

HOUSE AND HOME CONDUCTED BY HELENE.

And there are better things to think about of a person than his faults. The friend you love has faults as well as the enemy you hate.

LOVE IS ALL.

"I had, as it were—a sudden and swift vision of an angel, bringing a sheaf of the flowers of Heaven; each flower was an attribute of the soul."

CHINESE WOMEN STUDENTS.

For the first time in history Chinese lady students are proceeding to various foreign countries to complete their education with western knowledge.

LETTERS OF CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

In the forthcoming "Letters of Christina Rossetti" will appear not only her own epistles—which are filled with expressions of family affection, literary opinions and religious convictions—but also letters addressed to her by more or less distinguished personages.

FURNISHINGS OF LIVING-ROOM.

The living room will be more satisfactory if furnished in modern style instead of confining the furnishings to any one period. Brown is a warm, cheerful color, and if the right shade is selected, a room with this color scheme can be made very inviting.

The wall covering of a medium brown shade should have a cream ceiling. Curtains and portieres of printed linen in a shade to match the walls with figures in green and yellow.

Modified mission style is a good choice for furniture. A large library table, one or two small tables and comfortable easy chairs will be necessary, and if there is room for it there should be a davenport or couch of some kind.

Much of the attractiveness of the room depends upon the arrangement of the furniture. In front of the fireplace is a good place for the davenport, with the library table placed behind it. The other chairs and tables may be arranged in groups in other parts of the room or near the library table, but the awkwardness produced by arranging the chairs around the room facing the center should be avoided.

A SPICY LETTER.

"Quis," in the Monitor, Newark.) The new marriage regulations have sown a new crop of gossip for a certain class of light and stupid Catholics to split hairs over, and for the time being, at least, have turned their attention away from their own parish priest and church to things in general.

"Isn't it perfectly silly," said one the other day, "about getting engaged in writing? The whole thing to be signed, sealed and delivered?" "I'd like to know," said another, "why I can't go where I like and have anybody I like to perform the ceremony when I am married."

The 100 Year Old Cough Cure

If the throat is "raw," chest sore—bad cough and you ache "all over"—take Bole's Preparation of Friar's Cough Balsam

Best thing you ever tried. It cures the throat—heals the lungs—breaks up a cold—and cures a cough in no time.

Weeks and years passed, and the crucifix was never taken down. Now the man and his wife are old. Their whole family is exemplary and edifying; they are esteemed and loved by all who know them.

FUNNY SAYINGS

A RELIGIOUS DIFFICULTY.

A Scotchman who is a prominent member of a church in Glasgow one Sunday recently put by mistake into the collection a piece of silver instead of a penny. On returning home he discovered the serious blunder.

A LESSON FROM A BABY.

A tiny 4-year-old was spending a night away from home. At bedtime she knelt at the knee of her hostess to say her prayers, expecting the usual prompting.

STILL TREASURED.

An army officer in charge of a native district in South Africa pre-

Decorating the Church.

The approach of the Easter season adds interest to a discussion of church decorations, which we find in the London Tablet. A well posted correspondent, (Mr. W. Randolph), writes:

The question of the suitable decoration of churches, and especially of altars and chancels, is assuredly one of highest interest and importance, and I trust it will be further elucidated.

The Middle Ages were in the full tide of tradition and development in these matters, and were, besides, distinguished by an incomparable sense of the natural fitness of things in all that belongs to the aesthetic and dramatic expression—a faculty since then lost or rejected.

It may not be out of place to observe, parenthetically, that our separated brethren of advanced views seem to recognize these facts more fully than ourselves, and that the "English Churchmen's Calendar" has for some years past included some most interesting notes and illustrations of altar-equipment—ancient and revived—on traditional lines.

As to decorations in general, and floral decorations in particular, it strikes one at once that the permanent is to be preferred to the perishable, and that hence the transient and corruptible nature of flowers renders them a less practical and in some sense less worthy embellishment than a work of art.

But the point I wish more particularly to bring forward is that there appears to be an obvious law of taste and aesthetics (acting, of course, on ritual propriety) which makes against the modern developments of floral adornment. The right usage of flowers as decoration must naturally accord with decorative law.

Now the keynote of decoration in a church is necessarily given by the building itself as such. That is to say, we are there no longer in the realm of nature, but of art and convention, and congruity must be observed.

Flowers belong to another order, and if they are brought into this, must be appropriately treated. A growing flower-bank, or any pre-eminence of floral decoration, in an architectural setting, is a solecism. It cannot be brought into proper relation with the latter, and the asso-

WITH THE POETS

A FAILURE.

They say he has done little, failure stamps its mark on that bent form, that shabby coat, The twin-sewed mittens, and frayed strip of shawl

We do not count the trifling, kindly deeds To which through all the years of those hands have turned, Nor deem it a success that over weak

We smile to see him feed the worn-out horse That worked for him, but now can work no more; And that the swallow might not miss her nest

We deem it folly that a blind, deaf dog Rests on the braided mat beside his hearth, Sharing his daily meals of meat, of milk, Because of some long past remembered worth.

And ever when the winter, with its sleet, Its ice-bound stream, its blinding tempest comes, The storm-tossed bird will seek his unkept home,

We know that never wife has clasped his hand, Nor child of his been dandled on his knee; And yet each child who greets his halting step

The willow whistle, or the birch-bark belt, The peach-stone basket or the gray-green chair, Woven of brook-tide rushes, and the ring,

If but our eyes could see with clearer view, Unblinded each bare heart and purpose scan, Then might we as success or failure gage, In verity, the measure of a man.

I must be strong of soul and staunch of heart, No matter what the odds; The long day's sturdy struggle is my part— The far result is God's.

Not mine to wet the page of yesterday With unavailing tears, Nor strive to clear the mystery of a way Far-leading through the years.

Mine just to meet and conquer, hour by hour, The thing that men call Fate, Going from strength to strength, From power to power.

Home-seekers' Excursion to North-West via C. P. R. The Canadian Pacific Railway have decided to run two excursions each month commencing April 14th.

Jesus Among the Ladies. A few days ago the Rev. W. O'Brien Pardow, S.J., of New York, said: "I do not like the word mediaeval as used by Ruskin. There is a sort of slur upon being mediaeval. And to illustrate that I will give you an experience of mine; I had the very great honor to be invited to address a club of Unitarian ladies. I rather shivered at the invitation to address these ladies, but I survived, and I am here to tell the tale. There were not more than forty of them, and when I asked the manager what was to be my subject I was amazed when she said, 'Your subject is to be, 'Why Are You a Catholic?'

Pius X's Gift to Menelik's Queen. Much has been written of the recent interchange of courtesies between Pope Pius X. and the Emperor Menelik of Abyssinia, but there has been no mention in this connection of the African monarch's consort. In the "Annals of the Propagation of the Faith," Father Bernard, O.M. Cap., who acted as the Holy Father's official messenger to Emperor Menelik, gives an interesting account of his reception at the African court. The audience with Menelik took place on September 17, when Emperor's breast the insignia of the Order of the Holy Sepulchre of Jerusalem. A few weeks later, on October 9, the Empress gave a most gracious audience to the Pope's envoy, who presented, as a gift from the Pontiff a very beautiful mosaic representing Our Lady of Perpetual Help.

How They Found Out. When the Lawtons had lived in Willow Park about a month, they were invited to the houses of their new neighbors. Mr. Lawton was on a dyspeptic diet, and Mrs. Lawton was endeavoring to reduce her weight. "I suppose we shall have to eat all sorts of things we don't wish, or else seem rude," said Mrs. Lawton, mournfully, as they set out for the first dinner. To their growing surprise, the bills of fare placed before them at each dinner, were all composed of such dishes as they could both enjoy.

How They Found Out. "I don't see how you all hit on just the right things, when Mr. Lawton and I really are such difficult guests," said Mrs. Lawton, in a burst of confidence one afternoon when the neighbors were taking tea with each other. The ladies looked at each other, and then one of them spoke. "You know Mary Sloan, who comes to wash for us Tuesday mornings?" she said. "Well, I have her Mondays, and Mrs. Green has her Wednesdays, and she goes for Mrs. Porter Thursdays and scrubs for Miss Homer Fridays, so you see—"

How They Found Out. Her voice trailed off into silence, but Mrs. Lawton no longer wondered, she saw "—Youth's Companion."

Rising from state to state.

Fighting, face star-ward, through the changing wars, With which a word is rife, So that my soul may borrow from the stars

Cleaving the shadows with unswerving faith, So I may move aright; Down to the valley of the shade of death

Without a soul—save this bright drink Of heady music, sweet as death; And even my peace-abiding feet Go marching with the marching street;

The tears fill my astonished eyes, And my full heart is like to break; And yet 'tis all embannered lies, A dream those little drummers make.

Oh, it is wickedness to clothe You hideous grinning thing, that stalks Hidden in music, like a queen That in a garden of glory walks, Till good men love the thing they loathe!

Art, thou hast many infamies, But not an infamy like this, Oh, snare the life and still the drum, And show the monster as she is! —Richard Le Gallienne.

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Farmer Cre and looked just showing mold by the tor's rig sto had been cryi but the cries the kitchen ca being washed, that, in the shaded sitting at last sleep excitement of the pillow who was swayed t spring breeze, trod on the tor, case in h chair.

"Well, how them?" "Very well close call, an struck an inch didn't!" The firmly as thou had said so r quickly, "You markably." "Is Red He?" never noticed. "That's good help it?" "Doctors I than heads. derfully capab right thing, good trained "Good anyt trained," said pushed the cas you. Doc, I n would have ground, if she gine home. A seen her rip o board when w the hose in be "I can imag tor with a sm on slowly and "You can de It has to be way that girl said the farme ward and said in his eyes, quite such, fo there? Now, A and the farmer more to his cr up from Star found who the left them wrar of five applica the place—had it didn't look ton District w show for its n a girl like tha been to see me I had said in much, ma'am! lieve it, there school—and th ones, two—no she hasn't to without any t mitteem, eit pretentious-look The doctor l Judge by appea Farmer Cresc tor whirl away was a tap of l clothed hall, a gray jacket, an thrust in amon her hat, stood stood a short.

"They're ju Crescrow, the minded taking lie's sleeping li Dascomb will s back." The farmer s young girl fro to the tip of said: "How old a Louise Kent?"

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