

How Hetty Higden Helped.

"I don't understand it, wife," sighed the minister, as he sank wearily into an easy chair, after his morning sermon. "The church was crowded as usual this morning, but in spite of my earnest appeal for closer acquaintance and more hospitality in the church, immediately after the benediction the congregation hurried out as if there were no such thing as friendliness or hospitality or my appeal for both. I suppose I ought not to complain for I never met a more generous people. They help willingly toward any good cause and always pay my salary. They are cordial enough in their homes, but they freeze when they come inside those walls. What can it be? Is it the church or the pastor?"

"I'm sure it isn't you, dear," soothed his wife. "Besides, I don't believe that our congregation is more so than any other city church."

"Oh, yes, it is," said he. "This morning I looked in vain to see the Barnhams speak to the Whitbams, or the Ottars speak to the Fords, or the Fords shake hands with those new people who have taken the pew next to theirs. Why! If that whole congregation had been congealed to blocks of ice there could have been no less warmth!"

The next Sunday he preached from the text: "Bear ye one another's burdens," and pleaded again for a closer friendship among the members so earnestly that at least one hearer went out stirred with a determination to help the minister all she could.

The more she thought about it the more her determination grew. Her face became so earnest with the thought, that her rosy lips were compressed and every freckle on the stubby nose stood out prominently. She gave the lock of red hair that strayed across her forehead a sharp twitch, which process seemed to open the floodgates of speech: "See if I don't do it another Sunday! The idea of you, Hetty Higden, calling yourself a Christian, and after your pledge to help the pastor in every way you could, standing there selfishly letting your pride, that you call bashfulness, rule you and stand in the way of your doing your duty! Now you've got to go and shake hands with those folks and stop thinking yourself too good!"

Hetty was only a little, unfashionable girl in a great church; whose short little jacket and a hat that had done several seasons service never attracted the least bit of attention in the fashionable throng; nor did this disturb her mind, for her ideas of the world were as yet limited to "mother's" opinion.

Her parents were devout Scotch people, who were still old-fashioned enough to believe in bringing up their children in the "nurture and admonition of the Lord," and if they couldn't afford a seat among the select, they must still sit under the "preached word" if they had to resort to the doorstep. So they sat in the humblest seat in church. Each Sunday Mr. and Mrs. Higden marshaled in a seat full of bright, rugged children, all shining and clean. Hetty was the eldest and sat between restless Tom and wriggling Peter, and proved a sort of safety valve for them.

She had queer ways of wondering at things, and this morning she wondered why the Murdstons swept into their pew and looked neither to the right nor the left, and did not speak to the Brownells, who sat just behind them, or why the Amhersts sat alone in their front pew when the old couple who could hardly hear sat in the rear of the church, or why Mrs. Fordam came so late. From her unfashionable perch Hetty saw all the great ones sweep into church and out again with merely a cold bow here and there. She had often noticed the minister looked a little sad as the great audience passed coldly out. The yearning in his face touched her. When Hetty told her mother of her determination she answered: "Be sure you are in earnest, child; that only succeeds."

"Oh, mother, I am; I canna bide that I dinna my duty!" said she, falling easily into Scotch brogue.

"Go, then, daughter; only look na back. There'll be mony rebuffs, but they'll na hurt ye. If ye do it in the spirit of true helpfulness, the Lord will help ye!"

Sunday morning Hetty made special preparations. She remained a little longer over her prayers and lingered over the Bible lesson and also over her toilet for she felt much was at stake. Never were her cheeks so rosy or her eyes so bright. She heard but little of the sermon excepting the text, "Having done all, stand."

After the congregation had sung, "Blest be the tie that binds," and the benediction had been pronounced, the great organ burst out while the fashionable crowd turned to hasten from the church. In the main aisle Hetty took her post, no longer timid or shrinking, but sweet and modest, with an uplifted face, she reached out to grasp the first hand that passed. It happened to be Deacon Burley's. He started a little, but as he looked over glasses and saw brave Hetty with honest blue eyes and bright smile grabbed her hand like a sinking and said heartily:

"Ahem! Why, bless you, my dear! Bless you, child!"

Before he let go of her hand with

her left she had gotten hold of good but stately Mrs. Richman's and said, so pleasantly, "Here is Deacon Burley," that these two people shook hands cordially and for the first time stood talking and smiling and forgot all about Hetty. Both went away feeling that Rock Street Church people were so cordial!

Of course many went by Hetty, but she succeeded in giving a friendly grasp to many who had never seen her before and introduced them here and there to the one next. Sometimes these introductions occurred between persons who had met the night before at a reception or banquet or had known each other always. It was a little amusing, but Hetty was innocent that she had disturbed the conventional! It was enough for her simple good will if they only seemed glad to meet. When the church was well emptied Hetty stood flushed for a moment, then slipped out like the modest little lass that she was.

That day at the dinner table Mr. Marvel said: "Wife, I guess your prophecy has come true. Why, somehow, people seemed to see each other a little today. I saw Mrs. Richman shake hands with a dozen, and the Amhersts told the usher to bring strangers to their pew. It must have been my rousing sermons."

"I never heard you preach better," said his wife. "I am sure it was!"

And so it was, but through a most unknown medium. Each Sabbath Hetty took her post. People began to look for the queer little woman with her short jacket surmounted by a rosy face. Triumph did not always perch on Hetty's banner. Sometimes her brave heart went down to her toes when the haughty Mrs. Highmind swept past her, almost over her, and looked with disdain upon the plump, red hand held out in greeting, when just behind her followed Mrs. Proudfoot, who aped Mrs. Highmind—unless a greater magnet appeared; but when Mrs. Rockford, the wealthiest of "the four hundred," caught Hetty's hand, and putting her arm about her, kissed the sweet, plain face and called her "my dear," Mrs. Proudfoot

wavered between the two magnets for a moment, then gave Hetty her cold finger tips and swept on, wondering what the great Mrs. Rockford found to admire in the queer little creature. "A friendly little body, that red-haired girl is," said Deacon Burley, while Gen. McMarch said, "Somehow people are so sociable in that church," and strangers declared it was the finest in the city as everyone seemed glad to see everybody else. So Hetty's helpfulness began to make itself felt.

"Wife," said Mr. Marvel one day, "we were both on the wrong track. It wasn't my sermons that brought about the change, but I have discovered that little Hetty Higden has organized a band of 'pastor helpers'; and every Sunday they take their places and greet everybody and introduce strangers. Wonderful, isn't it, how one little body could cause such a change!"

Rock Street Church was a success! Not that it had more money back of it to pay larger salaries or give to missions in greater sums; but that the men and women, whether in silk or cotton, came to know and trust one another. The church became a place where tired people went to rest and get refreshed spiritually and physically. Rock Street Church was fulfilling its mission because one brave spirit dared to do what seemed right even though it was very unconventional. [Mary J. Hesse in Union Signal.]

Keeping an Interest.

The lives of most women of moderate means and good-sized families are filled up with a round of petty duties. No hard work or great trial is so dulling and nerve-destroying as the constant repetition day after day, often many times a day, of these wearisome trifles. It takes a strong mind not to sink under the routine. It takes a mind not only self-cultured, but with some other and fresher interest besides and beyond the tiresome routine, not to get stagnated by the process.

For beside the tiresomeness, the lives of such women are often lonely. Compelled to sacrifice much time to their domestic duties and their babies they are condemned to the society of servants and children for the greater part of this period of their lives. And although they may love their children and be anxious to do their whole duty to their servants yet they often need and suffer for the stimulus of other minds or the inspiration of some change. The desire is right. The danger is when the desire ceases to be felt because it has been so long denied. The woman is fossilized who becomes content to fill up her days with a round of trifles, and neither seeks or wishes any distraction.

Some trifling occupation or amusement which has no connection with their domestic work is the best hope for such women. It may be a daily walk with some interest in rocks or plants to give it zest. It may be some artistic occupation, pursued persistently at home. Anyway, the interest must be maintained and the business must be persevered in despite discouragement or hindrance. The good results are sure, and the woman who can thus preserve a part of her life in quiet serenity, will find herself richly repaid for the effort it costs her. It is a window left open, a door set ajar into a broader and higher life. [Harper's Bazar.]

With the Poets.

The Blind Man.

The blind man at his window bars
Stands in the morning dewy dim;
The lily-footed dawn, the stars
That wait for it, are naught to him.

And naught to his unseeing eyes
The brownness of a sunny plain,
Where worn and drowsy August lies,
And wakens but to sleep again.

And naught to him a greening slope,
That yearns up to the heights above;
And naught the leaves of May that ope
As softly as the eyes of love.

And naught to him the branching aisles
Atrough with woodland worshippers;
And naught the fields where summer smiles
Among her sunburned laborers.

The way a trailing streamlet goes,
The barefoot grasses on its brim,
The dew that some flower-cup o'erflows
With silent joy, are hid from him.

To him no breath of Nature calls;
Upon his desk his work is laid;
He looks up at the dingy walls,
And listens to the voice of Trade.
—Ethelwyn Wetherald, in Youths' Companion.

My Eyes for Beauty Pine.

My eyes for beauty pine,
My soul for Goddes grace;
No other hope nor care is mine;
To heaven I turn my face.

One splendor thence is shed
From all the stars above;
'Tis named when God's name is said;
'Tis love, 'tis heavenly love.

And every gentle heart,
That burns with true desire,
Is lit from eyes that mirror part
Of that celestial fire.
—Robert Bridges, in New York Tribune.

July.

I am for the open meadows,
Open meadows full of sun,
Where the hot bee hugs the clover,
The hot breezes drop and run.

I am for the uncut hayfields
Open to the cloudless blue—
For the wide unshadowed acres
Where the summer's pomps renew;

Where the grassstops gather purple,
Where the ox-eye daisies thrive,
And the medicants of summer
Laugh to feel themselves alive;

Where the hot scent steams and quivers,
Where the hot saps thrill and stir,
Where in leaf-cells green pavilions
Quaint artificers confer;

Where the bobolinks are merry,
Where the beetles bask and gleam,
Where above the powdered blossoms
Powdered moth-wings poise and dream;

Where the bead-eyed mice adventure
In the grass-roots green and dun.
Life is good and love is eager
In the playground of the sun!
—Charles G. D. Roberts in Youths' Companion.

Recent Science.

NEW LOUD-SPEAKING TELEPHONE.—The editors of the London Electrical Review, May 25, say that they have personally used and inspected the new Graham telephones, and that no description can do them justice. They believe that the instrument will create a sensation and revolutionize all present systems. The articulation is perfect and the loudness wonderful, no call bell being required, as the talking can be heard plainly all over the room.

CURE OF LOCKJAW.—The plan of curing a germ-disease by the injection of serum from animals that have been rendered immune to the disease, has been referred to before in this column. It is meeting with great success, of which an instance is the cure of a bad case of lockjaw by injecting serum from a horse and a dog, reported by two Italians, Giusti and Bonaiuti, in the Gazette degli Ospitalia, May 12. The entire amount of immune serum used was twenty cubic centimeters. A remarkable feature of the case was the rapid success of the specific treatment after the complete failure of ordinary measures.

NICKEL-STEEL THE COMING METAL.—This is the opinion expressed by the Age of Steel, St. Louis, June 23, in an editorial article. Though nickel was used for coins two centuries before Christ, it is only recently that the discovery of the remarkable properties of its alloy with steel has brought it into great commercial prominence. The tensile strength of this alloy—nearly one-fifth greater than that of ordinary steel, while its ductility remains the same—will doubtless cause it to supplant common steel in many places where great strength is required. For instance, the American Atlantic liner Paris, has been supplied with a spare length of shafting of this alloy. It is said that this casting has a tensile strength of about 90,000 pounds, thus leaving existing British or German steel shafts quite a respectable distance in the rear. The production of nickel has increased within ten years from 1,000 tons per annum to over 5,000 tons, while before 1876 not more

than 600 tons were produced in any one year. The most noticeable increase has been in the manufacture of nickel-steel, ostensibly for armor plates and guns, but it is not likely that its use will stop here, especially as the price tends steadily downward.

AMMONIA MOTOR FOR STREET CARS.—An ammonia motor-car recently built in New York was given a trial on the afternoon of June 19. The car is about the size of an ordinary horse-car or trolley-car, and about one-half of its space is occupied by the motor. The general principle of the motor is well known. A reservoir, which is surrounded by a tank filled with hot water, is charged with dry ammonia gas under pressure. From the reservoir, the gas passes into the cylinder, where it acts on the piston expansively, precisely as steam does. The exhaust from the cylinder is conveyed into the water-tank, where the ammonia is condensed, and can afterwards be recovered, the inventors claim, with very small loss. In the trial, the reservoir was charged until the pressure was about 150 pounds, and the car was run about a mile backward and forward before the pressure ran down to 100 pounds. The Engineering and Mining Journal, June 23, in reporting this trial, says that where the circumstances are such that the ammonia can be cheaply made and supplied, the system could be well applied. It can be used in cities where a steam motor would not be permitted, and it presents the advantage which any separate motor does over an electric or cable system, where a failure at the central power-house will stop the entire system. The motor in question had several objectionable features; but with a better design of engine, and with cheap ammonia the motor may be able in many places to compete successfully with the electric road.

About People.

Madame Carnot has firmly declined an offer made by the Government to vote a pension to the widow of the murdered president. She will leave the Elysee at the end of this week, and will live with members of her family until the house which the late President had chosen is ready.

Prof. Drummond says: "I wonder why it is that we are not all kinder than we are? How much of the world needs it! How easily it is done! How infallibly it is remembered! How superabundantly it pays itself back! For there is no debtor in the world so superbly honorable as love."

Mrs. M. French-Sheldon, the African explorer, has sailed for London en route for Africa. Her purpose is to establish colonies in the country on the Tuba River, about 600 miles north of Zanzibar. The population of this region is about 40,000, who are said to be industrious, and most of them are runaway slaves who have received their manumission from the British East Africa Company.

Henrik Ibsen, the Norwegian author, loves to keep his hair in disorder. This is said to be his one vanity. He always carries a little toilet case, says a Danish writer, containing a looking-glass and a comb, attached to the lining of his gray hat. He often removes his hat to look into the mirror to see how his hair is lying. If it is not rough enough to suit his fancy he uses the comb to give it the requisite tangle.

The Duchess of Sutherland has for some time past shown herself most active in furthering many movements of philanthropy and charity, and has evinced a decided capacity for supporting her opinions on the platform. She has spoken in favor of temperance, and has hit hard at the intemperate habits of members of her own class. On the other hand, she is a beauty of the court, and her movements, dresses and tastes are watched by thousands of her own sex.

Madame Casimir-Perier, the wife of the new French President, is a very accomplished woman. She is a good English scholar, writes cleverly, and can seize a political situation keenly. This political instinct she inherited from her father, M. D. Segur, who held office under Thiers in 1872. As a hostess at her home in the Rue Nitot she exhibited admirable qualities. Bright, entertaining and amiable, she attracted the best people to her salon. It is said that her husband relies greatly upon her advice.

Speaking of the pianoforte as an instrument of study, Paderevski said: "It is at once the easiest and the hardest. Anyone can play the pianoforte, but few ever do so well, and then only after years of toil, pain and study. When you have surmounted all difficulties, not one in a hundred among your audience realizes through what labor you have passed. Yet they are all capable of criticising and understanding what your playing should be. Anyone who takes up piano-playing with a view to becoming a professional pianist has taken on himself an awful burden. But," added the Polish virtuoso, with a smile, "better that than the drudgery of giving pianoforte-lessons. The one is only purgatory, but the other—hell."

Just for Fun.

Caller—Doesn't it worry you to think of your daughter upon the ocean?

Old lady—Dear me, no; she can swim.

Mr. Figg—Tommy, my son, do you know that it gives me as much pain as it does you when I punish you?

Tommy—Well, there's some satisfaction in that anyhow.

School teacher (after discoursing on literature)—Now, George Gazzaman, which would you rather be, Shakespeare or Oscar Wilde?

"Oscar Wilde, ma'am."

"Indeed! why?"

"Cause Shakespeare's dead."

"By-the-way, Miss Hanby—I meant to tell you last Sunday to meetin'—ye know that last lot o' sugar you bought o' me?"

"Do I? Waal, rather. Made a cake with it, an' all the family took sick."

"Well, I forgot to tell ye. It was rat-pizen ye took 'stead o' sugar an' it's fi' cents more a pound."

The eminent lawyer, Mr. William M. Evarts, is an inveterate punster. Being at the top of Mount Washington, he began a speech, which the crowd of visitors had begged from him, with this felicitous pun:

"We are not strangers; we are friends and neighbors. We have all been born and brought up here!"

Young Lady—I am tired of living on my relatives, and want to be independent.

Employment Agent—I might get you a place in a store.

"That won't do. I'd be under some one's orders continually. I want to be independent of everything and everybody."

"Ah, I see. I'll get you a place as cook."

Two Scotch ladies of Stranraer were one day returning from church, when they found the town hall placarded with news of the victories in Spain.

"Is it no surprisin', Kirstie," said one, "that the Breetish aye beat the French in battle?"

"Not in the least, Maggie," was the reply. "Dinna ye ken that the Breetish aye pray before gaun into battle?"

"But canna the French pray, too?"

"An' wha'd understand them, if they did?" was the contemptuous response. "Jabbering bodies!"

WOMAN.—John Brown, having been sent one day at Balmoral by the Queen in quest of the lady in waiting, who happened to be the Duchess of Athole, suddenly stumbled against her.

"Hoot, ma'am," said J. B., "yer just the woman I was looking for."

The enraged duchess dashed inconspicuously into the royal presence and exclaimed to her Majesty:

"Madame, J. B. has insulted me, he has had the impertinence to call me a woman."

To which the Queen replied, with cutting severity:

"And pray, what are you?"

Some City Snares.

By Amber.

Often as I pass along the streets of this town I notice certain places which I do not burn down, nor tear down, nor otherwise demolish, merely because of inherent cowardice and inadequate strength. If I had a wide-awake growing boy I would no more turn him loose in your town, Mr. Mayor, than I would cut his throat with my own hand. Not, certainly, if there was a spark of human nature within him, and a boy without such a spark is hardly worth raising. And more than that, I will say this, that what with your saloons and your wide-open gambling resorts, wherein sit spiders luring flies, it has come to pass that every mother whose boy encounters harm thereby should be entitled to damages at least as great as juries award a careless pedestrian who gets his legs cut off at a railway crossing. You say that laws are inadequate to cope with evils of this kind; if that is so, then an outraged citizenship should rise superior to law and enter upon a crusade to destroy the infamous dens that decoy our boys.

Whenever I look into the face of an eager, bright, curious, thoroughly alive boy I feel like shaking every other duty of life and going forth to do battle with the devil for that lad's soul.

Why should evil have so much greater chance than good? For one reason I don't believe we make the good attractive enough. The devil has stolen the trademark of light for half his wares. Why not have more fun and frolic in the home and filter some of the world's innocent sunshine inside the Sunday school walls? Why may not the eager, active heart of youth find its good cheer and jollity somewhere else than in forbidden places and among scrupulous knaves? If we made our churches less austere, and their gatherings more alluring to the young, these low and vicious resorts might close for lack of patronage.

God bless the boys! I love them next best to girls and sometimes even a little better when they are especially frank and brave and true. I am not going to see them harmed without a protest, either, and I would be one of

a crowd this very day to march upon the resorts of evil that lie in wait all over town to destroy the bonnie fellows. If I had my way every man or woman who makes money by pandering to the curiosity of a boy's nature, inciting to unworthy passion by means of lewd pictures and the like, should be consigned to instant predition. The earth is too hallowed to receive their vile dust!—[Chicago Herald.]

New Zealand's Experiment.

To reassure those who base their objections to woman suffrage on fears of the result, may I be permitted, through your columns, to quote from a recent interview with the Rt. Hon. Sir George Grey, K.C.B., now visiting England, by the representative of the Illustrated London News, May 26, 1894?

I call myself a Conservative. Old machinery won't drive a new world; the old changes and must be replaced. Take the woman's vote, which is now a hard and fast and excellent fact in New Zealand. You'll have it in England, by-and-by, but for the present you are losing half the intellect of the nation, and more, I make bold to say, than half the virtues of the nation.

The News justly describes Sir George Grey as one of the greatest English pro-consuls of the century, the first statesman in the affection and achievement of Australian democracy. This testimony is all the more weighty in the case of New Zealand, where not only the white, but the Maori women are admitted to the franchise, a reliance upon principles of justice which should shame America's uniform expediency and distrust of equal rights.—[William Lloyd Garrison, in New York Evening Post.]

The Lessons of Sickness.

We are constantly hearing of the discipline of sickness. The spectator, who has just recovered from the only severe illness of his life, is inclined to doubt whether the sickness from which patients recover, ordinarily teaches any lessons either in patience or self-restraint that are worth learning. He is rather inclined to believe with Dr. Weir Mitchell, who for his large experience felt justified in saying, I have seen a few people who were ennobled by long sickness, but far more often the result is to cultivate self-love and selfishness, and to take away by slow degrees the healthy mastery which every human being should retain over her own emotions and wants." Dr. Mitchell was writing about women, but his remark is every bit as applicable to men. If really ill people are selfish, then convalescents are very much more so, for they exert pretty nearly all of their fresh strength to tyrannize over those who during the illness have been all attention and self-sacrifice. And the egotism of the convalescent! It is something colossal. It is the biggest thing about him, and pretty much all that there is to him. The tender solicitude of family and friends for his welfare and the condition of his health confirms the convalescent in his use of a false personal standard, and he thinks of himself, his aches and his pains, and the dangers he has passed in an entirely false proportion, and magnifies them far beyond their actual importance. And, what is more, he is ever ready to talk of these things, with an egotistic particularity of description that would shame a modest healthy man out of countenance of himself. He will tell how he slept, or rather how he did not sleep; he will tell of the pains he endured with a fervor that would have shamed a martyr in recounting his experiences in the torture-chamber of the Inquisition; he will recall how the doctors were baffled at this or that crisis of his illness, as though the obstinacy of the disease reflected upon him as great glory, and soon, as long as the listeners are within earshot. And when they are not, when he is left alone for a little while, he will grumble to himself until he is persuaded that he is a very badly-treated and much-neglected sufferer.

Distributing Educative Literature.

In the important matter of educating the public mind up to the proper standard on the temperance and prohibition questions the importance of the judicious distribution of the right kinds of literature can not be overestimated. A great deal more thorough educative work is yet needed or very successful election campaigns need not be looked for. We are bound to say that a good deal of the education of today of the ordinary temperance sermons and lectures is of a very superficial character. The teachers themselves have need to be taught, in many cases at least. Near New York a society has been established for the distribution of literature. Every member agrees to distribute each three months at least 12 cents worth of literature. In this way a few persons in each community would do a great deal of judicious educating. Could not some such plan be adopted among ourselves? Not only should societies and temperance organizations do their work, but individuals should do their share also, as individuals. How can that be better done than the judicious distribution of a clean and interesting paper, like the HOME GUARD, containing every week suitable matter in various phases of these great reforms and also much other interesting reading such as most people will be glad to see? For such purposes our paper will be supplied at the rate of 12 cents per quarter, in packages of five or more.