



The Family Circle.

WHAT CAN I DO?

If you cannot from the platform
Make an energetic speech,
Or from sacred desk or pulpit
Gospel sermons ever preach;
You can visit homes where evil
Holds an undisputed sway,
And for Christ's sake you can urge men
From their sins to turn away.

If you have no love of singing
And for music have no ear,
You can enter homes where sorrow
Pain and grief are ever near;
And in tones of tender pity
You can breaking hearts console,
Pointing to the only Saviour,
Who can make those spirits whole.

If from meetings of Committee
You would rather stay away,
You can ask the Lord to bless them
At the meeting when you pray;
And when work has been arranged for
You some humble part can take
Which will prove a thorough pleasure
If 'tis done for Jesu's sake.

If you cannot, then, do great things
There are small ones you can do,
And a sphere of Christian labor
Be assured there is for you.
Get to work then, do your duty
And your sweet reward shall be
In the voice of Jesus saying
"Ye have done it unto me."

—Beresford Adams in *British Women's Temperance Journal*.

"I DO THIS FOR OTHERS"; OR, THE OLD MAN'S SACRIFICE.

BY REV. H. W. CONANT.

Deacon Jones had been a professed disciple of the Lord Jesus Christ for forty years and more. Everybody knew Deacon Jones for ten or fifteen miles around as "the man that owned all the land that joined him," as through economy, self denial, and hard work he had been able to buy out his neighbors one after another until his possessions extended over many miles of territory.

But he was not a veritable deacon, although the neighbors gave him that title by universal consent because of his religious professions. He was not remarkably good, and by "no manner of means" could he have been called a bad man. He had many most excellent traits of character that endeared him to his family and to the rural community in which he lived. He "set a good table," the farmers said, but it knew very few of what the denizens of great cities call luxuries. Salt meats, occasionally a little fresh meat when he killed a calf, a sheep, a swine, or ox to sell, were found upon his table. The smoking hot corn and the "mealy potatoes" were always present in their season, to say nothing of Indian bread and wheaten biscuit. "Enough for all" was his motto, and his faithful spouse was equal to the duties of her station. Rum, gin, whiskey and brandy the deacon had left out of his supplies more than twenty-five years since, but there was always present on the table or on the shelf a model pitcher filled with "good old cider" for himself, for his workmen, and his numerous callers. Everybody in that vicinity knew two things—the cider "was good" and there was always plenty of it at hand. Why not? He had an abundance of apples, a cider-mill, and wasn't it a great pity to have the apples wasted by rotting on the ground? And wasn't there an opportunity to sell what cider he had to spare? And didn't the income from his sales of cider help him to buy more land?

There had been a temperance meeting in the school-house "hard by the deacon's" on the previous evening, which the deacon had attended, not so much that he had an interest in that movement, but because the minister that spoke was of his persuasion and was therefore a guest at his house. The deacon was interested in the services. Sing-

ing hymns, prayer, and a Gospel sermon—only there wasn't any text—secured his attention and made him think. The theme was "total abstinence from alcoholic drinks the privilege of Christian people."

A privilege! Yes, a great privilege, because neither health, labor, personal nor home comfort demanded their use. And what a saving of money, and time, and health, and life even, was effected by it. It was economical. That held him.

A privilege! Yes, because it enabled one to be helpful to others in many ways, but especially in the development of virtue, morality, and religion—essential elements of a good character and a useful life.

It was a help to the young as a safe example. It would save many a youth from ruin to adopt such a course of life, and make him a blessing to the world as well as a servant of God.

It was helpful to those who had fallen victims to appetite, as it taught them a better way and invited them back to virtue. It was a Christ-like virtue to live for others.

There was a nobler position for a Christian man to occupy than to be a post against which drunkards leaned for support.

In the same room with the deacon sat poor old "Jake," besotted and ruined by drink, listening intently to these strange yet sympathetic utterances. It would be difficult to tell which of the two wondered most at what they heard.

It was urged that even in the use of cider, so common a beverage with some good men, there was danger, even ruin. Were there not cider-drunkards in every community? Was it not a privilege to arrest their steps and save them to humanity and heaven? Was it not a Christian duty as well? The deacon leaned forward to hear every word.

The pledge was offered at the close of the service, but no one took it. It was evident that a number were anxious to do so, but none had the heroism to be singular.

The thinking did not stop, though the dim lights were extinguished in that dingy school-room. Even the quiet old deacon was not composed when he had reposed in his arm-chair in the old kitchen, where for so many years he had kept secluded from the outside world.

"John, do you want to sign the pledge?" he asked of a fourteen-year-old orphan that he had given a place of shelter.

"I'd just as lief if you will," promptly responded the grateful and thoughtful boy.

After a short silence the deacon said: "Do you know what it means to sign the pledge, John?"

"It means that I cannot draw any more cider for you," said the boy, in a kind and reverent manner. "Neither will we offer it to others for their use" was the sentence in the pledge that had given the boy more trouble than the part requiring personal abstinence. Had he not been the boy whose duty it was to see that that the cider pitcher was kept full in the house, and the jug full in the field? Could he keep that pledge and retain his place in the only home open to him in the wide world? Had not drink ruined and then killed his unnatural parents, and bequeathed to him a legacy of shame? Was he not a drunkard's child, without a friend in the world outside of that family? Could he sign that pledge and be turned out-doors to pillow his head on the cold ground and be a beggar and a tramp for life?

A neighbor called at this moment and interrupted this conversation, but the subject was not changed. "Two misses," he said, "had talked the matter over since the meeting, and with the consent of their parents, had concluded to sign the pledge; if the lecturer would let him take the pledge he would take it to them and bring it back in the morning."

Turning to the deacon, he said: "Old Jake says he'll take the pledge if you will." We will not take the reader's time to recount the thoughtful conversation between this old man and the minister who was his transient guest—an earnest, practical discussion of Christian effort, extending far into the night, and followed by prayer for divine guidance and strength.

Morning dawns bright and beautiful. The autumnal frosts have tinged the foliage of the surrounding forests; the chestnut burrs are beginning to open: the squirrels are beginning to gather their winter's supply of food; the chirp of the fall crickets, and the gathering of the birds at their accustomed rendezvous before their annual migration to their Southern home—all seem to

impress the mind with the necessity of seizing upon the present moment to do the work of life.

The table has been spread, and the family have gathered to take their morning meal ere the workmen go out to their harvest fields. The pledge has been returned with the names of the two misses written upon it with a bold hand. The deacon adjusts his spectacles, reads over the pledge, calls for pen and ink, and boldly, yet with a tremulous hand, writes his name upon it; then, passing both pen and pledge across the table to his wife for her signature, said:

"I do this for others."

For whom should he sign it if not for others? Had he not reached foreshore years? Could it be possible that in the winter of his life this cup would ruin him? The good housewife, worn and wrinkled with many years of toil, affixed her name beneath that of her husband, and then wrote the name of the orphan boy, to which he affixed his mark, X. A young man in his employ, twenty-one years of age, himself an orphan, followed their example.

That was a happy morning to the writer. It was an attestation of the power of truth over a human heart when that truth was brought into immediate contact with it.

It was the closing up of one of Satan's strongholds in that community; for the deacon's cider and the deacon's example had been prolific of evil to the bodies and souls of men. It was the inauguration of a new movement in that community; for that young man secured the names of fourteen other young men that he found at an auction-sale that day. Can any human mind measure the results of that twenty-four hours of service in one of the most unpromising fields in our happy New England?—*National Temperance Advocate*.

AN OLD-FASHIONED REVIVAL.

It was about the year 1830 that a young girl, Elizabeth H—, left her home to go to the village of Great Falls, U. S., to work in a cotton mill, which had been recently erected there. She had become discontented in school, having seen her young friends who had worked in the factory come home with their fine dresses and gold necklaces and shell combs, and she wanted to go away from home and work and procure such things, which seemed so very pleasing to her childish eyes. Her judicious mother urged her to remain, and obtain an education, but she was anxious to go, and her father, who worked in the mill, consented, and came home one time, and said that he had found her a place to work. Her mother wept as she parted with her, but she said:

"Well, Elizabeth, you will go, and your father is willing, and I can only give you into God's hands, and pray for you."

She went to the factory, and entered a boarding-house, where there were one hundred and ten girls, with hardly a Christian among them. They were giddy, wild, and gay, and she heard there what she never had before, oaths and curses from the lips of women.

Elizabeth was a great reader, and having exhausted her stock of novels and romances, she one night went into the adjacent room, occupied by a Methodist girl, to get something to read. The girl loaned her a tract, "Serious Thoughts on Eternity." She read it through in a few minutes, and went to bed. It fastened on her mind, and she got up again and read it over. There was no slumber for her that night, and from that time for three weeks she could hardly eat or sleep. She felt herself the chief of sinners, and knew not the way of escape. She had as a room-mate a backslider, and she once asked her if she would pray with her, if she would kneel down by her side. She reluctantly promised that she would, but before she reached their room the room-mate was in bed, and she was left to struggle with her convictions alone.

Elizabeth was in great distress, and thought that she must have salvation or die. She waited in agony until ten o'clock, when they came to take the lights away from the rooms, she still sat trembling in her chair, in agony of soul, and at length fell on her knees in the darkness and prayed:

"Oh God, if there is a God, either take me out of the world, or give me what the Christian has, to take away the fear of death!"

While on her knees there came to her mind a revelation of the justice of God, and

the depth of her own guilt, manifested to her as the Saviour of whom she was chief. She save her, and sprang to her feet, in darkness confessed her faith, and calling the Lord for his love and mercy. Her Methodist friend in the next room aroused, and hurried into the room, hush her, and saying:

"You will wake them all up!"
"I want to wake the whole world up!" was the reply.

Her voice rang through the house; the girls came crowding in and filled the room, packing themselves closely about her, weeping with a consciousness of their sins, and the night was spent in praising the Lord for his mercy, and pointing weary, burdened sinners to "the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sins of the world."

She went into the mill next day, and it seemed on the way as if she wanted to kiss every blade of grass that grew, because her God had made it. The day was one of joy and gladness, and rest and peace, and on returning to her room at night she found two or three girls already there, kneeling and crying to God. Others came in and filled the room. Night after night they prayed and wept together, until between thirty and forty souls found peace in that room, without any of them attending a single meeting.

The place had been terribly hard and cold. It was a newly-built village, and the religious interest was low. A feeble Methodist Church struggled alone under the guidance of a formal preacher, and such a thing as a revival had not occurred there since the village was built.

About this time a minister in New Hampshire, who knew nothing of these circumstances, had an impression upon his mind, "You must go to Great Falls." He sought in prayer to be released from this impression but it continued. He was unwilling to go there, wickedness abounded, there was little to attract him, it was a hard and Godless field; and he prayed the Lord to excuse him from this service. But all was in vain, he must go to Great Falls and preach the Gospel. Shortly after he attended the annual Conference, when the Bishop assigned the preachers their stations for the year. As the Bishop was calling the roll, and announcing the appointments, he mentioned George S—, naming the place to which he was assigned. Instantly he arose and said:

"Not so, Bishop, the Lord says I must go to Great Falls this year!"

"What God has made known to you I dare not contradict," said the Bishop; "Go."

And so he was assigned to that station. He came there, a tall, spare, vigorous, athletic man, in the prime of life, and, with great power, bore witness to the Gospel of Christ, preaching righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come. His great plainness of speech offended many, but their complaints made little impression upon him, and to those who desired him to soften his words and smooth his tongue, he replied:

"I was not sent here by the Bishop, but by the Lord, and I shall preach to please the Lord, if I preach to bare walls."

There was little likelihood of his preaching to bare walls. The congregation filled the church and crowded it. The young converts from the boarding-house came to hear and rejoice in the good Word of Life. The house of prayer became a Bochim—a place of weeping—sobs and cries were heard throughout the congregation. Scores were converted. The place was too strait for the people, and an overflow meeting was held in the vestry, which was also crowded. The next year two ministers were sent instead of one, converts were multiplied, and the field of labor grew large, other churches were organized, and houses of worship erected, and though many years have passed since then, the memories of those wonderful meetings do not fade from the minds of those who participated in them. Seed was sown for an immortal harvest and much people were added to the Lord.

A few days since we saw Elizabeth, now a grey-haired grandmother, and heard her tell this story of her conversion, and the great revival which followed. And we remembered a day in the summer of 1879, when we stood by the dying bed of that preacher, an old man of four-score and three years, who had lived through a long life of struggle, conflict, and testimony, by no means free from errors and mistakes, but who had ever held steadfastly the faith of