# HOUSE NO 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. In fact, the only difference between hate and love is one of direction. In the former case our mind is bent on the former case our mind is bent on the former case our mind is bent on the evil, in the latter upon the good were to turn it from the and if we were to turn it from the evil in our enemy to the good in him we should certainly come to love him also. There is good in every human being, for we are all the children of one Father; and the nearer we approach to Him in goodness the more readily do we discover the good in our brother.—Anna C. Migood in our brother.—Anna C. Mi-nogue—"The Garden Bench," in the \* \* \*

#### 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. He said to me: 'Which flower wilt thou choose?'

"There was courage—a blood-red lily, with a rosy light at its heart Purity-a white star; Hope-shining like an emerald in the moonlight-and many others. I said to him: "'Of them all, give me Love.'

"Of them all, give me Love."
"He held the sheaf towards me, saying (and oh! his smile): "Thou hast chosen them all. Love is ail." -Book of Items.

#### + + +

#### 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. Each such student is a of a Chinese college.

### + + + LETTERS OF CHRISTINA ROS-SETTI.

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

#### \* \* \*

## FURNISHINGS OF LIVING-ROOM.

The living room will be more sat The living room will be depicted instead of confiring 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 that the color scheme can be colored to color scheme can be colored to color scheme can be colored to colo inviting. Touches of green bright yellow will add to the inviting.

feet.

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 vellow. The sash curtains would The sash curtains if made of very yellow. coarse meshed coffee-colored net

Modified mission style is a of for furniture. A large li-table, one or two small tables and comfortable easy chairs will be 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

Much of the attractiveness of the room depends apon 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 gessip 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 gesting 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

"Yd like to know, band"
"Why I can't go where I like and have anybody I like to, perform the ceremony when I am married."

In one family the members, who had all listened to the same explanation of the new regulations the Sunday before, could not agree at all. Each one held out for what he or she thought was said, and drew the thought was said, and drew the conclusions; but all she thought was said, and drew many wonderful conclusions; but all agreed that the thing "is a mix-up." There is a spirit of critical levity There is a spirit of critical levity about some Catholics nowadays in

matters ecclesiastical that calls a serious word of correction. It uncalled for; it is unworthy of good Catholic; it is an abuse; it ometimes a scandal

Every Sunday brings its special quotum of table talk. The sermon, the ceremonies, the choir, the people are discussed, sometimes before the young people, bringing ridicule upon the Church, its regulations and its teachings. eachings.
Even the young folks have a say,

and they can be disagreeable and slangy even when speaking of sacred persons and things. All this is perfectly natural, quite the mode of the times in which we live. Wealth, position, have not brought with them respect with them respect. Education is not

with them respect. Education is not engendering reverence.

And these people wonder why the priest is not more sociable; why he does not call. He has been asked to dinner many times, but he always has some excuse. They cannot understand that the whole atmosphere in which they live is oppress. phere in which they live is oppressive to a priest. He is not at home phere in which they live is oppres-sive to a priest. He is not at home among them. Shop is all they think he cares to hear—"the Bishop," "the school"—and they are ready with all sorts of advice. After all, the priest is not a financier; that is not his training. Why doesn't he do this and that? Doesn't he think that taking

door money looks badly?

And so it goes. Is it any wonder most priests prefer to stay at home or to seek the company of their own kind as a recreation from the routine and the drudgery? They go out so-cially among lay people as little as possible. In their own parish partic-ularly they rarely if ever pay a so-cial call, preferring that the people should know them only over the sanc-tuary railing. Once a year they call on all the people. There is no jealousy. on all the people. There is no jealousy the people soon understand and ap

the people soon understand and appreciate. Their priest is father, the friend of all alike in his parish.
Change, movement, drift: we must go with the times, Catholics and all alike. Progress it is called, shaking

off the shackles.
"No cierical interference," a young man said the other day, when the priest advised the association not to hold an evening affair in a particularly common if not disreputable

Catholics are not priest-ridden They wear no shackles. To shake off the authority and guidance of the priest, even in our clubs and asso-ciations, is to deprive ourselves of the one sure centre of unity and harmony in our associate life; is in some way or another eventually to run counter to the Church's ideas of mony in our associate life; is in some way or another eventually to run counter to the Church's ideas of right and wrong in our conduct, is to do something foolish or worse. Every child that has ever disobeyed his mother has learned to regret his mistake.

mistake.

We are not so bad, I know, only we are not so bad, I know, only naughty and rebellious at times, and just like children, we want our way; we want to throw off parental au-thority and be free to think and act ourselves, as if it were not a and times wiser and better for ourselves, as in tweet who was thousand times wiser and better to have a firm counsellor and guide to lean upon and to direct us. We do obey the Church and respect our priests. Yes, but who knows? If we processing and being independent priests. Yes, but who knows? If we go on progressing and being independent, if we bring our free and easy talk and our light and flippant ways into church with us, who knows where it will end?

Let us become

where it will end?

Let us become attentive listeners, truly in earnest and eager to learn. Let us acquire a little first-class information directly and from the proper source. Let us be loyal and less critical. Let us, in a word, become more Catholic and less Protestant.

THE MAN WHO SINGS.

Give us, obl. give us, writes Carpeter and the control of the control of

Give us, oh! give us, writes Car-lyle, the man who sings at his work. lyle, the man who sings at his work. Be his occupation what it may, he is superior to those who follow the same pursuit in silent sullenness. He will do more in the same time, he will do it better, he will persevere longer. One is scarcely sensible of fatigue while one marches to music. The yery stars are said to make The very stars are said to make their spheres. Wondrous is the strength easily for a of cheerfulness; altogether past calspneres. Wondrous is the strength of cheerfulness; altogether past calculations are its powers of endurance. Efforts, to be permanently useful, must be uniformly joyous, a spirit all sunshine, peaceful from your allogers, beautiful. beautiful bright.

#### + + + A BEAUTIFUL STORY.

A BEAUTIFUL STORY.

A beautiful story is told in the Catholic Virginian, in describing the life of an aged couple, whose first purchase on the eve of their marriage was a crucifix. The modest little crucifix in plaster was given in their home the place of honor over the mantlepiecs, where it seemed to reign as the true ruler, the undisputed master over the whole lives of these humble and courageous workers who had asked God to protect and bless the union of their hearts.

## The 100 Year Old Cough Cure

## Bole's Preparation of Friar's Cough Balsam

Nobody has ever heard any quarrel amongst them; they love each other tenderly, because they have learned how to practice the domestic virtues. It happened that a friend coming asked the old grandmother, now bent with age, how her children were kept so good and walked so uprightly. And the old woman pointed her hand to the white crucifix nailed to the wall above the fix nailed to the wall above must piece for half a centuey. "You must ask him," she said, her face lighting up with a scrone smile, as of one who knew the secret of true Christian happiness.

Weeks and years passed, and the crucifix was rever 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.

Nobody has ever heard any quarrel expenses them; they love each other

## 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 in-On returning stead of a penny. On returning home he discovered the serious blunhome he discovered the serious blunder. He spent the afternoon in considering the matter and talking it over with his wife. "Ye see," he said to her in explanation of his loss, "I micht stay awa' for twentynine Sawbaths to mak' it up, but then I wad be payin' seat rent an gettin' nawthin' for't. I'm thinkin' lassie, this maun be what the medister ca's a religious deefficulty."

### A LESSON FROM A BABY.

A tiny 4-year-old was spending a

night away from home.

At bedtime she knelt at the knee At bedtime she knet at the knee of her hostess to say her prayers, expecting the usual prompting. Finding Mrs. B. unable to help hrr out, she concluded thus:

"Please, God, 'scuse me. I can't

remember my prayers, and I'm stay-ing with a lady who don't know

#### \* \* \* STILL TREASURED.

This coupon cut out and mailed to The Blue Ribbon Tea Co. P. O. Box 2554, Montreal, entitles the sender to a free package of our 40c. Blue Ribbon Tea. Fill in blank space whether you wish Black, Mixed or Green Tea (

ented to the Kafir servant a pair ciation is injurious to both nature

TOWN

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

To MRS.

of strong, heavily nailed army boots.

The boy was delighted with the gift, and at once sat down and put the

boots on. They were the very first pair he had ever had in his life, and

for several days are avairable is structed proudly about the coamp with them. But at the end of the week he appeared as usual with bare feet and the boots tied round his neck. "Hello!" said his master. "Why

several days afterward he strut-

!" said his master. "Why you wear your boots? Are

too small for you?"
h no. sah," replied the Kafir, "Oh, no, sah," replied the Kafir,
"they p,enty big. Berry nice boots,
sah, but no good for walking or running. Make um fellah too much
slow, sah. Keep boots now for
wear in bed."

\* \* \*

(London Chronicle.)

(A correspondent is puzzled as

Your houses are hice and your sal spouses are spice, And if you've two blouses—they're

\* \* \*

When the Lawtons had lived in Willow Park about a month, they were invited to a succession of little dinners at the houses of their new neighbors. Mr. Lawton was on a dyspeptic's 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, mounfully, as they set out for the first dinner. To their growing surpaise, the bills of fare placed before

HOW THEY FOUND OUT.

If several mouses

BLICE.

ST

boots on.

## 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 coration of churches, and especially of altars and chancels, is assuredly one of highest interest and importance and I trust it will be further

one of highest interest and importance, and I trust it will be elucidated.

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

It may not be out of place to ob-

serve, parenthetically, that our se-parated brethren of advanced views seem to recognize these facts more fully than ourselves, and that the "English Churchman's Kalendar" has for some years past included some most interesting notes and illustra-tions of altar-equipment—ancient and

there appears to be an obvious in the appearance in the nakes 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 floral adornment. The right n'a church is necessarily given the building itself as such. Th o say, we are there no longer in he realm of nature, but of art and onvention, and congruity must be bserved.

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

WHAT OUR CATHOLIC ANCESTORS DID.

the flowers; while, on the hand, they adorned their tes with the richest and most

exquisite productions of human han-dicraft; tapestries and sculptures and picturings, gold and silver and jewel work, marbles, mosaics and poly-

About the altars themselves, with their draperies of frontal and dossal

these last, of course, symbols as ornaments. Sometimes

duly conve

It was, I feel sure, largely an stinctive perception of such considerations as the above that led our Catholic ancestors to use flowers and greenery in a sparing and sub-

ordinate manner, and duly tionalized for their position wreaths and garlands, or as

upon the flo other hand, churches with

work.

the word "blice," which appeared in these columns.)

The answer one trows in a trice,

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 pertishable, and that hence the transtient 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

# WITH THE POETS !

A FAILURE.

snappy coat, twine-sewed mittens, and frayed strip of shawl winds, in winter, round his wrinkled throat.

We do not count the trifling, kindly

deeds
To which through all the years
those hands have turned,
Nor deem it a success that over weak
And feeblest forms of nature

heart vearned. We smile to see him feed the wornout horse That worked for him, but now can

work no more;
and that the swallow might not
miss her nest
He carved an entrance through the

old barn-door. 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 Its ice-bound stream, its blinding tempest comes, The storm-tossed bird will seek his

unkempt home, Sure, here, of grain, of meat, of scattered crumbs.

We know that never wife has clasped his hand, Nor child of his been dandled his knee;
And yet each child who greets his
halting step
Has some small gift to keep in

memory 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, Or wee girl's bracelet, from her own fair hair.

If but our eyes could see with clearer view, Upblinded each bare heart and purpose scan, Then might we as success or failure

gage,
In verity, the measure of a man

—Cora A. Matson Dolson, in Circle Magazine.

THE BATTLE OF LIFE.

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 yester-

day With unavailing tears, Nor strive to clear the mystery of

and design. Nor is it the natural fitness of things that the perfume of flowers should be battling with the odor of incense. They are different atmospheres, and assort with different ideals. 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,

Rising from state to state;

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

They say he has done little, failure the changing wars.
With which a word is rife, So that my soul may borrow from the stars.
Courage and light and life;

Cleaving the shadows with So I may move aright;

Down to the valley of the shade of

death Walking a path of light;
Till at the last, weary, I touch the

goal,
And know the journey blest,
Ready, though staunch of heart and
strong of soul,
Aye, ready—for my rest!
—Namry Byrd Turner

ILLUSION OF WAR.

I abhor I abbor, And yet how sweet The sound along the marching street Of drum and fife! And I forget Wet eyes of widows, and forget Broken old mothers, and the whole Dark butchery without a soul.

Without a soul-save this bright drink Of heady music, sweet as death;

Of heady music, sweet as death;
And even my peace-abiding feet
Go marching with the marching
street;
For yonder, yonder goes the fife,
And what care I for human life?

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 Yon hideous grinning thing, that stalks Hidden in in music, like a gucen

That in a garden of glory walks.
Till good men love the thing th loathe! Art, thou hast many infamies But not an infamy like this,
Oh, snap the fife and still the drum,
And show the monster as she is!

—Richard Le Gallienne.

(Golden Jubilee of Lourdes, Febru-

ary 11, 1908.) Neath sunny skies in far-off France, 'Mid climbing rose and vine,
There stands beside a rocky ledge
A wondrous blessed shrine.

And everything in that dear spot Seems part of Mary's fame; The azure skies, the lilies white, All whisper her sweet name.

Unnumbered souls in eager love

Have sought a refuge there; Innunmbered gifts from Mary's hands Have crowned faith's carnest pray-

Yet we who cannot go to Lourdes, Our tribute there to lay,
May build a shrine within our heart
Where we can homage pay.

And, joining with the pilgrims blest In great St. Louis' land, Our humble prayers shall graces Our draw

From Mary's gentle hand. -Ave Maria

#### Homeseekers' Ex uis on to North-West via C. P R

The Canadian Pacific Railway have decided to run two excursions each month commencing April 14th. to Winnipeg, Edmonton and intermediate stations at very low rates for the round twin. Tilelets good for ate stations at very low reacher the round trip. Tickets good for sixty days. Full information on application to City Ticket Office, 129 St. James street, or any other agent of the Company.

## Jesuit Among the Ladies.

A few days ago the Rev. W.

their growing surposed of such dishes as they could both enjoy.

"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.

"The ladies looked at each other, and then one of them spoke.

"You know Mary Sloan, who comes to wash for you Tuesday mornings?" she said. "Well, I have her Mondays, and Mrs. Green has her Wednesdays, and she irons for Mrs. Porter Thursdays and scrubs for Miss Homer Fridays, so you seen. The roice trailed off into silence, but Mrs. Lawton no longer wondered; she saw "Youth's Companion."

"Her voice trailed off into silence, but Mrs. Lawton no longer wondered; she saw "Youth's Companion."

"You know and Scrubs for Mrs. How you tried Holloway's Corn Cure? It has no equal for removing the saw "Youth's Companion."

"You know and Scrubs for Mrs. How you tried Holloway's Corn Cure? It has no equal for removing the saw "Youth's Companion."

"' 'We know,' the lady said, 'an immortal soul is quite hard to get hold

'Another lady said: 'Well, if "Another lady said: Well, if I could be convinced of a personal God I would accept a good deal of what you say.' And another said, Well, now, the Catholic Church is very consoling: I believe that fully. If I could only believe, I would accept all you teach.' It made me sad, and I come away a wiser men and all you teach. It made me sad, and I came away a wiser man, and I considered the advantages that we Catholics have, that the children in our schools are innocent of almost all the objections of these refined, educated ladies:

## Pius X's Gift to Menelik's Que

these last, of course, symbols as well as ornaments. Sometimes the dospitude and tracks the shape of a sculpture of the spring aptly illustrated the sand unclosing aptly illustrated the sand the peritential seasons. At the time the idea of the baldacening or canopy is found persisting in England, in some shape or form, down to the Reformation. It must be always to the Reformation in the sand to illustrate that I will give you an experience of mine; I had they you an experience of mine; I had they you are adeparture from earlied and I am here to tell the tale. There were not more than forty of the vere a departure from earlied and simpler practice, but they do a simpler practice, but

"Well, how them?"
"Very, well close call, an struck an inch didn't!" The firmly as tho had said so a quickly, "You markably." markably. markably."
"Is Red Her
"Miss Kent's
never noticed.
"That's que
help it?" LOVE'S SHRINE. "Doctors 1

than heads.
derfully capab
right thing.
good trained;
"Good anyt
trained," said pushed the car you, Doc, I myould have be ground, if she gine here. A seen her rip o board when y the hose in be "I can image".

THURSDAY.

BOY

THE LI

Farmer Crewhere the earling over him tortoise-shell

tortoise-shell across his la stroked the right hand withe cowyard, had stood a there was a mass of refi had stood the bors, warped

had stood the bers, warped ened shingles, from the kitc milkroom and minus its win were warped It had been a was saved.

Farmer Cre and looked just showing mold by the

tor's rig stoo had been cryin but the cries the kitchen ce being washed.

that, in the

that, in the shaded sitting at last sleepin excitement of tears in the thought of th the pillow wh was swayed to applied by the pillow who was swayed to

spring breeze.

read on the

tor, case in h

"Well, how

"I can imag on slowly and
"You can de
It has to be
way that girl
said the farme
ward and said
in his even in his eyes. quite such foo there? Now, and the farmer more to his er up from Star found who the left them wrai of five applica the place-had it didn't look ton District w show for its n a girl like tha much, ma'am! lieve it, there school—and the ones, too—nor she hasn't to without any traiteemen, eith pretentious-loo.

The doctor I judge by appear

The doctor I judge by appear Farmer Cresc tor whirl away was a tap of clothed hall, a gray jacket an thrust in amor her hat, stood thrust in amor her hat, stood stood a short "They're ji Crescrow, the minded taking he's sleeping hi Bascomb will : back." The farmer s young girl from

young girl from to the tip of

