



### The Family Circle.

#### WHAT CAN I DO FOR TEMPERANCE.

BY E. L. BROWN.

What can I do? I am only a girl!  
What can I do in the world's busy whirl?  
Others have money and influence strong,  
But what can I do toward righting the wrong  
That I see rushing on in a widening stream?  
I would not stand idle and carelessly dream,  
But what can I do?

What can you do? Do you ask from your heart?

As "only a girl" will do a girl's part?  
Much can you do if bravely and true,  
You use all the gifts God hath given to you.  
You can show by your acts you have taken a stand

For God, for home and for your own native land.

This much you can do.

Then you can help by your words every day,  
Patiently scattering seed by the way.  
You may not see fruit for a long time to come,  
But out of the many you've uplifted some.  
Some will be stronger because you are strong;  
Some will more eagerly battle the wrong;  
And this you can do.

Let the words that you say, the acts that you do,

Always show forth the good and the true;  
To your acts and your words add fact and good taste;

With these many difficult things can be faced.  
Use all your talents in the cause of the right,  
And for Temperance you can sing and recite.  
All this you can do.

Don't wait for great things in a distant "some day,"

But do the small things that come in your way.  
Always be careful to show where you stand—  
Opportunity is ever our Father's command.  
If you only are earnest, thoughtful, and true,  
A great many things will your hands find to do.  
Work away, and the Father will show you some day.

How many you've gladdened and helped on the way.

"Only a girl," but there's work you can do—

"Only a girl," and we greatly need you.

Come join, us and work with your heart and your hand.

For God, for home, and our own native land.

—The Union Signal.

#### MRS. GORDON'S MINCE-PIES.

BY MRS. J. K. BLOOMFIELD.

Mrs. Gordon was what is called an old-fashioned housekeeper. She not only believed in preparing an abundance for Thanksgiving and winter cheer, but in having all she made for great occasions well-spiced and highly seasoned.

"This mince-meat, Agnes, needs a little more brandy to give it the right flavor, as well as preserve the fruit over to Christmas. I like to have a good-sized stone jar full of minced meat to dip into upon any special occasion. You have only to roll out a little pastry, and presto! your pies are ready for the oven," said Mrs. Gordon one day.

"But, mother, I thought you said you would use part cider, to preserve the fruit and keep it moist."

"Very true; but I chopped up rather more apples than I intended, and more cider will be apt to give the pies a too acid taste. So get me the brandy."

Agnes went to the store-closet for the bottle of old brandy which her mother kept for pudding-sauce and such culinary purposes. As she took it off the shelf a half sigh escaped her lips and she murmured:

"I do so wish mother would not use either cider, wine, or any other spirits in her cooking. I'm afraid Fred will take a liking to such things."

Slowly she returned to the kitchen, pondering how she could tell her mother her fears. Mrs. Gordon was not one to brook advice from her children. She was too self-reliant and opinionated for this, and especially so in the matter of cooking. She took pride in being called a notable housekeeper. A New-Englander, and given to hospitality, her store-closet was generally well supplied with dainties.

Agnes, unlike her mother, had a sensitive, retiring disposition, and shrank from having a talk made over anything she did; and in a quiet way accomplished far more good than was attributed to her, and so few

knew her real strength of character founded on Christian principles.

"Mother, don't you think the mince-meat will do without any more brandy?" she timidly asked. "I don't like to have your pies taste or smell of it, for fear it may lead some one into temptation."

"Of course not, or I should not have sent you for more. I don't intend to make such wish-washy pies as Mrs. Harrington makes. She brought on one of her pies the last time I was there to dine, and, I declare, it was not fit to set before a half-starved clothopper. I pecked at my piece by way of being polite, and resolved that I should never omit the brandy in my pies for all the rabid temperance talk in the world."

"But, mother, if you think mince-pies are not good without the brandy, don't you think it would be better to give up making them."

"Nonsense, child! What a question to ask! Give up my jar of convenient and delicious mince-meat to suit new-fangled notions? One must be weak-minded indeed if he can't partake of such things in cookery without being led astray."

And Mrs. Gordon forthwith poured a liberal supply of brandy into the large wooden bowl of minced meat that she had been chopping; then giving the finishing touches to it in the way of more raisins, currants, citron, and spices, she exclaimed:

"There! I think that will do to set before a king. Won't Fred enjoy mother's pies when he comes home from college at Thanksgiving? Dear boy, how I miss him!"

"Mother, I, too, was thinking of Fred; and it was for his sake I hoped you could manage to put less brandy in the mince-meat. Don't you really think it might be made equally good without it?"

"Indeed I don't! What new nonsense has come into your head? Just as though it could possibly hurt our Fred to eat my pies any more now than it has done all his life! It is well enough to be moderate in all things; but don't go to getting ultra notions into your head upon any subject. There, now help me to clear away this table, so I can see to spicing the pumpkin; for the same pastry will serve for both kinds of pies."

"Fred is fond of pumpkin-pies," added the loving sister, "for they don't stay long in the pantry when he is at home."

"The rogue!" replied her mother, with laughter shining in her eyes; "since he has grown older has such a saucy way of 'foraging,' as he calls it, that good things do slip away mighty fast when he is around. Well, 'boys will be boys,' and his merriest days are now; so we will not restrict him."

Could the mother have realized what Fred's foraging meant, or of all the temptations she laid in his way, could she have felt so light-hearted? Alas! like the spider in its web, she was unconsciously weaving a silken web into which his feet were already being entangled, and soon his whole body would be caught and enslaved. Think, mother, of the temptations you are placing in your son's way! Think of the wily serpent and the many enticing forms it can take to lead one to his own destruction, and stop in time. But no! the best of everything shall be for Fred, and the store-room key less carefully guarded when he is at home.

"It is only for a little while," she would say; "and, dear me! he gets little variety at his boarding-place. So he ought to have a good time in every way when at home."

Mr. Gordon was a plain, hard-working, practical, New England farmer, caring little for social pleasure. It was his wish, however, to have his children well educated; hence Fred was sent to college, and Agnes allowed to cultivate her taste for music and painting, etc. In household affairs Mrs. Gordon ruled unmolested.

Fred returned home with two of his classmates, young men from the South, who had thought to remain at college during the short vacation, until invited by Fred to accompany him home. And a merrier set could hardly have been found. As to foraging, Mrs. Gordon declared a regiment could hardly have made greater inroads upon her good things, and her mince-pies seemed to be in the greatest demand.

In putting things to rights after their return to college, she was rather surprised to find how many jars of her brandy-peaches had been consumed—more, she was sure, than had been served at table. Wines, too, that she used only for cooking purposes or

in sickness, had disappeared in a wonderful manner.

Fred had smacked his lips over her mince-pies, calling them "prime." Could he be, as Agnes feared, acquiring a taste for liquors, and had helped himself and friends to her reserve store? How her heart throbbed, and how she wished she had taken warning from Agnes and others whom she laughed at as fanatical, so often replying that wine taken in moderation could do no harm; it was the abuse and not the use of anything sensible that made all the trouble in the world.

As she sat thinking it all over, she recalled some evenings when the young men sat up very late and seemed rather boisterous. Pale with fear, and tears glistening in her eyes, she sought Agnes and told her of the disappearance of nearly all her homemade currant-wine, grape-wine, brandy peaches, and other things of the kind.

Agnes' own heart was aching over the change she saw in her dear and only brother, and doubly pained at the ridicule he cast upon her words of caution, saying: "Mother approves of wine taken in moderation, and you need not be so silly as to fear that I will take it in excess." She could not grieve her mother by repeating this; she tried, though, to comfort her with the hope that, now her mind was fully awake to the dangerous pathway upon which Fred's feet were entering, he would be guided by his mother's good counsel.

But, alas! too late the mother learned her error. Fred soon went from bad to worse, then repulsed her, scorning her advice as coming too late.

"It was you, mother, who ridiculed total abstinence, and placed these things not only within my reach, but right before me. Your mince-pies, hot with brandy, and pudding sauces first gave me a taste for liquor. And you have only yourself to thank if at times I drink to excess, for a demon's thirst is burning me up!"

Poor, heart-broken mother! What words to hear from an only, idolized son! She bowed her head in humility and prayer, pleading, as only a mother can plead, for the saving of her child, that he might be kept from ruin—eternal ruin.

Her prayers were answered, but not until Fred was brought very low—his feet upon the borderland. Then, with loathing and a contrite heart, he turned from the evil of his ways, aided and encouraged by his sorrowing mother and strength given in answer to their daily prayers.

Mothers, take warning! Let not your housewifely pride get the better of your judgment. Shun the use of liquor in every form if you would keep yourselves and those dear to you free from the snares of the evil one.—National Temperance Advocate.

#### A ROBBER'S CONVERSION.

Col. Paschkoff, a Russian exile, tells the following story:

Some years ago a Baptist preacher, of St. Petersburg, married a young girl who had lately been converted, and who, immediately after she knew Jesus as her Saviour, had begun to go about telling people of his love. Both were greatly blessed of the Lord, and they decided to go to Bulgaria, which was just then newly emancipated from the Turkish yoke. He settled with her at Rustchuk, on the Danube, and from there took missionary journeys throughout Bulgaria, meeting often with great opposition and danger, but also finding at other times a willing audience.

Once, upon coming into the town of Bazardjik, he was preaching in the open air, and a group of people had gathered round him. A robber who for years, with a band of vagabonds and ruffians, had made himself the terror of the province by his daring acts of robbery, plunder, and murder, happened to pass the spot where the preacher was telling the people about Jesus' love to sinners. He was arrested by the sound of words so new to him, and went on listening to the story of the Cross, unable to tear himself away. The impression made upon his mind was so deep that he immediately procured a Bible and set himself to study it.

Having heard that the meeting was to take place again the following day, he once more came, and stayed on to the end of the meeting, touched to the heart on hearing the wonderful story of the Son of God dying and giving Himself up for the sins of his enemies. The preacher spoke of the new birth, without which no man can see the

kingdom of God. The Spirit breatheth where it listeth. So it was in his case, for he felt, as he told it afterward, like a fire passing through his being, and felt himself become a new creature. He disbanded his followers and took to selling milk about the streets of the town, getting something like fivepence or sixpence a day for his pains; speaking all the time of his newly-found Saviour with such a power that the whole town was stirred up.

His gratitude to the man who, by the Lord's grace, had become the instrument of his conversion, was so great that he came to Rustchuk and entreated him to be allowed to serve both him and his young wife. As the missionary journeys of the former took him away from his home for weeks at a time, his wife remained quite alone in the house. This man, formerly the terror of all who approached him, served her all the time in her loneliness with the tenderness of the most devoted woman.—Christian.

#### "THEM THAT WERE ENTERING IN, YE HINDERED."

BY MARCIA HOWARD.

Our Lord said that once to some very religious people of those times. Does He ever have occasion to repeat it in these? Is it possible for professing Christians, even earnest ones, to become hinderers to those who are seeking to "enter in?"

Helen J. is a bright, pretty girl, attractive to young men and a favorite with the girls. She likes "to have a good time," as she expresses it, as well as most people, and generally contrives to have very many such. George W. thinks Helen about the nicest girl he knows—in fact he is fast coming to the conclusion that she is "the one woman in the world" for him. Naturally her influence over him is unbounded.

Helen is a professing Christian. George knows this, and Helen being his ideal of womanhood, he considers her, also, all that a Christian should or could be.

"Ye are My witnesses, saith the Lord." Helen really interpreted Christ to this man, for, like so many young men of to-day, George W. saw the Light of the world only as He shines through His witnesses on earth, and had never learned to see the light of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ.

Here come the opportunities, clustering around every hour of their intercourse.

George asks Helen to go to Thomas' next concert with him. It comes on Wednesday and that is prayer-meeting night. But Thomas presents more attractions, and Thomas wins the day.

George inwardly reflects that if Helen, who is altogether the best girl that he knows, doesn't consider it anything out of the way to break a church engagement it must be all right, and his standard of Christian consistency is lowered several degrees.

How about this lost opportunity to prove to this man that the claims of the Saviour stand first, and every other engagement must bend to His invitation?

George takes Helen to church Sunday night. The sermon is a stirring appeal to all to give their hearts to the Redeemer, and enter His blessed service.

George listens attentively, earnestly, is much impressed with the truth of the words and the importance of the appeal.

They go out into the darkened streets—an unusual thoughtfulness has taken possession of her companion, but Helen begins to chatter away about a fair to be held next week, and some tableaux, and what she is to represent, and how pretty the costumes are—lo! the serious impression is gone, only the lively tones and pretty looks remain with George. They part in high spirits, full of plans for the week's amusement.

Oh! what if Helen had said just a few words of earnest wish that her friend would heed the call, and join her in the heavenward path. Or if she had just been silent too, only speaking in the quiet of her own heart to God, for this her friend! Who can tell what might have come from those few words or that prayerful silence! Eternal issues have hinged on slighter things before this.

Could it be that this was a lost opportunity to win a soul for Christ? Nay, more. "Them that were entering in, ye hindered."

Unconsciously? Oh, yes, unintentionally, but, alas, none the less surely, fatally.—Episcopal Recorder.