



baking. If the legs and frame are walnut then a walnut top can be added to make a table for the living-room and the marble top fixed to a cheaper frame for the bake-board.

Other items for the kitchen are a folding ironing board that can be swung up against the wall, and a high stool upon which to sit while ironing, preparing vegetables, etc. A covered box will be found nice for papers or for "pick-up" sewing; and a small shelf should be provided to hold the cookery books. Near the stove another small shelf should be placed to hold salt, pepper and seasonings.

As will be seen the modern kitchen resembles a scientific laboratory rather than a living-room, and rightly so. Nevertheless since the housewife must needs spend about two-thirds of her time in it, it should be made cheerful. Pretty cream-colored paint on the wall, plants in the window, and a comfortable rocking-chair for odd moments will achieve this little extra expense.

### Canadian Wild Flowers.

Fringed Milkwort (*Polygala paucifolia*), also known as "Flowering Wintergreen." The *Polygala* gets its name from a Greek word that means "much milk," this arising from an ancient idea that these plants in pasturage increased the flow of milk of cows. There are many species belonging to the family, one member being the pretty white "snakeroot" of the woods. Fringed milkwort, also grows—rather rarely in most places—in moist woods, where its pretty rosy purple (rarely white) flowers are quite conspicuous. The picture gives a very good idea of the form of the flower and of the leaves, which grow in a cluster at the top of the stem, the whole plant being from 3 to 6 inches high. It is to those versed, more or less, in botany, however, that the plant is of the greatest interest. The flower is curiously irregular. There is a calyx of 5 sepals, 3 of which—2 on the lower and 1 on the upper side of blossom—are very small. The remaining 2, one on each side of the blossom, are colored, and might easily be mistaken for petals. They are much larger than the others. Within these "wings" on the lower side are 3 united petals, of which the middle one is keel-shaped and bears a curious fringed crest. There are 6 stamens and a curved style. The flower is about an inch long, and flowers from May to July, depending on latitude and other conditions.

The Field Milkwort (*polygala sanguinea*) grows in moist, sandy fields or roadsides, and is more difficult to examine, botanically, than the fringed milkwort, since its flowers are very small. They are, however, crowded together in a dense little head, and so present a quite showy effect. The flowers, which bloom from July to September, are sometimes a bright rosy-purple, but occasionally are a pale magenta or even white. The plant is from 4 to 8 inches high and leafy to the top, the leaves being quite narrow.

### Nasturtiums—Flowers and Fruit.

BY KATE HUDSON

Not only are nasturtiums, shaded from palest yellow into dark velvety amber, most ornamental for beds, borders, and rocky climbers, but they also furnish us with a pungently appetizing condiment—the caper.

Such capers, picked ripe and used while fresh, mashed and slightly salted in meat-sauces with beets or fresh cucumbers, are delicious. When assorted in sizes and pickled, they are an unsurpassed relish, and will keep for years. The smallest may be put up for mutton-sauce; the larger ones make an effective garnish for cold meats, salads and aspics. Indeed, there are people who greatly prefer them, as a relish, to olives.

The leaves and blossoms of the nasturtium can be made into a toothsome and most dainty-looking and tasty salad. They are just the thing for a ladies' luncheon. The blossoms and the youngest, tenderest leaves should be picked before the sun has reached them; they should be sprinkled with vinegar, in which a small chopped onion has been steeped for a couple of hours, and should

be lightly tossed up with salt and white pepper, to make a piquant salad.

The young and tender leaves, chopped fine and sprinkled on the small boy's school sandwich, will make the latter into a tasty, wholesome spring delicacy. Mixed with cream cheese which has been lightly kneaded with butter, and a silver fork, such nasturtium leaves make a delectable spring-luncheon dish.—Sel.

## Hope's Quiet Hour.

### The Vision of Victory.

Behold, the hour cometh, yea is now come, that ye shall be scattered, every man to his own, and shall leave me alone: and yet I am not alone, because the

cheer. He is thinking of them and encouraging them to hope on in the blackest hour. They may still find peace, through trust in their Commander, even when He seems to be crushed by deadly foes. Though He may hang, deserted and dying, on the Cross of shame; yet He is still the Mighty Victor. Preparing them for the worst, He still holds before their dazzled eyes His Vision of Victory. A few hours later they will see an apparent victory of the world. Then they must walk by faith and not by sight, knowing that their Lord has really "overcome the world."

He is still the Conqueror. Wrong can never be victorious; though Right may seem for a time to be crushed by evil Might. As John Oxenham says:

"Who waits His Time shall surely see  
The triumph of His Constancy;  
When, without let, or bar, or stay,  
The coming of His Perfect Day

Shall sweep the Powers  
of Night away;  
And Faith, replumed for  
nobler flight,  
And Hope, aglow with  
radiance bright,  
And Love, in loveliness  
bedight,  
SHALL GREET THE  
MORNING LIGHT!"

The weakness and cowardice of the disciples, which their Master saw so plainly, did not weaken His love for them. Though He fought the battle alone—or apparently alone—yet the Father's Presence sustained Him and He went forth conquering and to conquer. Though they might turn back in the day of battle, yet He would return as a Victor over Death and call them together again. They should share His triumph in the end; for they would again rally round His banner, in penitence and faith, in hope and love, in peace and joy.

When we grow discouraged over our own weak faith, dim hope and half-hearted love, let us forget ourselves and think of our glorious Leader. He was able to take a disciple who openly disowned Him, another man who refused to believe in His power, and a third (Saul of Tarsus) who was a fierce and open foe; and of such unpromising material He made saints, apostles and pillars of the Church.

When you are called to some difficult duty, don't say with Moses: "I am not eloquent," and fancy that you are being humble. Say with St. Paul: "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me," and then you will glorify Him Who is your Life.

When Saul of Tarsus was rushing from place to place, breathing out threatenings and slaughter against the disciples of the Lord; the Master of his soul had a vision of victory over that fierce and determined foe. He looked ahead a few years and saw the wolf transformed into a shepherd of the flock. He saw Saul (changed into Saint Paul) going over all the country "strengthening all the disciples."

Transformed lives may seem like miracles to us but they are everyday matters to God. When the cause of righteousness seems to be defeated—as on that first Good Friday (which seemed to be far from a "good" day) let us still be of good courage, knowing that Right must be victorious. It is disloyalty to our Master to think that His Cause is losing. Even when things look as hopeless as they did to the little group of disciples about the Cross, let us remember that He who foretold the great tribulation said with calm certainty: "I have overcome the world."

Victory over death does not necessarily mean escape from death. Just think of that little French boy who was captured by the Germans and refused to give information about his comrades. He stood against a telegraph post, with head erect and a smile on his face, to receive the death-dealing volley of the German soldiers. He was victorious though he died. If fear of death had caused him to buy life at the price of dishonor, no one could have called him a victor.

Let us trust our Lord even when the tribulation which He prophesied is heavy upon us. Tribulation is no proof, that God is failing to answer our prayers for help. The very word means "threshing," and a farmer knows the value of threshing when he is dealing with grain. We are God's grain, and in love and faithfulness He uses tribulation to free our souls from the chaff of worldliness and selfishness. The Divine Husbandman loves us too well to stay His hand in answer to our selfish prayers. He will purge His floor thoroughly, and when the purified grain is gathered into His garner His love and wisdom will be plainly visible.

In one of the letters of Forbes Robinson is this beautiful passage: "To allow us to suffer without telling us the reason, when He knows that we shall be inclined to think harshly of Him—that is, perhaps, the greatest proof that He believes in us. He can try our faith and perfect it by long-continued trial, because He knows that we shall respond, that we shall prove 'worthy to suffer'."

When our Lord's suffering reached its terrible climax, and He felt forsaken even by the Father, He was still victorious. There was no yielding to the enemy, no using of supernatural power to save Himself from agony and death. He had taken our human nature upon Him—as a King might join the privates in a first line trench—and He would not use royal power to save Himself. Reaching out to the Father when His shining Face was veiled, He still pressed forward through the darkness, and justified the Father's faith in His courage. When the Father hid His face and no longer showed His love, the heart of the Son leaped towards the heart of the Father as steel leaps towards a great magnet. "My God!" He cried, in eager desire; and His weary spirit went straight to the Father's heart like a home-coming dove in the darkness. The most awful temptation to lose trust in the Father's love was met victoriously.

As the world looks back and studies that great battle, more and more hearts are won by the Man lifted up on the Cross. Never did a man live and die more grandly than this Man. Let us trust Him when our hour of battle comes. Let us have courage, knowing that we also may be conquerors through the indwelling might of our Captain—Comrade. "Be of good cheer!" He said, "for I am conqueror!" ready to conquer in those weak disciples, though He had just told them they would for a time, desert Him and His cause. Be of good courage! though we are so weak, He can conquer in us also.

"Can it be true, the grace He is declaring?  
Oh, let us trust Him, for His words are fair!  
Man, what is this, and why art thou despairing?  
God shall forgive thee all but thy despair."

"Then, tho' our foul and limitless transgression  
Grows with our growing, with our birth began,  
Raise Thou the arms of endless intercession,  
Jesus, divinest when Thou most art Man!"

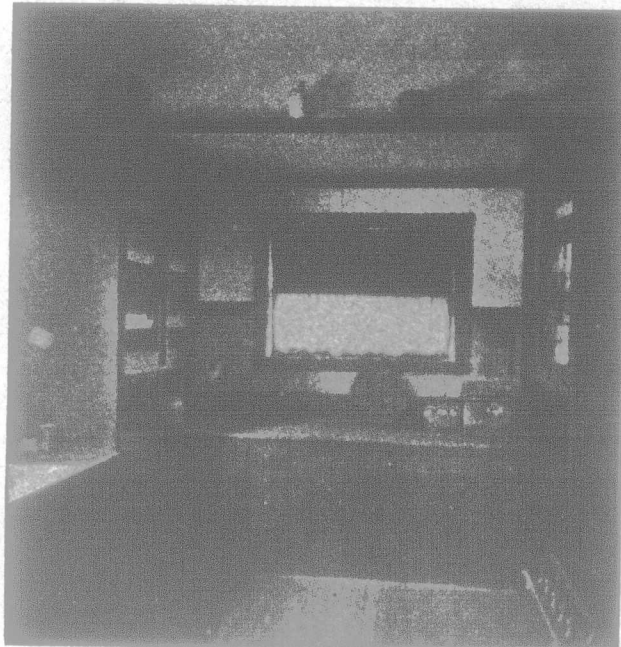
DORA FARNCOMB.

### For The Needy.

Three gifts for the needy were sent by readers this week. A Kendal reader (M. J. S.) and Mrs. T. sent two dollars each, and Miss G. M. sent one dollar. Some of this money went out at once to help sick and needy people, and the rest of it will probably go forward before long. Those who have been helped through the kindness of our readers have asked me again and again to express their gratitude. For the most part I forget that part of my duty—you must take it for granted, when I fail to mention it. The papers sent for the "shut-in" are also very welcome.

DORA FARNCOMB,  
6 West Ave., Toronto.

It's faith in something, and enthusiasm for it, that makes a life worth looking at.  
—Holmes.



End of Kitchen, Showing Built-in Cupboards.

Father is with me. These things I have spoken unto you, that in me ye might have peace. In the world ye shall have tribulation: but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world.—S. John 16: 32, 33.

Live on in hope!  
Press on in faith  
Love conquers all things,  
Even Death.

—JOHN OXENHAM.



Fringed Milkwort (left.) Field Milkwort (right.)  
(*Polygala paucifolia*) (*Polygala sanguinea*)

The words of our text are a confident declaration of victory—a defiance of oncoming Death. We see a young Man, in the glory of untarnished manhood, rejoicing in His strength. There He stands in the midst of His chosen friends, who have just proclaimed their certainty that He is their God-given Leader and Lord. Quietly He says that even they will desert Him in His hour of agony—that hour which he sees has even now come. Yet His words are not intended to crush them with shame. They are not an accusation but a message of good