

HOME INTERESTS.

Conducted by HELENE.

It is not the number of charities we perform, but the spirit which prompts us that goes on record for the hereafter. In very truth it is hard to discriminate, for our hearts are so easily touched when the mendicant hand is extended, and we are loathe to close our door. In many cases our sympathy is ill-placed, and we give not wisely; and the pittance we bestow does not always prove the blessing we intend. As we go along out, and the so-called cripples will constantly be accosted by the beggar—to all appearances a cripple in most cases—who is well able to work but too lazy to do so, and not too proud to solicit alms from passers-by. This game is about played out, and the so-called cripples will have, during their leisure moments—it's no joke that a certain old gentleman keeps tab on the idle ones—to think out some new scheme; for from veterans of many a bloodless war to the creature "blind from birth," but who, like the British lion has "one eye open"—for trade, we are overrun and are beginning to be incredulous of all and sundry with the tear-choked voice and woeful tale. Not many years ago "something" all wrapped up in what looked like a patched quilt, the head (or what was supposed to be the head; for it was hard to decide which was beginning or end of this creature) swathed in a piece of the same—a cross between an Egyptian mummy and an animated rag-bag, was brought to certain busy corners and left to grind out music (?) on what was neither calliope nor hurdy-gurdy, still was a combination of both. There was a lot of sympathy and much talk expended on this possible veteran, for he had no lower limbs—so it was understood. A local reporter, however, grew curious, so one night he waited round to see what happened when time came for "closing up." As the hour wore on the melodies grew fainter and fainter, finally sphinx-like, the creature arose, grabbed the musical (?) instrument, and as the scribe watched made tracks faster than it takes to tell the tale. After all, it is not always satisfying to see the wheels go round.

Mr. Richmond also received the following FASHIONS.

Broadcloth, once purely a winter material, is now one of the most popular fabrics for the spring and summer street costume. The extreme lightness and suppleness of the new broadcloths render them entirely suitable for warm weather coat and skirt suits, although the bodice and skirt of broadcloth is hardly practicable for any one who summers in a warm climate. A check of brown and dark blue and creamy white is one of the desirable, and the cool mode shades give excellent results and are too delicate in coloring to become common. The black and white or grayish white effects are innumerable, and in some a dash of color is introduced. One grayish white ground worked off into rather large checks by lines of black, has tiny dots of green embroidered in silk at each intersection of the lines. Another, in more of a shepherd's plaid ground, has little silky designs in orange scattered over it at wide intervals and not pronounced enough to make the material loud or conspicuous.

The vogue of color combinations and color contrasts that is growing steadily in favor in all departments of dress has its due expression in the spring millinery. So far it is chiefly to be seen in a use of two different color braids, of which one shall be white or ecru and the other some complementary tone. Thus a smart tricorne has the round crown and the inner side of the upturned brim all in a Panama straw of the natural unbleached tint, while the outer side of the brim is faced with a loosely woven rice straw of a medium shade of brown.

The girl who is dolt enough to be able to fashion rosettes of lace and ribbon need not covet unattainable and elaborate buttons with which to

garnish her belongings. Rosettes are very much worn as trimmings upon bodices, hats and even upon coats, and if their making doesn't come under the heading of one's accomplishments, the sooner it is acquired the better for the girl who must do her own furnishing.

The wearing of a veil is an art. It should be put on loosely, but securely. Too tight a veil draws the hair back unbecomingly, while a veil full of folds gives one a grotesque expression. A dot allowed to rest on the nose makes a woman look like a heroine of low comedy. A hat veil should be taken off and pressed after each wearing if one does not want to give her whole costume a shabby appearance.

As the skirts increase in width and flare, it becomes doubly necessary that the under petticoat be decidedly full. With a cloth or velvet skirt particularly it is important to have a very wide good silk petticoat, for nothing is uglier than to see a cloth skirt sinking in about the feet. All skirts are, of course, made up with underskirt attached, so that the majority of women are apt to give little thought to the petticoat.

The silk petticoats now made up for evening wear are fascinating to a degree. The daintiest of flowered silks are employed, which are trimmed with numberless yards of lace ruchings and ruffles, with rosettes and ribbon streamers, with chiffon, and again with silk.

The detachable flounces are still popular for dress petticoats and it is upon these flounces that the chief labor and adornment of the petticoat are expended. There is always a wide silk flounce beneath the lace ruffles which would not of themselves be stiff enough to really affect the hang of the skirt. Loops, rosettes and long ribbon streamers are run through the lace and chiffon in charming confusion, both narrow and wide ribbon being frequently employed at once, while flounces are used on the colored silk petticoat as well as upon the all white and the flowered.

For a walking costume the silk petticoat—provided the skirt itself is lined—should be some inches shorter than the outside skirt, but for the evening gown a petticoat should be no more than two or three inches at most from the floor.

TIMELY HINTS.

A few drops of lemon juice give scrambled eggs a delicious flavor.

When a smoked ham is about used up, steam what is left on the small end. Wash and let it soak in cold water for an hour, then steam for five or six hours, setting the meat cut side down on the plate in the steamer. If it is to be served hot, the ham will be improved by browning it in the oven after steaming.

To clean a soiled engraving, lay it face downward in a perfectly clean vessel sufficiently large to allow it to lie flat; pour clean boiling water upon it and allow it to stand until the water is cold. Take it out carefully and remove as much of the moisture as possible with clean blotting paper; then place the engraving in a press between clean white paper. If very much soiled a repetition of the operation may be necessary.

A tablespoonful of muriatic acid will thoroughly cleanse a carafe or glass vase, but, as it is deadly poison, it must be handled with great care. After the acid is removed the carafe should be rinsed in hot soapsuds, and then in several clear waters. The acid can be poured from one vessel to another and then returned to the bottle for future use.

It is not always convenient to sterilize water, and boiling makes it tasteless. In cases where germs are to be destroyed four drops of tincture of iodine in a half gallon of water, left to stand half an hour, render the water harmless.

To reduce joints swollen with rheumatism the very best thing to do is to use warm vaseline freely at night rubbing each joint at least ten minutes gently, but thoroughly. This will in time soften and reduce them. A diet should consist of no acids and little meat. Fresh vegetables, cooked fruits (never raw ones) and eggs are best.

Old woollen stockings may be used in several ways in the household. Cut off the feet, fold the leg part over several times, sew it to keep in a nice square shape, and one has a useful kettle or iron holder. Cut open two stocking legs, then run the two pieces together, and there is a

cloth which will answer all the purposes of the ordinary house flannel. Old white hosiery makes excellent rubbers for polishing furniture and answers the purpose better than the old dusters, etc., which many housewives save for the purpose.

Colored prints vary their frames with their subjects, but usually have no mats, says Harper's Bazar. Old English hunting scenes, with a preponderance of flashing scarlet, have narrow black-frames, Japanese prints either black or brown bamboo with the brown prints. The prints of old Madonnas have dull gold frames, while engravings and etchings have a molding toning in with the brown or black of the print. Photographs are almost invariably framed close, the frames matching the darkest tone of the picture. The artistic framer stains his own frames the exact tones required. The molding must be as simple as possible in design. The width is governed both by the size of the picture and the detail in the picture. A landscape or scene containing many small figures will admit of a very narrow molding, while a large head demands a broad one. No definite rule can be given. Landscapes are sometimes framed with double glass to bring out the perspective.

Baked starch is much improved by the addition of a little salt or dissolved gum arabic. A useful thing to remember is that the iron will not stick to the clothes if the starch used has been mixed with soapy water.

To remove fly specks from gilt frames, wash very gently with warm alcohol (heated by setting in a pan of hot water), letting it dry on.

Straw matting should be cleaned by dipping a large coarse cloth in salty water, wiping thoroughly and drying.

Coal oil will clean smoked copper, nickel, tin or agate ware, which should afterwards be polished with old paper. To clean the wash pan, nothing is better than a few drops of coal oil.

RECIPES.

"Collar" is the unusual name applied in England to a preparation of meat that is only slightly different from one often served here. Equal parts of cold cooked ham and tongues are put through the meat chopper, and afterwards pounded to a paste, a little dry mustard added, and the whole heated. When warm press down in a bowl, put on a weight, and let stand to get cold, and pack into form. Slice thin and serve at luncheon or supper.

Cheese Croquettes—Mix together one cupful of grated bread crumbs, two cupfuls of grated cheese, half a teaspoonful of salt and a dash of cayenne. Moisten with one well beaten egg to which have been added two tablespoonfuls of cream; mix thoroughly blended shape into small balls, dip in yolk of egg and then in crushed cracker crumbs and fry in hot fat until a golden brown. Serve on triangles of fried hominy with tomato sauce.

Plain Tarebit—One-half pound of cheese grated, two tablespoonfuls of butter, one-quarter teaspoonful salt, few grains cayenne pepper, one-half cupful of thin cream, two yolks of eggs. Melt the butter in a spider, add cheese, salt and pepper. When the cheese is nearly melted add gradually the cream and the egg slightly beaten. Pour on split crackers or slices of toast and serve hot.

Brown Potatoes—Whip up mashed potatoes with an egg-beater, add a few tablespoonfuls of cream, the yolks of two eggs, a tablespoonful of butter, pepper and salt. Cover the whipped whites of the eggs; bake until brown and with a pancake knife transfer to a hot dish and serve at once.

NUN AS AN ARCHITECT.

Mother Frances, Superior of the Franciscan Sisters, with headquarters at Peekskill, N.Y., who died February 1st, at the age of 56 years, was one of the most noted of the Sisterhood, and excelled as an engineer and architect. She designed and superintended the building of many of the largest schools and buildings erected by the Order. She made surveys for the laying out of roads and directed the cutting of them. She had under her charge 1800 children at Mount St. Francis. She organized two companies of the boys in the school into fire fighters, and they often assisted in putting out blazes in Peekskill.

PAPERING A ROOM.

Remember, a double roll of paper contains seventy square feet when you wish to ascertain the amount required for a room, says the House-keeper. Walls that have never been papered should be covered with size. This is made by adding six quarts of hot water to one-half pound of glue which has been softened by standing

all night covered with cold water. Walls that have been painted should be gone over with ammonia water—one part of ammonia to six parts water. Board ceilings must be covered with cloth before papering.

To paper the ceiling cut as many strips as will be necessary to cover it and leave long enough to allow about two inches, taking care to make the pattern match. Draw a chalk line across one end of the ceiling sixteen inches from the wall as a guide for hanging the first strip which goes between this strip and the wall, and will lap down on the side a little. Lay the strip on a table, apply the paste evenly, fold both ends towards the centre, meeting them meet and being careful that the ends are even. Trim the paper with shears. Unfold one end, commence at the side, and start the strip straight by the line, smoothing it down as you go with a brush. Keep the rest of the paper in front of you, letting it hang over a roll of paper which you hold in your left hand.

After the first strip is on the rest is easy. The last strip must also lap down the side wall. Cut the paper for the side wall long enough to come under the border a little. Begin to lay it at the side of a window or door. Unfold the top of the strip put in position, then work downward. Lay on each strip in the same manner, put on the border, and the work is done.

The following is a good recipe for paste: Take one and one-half pints of flour, rub smooth in a quart of cold water, add four quarts of boiling water and let boil slowly, stirring constantly ten minutes. When cold, stir in one tablespoonful of powdered alum. Never use warm paste and make it quite thin.

THACKERY ON MARRIAGE.

And so, the words are spoken and the indissoluble knot is tied. Amen. For better, for worse, for good days or evil, love each other, cling to each other, dear friends. Fulfill your course and accomplish your "life's toil." In sorrow, soothe each other; in illness, watch and tend. Cheer, fond wife, the husband's struggle; lighten his gloomy hours with your tender smiles and gladden his home with your love. Husband, father, whatsoever your lot, be your heart pure, your life honest. For the sake of those who bear your name let no bad action sully it. As you look at these innocent faces, which ever tenderly greet you, be yours, too, innocent, and your conscience without reproach. As the young people kneel before the altar-railing, some such thoughts as these pass through a friend's mind who witnesses the ceremony of marriage. Is not all we hear in that place meant to apply to ourselves and to be carried away for everyday cognition.

LITTLE LAUGHS.

Lady—Where is the agent for these flats?

Man at the door—I can rent the flats, mum.

Are the rents reasonable? Yes, mum.

What sort of a janitor have you? A very good one, mum.

Is he polite and attentive? Yes, mum.

Honest? Yes, mum.

Does he ever steal from the market baskets of the tenants? Never, mum.

He's a good Christian man, is he? Yes, mum. A politer, more attentive, honest or more Christian man never lived, mum.

I'm delighted to hear that. Where is he now? I'm him, mum.

FATHER KNEW WHY.

"Pop."

"What is it, Johnny?"

"Why is the head of a bedstead always higher than the foot?"

"For the same reason that the rear wheels of a wagon are always bigger than the front ones, Johnny."

"Thanks, pop."—Kansas City Times

TIME TO EXTINGUISH.

"Remember, brudder," shouted the Rev. Mr. Johnson, "dat, as the good say, while de lamp hol's out (de burn de viles' sinner may return) An' glory be ef dat ain't Peter Jackson comin' up de aisle! Deacon Blackley, put out dem lights!"—Cleveland Leader.

HIS FAVORITE INSTRUMENT.

"The stout ensemble of that orchestra is remarkably good," remarked Mr. Newrick's host at the box party. "Don't you think so?"

"You bet it is!" responded Mr. Newrick enthusiastically. "I like to watch the fellow that's playin' it slide it back and forth—looks as if he was swallowin' it!"—Cleveland Leader.

NOTES OF THE NEWS

Double tracking on the Grand Trunk west of London, Ont., is about to begin.

The inspection of the 3rd Regiment Victoria Rifles will take place on the 3rd June next.

The Manion Bridge, on the Payne River, near Cornwall, was partially destroyed and carried away by an ice jam.

Two serious fires occurred in the business portion of the city on Saturday night. The combined loss is estimated at \$250,000.

The Allan Line turbine Victoria arrived in port on Saturday morning and received a hearty welcome from a large crowd of spectators.

The first big shove of the season took place on the river in front of the city on Sunday. The water rose two feet and the ice was piled along the south shore twenty-five feet high.

The customs receipts of the Dominion during the nine months of the current fiscal year up to the end of March amount to \$30,916,179, an increase of \$752,916 over the corresponding month of last year.

The Grand Trunk Pacific has taken for the terminus of its Lake Superior branch the tract of land known as the Indian Mission, adjoining Fort William and on the south side of the Mission and Kaministiquia rivers.

The dreaded white-marked tussock moth has arrived in the city and is threatening our shade trees. It has ravaged the parks of all the American cities and stripped the trees of their foliage, the cost of checking which has amounted to thousands of dollars.

With a view to establishing an immense steel plant, twelve millionaires of the U. S. steel trust visited Sarnia, Ont. For some time the steel trust has been looking for a good outlet into Canada, and has opened negotiations for establishing a monster steel plant.

The Canadian Northern Railway announce that their main line is now open for freight and passenger traffic as far west as the elbow of the North Saskatchewan, so that settlers and others going into this territory will save a long wagon haul by using the Canadian Northern Railway from Port Arthur.

POPE PIUS X and AUTONOMOUS CHRISTIAN DEMOCRACY.

The following letter, in which the Italian movement known as Autonomous Christian Democracy is commended, has been addressed by the Holy Father to Cardinal Svampa, Archbishop of Bologna:

My Lord Cardinal,—The circular letter of the 28th July, 1904, addressed by our Cardinal Secretary of State to the Right Rev. Ordinaries of Italy, laid down with such precision our regulations, particularly with regard to the Catholic Committees and popular Christian action that even those least acquainted with the elements of the Catechism should have understood that there cannot be Catholic action truly so called without immediate dependence on the Bishops. But, just as in the field spoken of in the Gospel parable, so also in that of Catholic action there has been an overgrowth of cockle, which grows and suffocates the good grain,—and this not through the work of open enemies, but of those who profess themselves and boast of being Catholics. Such are the so-called Autonomous Christian Democrats, who in the desire for an ill-understood liberty show by their action that they shake off all discipline—seek after dangerous novelties that the Church cannot approve of; assume an authoritative attitude to interfere in, judge, and criticize everything; and go so far as to say they are ready to bow to infallibility, but not to yield to the demand for obedience.

If arguments were desired to prove that such persons by the logical development of their principles have clearly made themselves rebels to the authority of the Church, they would be supplied by their statements at their meetings when they call themselves independent; by what they publish in their journals and periodicals defending their work and justifying their conduct finally by their replies to the solemn prohibitions of revered Popes and by their assertions that such prohibitions do not regard their societies and their persons, or by their declarations that the Pope and the Bishops have the right to judge of things concerning faith and morals, but not the right to direct social action, and therefore that they hold themselves free to

proceed with their work. We are grieved in soul to know that there are associated with this Autonomous Christian Democracy so many poor youths, who gave the best hopes—youths to whom we would say with the most compassionate affection: Take care, because you are deceived by those who come around you with flattery, stun you with speeches, and do not scruple to conduct you by a way which leads you to ruin.

We cannot do less than make known the great regret we feel in reading papers and periodicals which, even whilst calling themselves Catholic, not only censure the decided protests of the Bishops justly condemning the Autonomous Democrats, but dare to assail with most insulting insinuations those whom the Holy Spirit has placed to rule His Church. Now, as it has been announced that there will be held in the city of Bologna a congress at which the Autonomous Democrats will hold most important deliberations for the purpose of loudly proclaiming their independence, we think it necessary to address you, My Lord Cardinal, this entirely autograph letter.

1. To protest most strongly against the deceitful statements that the Pope has not spoken, that the Pope approves, and that even if he sometimes does utter protests, these are forced upon him by others;

FATHER KNEW WHY FREE A VALID BOOK ON NERVOUS DISORDERS AND A SAMPLE BOTTLE TO ANY ADDRESS. FOUR NET THIS MEDICINE FREE! KOENIG MED. CO. 100 Lake St. CHICAGO, ILL. Sold by Druggists at \$1.00 per bottle.

Dear Boys and Girls: How does this fine spirit suit you? Surely you are bright and just brimming with life. The true forerunner of summer days is here in the robin. Are there little friends who can read in the order of their several districts? This is quite an interesting study see how many can do this.

Your loving AUNT BECKY. Well, the summer is once more to the corner. I am glad I love to see the sun make the True Witness the little letters in the paper have one sister and her name is Margaret Clare, and we have fun. I was going to school caught cold, but it is not I study geography, grammar, and history, spelling and am in the third reader. Lots of water and mud at school; we are tired when home. We have a sugar shy and we tap the tree; syrup is lovely; I think my nearest taste of anything I think I have written enough time, and I think I will remain, your loving niece HELENE Dewittville.

LITTLE BOY BLUE The little toy dog is so dust, But sturdy and staunch And the little toy soldier rust, And the musket mouth hands. Time was when the little was new, And the soldier was passing And that was the time when the Boy Blue Kissed them and put the "Now don't go till I come, "And don't you make any So toddling off to his trum He dreamt of the pretty And as he was dreaming a song Awakened our Little Boy Oh! the years are many, are long, But the little toy friends stand Each in the same old place Awaiting the touch of a lip The smile of a little face, And they wonder as waiting years through In the dust of that little What has become of our Little Blue Since he kissed them and there. —Eugene SWEET LAVENDER "Oh, Auntie, Fred Williams broken his leg, and Mrs. told me to tell you she's but she is afraid she cannot you at tea to-night. I should she couldn't! You never a house. Fred just groans at and keeps them all waiting till his mother looks worn. "Poor Jessie!" said Aunt "I wish I could help her way. I think I will go over little while this afternoon; course, she must not think of company meals for me." Fred Williams did not look very wretched pight that when his mother's friend, Mrs. Parsons, came in to visit his left leg was stretched straight, but it rested on tension part of a very luxurious chair, and a down cover thrown over him. A table right was piled with books, games, while another stood with a dish of fruit, a cookies and a box of candy. "Well, wounded warrior, the battle," asked Miss cheerfully, but Fred scowled Williams answered: "Oh, we think he will do now. It is not a compound and if he will only be patient." "Patient!" broke in Fred in the world can a fellow when it's getting better

From the Vatican, March 1, 1905. PIUS X. POPE.

Father Mathew as Justin McCarthy Remembers Him.

In one of his recent books, Justin McCarthy says that, in his young manhood, among the literary and educational institutions of Cork was the Temperance Institute founded by Father Mathew. Here young McCarthy came often in his evenings to hear lectures and debates. Father Mathew had a strong confidence in the common sense of young men and boys to cultivate their natural intelligence when the opportunity was placed easily within their reach. He visited the institute very often himself and talked with the members, always in the friendliest and easiest way, and entered thoroughly into all the ideas and pursuits of the young. "My own knowledge of Father Mathew," says Mr. McCarthy, "was close and intimate for many years. I was little more than a child when I accepted from him the temperance pledge, and was invested with his own silver medal—the badge of the order. I was a frequent visitor at his house, and he often came to see my father and mother. He was ever ready to lend a helping hand, by advice or personal intervention, when a friend was involved in any sort of difficulty, and in the houses of the very poorest it was noticed that whenever serious troubles came on, Father Mathew was sure to appear, like a protecting angel. With all his horror of drunkenness, with his life abstinence from all intoxicating drinks, Father Mathew had a never-failing patience with and pity for the drunkard. It was this very attribute of unflinching sympathy and sweetness that made Father Mathew's influence all but magical over those with whom he had any influence whatever."

SUGGESTING A CLEW.

Teacher (at wall's mission)—Who wrote the epistle to the Romans? Student (at book)—Wasn't there a clew in it, ma'am?—Chit

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