



For the Porch.

of vine that is hardy, the touch, and that is subject to insect attacks, and often a variety of active, especially if the vine is trained over the porch. For instance, if at the view of the barns is to be from a highway caught to the porch, then put Dutchman's pipe) or wild Dutchman's pipe has those of the basswood, and form a dense screen; no description. The porch might be a trellis with its clusters of flowers, or a wild clematis, beautiful, and, mingled with the berries that keep on

are very beautiful, if in full bloom, but they are to keep the insects off. very beautiful with its leaves of mauve, pea-like leaves years elapse before a new leaf is seen. The scarlet-vine is attractive, but over-growing vine grows over the bare woody stems before the leaves start. very good, but loses its leaves in this respect is not as wild grape.

more delicate vines, like, sweet of perfume to humming-birds; the very delicate, with leaves that seem to hover like the Alleghany vine, like leaves and pretty leaves of hardy jasmine, very cinnamon vine, excellent pillars.

prefer to have the vines on pillars and in a deep alcove along a width of the upper edge of the porch, open view which may be screened by drawing down a blind—which admits still forming an effective screen, however, unless the road, such a blind is not likely if a long verandah is placed along the

for the more permanent, quick-growing vines to form a temporary screen, scarlet runner (good for food), maurandah boxes also will look of bareness, and with a mixture of plants those that trail down. stand up may be trained and leopard plant (side), antirrhinum, us plumosus, crotons, geraniums; petunias; na. Among those that asturtiums, the pretty verbenas, maurandya, geranium and hoyas. of these vines—the n and manettia—may all, erect trellis.

Sleeping Porch.

come for sleeping on of summer, but if one house and putting a how, one may as well the latter level enough like a sleeping porch of ble-deck effect. The th, of course, has a mes the roof of the inued to form it; but impossible an awning ys it should be dark t white, for white lets

in too much light and the sleeper awakes too early in the morning.

Ideally the sleeping porch should be enclosed by non-rust wire netting to keep out mosquitoes and June bugs, and it should be provided with sliding glass doors or awning canvas to slip along two rods, that may be drawn across the windy side when needed. Iron beds separated by screens or curtains that can be fastened tight above and below supply all the furniture needed. Of course, if the porch is used during the day steel-frame couches may take the place of the iron beds.

The All-year Porch.

A feature of many of the new houses is a sun-room, or "all-the-year" porch, which may take the place of the strictly out-door porch, or may be an additional part of the house. Sometimes this addition is built over a porch or verandah, but if placed there is difficult to heat, and so cannot be used in winter as it should be.

A better plan is to put it in one corner of the house, enclosing as much of it as possible with glass; then it can be heated directly from the furnace. Such a room, equipped with a fire-place, makes a very cheerful living-room in the winter, and is especially recommended for families with a tubercular tendency. Plants grow in it almost as well as in a conservatory. so the sun-room is an admirable opportunity for the flower-lover. In summer the use of screen blinds and awnings to keep off the hot sun leave the room usable still as one of the regular living rooms of the house.

The Brampton Child Welfare Week.

BRAMPTON Child Welfare Week came at the end of June. A correspondent writes us:

"Baby Clinics were held Tuesday and Wednesday. Despite intense heat one day and heavy rain the other day, we had twenty-two and twenty babies up to eighteen months. Mothers brought quite a number of older children.

"The afternoon session for school children was fairly well attended. Also the evening meeting addressed by Dr. Helen McMurchy. Local talent assisted with music and a class of small girls gave a Snowflake Drill—an agreeable suggestion on such a night.

"As a feature of our Public Health Week, we had the Girls' Club give a luncheon in Grace Church school room—Clinics and other sessions were held in the Presbyterian school room. All factory and business girls received personal invitations to meet Dr. Helen McMurchy at luncheon. Two hundred and fifty-two cards were sent out and over eighty girls attended. Dr. McMurchy in her address congratulated those present on their work, health, bodies, homes and country. One wishes more might have heard it and appreciates the delicacy of mind with which the subject was handled. Hope this is the first of many such get-together times.

"Altogether our health week was most successful and enjoyable. We feel justified in planning permanent clinics as a natural outcome of our two Child Welfare Campaigns."

Smiles.

A clergyman going the rounds of his country parish in the south of Ireland, met a farmer who, though residing in a neighboring parish, was a regular attendant at his church. Said Pat: "Af ye plase, yer reverence, would yer mind prayin' for wee drop o' rain next Sunday, for sorra a thing'll grow in me little garden wid the present state of the weather?"

"Sorry to hear that, Pat," replied the divine, "but you ought to ask your own person, not me."

"Ah, shure," was the reply, "that's just it; what's the good in axin' him to pray for rain wid them cocks o' hay a-standing on his lawn?"—*Selected.*

Lazy Worm.—Two miners went on a fishing expedition. But they were novices of the game.

"Hoo are ye gettin' on, Jock?" asked one.

"Och, simply rotten!" was the reply. "I don't believe my bloomin' worm's tryin'."—*London Til-Bits.*

Hope's Quiet Hour.

The Dawn of Morning.

There is a river, the streams whereof make glad the city of God, The holy place of the tabernacles of the Most High.

God is in the midst of her; she shall not be moved:

God shall help her, and that at the dawn of morning.

The nations raged, the kingdoms were moved:

He uttered His voice, the earth melted.

The LORD of hosts is with us;

The God of Jacob is our high tower.

—Ps. 46 : 4-7, R. V. (margin).

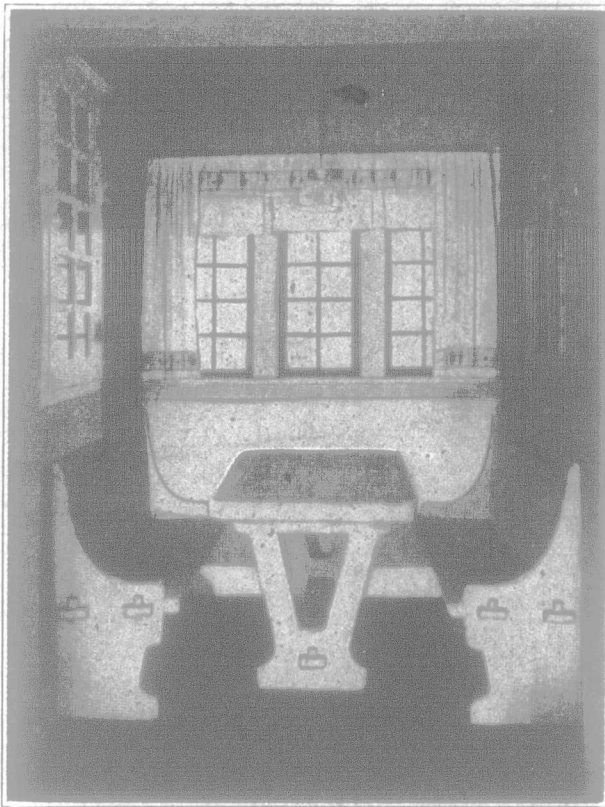
I am writing this in the great Peace Week. The end of the Great War came quietly—but so does the morning dawn. The light spreads gradually and there is no special moment when we can say that the darkness has melted before the gentle touch of light. But there is a vast difference between night and day, all the same. And there is a vast difference between the conditions of the old world—when a drawn sword was brandished over the trembling nations—and the new world which is determined to inscribe on its shining banners the great word "PEACE".

Multitudes, multitudes in the valley of decision."

Well, we know something about that, in this 20th century after Christ. Many turned from farming to fighting, and even those who continued to till the ground were just as determinedly helping to win the necessary victory. Multitudes of stern fighters met in the valley of decision, and the great decision is PEACE. War, the mighty tyrant of the ages, has been vanquished by gentle peace—beaten at his own game.

A Frenchman said: "What desertion to the enemy is in a soldier, pessimism is in the civilian." We must never be pessimists; for that is to declare our belief that Wrong is mightier than Right, that Satan is able to win the war against God. To desert to the enemy in that fashion is not to be thought of for a moment.

And we, who are standing in the glow of the morning, are encouraged to press forward to better things for the nations. Years ago a modern prophet—Tennyson—strained his eyes to behold the future. He saw a Vision of the world, which has been swiftly and literally fulfilled. He saw the heavens fill with commerce, "argosies of magic sails;" and he also saw a ghastly dew dropping on the earth from "the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue." His vision has become a terrible reality; but he saw greater and better wonders which should follow. He looked forward in sure and certain hope to the dawn of Morning.



A Breakfast Alcove.

This little alcove, opening off a kitchen, affords an airy and convenient spot for having breakfast, oftentimes dinner and supper. The many windows give all the breeze needed.

Though I claim to be an optimist, I am not foolish enough to fancy that all the world will live together, from this time on, in undisturbed harmony and goodwill. When the prophets, Isaiah and Micah, saw (in vision) "the last days," they did not see any army of occupation holding a strong nation by force to keep its solemn pledges. They looked forward hopefully to the coming day of real and lasting peace, the time when swords and spears would be transformed into agricultural implements, and soldiers would become farmers.

They knew that time was coming, though of course, they could not set a date. We can see that happy time coming; too; and it is much nearer now than when the prophets caught gleams of its glory afar off.

God's people were not allowed to deceive themselves with the idea that universal peace was near; they were warned that it was not to be established on the earth until "the last days." The prophet Joel even sent out a challenge rousing the nations to "prepare war, wake up the mighty men, let all the men of war draw near; let them come up; beat your plowshares into swords, and your pruninghooks into spears. . .

"Till the war-drum throb'd no longer, and the battle-flags were furled, In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world."

Those prophetic words of the English poet have been often quoted since the nations grappled with their ancient foe—the Giant War—determined to destroy his supremacy. Now—at last—the world is convinced that to settle disputes by war is not only criminal but utterly foolish.

We may well mark June 28, 1919, as a red-letter day in the world's calendar. A Toronto paper declared, last Saturday afternoon: "This is, perhaps, the happiest day for the nations in all history." Of course we look back to that far greater day when our Champion linked His Life with ours, and the angels announced good tidings of great joy to all people. "The Parliament of man, the Federation of the world" is the natural fruit of the Divine Seed planted in the soil of our humanity.

What is the challenge to us of the dawn of the morning of Peace? Isaiah's message to God's people, in the day when the nations should throw their war-manuals on the scrap-heap, was this: "O house of

Jacob, come ye, and let us walk in the light of the LORD."

The prophet saw among his own people a greater danger than that of war, the danger of disloyalty to their rightful King. The land was full of idols and they worshipped the work of their own hands. If peace means selfishness instead of brotherhood, then it may poison the nations insidiously, and strike secretly at the heart of man's spiritual life.

The light of the Lord is LOVE. If peace only means a chance to heap up riches for ourselves, then those who suffered and died to establish it have made the great sacrifice in vain.

But we have had a terrible lesson of the evil wrought by trying to grab instead of to share. We have only a few years (perhaps much less than a year) in this class of our Master's school. "He is teaching us, not that we may be learned, but that we may be loving." He has told us that we can manifest love in common life, in everyday kindness. But the outward sign is a hollow sham unless it springs from the inward grace. The cup of cold water must be given in a spirit of real kindness. How else should we dare to offer it to the lips of our thirst-Lord, who says: "ye have done it unto Me!" Shall we insult Him by offering a heartless courtesy? The kiss of Judas may have looked like a token of affection, yet it struck like a poisoned sword to the heart of Love. If we are going to walk in the light of the morning, and rejoice in a real brotherhood of the nations we must each "do our bit" still, as we did during the war. If the nations are to be healed of their ghastly wounds, each leaf of the Tree of Life must do its part (Rev. 22 : 2.) We must never sow a seed of another war by boastful, unkind words about other nations. We must not show our patriotism by trying to build up national prosperity at the expense of justice—yes, and mercy! towards other subjects of our King. We must not only seek our own prosperity, but must try to help others in their struggle. And we must not pass over everyday opportunities in our longing to do great things. Our Lord sent His disciples to carry good tidings to all the world, but He told them to begin in Jerusalem—the city in which they were then living. If we want to help in the great work of healing the nations, we must diligently plant love and peace in our own home gardens. We must be thoughtful and considerate, happy and helpful, in our own homes. The morning of peace is dawning, bringing hope to the war-weary world, don't slam the door of your house against the angel of peace, or refuse to invite to your table the angel of Love—it is our King Himself who says: "To-day I must abide at thy house." He is Love—the Royal Guest who stoops in lowly fashion to wash the feet of His disciples. Let us give Him our love in return.

"True Love is but a humble, low-born thing,
And hath its food served up in earthen-ware;
It is a thing to walk with, hand in hand,
Through the every-dayness of this work-day world."

A love that gives and takes, that seeth faults,
Not with flaw-seeking eyes like needle points,
But loving-kindly ever looks them down
With the overcoming faith of meek forgiveness."

DORA FARNCOMB.

For the Sick and Needy.

Two donations were dropped into the Quiet Hour Purse this week. "Violet,"—Dunnville—sent \$5, and "Mrs. M. G."—Milliken—\$2. Seven dollars came in and six went out during the week, so you see your money does not remain idle very long. Two parcels of papers for the "shut-in" also arrived.

DORA FARNCOMB,
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The maiden sister of a country rector taught the choir-boys a new tune at a recent evening's practice, to be sung on the following Sunday. "Well, Robert," she said to one of them on the Sunday morning, "I hope you haven't forgotten the new tune, for we depend much on you." "Naw, miss, not a bit!" said the boy. "I've been a-skeerin' the crows with it all the week!"—*Ex.*