed the old wine-flavor in the pudding sauce on the table, he petulantly tipped his chair back and refused to eat any of the food. The dreaded shadow came ultimately, and the friend spoken of above thought that the hand of the mother that stirred the wine into the son's food, had mixed the fatal glass for him.

Let me give you a new illustration, also. A most prominent physician of one of our cities, a member of a municipal board, said to me this winter in declining to add his name to the petition for scientific instruction that "he should feel like a hypocrite in doing so," inasmuch as he had begun very lately to take wine at dinner, daily. I was surprised to notice as soon as he spoke, that his breath was heavily laden with liquor and his face flushed, although it was not yet eleven o'clock in the morning. When he confessed to a glass at dinner, I wondered if he could fancy me deceived, or if he were himself blinded as to the rapidity with which the new habit was engulfing him. And it was all from so slight a beginning as sauces and flummeries, as you will see. His father and both brothers had died in untold horrors of delirium tremens, and no child had suffered keener tortures of cruelty and shame than he until eleven years of age.

When, as a successful man, he had a beautiful home of his own, the cause of his woes had been rigidly excluded and also instructed against; so that his noble sons, even through Harvard temptations, have come up total abstainers from drink and tobacco. Then how came this strange decadence of the father after middle life? The last two or three years had been spent in England and on the continent; wine as a beverage had been resisted, but no account taken of it in cookery, until on return to home table a pudding without wine or brandy sauce proved intolerably "flat and disgusting." "And, indeed, of late," he said, "a glass of wine at dinner seems a necessity to enjoyment." The thought of his own early sufferings, and of the example and temptation which he was now placing before his sons and their young friends and of the inactivity in this most needed reform to which this one indulgence forces him, left him in tears, which God grant may be blessed. But I don't think his own life would outweigh the appetite. It is a fearful one to awaken.

"GLENER" in the Newcastle Examiner and Northern Athlete gives the following incident about "the doctor and the drink." It needs no comment. It is to the point and tells its own moral. "A lady had been laid up over a week with an ulcerated sore throat, and was somewhat run down. The doctor said he had two or three other patients in exactly the same condition, and he had ordered three glasses of port wine a day, and this lady must take the same. This, however, she did not approve of, and declined. He had then to give a tonic of iron, &c., and she has now nearly recovered, while the doctor's other patients are still very bad. I relate this, as Mrs. — thinks she has made a great triumph! Doctors order wine very often to please their patients when other things have really a more beneficial effect."