

HOUSE AND HOME

CONDUCTED BY HELENE.

A young woman once heard a bit of wisdom from the lips of a very aged woman—a woman who had rounded the full term of ninety years, and with eyes still bright and clear looked out upon the inrolling waters of eternity.

MOTHERS.

At a mother's meeting a young woman recounted with some pride a number of proverbs about mothers. "It's easier for a poor mother to keep seven children than for seven children to keep a mother," she said, "is from the Swiss."

DON'T MIND THE WORLD.

It really does not count for much what the world thinks or says of us. The world is usually mistaken. Often it is so involved as to feel compelled to bear false witness.

WORX FOR ETERNITY.

If we work upon marble, it will perish; if we work upon brass, time will efface it; if we rear temples they will crumble to dust; but if we work upon immortal souls, if we imbue them with principles, with the just fear of God and love of fellow men, we engrave on those tablets something which will brighten all eternity.—Daniel Webster.

THE USELESS KITCHEN.

Coincident with the transfer of household industries outside the home, our methods of living are undergoing a slow but steady revolution. The housewife of to-day is not so busy a personage as was her grandmother, says the Delineator for January.

WHAT IS A FRIEND?

The first person who comes in when the whole world has gone out. A bank of credit on which we can draw supplies of confidence, counsel, sympathy help and love. One who considers my need before my deservings.

CLEANING RIBBONS.

Ribbon in delicate shades which has lost its color and is somewhat soiled may be washed in naphtha, a process which will effectually prevent it from fading.

reavements, and is a safe fortress at all times of trouble. One who, gaining the top of the ladder, won't forget you if you remain at the bottom. One who in prosperity does not toady to you, in adversity assists you, in sickness nurses you, and after your death marries your widow and provides for your children.

One who is a balance in the sea-saw of life. One who guards another's interests as his own and neither flatters nor deceives. A twentieth century rarity. One who will tell you your faults and follies in prosperity and assist you with his hand and heart in adversity.

THE EARTH-HOUR.

The earth was made in twilight, and the hour Of blending dusk and dew is still her own. Soft as it comes, with promise and with power Of folded heavens, lately sunset-blown.

Then we who know the bitter breath of earth, Who hold her every rapture for a pain, Yet leave the travail of celestial birth To wipe our tears upon the dusk again.

But vain, the spirit takes in sovereign mood, A sure revenge, as in some tree apart A whippoorwill sets trembling all the wood.—The silence mends more quickly than the heart.—Charles L. O'Donnell, in the April Atlantic.

OUR FACES.

The two sides of a person's face are never alike. The eyes are out of line in two cases out of five, and one eye is stronger than the other in seven persons out of ten. The right eye is also a rule higher than the left. Only one person in fifteen has perfect eyes, the large percentage of defects prevailing among fair-haired people.

AT SUNSET WENT A PAINTER FORTH—

The master artist He spread His canvas south and north, But none had eyes to see. He streaked the east with rosy bars, He flecked the west with flame, And tinted all the flying clouds Until, when darkness came,

He sketched a silver crescent fair Upon a quiet sky, And scattered sparkling stars about Then laid His colors by. Many there were that eventide Who walked the crowded ways, Yet no one marked the masterpiece, And gave the Artist praise.—Book News.

FUNNY SAYINGS.

When Charles Dickens was in Washington he met one morning on the steps of the capitol a young Congressman from Tennessee, whom the great novelist had offended by his bluntness. That morning Dickens was in great good humor. "I have," said he, "found an almost exact counterpart of Little Nell."

with you!" "I am speaking of the Little Nell of my story," retorted Dickens, flushing. "Oh," said the imperturbable Tennesseean, "you write novels, do you? Don't you consider that a rather trifling occupation for a grown-up man?"

AN OVERVAUNTED VIRTUE.

S. I. Kimball, the general superintendent of the Life Saving Service at Washington, said the other day of an applicant for a certain post: "The man was recommended for his steadiness. Now, steadiness is a virtue, especially in life saving, that by itself does not go very far. Whenever I think of it I think of an old lady I used to know."

AN APOSTLE'S DOWNFALL.

A well known London artist was engaged upon a sacred picture. A handsome old model named Smith sat for the head of St. Mark, but when the picture was finished he was lost sight of. The other day, however, the artist wandering about the London Zoological Gardens, came upon his old model with a broom in his hand, looking very disconsolate.

THE UNCLOSED DOOR.

As she went through the House of Life she closed All doors behind her—all save only one, And this she could not, even though she strove; One door that was her anguish and her shame— One door that opened to the wind and sun From that still room where once she dwelt with love.

IN THE CONVENT GARDEN.

The ball flies high in the sunny air, "Catch it!" It falls. With tossing hair And fluttering skirts and shrieks of glee They race it to the shabby; Mary and Barbara, neck and neck, They laugh and race—to a sudden check, Their voices fall in a dying hush; For there, behind that flowering bush, Aloft upon a barren Tree Hangs One in Agony.

A "PERFECT GENTLEMAN."

Irish wit is famed the world over and its spontaneity is one of its chief charms. Many clever stories are told of Father Healy, one of the greatest wits that Ireland has, ever produced. One of these will bear repetition: Father Healy once made a call upon a gentleman whom he found writing in his library. "Ah, here you find me among my best friends," said his host, with a movement of his hand, indicating the volumes around him. Father Healy took out one of the books at random and found the leaves uncut. "And it's a perfect gentleman you are," he said, "for you don't cut your friends."

TO VIRTUE IS CLAIMED AND OBTAINED BY SUCCESS.

The little band of worshippers at the shrine of the Pure Life grows smaller and smaller. Egoism is the universal god. Self-abnegation is sneered at, and in certain cases condemned by the law, as witness the expulsion of the Sisters from the French hospitals. Asceticism is rarely practiced, except as a form of vegetarianism, as the particular fad of some champion fool in flannels, as a training 'hint' to golfers. It may help you to win, not to win eternal life, but a silver cup or a blazer; not salvation, but the Grand Prix. There have been jockeys who looked like saints. The asceticism practiced during the whole of his priestly life by the late Cardinal Richard gave to his features an ethereal splendor such as I have rarely seen upon any human living face, a certain mysterious dignity which is almost peculiar to the dead, and this because the Cardinal's asceticism, formed part of the spiritual as well as of the material decorum of his life. As near as it is possible to judge any man, he was, as near as any man may be, virtue incarnate. And his virtue shone all the more brilliantly in the darkness of his surroundings.

Cardinal Richard.

The Academy, of London, a non-Catholic publication, prints the following beautiful tribute from the pen of Rowland Strong: "In these days of hero worship it is rare that the saints come to their own. The admiration which is due

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WITH THE POETS

IN THE COOL OF THE EVENING.

In the cool of the evening, when the low sweet whispers waken, When the laborers turn them homeward, and the weary have their will, When the censers of the roses o'er the forest aisles are shaken, Is it but the wind that cometh o'er the far green hill?

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For the say 'tis but the sunset winds that wander through the heather, Rustle all the meadow-grass and bend the dewy fern; They say 'tis but the winds that bow the reeds in prayer together, And fill the shaken pools with fire along the shadowy burn.

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TO BE BRAVE AND HAPPY AND LOVE OUR FRIENDS,

And be glad when the day begins and ends, Because upon the bitter Tree He hangs for you and me.—The Academy.

A SONG OF BEAUTY.

Oh, sing me a song of beauty! I'm tired of the stressful song, I'm weary of all the preaching, the arguing right and wrong, I'm fain to forget the adder that under the leaf lies curled, And dream of the light, and beauty that gladdens the gray old world.

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