

Hetty's mother thought differently. The little household was astir for an hour longer while she tenderly dressed the boy's burns. And it was nearly morning before any of them slept.

But in spite of a disturbed night, Hetty went to town early, and presented herself at Mrs. Herringford's at an hour which scandalized the lady, answering her ring. Hetty, however, refused to be daunted by his disapproving look and tone.

"Then I'll wait till Mrs. Herringford is ready to see me. I've something very important to tell her about her house in the country."

The announcement was sure to be an "open sesame" where Mrs. Herringford was concerned. Very shortly Hetty was ushered into the lady's presence. She stood for a moment shy and ill at ease, as the keen eyes looked her through.

"You have something to tell me about my country place," Mrs. Herringford's voice was rasping with anxiety.

"Yes, ma'am. I'm Hetty Barker. I live close by."

"I remember. Now tell me."

Hetty began her story, and was not interrupted. Mrs. Herringford sat silent, her hands clasped in her lap, her eyes on Hetty's face. Not till the recital was completed did she speak.

"Is Jim your brother?"

"No, ma'am. He's the boy in Chester's room."

"The boy in Chester's room?" Mrs. Herringford's tone was perplexed. Why, flush Hetty reared, the explanation had failed to explain.

"Chester was my brother. He enlisted for the Spanish-American war, and he died of fever."

"Well," said Mrs. Herringford as the girl passed.

"And through the hot weather we always keep a boy in his room—some poor boy, you know. Why, Jim says that in the house where he lives whole families are packed in one room."

She paused, but Mrs. Herringford's air of attention seemed to indicate that she was ready to hear more.

"Mother says we cannot afford a monument to Chester, and that, anyway he would like this better. Jim came to us from the hospital. He's getting stronger all the time, and we'll have to let him go before long, I suppose. But we'll hate to. It seems dreadful," added Hetty confidentially, "to have a nice big room empty, when so many people in the world are crowded all their lives."

She stopped with a gasp. What has she been saying to Mrs. Herringford. If an empty room seemed a reason for self-reproach, what of a big, empty house, full of the comforts for the lack of which human creatures suffer? Mrs. Herringford's inclusive question broke in upon her confused thoughts.

"Was the boy burned?"

"A little. At least he said it didn't amount to much. But mother spent a good deal of time fixing him up before she'd go to bed."

Mrs. Herringford rang the bell.

"Tell Williams I wish the carriage at once," she said. And before Hetty could realize what was happening, she was driving back home at Mrs. Herringford's side, behind the glossy black horses for whose coming she had watched so often.

Out of the episode here chronicled, grew a most unexpected series of events. For the boy in Chester's room stayed on. Mrs. Herringford's disapproved of his returning to the shoe blacking business. She suggested that he remain where he was and go to school, and fit himself for being a useful man in the world, and she expressed a willingness to be responsible for his support, so long as he should prove himself worthy. Up to the present writing, Jim has given her no reason to think that any of her aid and interest has been thrown away.

But that was not all. When another spring came, the big house next to Hetty's was opened and aired. Servants were busy as of old. There was an air of preparation, of anticipation. And by the time that May had carpeted the lawn with green, the house was full of children, wan, hollow-eyed children, some of whom had never before been introduced to a bird's nest or a dandelion. And in the big room downstairs, where the little folks

gathered after supper for a good-night talk, hung a portrait of a young girl, smiling down on the happy, tired faces over an armful of flowers.

BABY CRIED CONTINUALLY.

Mrs. Eugene Gagnon, L'Islet Station, Que., says: "I believe Baby's Own Tablets the best medicine in the world for little ones. I have given them to my baby for colic, constipation and sometimes for breaking up a fever, and I have never known them to fail in giving prompt relief. Before I began the use of the Tablets my baby was very thin and cried continually. Since then she has grown splendidly and is plump and healthy. I also gave the Tablets to my four-year-old child, who suffered frequently from convulsions, and they made a permanent cure. When I have Baby's Own Tablets in the house I feel safe, and I advise other mothers also to keep them on hand." Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

BREAKING DOWN THE FENCE.

"And how are you getting on with your new neighbor, mother?" Mrs. Dale's married daughter asked, as she drew some work from her bag and settled down for an "afternoon home."

Mrs. Dale reached over and took the little dress from her daughter's hands. "I'm going to finish this," she said. "If you didn't bring work enough for two 'twill serve you right to sit idle. But that Mrs. Connor," and a perplexed expression crossed her motherly face. "Really, I don't know what to say. Lucy. I've sent her in hot biscuit and honey and flowers, and she's been real polite acting, but I haven't seemed to get anywhere at all with her."

"Perhaps she doesn't want neighbors," Lucy suggested, wickedly.

Mrs. Dale stopped sewing and pushed back her glasses.

"Now, Lucy Prescott, you know that's nonsense," she declared. "Everybody wants neighbors—it's part of being a human; and the folks that don't know they want them are the very ones that want them most. It just makes me ache to see that child going round with her forehead screwed into a knot over something and I sitting here and not helping. I just want to get her in my arms and cuddle her up like a baby. I know 'twould do her good."

Lucy's eyes were tender, although laughter yet lurked in them.

"Well, mother, I'll still back you," she said. "If you can't break down the fences, I don't know anybody that can."

Mrs. Dale shook her head sorrowfully. "I'm pretty nigh at the end of my tether," she declared.

Discouragement, however, was a word not in Mrs. Dale's vocabulary. When, a few days later, her daughter came down again, she was met with the challenge to guess what had happened.

"Mrs. Connor has been over," Lucy answered, promptly.

"Well, mother, I'll still back you," guess so quickly," Mrs. Dale replied. "But that isn't all. She's been over every day, Lucy."

"Really day!" Lucy repeated in genuine amazement. "Well, you have really done it, mother!"

Mrs. Dale nodded triumphantly. "Yes, and she insisted upon getting supper that first night, and she says she's going to keep her eye on me now, and—"

"Getting supper!" Lucy echoed. "Mother, what have you been doing?"

"It was nothing but a fail. It's all right now, only it shook me up considerably, and I didn't know but I was hurt. So the Peters boy happened to be passing, and I sent him in to Mrs. Connor. You've no idea how kind she was. And she is worried, poor child, for her husband's lungs are weak, and I've promised her fresh eggs all the time, and—"

"Mother Dale, did you fall on purpose?"

Mrs. Dale's eyes attempted to sustain her daughter's look.

"Of course I didn't," she declared, indignantly. "But," and a little twinkle crept into her eyes, "maybe I could have got round a mite sooner if I'd had to."

FAVORITE HYMNS.

When asked to name a favorite flower, a favorite color, a favorite name for a child, or a favorite book, we generally discover that we have so many favorites among these that decision is difficult. I love the mignonette, the violet, the lily-of-the valley, and the rose geranium. The rose, the peony, the holly-hock and the cosmos are also my favorites, and how shall I choose one when all are so beautiful? This with perfumes—I like lavender in the linen room; violet, in the drawers of the bureau, and a faint, sweet blending of separate scents in the bottle of cologne water, but I have no preference for a distinct perfume. I knew an old lady in the South whose house was always exquisitely fresh and wholesome and so attractive to every sense that merely to enter it was a delight. "Aunt Catherine," said a young niece one day, "what is your secret for making a house smell so sweet?" "Soap and water, Bessy, and plenty of fresh air," was the answer. A good receipt for purity and fragrance in a home.

To get back to the question of favorite hymns. A hymn is the concrete expression of devotional thought. It is this and more, to be perfect; it must also be poetic. One of the most perfect hymns in the language, judged by every standard, is Ray Palmer's hymn, "My Faith Looks Up to Thee." Each stanza is in itself a germ, and every word fits into its place so smoothly and with so much melody that there is no jar either in feeling or workmanship. The hymn reaches its consummation in the phrase "a living fire." It is no wonder that "My Faith Looks Up to Thee" should be a favorite hymn. "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," is a hymn to repeat over and over when one is tired, sleepless or disheartened. "Cover my defenseless head with the shadow of Thy wing" has been my prayer and my comfort in many a dark hour. "Whoso I Survey the Wondrous Cross" is one of the noblest hymns in any collection. "Abide With Me, Fast Falls the Evening Tide," and Lead, Kindly Light," are favorites with many. It would be interesting to us all if those who read this bit of confidence would send The Corner their favorite hymn. Here is one—not a hymn, perhaps—but a psalm in meter that I learned when I was a very little child. I love it still:

The Lord's my shepherd, I'll not want,
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green. He leadeth me,
The quiet waters by.

My soul He doth restore again,
And me to walk doth make,
Within the paths of righteousness,
Even for His own name's sake.

Yea, 'tho I walk through death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear no ill,
For Thou art with me, and Thy rod
And staff me comfort still,

My table Thou hast furnished,
In presence of my foes,
My head Thou doest with oil anoint,
And my cup overflows.

Goodness and mercy all my life,
Shall surely follow me,
And in God's house, forevermore,
My dwelling place shall be.

AUNT MARGARET.