



'The Right Thing to Do.'

(Faye Huntington, in the 'Youth's Temperance Banner'.)

One autumn day in my girlhood we drove over the New England hills and stopped at a farmhouse, miles away from any town. The picture of that farmhouse kitchen is still fresh in my mind, and I wish I could describe it to you. The deep red paint of the woodwork, except the floor, which was a bright yellow; the large old-fashioned fireplace with its crane and hooks and kettles; the straight-backed, splint-seated chairs; the claw-legged table; the high mantel, and perhaps, quaintest of all, the dear old grandfather and grandmother. Grandmother Brown's face was smooth and fair almost as a girl's, the look which rested there was peaceful and placid, and the quaint muslin cap which partly covered the still abundant dark hair seemed the only thing about her to suggest that she was an old woman.

With Grandfather Brown it was different; life had rested more heavily upon him, and his sunken features and furrowed brow told a story of every-day struggle somewhere along the road he had come. The other members of the family were the widowed daughter of the old couple, and her daughter, a girl of thirteen or fourteen. The girl was like the grandmother, sweet and gentle, but with a resolute spirit; while the mother was one of those who take life hard, like Grandfather Brown. As we drove back to town, at our feet a basket of golden pippins and luscious pears which the old man had smuggled into the carriage, my friend told me something about the family.

'Alice was a baby when her father went off to California in the beginning of the gold excitement. At first he was successful and sent home quite a large sum of money, so that Mrs. Carter and Alice are well provided for. But four or five years later news of his death came just when they were expecting him to come home. Mrs. Carter grew hard and bitter under her sorrow, and while Alice and the old people drive down to church every pleasant Sunday, Mrs. Carter very seldom goes out. Last spring we had a temperance lecturer who addressed the Sunday-school. With my husband's consent he introduced the pledge, and nearly all of the school signed it. I suppose it was the first time Alice ever heard any temperance truth presented, and her whole soul went over to the cause. But when Mrs. Carter had heard that Alice had signed the pledge she was very angry. She had never quite forgiven my husband for allowing it. She has some peculiar notions—thinks signing the pledge is an acknowledgment of weakness, and especially for a girl. "All temperance reformers are fanatics," and she "hates fanaticism." That Sunday she said a great many things to Alice that were hard to bear. Alice told me something about it, and I can easily imagine the rest. "Poor mamma," Alice said, "she is so afraid I am going to grow up 'peculiar'; but grandma thinks I am all right, and I guess grandpa does, too." It seems that Mrs. Carter grew somewhat excited, and she accused Alice of being disloyal to her grandfather. She exclaimed, "I wonder who you think will draw the pitcher of cider for him at dinner? You know very well that with my lame ankle it is not easy for me to go up and down stairs, but I suppose I'll have to; you'll be too good now to draw cider! And who will carry the egg-nog to him when he is in the harvest-field? And he thinks nobody can mix it quite like you! Seems to me you did not think how far this pledge-signing would carry you." Alice said she was ready to cry, but she kept the tears back, and steadying herself with a hand on her grandmother's shoulder, she said, "I didn't think anything about it, only that it was the right thing to do, and I did it; and I am going to stand by it in my heart, even if you make me take my name off. I am sorry about grandpa." "Never mind me, child! I'll get along some way. Stick to your principles! Mary, don't bother the girl; let her have a mind of her own!"

'The next day just before dinner Grandfa-

ther Brown came up with a pitcher of cider, and as he set it down he said, "There, Alice, I have fixed the cider business by cutting off the tap! And you may try bringing out a cup of hot coffee at nine o'clock instead of my egg-nog." He said to me later, "I knew the girl would never give in, and I thought that I might just as well save her having a hard time over it, and I don't see but I am just as well off." Alice comes in once a week for Greek and Latin lessons, and I drive over there as often as I can between times to give her a lesson, as she is anxious to prepare for Mt. Holyoke. She will go somewhere to school next year, and I shall watch to see what she does; she will be heard from.'

A few weeks ago I sat in a large audience and heard a woman speak in the interest of the temperance reform. The speaker was a noted one, but I had never heard her. In the course of her address she said, "Thirty-five years ago, after hearing Neal Dow speak in our Sunday-school, I signed the pledge and gave myself to the work of saving men and women from the curse." Quickly my thoughts went back to that autumn day and to the old farmhouse and to the earnest-eyed girl whose story my friend had told on our homeward ride. And I said to myself, 'It is she! my friend was right when she said, "She will be heard from."'

From out the ranks of boys and girls who sign the pledge early, who in their youth give themselves to the cause and to the work of preparation for usefulness, come the men and women whose influence is felt for truth and righteousness.

Hannah Grimm's Home-Brewed.

(Mina E. Goulding, in the 'Adviser'.)

'The Lamb' was a mean little public-house, built on the outskirts of Cinderley, not a mile from the pits. The bricks of its walls were grimy with coal-dust, and the wooden porch at its door was grimy too.

A little rose-tree, planted by the porch, had tried hard to thrive. Every April it put forth shoots of tenderest green; and then the spring winds blew up the coal-dust, and it fell thick upon the opening leaves, blackening them for good. And when, in June, two or three white buds struggled into the sunshine, they fared even worse than the leaves; and so each year, before July was out, the little tree lost heart and gave up trying to blossom.

But 'The Lamb' itself prospered, the colliers of Cinderley maintaining that its ale was the best in the neighborhood. The ale was home-brewed for one thing, and for another, Hannah Grimm, who knew her trade, saw herself to the brewing of it.

She was a coarsely-built woman, red-faced, with stubborn hair brushed sharply back from her brow, and held forcibly in place by a dozen bristling pins—a most fitting person, in all appearance, to have a house in her own name.

Outside 'The Lamb,' in the sheltered corner to the west of the porch, might have been seen on almost every sunny day a cripple boy, sitting in a rocking-chair, his hunched back propped by a faded chintz cushion, and his crutches beside him, in the angle of the wall and the porch.

'Jim Grimm,' they call him, and the jingle pleased the school-boys.

Early in the evening of one wet autumn day, when Jim had been confined to the house for a week, by reason of the weather, he sat moping by the kitchen hearth, while Hannah in an idle moment warmed her hands.

'Art poorly, laddie?' she asked kindly; 'thou's been unco quiet all day.'

Then Jim lifted his pinched face, and told her the truth.

'I heard a man saying in the tap-room to-day that I was no child o' yours.'

Hannah's cheek paled. 'Well,' said she, 'and s'posin' that's true, what odds would it make to thee? Now,' she added, startled by the sharp pain in his eyes, 'I'll tell thee all. Maybe 'tis time.'

'Well, then, we had a little public fifty miles from here, before my husband died, and thy father come there for drink till I was oft 'shamed to give it him; and thy mother fetched him home every night, carrying thee, a babe. One night, when he was mad, he struck her and she fell; and that's how thou was crippled. After that thy father turned thief,

and was sent beyond the sea, and thy mother died, and a voice said plain to me, "Take the lad, Hannah Grimm, for thy ale has wrought his doom"; and I took thee, and I've been a mother to thee.'

'Had you no bairns o' your own, mother?' he asked, hoarsely.

'Aye, had I! Five,—fair-skinned and straight-limbed, but ne'er a one lived to call me "Mother," And at forty I was left a widow, with only thee to call my own, and I brought thee here, and I'll keep thee.'

'There comes a feelin', whiles,' she went on, 'that I'm just sick tired of the life, for I was aye a woman with feelin's. And whiles, at night, too, when thou't sleeping, I count up all the men and women as my home-brewed has ruined, and it frights me sorely, sorely, laddie.' And there and then the big woman knelt beside the table, shaken by strong sobbing.

The words that came from Jim's lips that night will never be written on earth. He was deft of speech, and thoughtful beyond his years, after the manner of cripples, and when his heart was wrung his tongue was unloosed.

But this much is sure. The public-house was closed early in March, and the little rose-tree was carried to a place unknown, and Hannah Grimm's home-brewed was for ever a thing of the past.

The Finished Product.

It was announced in a paper the other day that a certain factory had turned out so many machines a month last year. Why did they turn them out? Not because they were worthless, as we turn out rubbish and refuse, but because they were finished. They were the completed results of the work for which that factory was put in operation. Well, in almost every town there is a factory that turns out. We saw recently a finished specimen of what such a factory can do. It was not a machine, but a man. He was bleary-eyed, tottering, and dressed in rags. He had been a welcome visitor to the drunkard factory as long as he had money. But now the legalized establishment had done all that it could for him, and its manager kicked him into the gutter. Yes, he was a reeling, staggering advertisement of what the saloon is accomplishing. Turned out because they had finished him! But is that public-house going out of business now? No, indeed. It is hunting for raw material to work up into toppers, and to turn out in due time as specimens of the best or rather, the worst, that it can do for humanity. How much longer are we going to endure it?—The 'British Workman.'

How the Saloon 'Pays.'

Mark Twain says a man bought a pig for \$1.50 and fed it \$40 worth of corn, and then sold the hog for \$9. He lost money on the corn, but made \$7.50 on the hog. That illustrates the condition of the saloons. The saloons breed vice, poverty, disease and crime. It costs taxpayers thousands of dollars annually to prosecute the criminals and paupers, but they are making money from licence fees on saloons that breed the criminals and paupers. A business man that would make such an investment as that would be considered a financial idiot.—'Patriot-Phalanx.'

Weakened by Strong Tea.

Lady Jeune says that servants are not strong nowadays because they drink excessive quantities of strong tea. 'They drink tea before breakfast, at breakfast, at eleven o'clock, after midday dinner, at tea-time, and sometimes even before going to bed,' she asserts in the 'Daily Telegraph.' The tannin, when so much is taken, absolutely prevents the assimilation of food, and bloodlessness, want of breath and weakness eventually overtake the tea-tippler. 'I have no hesitation in saying that it is the constant drinking of strong tea which makes the women of our toiling classes delicate and their children anaemic; not only do these latter inherit that weakness from their mothers, but become even greater sinners in this direction than their parents.'—'Christian World.'