

THE MONKS OF ST. BERNARD.

ETTA S. ELLIS.

"On the Alps in Switzerland is the convent where for more than a year past the plowmen have raised the wonderful St. Bernard dogs, to seek and rescue travelers lost in the terrible storms of that locality."

Far above the world of care,
Where mountains beckon to the skies,
Flung like an eagle in the air.
The hoary convent safely lies;
The dangerous pass is far below,
That hides behind its robe of snow.
The iron clasp and chaff of death.

But mutely to those aged walls
Is borne the call of human pain;
It wanders in the cloisters, sighs,
To speak its thoughts over again;
A voice mutely watching there,
That note each tempest's awful shock,
That think in pauses of each prayer
Or dim abyss and hea-bound rock.

That know the fainting traveler waits,
Along the wild storm's pathless flight,
The succor from the convent gates;
Those dogs that love the frozen height;
Whose feet the dreary waste will press,
To them that snowy grave shall give
Its hidden prey—whose rough curse
Shall bind the trembling sufferer live.

Ah, brotherhood! whose gentle skill
Hath nursed, and trained each sagacious guide
To lead by patient care and skill
The way to safety to thy side;
With wings the wings from the tower,
Thrice blessed its chimes, and heavenward
Thy mission through each passing hour.
Thou faithful mount of St. Bernard.

Cleveland Leader.

HOUSE AND HOUSEHOLD.

Domestic Reading.

Men of culture are the true apostles of equality.

A man's mind is known by the company he keeps.

Confidence is a plant of slow growth in an aged bosom.

A stout heart may be ruined in fortune but not in spirit.

Shallow people appear the deepest on first acquaintance.

Every sin that is not forsaken marries and raises a family.

An amiable disposition is a wonderful preserver of beauty.

Life is a sort of masquerade, and many die without masking.

We have all a soft spot. Let us pray that it is not in our heads.

Life is not so short but that there is always time enough for courtesy.

Contentment with today's lot makes candidate for better lot to-morrow.

Every hour comes with some little gift of God's will fastened upon its back.

Father F. W. Faber.

Everything a man wants with is the coat of something. Everything he receives is the compensation of something.

Common sense is the measure of the possible; it is composed of experience and provision; it is calculation applied to life.

The heart is always hungry. No man lives happily alone. The wisest and the best is wiser and better for the friends he has.

Where there is a calm, inward shining of the love of God, there is contentment and a submissive will, and a glad content in our present lot.

To be afraid is the miserable condition of a coward. To do wrong, or omit to do right from fear, is to superadd delinquency to cowardice.

Novelties in Stationery.

The goddess of fashion, like other mundane rulers, is fond of extending her dominion and exercising her dictation in matters outside those of personal ornament. In stationery her influence is felt just now on the side of delicate and opaque paper, with a smooth surface and opaque texture, so that inquisitive people cannot satisfy their curiosity through the envelope.

A new English paper is an almost square sheet, folded once to fit into an envelope of decidedly new shape, being about 6 inches long and only 2 1/2 inches deep, and this same form is repeated in a smaller size, the flap being as long as the envelope and three-quarters of the width. New correspondence cards in the same style are long and narrow and tan colored.

An English concession to the popular Russian craze is the bright saffron-yellow paper to be seen bordered in black and surmounted by a motto written in Russian characters. It is a strange idea for morning use, and stranger still when used out of mourning.

Delicate pearl gray, light chamois and pale pink tints are also used, but the thick, creamy white paper, with the address printed in small colored letters at the head of the page, is most appropriate.

A Fashionable Bodice.

With a skirt of white muslin veiling, trimmed with fine tiny ruffles, each formed of three-inch cross-grain ribbon, very neatly gathered, is worn the bodice pictured. It is only another evidence of the great liking for ribbon decoration. The bodice is a round one, and has starting from the back strap of five-inch wide ribbon crossed in the back just as are men's suspenders and brought over the shoulders to come down straight in front and hide the treads under a four-inch ribbon belt that is arranged in one long loop, one short end and one very longend. The short end is cut in a regular Vandyke style, while the long one is turned off in bias-fashion. The sleeves are raised on the shoulders, shape like the arms, and have at a wrist finish a strap of ribbon tied in a knot just off top of the sleeve. The collar is hidden under a white ribbon stock. The hair is worn low and a white ribbon twisted about it is tied on one side near the top. The gloves are white lace kid.

Developed in pale blue, gray, rose, or lavender, crepe or chiffon, this gown would be pretty whether a clasp had decided to wear a color. Of course, they are usually in harmony, though the rainbow effect is liked.

Cleaning Lace Curtains.

Lace curtains will not bear rubbing. All the work must be done carefully and gently. For two pairs of curtains half

fill a large tub with warm water, and add to it half a pound of soap, which has been shaved fine and dissolved in two quarts of boiling water; add, also, about a grill of household ammonia. Let the curtains soak in this over night. In the morning sop them well in the water, and squeeze it all out; but do not wring the curtains. Put them into another tub of water, prepared with soap and ammonia, as on the night before; sop them gently in this water, and then after squeezing out the water put them in a tub of clean warm water. Continue to rinse them in fresh tubs of water until there is no trace of soap; next rinse them in water containing bluing. After pressing out all the water possible, spread the curtains over sheets on the grass; or, if you have no grass, put them on the clothes-line. When they are dry, dip them in hot, thick, starch, and fasten them in the frame that comes for this purpose. If you have no frame, fasten a sheet on a mattress, and spread the curtains on this, pinning them in such a manner that they shall be perfectly smooth, and have all the pattern of this border brought out. Place in the sun to dry. If it be desired to have the curtains a light even shade, rinse them in weak coffee; and if you want a dark shade, use strong coffee.

The Tear Handkerchief.

Among the Tyrolese, who are singularly careful in preserving old and quaint customs, there exists a beautiful practice.

When a young woman leaves her mother's house to go to the marriage-altar, she is presented with a handkerchief, which has been duly blessed by the parish priest. This is called the tear handkerchief, and its first use is to dry the tears of the bride as she leaves the home of her girlhood. When she pronounces her marriage vows she holds this bit of cambric in her hand; and when she is taken to the home which is to be henceforth her own, it is put away among her most sacred treasures.

Years pass, bringing joys and sorrows in their train. And when, at last, the bride of former days is laid in her coffin, with the benediction of the Church upon her, the tear handkerchief is brought forth and laid upon the closed eyes which are to look henceforth upon the blissful scenes of paradise.

USEFUL RECEIPTS.

STEAMED PUDDING.

One cup suet, chopped, one cup molasses, one cup sour milk, one cup raisins, one teaspoonful's salt, one-half teaspoonful each of cloves, cinnamon and nutmeg, two to three cups of flour. Steam four hours. Serve with sweet sauce with lemon juice in it.

ORANGE CUSTARD.

The juice of six oranges strained and sweetened. Stir over a slow fire till the sugar is dissolved. Skim. When nearly cold add the yolks of six eggs beaten and a pint of milk. Return to the fire till it begins to thicken, then pour into a dish. When cold, add the beaten whites of the deep sea of his capacious mind, until they broke into words and were cast up in the form of books at the feet of a shadowed and admiring world. "All for Jesus," the first of a series of spiritual books, soon the keynote of them all, "Growth in Holiness," "The Food of the Cross," "The Precious Blood," are good examples of what could talk so eloquently and so impressively about them? Well, children, if you want to remember about Father Faber easily, you may connect him with one idea, one word—*beauty*. If ever you chance to see a good picture of him, you will say at once that he certainly had a beautiful face. His very manner, sweetness, itself—Frederick William Faber. His life was beautiful, his writings, both prose and poetry, simple and touching, the flowers of his life, the leaves of his memory, the blossoms of his soul, the fragrance of his character. He seemed to have been born to be a poet, and he did not disappoint his countrymen in this respect. He gave the Irish ears to the甜蜜 of his state-songs and speeches, while the strong conservatism of his own cause, so poor in attempts at force, made him a power in indicating the ideas of his people in their struggle for national rights.

He died at the very moment when it seemed certain that he was most necessary to the great battle for right. He sought no political power, though he wished greater power than is given to ordinary men. He despised his position in the world, the claims that made up his status. He loved the people and had a thorough knowledge of them. He pointed his ideal in Christ and Catholic truth, and he shaped his life upon that. Humanity, which Christ embodied by assuming. He is a spiritual man, and his life was full of faith, which showed itself in the practices of sacrifice and service, while the strong conservatism of his own cause, so poor in attempts at force, made him a power in indicating the ideas of his people in their struggle for national rights.

Boil four ounces of rice in water till it is soft, drain it in a sieve and pour it in a mortar, add five-beaten yolks of eggs, four ounces of butter, the same of sugar, half a nutmeg grated, the grated peel of half a lemon, a pound of cleaned currants. Mix all together, put in a pudding bag, and boil for an hour and a half. Serve with fruit sauce.

TURMERIC.

Some excellent taffy may be made by taking one quart of molasses and half a pound of butter, and boiling the two until the mass thickens. This will take about half an hour. Then stir with a spoon until, on taking out a little taffy, it becomes hard on immersion in cold water. Take half a tea-cup of vinegar, pour into the mass, and stir for half a minute, then pour the taffy into buttered tins or dishes and set aside to cool.

TAR-SUGAR.

Peel and cut them in thin slices from end to end. Boil in salted water until tender. Drain from the water and pour over them a gravy made of half a pint of milk thickened with a tablespoonful of flour and butter stirred together. Serve immediately.

IN MEMORIAM.

THE LATE REV. JOHN J. O'LEARY, P. M., OF BANGOR, N.H.

Words we would know to voice our sorrow, Since we have lost you, dear friend indeed! I fondly thought you were safe, and burning.

Then first, your precious, your fervent teaching,

Your thoughts, your meaning, our spirits stirred;

As on God's Altar, you never did falter,

But boldly preached His most Holy Word,

Our hearts are thrilling, our eyes are gazing,

With deepest sorrow, with tenderness tears,

For the priest who scatters, whose love is pure,

By high actions and not years.

We well remember the heart most tender,

That ever rended our poor pastor dear,

The kindly love, the noble nature,

That in our spirit with fondness drew,

When first keeping for Father John,

Whose modesty in all, who kindly spent,

With deep affection and reverent love,

Yours, John, the son of St. Michael,

And your wife with many a fond remembrance,

That fondly watched over fondly pended,

Whom sweeps your marble dust to rest,

But now ye're sleeping, your bones are weary,

Sad still keeping for Father John,

Whose modesty in all, who kindly spent,

With deep affection and reverent love,

Yours, John, the son of St. Michael,

And your wife with many a fond remembrance,

That fondly watched over fondly pended,

Whom sweeps your marble dust to rest,

But now ye're sleeping, your bones are weary,

Sad still keeping for Father John,

Whose modesty in all, who kindly spent,

With deep affection and reverent love,

Yours, John, the son of St. Michael,

And your wife with many a fond remembrance,

That fondly watched over fondly pended,

Whom sweeps your marble dust to rest,

But now ye're sleeping, your bones are weary,

Sad still keeping for Father John,

Whose modesty in all, who kindly spent,

With deep affection and reverent love,

Yours, John, the son of St. Michael,

And your wife with many a fond remembrance,

That fondly watched over fondly pended,

Whom sweeps your marble dust to rest,

But now ye're sleeping, your bones are weary,

Sad still keeping for Father John,

Whose modesty in all, who kindly spent,

With deep affection and reverent love,

Yours, John, the son of St. Michael,

And your wife with many a fond remembrance,

That fondly watched over fondly pended,

Whom sweeps your marble dust to rest,

But now ye're sleeping, your bones are weary,

Sad still keeping for Father John,

Whose modesty in all, who kindly spent,

With deep affection and reverent love,

Yours, John, the son of St. Michael,

And your wife with many a fond remembrance,

That fondly watched over fondly pended,

Whom sweeps your marble dust to rest,

But now ye're sleeping, your bones are weary,

Sad still keeping for Father John,

Whose modesty in all, who kindly spent,

With deep affection and reverent love,

Yours, John, the son of St. Michael,

And your wife with many a fond remembrance,

That fondly watched over fondly pended,

Whom sweeps your marble dust to rest,

But now ye're sleeping, your bones are weary,

Sad still keeping for Father John,

Whose modesty in all, who kindly spent,

With deep affection and reverent love,

Yours, John, the son of St. Michael,

And your wife with many a fond remembrance,

That fondly watched over fondly pended,