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progress of Christ's Church, by really lov-
ing our neighbor—even though we may
not agree with all his religious opinions.
And Love will seek for points of agree-
ment, rather than looking eagerly for a
chance to disagree and quarrel. We love
the same Master, how can we fail to love
those who are His brethren? As Whit-
tier sings:

O Lord and Master of us all!
Whate'er our name or sign,
We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call,
We test our lives by Thine.
We faintly hear, we dimly see,
In differing phrase we pray;
But, dim or clear, we own in Thee
The Light, the Truth, the Way."

DORA FARNCOMB.

My Lodge.

(An Upper Piazza.)

I live in an airy, outdoor lodge,
Half open to the breeze,
Wherein I lie on my downy couch,
And gaze far off o'er the trees.

I am up so high in my treetop home
I can see for miles around,
By day I can watch the floating clouds,
And at night each twinkling star.

When the sun peeps up in the pinkish
light
Of every glorious morn,
'Tis then that I call my fairy lodge
"The Inn of the Rosy Dawn."

In the daytime the song birds carol,
While from blossoming vines and trees
Are wafted the rarest perfumes,
To my "Inn of the Fragrant Breeze."

Through the sheltering dome of the at-
mosphere,
When the sun is climbing high,
I can see far into the crystal depths,
From my "Lodge of the Sapphire Sky."

When the vales are filled with the violet
mist,
With drops on leafy bowers,
I hear the rainfall on the roof
Of my "Inn of the Pattering Showers."

As the rain clouds lessen and drift apart,
And the sunbeams filter through,
An arch, so glorious is seen from my
"Lodge"

At the "Sign of the Rainbow Hue."

When in the luminous western sky
The sun is sinking low,
I watch it turn all things to gold,
From my "Inn of the Sunset Glow."

And I go to sleep when the day is done,
Lulled by the cricket's tune,
While my lodge is filled with the mystic
light
Of the beautiful silver moon.

HOPE LAWRENCE.

The Ingle Nook.

[Rules for correspondents in this and other
Departments: (1) Kindly write on one side of
paper only. (2) Always send name and ad-
dress with communications. If pen-name is also
given, the real name will not be published.
(3) When enclosing a letter to be forwarded to
anyone, place it in stamped envelope ready to
be sent on. (4) Allow one month, in this
department, for answers to questions to appear.]

Re Papering.

Dear Dame Durden,—I have been much
interested in the discussions in this Cor-
ner, and thank you in advance for
answering the following questions:

Our dining-room is a very large room,
but rather low, only about 8 feet high,
with a wainscoting 2½ feet high. The
windows are medium sized, with small
panes. The door has plain glass in it.
Now, I would like to know what kind
of paper would be most suitable? Would
you advise having the ceiling of metallic,
as it has to be papered anyway? Would
the woodwork look best pure white? I
might just say I have a sideboard of
quarter-cut oak and good table, and
chairs and sofa. What kind of pictures
and frames are best for this room?
Could I have a couple of rather large
ones, as the spaces on the walls would
admit such? Would you advise paint-
ing the woodwork of two bedrooms off
this room white also? If not, please
suggest.

MRS. R. M.

You forget to tell the exposure, in
describing your room, and that is an all-
important question. In a bright room,
with windows facing south or west, you
see, it would not be wise to choose
"warm" colors, as the effect would be
too "hot," as the artists say. Here,
then, soft gray-greens, pure grays, old
blues, would look well. Tobacco brown,
too, although one of the warmer colors,
might do nicely, as it is always soft and
quiet. For a room facing north or east,
on the other hand, the cool colors would
be too lifeless, so here you could use the
buff papers, and the warmer greens and
browns. Now, you will have to choose
the color of your paper to suit the ex-
posure, but whatever you decide upon,
let the paper be either plain or two-
toned (in two shades of the same color),
and let it run quite to the ceiling, fin-
ishing it there with a narrow wooden
moulding. You cannot use a border or
frieze, as the wall is already low and is
broken by a wainscoting.

Personally, I do not like a metallic
ceiling. A paper in deep cream, or in a
much lighter tone of the wall-coloring,
would be pretty. Muresco—a sort of
water-paint—is very good if very care-
fully put on to prevent streaking.

The color of the woodwork must, of
course, depend on the color of the wall
paper. White paint is very good, espe-
cially in a dark room, as it gives a
lighter effect, and you could use it with
light gray-green, old blue, or gray. With
buff or brown papers, or with olive green,
it would not look as well as a pretty
golden-brown stain. Any wood-brown
color would, of course, go with the blue
or gray-green quite as well as white.
With pure gray wall-covering, white, or
a harmonizing shade of gray would be
nice for the woodwork, but if you choose
this scheme, remember that you must
give life to the room by touches of, say,
olive green or old rose. You may in-
troduce these in rug, cushions, curtains,
etc., and be sure to have plants in the
windows. Gray, if unrelieved, is a dead
color; it needs the bit of brightness to
make it attractive. Of course the
brightness must not be overdone—just a
few touches are sufficient.

White woodwork is always nice for bed-
rooms,—especially if care is taken to see

that the particular shade of it har-
monizes with the paper. You know there
are "oyster" white and "cream" or
"ivory" white.

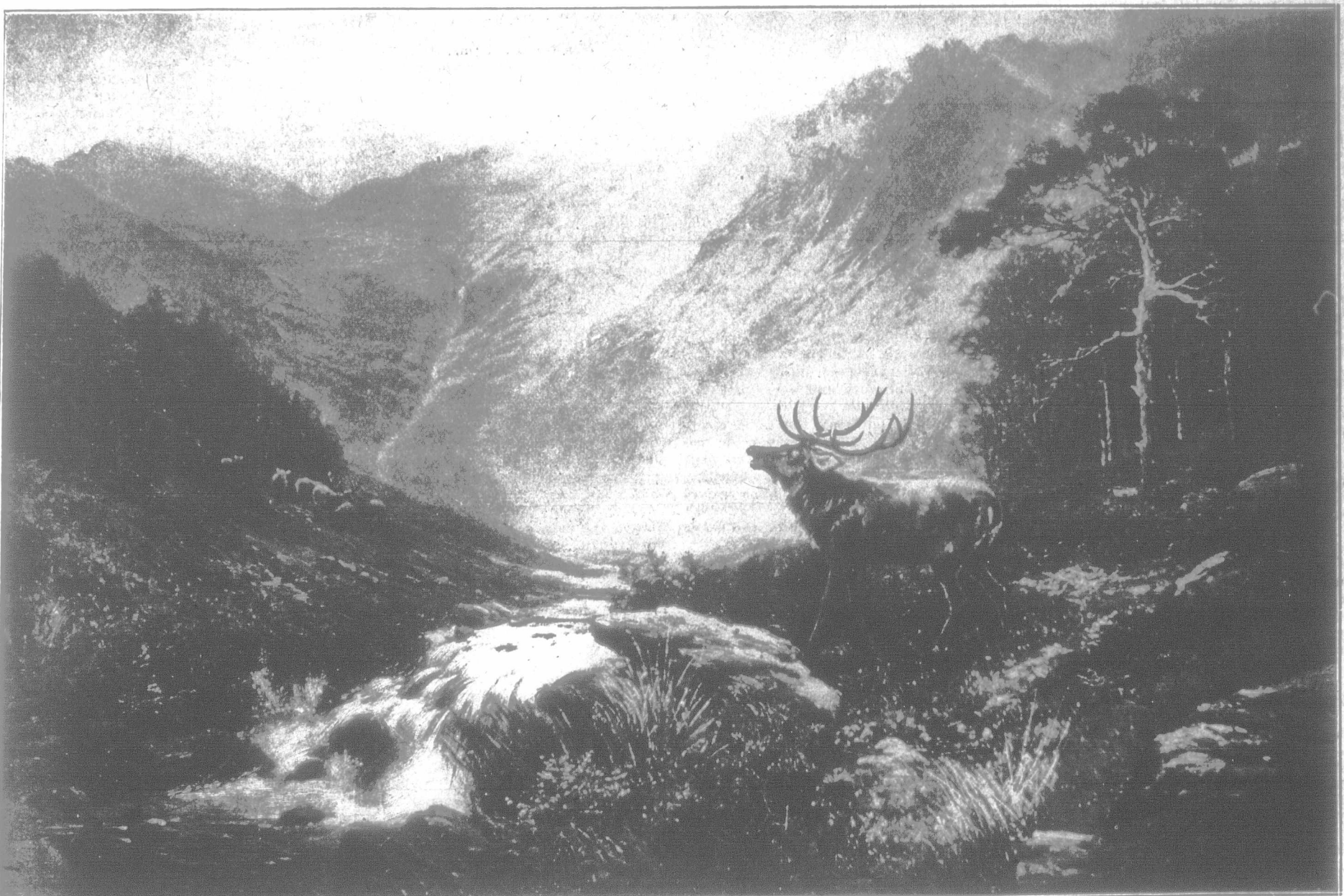
You might use a couple of rather large
pictures, perhaps, in your dining-room,
although, as a rule, medium-sized pic-
tures suit a low room best. The frame
must depend on the picture itself. Flat,
plain frames of stained wood are in favor
for the majority of pictures now, but
occasionally one sees plain, unostenta-
tious, dull, gilt ones, especially for oil
paintings.

Covering House Foundation.

Dear Dame Durden,—It is so long since
I have written that I am ashamed to
begin again. The spirit has been willing,
as usual, but—oh! those buts—the time
was difficult to find. I am coming as
an enquirer this time. I have recently
moved into a red-brick house, and the
stone foundation is in full view, and it
is a great eyesore to me. How am I
to cover it? I ask for suggestions from
anyone who loves flowers as dearly as the
"Commuter's Wife." One friend sug-
gested climbing nasturtiums. I instantly
bought the seeds, and, will you believe
it, they were the veriest "Tom Thumbs"
in existence—2 or 3 inches tall. I tried
dahlia roots on the west side; they lived,
that's all. The nasturtiums I planted
in the front, under a bay window, that
faces the north.

Two years, consecutively, now I have
bought clematis roots from "Rennie"—
seven in all—and one was living when
the frost came. They did well this year,
and grew many feet, and then, without
any warning, withered and died. Of
course the soil was poor and stony.
Last autumn I had manure and earth
drawn to the north and west sides, and
I have narrow beds now. Please help
me. It is time now to think of look-
ing at the catalogues. TRIX.

You should have asked for the seeds
of the "climbing" nasturtium; you evi-
dently got the dwarf variety,—but then
they overdid it, didn't they? When you
buy the seeds again, write to any reli-
able seedsman—such as those who adver-
tise in this paper—and you will, other
conditions being right, suffer no disap-



(Courtesy Imperial Fine Art Corporation.)

"The Rival's Call."

(From a painting by Ernest Walbourn.)