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scale more stupendous than ever before, it is, perhaps, no far cry to state that the temper of the best and most powerful races the world over is, almost to a nation, for peace. Otherwise, why should there have been fourteen Inter-Parliamentary Unions all tending towards the approaching Hague Congress, an institution conceived wholly in the interests of peace? Why should there be a Palace of Peace at all? Why should sovereigns meet and parley—as is the fashion nowadays—in the

hope of averting war? Why should the King of Italy, to cite but one example, choose to find his greatest interest in an International "Agricultural" Council, rather than in matters once considered nobler? Why should the visit of a Chamberlain, a John Morley, a Marconi or an Edison to any civilized city excite more interest, if, perhaps, less uproar, than that of a Lord "Bobs" or a Kitchenier? . . . One might go on multiplying queries, but the conclusion is to many minds evident.

To revert to the subject of the pictures—our artists nowadays do not paint "war," or if they do it is not to glorify it. Even Russia's canvas spokesman, Verestchagin, chose only to depict its horror, hoping thus to help stem its tide. It was, perhaps, another irony, a bitter one, that to war, his enemy, he should be sacrificed, going down to his death in the ill-fated war ship, Petropavlovsk, which exploded near the beginning of the Russo-Japanese war.

Neither do our poets write war-

songs. If they essay the task the public does not acclaim, or if it does only because of something else in the poem more appealing than the war spirit, as in Kipling's "Lest we Forget."

When ideals change actions follow. Possibly by the dawning of another century such a revolution may have been accomplished as may render less visionary the poet's dream:

"Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace."

With the Flowers.

Vines for the House.

As vines may be planted either in the fall or in spring, the following note from Mr. J. Jackson, of Abingdon, is in season. The illustration shown is of the porch of Mr. Jackson's home.

"The vine with the mass of flowers represented in the photo is the Clematis. The other vine, running up over the windows and also around veranda, is the Chinese Wisteria. The Wisteria (or Wistaria, as it is sometimes written) is a hardy, strong-growing vine. It requires very little care, and will climb a single wire if wound around it. This vine has been growing some eight years, and is now 2 to 2½ inches in diameter at base. It flowers when three or four years old; large clusters of nearly white, blossoms, which, however, do not last long. Its principal beauty is its foliage for shade in summer.

"The Clematis.—There are a number of varieties of these. This is known as the Jackmanii, the most beautiful of them all. It requires good rich soil with plenty of water, and will flower the first year; but the older it is, the greater number of vines, consequently the greater mass of flowers. This vine is four or five years old. The Clematis should be cut back to within about a foot of the ground every year so as to force new wood every year. It will grow about 2 inches a day till it reaches its full height (about ten feet), flowering about first of July, and continuing a mass of beautiful rich purple flowers for a month or more. It can be propagated by cuttings, or by laying down a vine similar to the way grapes are propagated. Neither pen nor camera can, in any way, do justice to this beautiful vine; it must be seen to realize its wonderful beauty."

Moving Roots—Amaryllis.

Will you please tell me when would be the best time to move some rose bushes, Lily of the Valley, Narcissi, Trumpet Vine, and Tulips. We have moved our house, and I want to move the flowers

when I can do so and not injure them. I have an Amaryllis that does not bloom. What can I do to make it put forth flowers? PEARL E. MILLS.

Kent Co., Ont.

Roots may be reset either in fall or in



Clematis Jackmanii (the larger vine) and Chinese Wistaria (over the door).

The Quiet Hour.

At Crystal Springs.

The sunlight through the garret window gleaming,

Fell bright across the bed,
Where lay a sick child with her loose hair streaming
In glory round her head.

And by the ragged bedside, softly weeping,

Her mother knelt and prayed
That the dark shadow, slowly o'er her creeping,
In mercy might be stayed.

For she was all she had, and life was lonely

In that foul city slum,
Where Sin laughed loud in Death's pale face, and only
The voice of God seemed dumb.

And, as she prayed, lifted the white lids slowly,

And turned the golden head,
And asked the loved voice, faint and sweetly lowly,
"Mother, have I been dead?"

"I think I must have been, for I've been going

Through such a pleasant land.
Where tall trees drooped across a river flowing
Over gray beds of sand.

"And all around green fields were lying sleeping,

Lulled by the lazy breeze
That down the distant hills kept softly sweeping
And murmuring through the trees.

"It was just like the day we had last May-time,

Out in the fields somewhere,
That seemed like heaven all the happy daytime—
And now I'm going there.

"Back to the world of fields and trees and flowers,

And bright blue sunny sky,
Where the birds sing all through the long day's hours
And children never die.

"Heaven must be like that—somewhere or other—

Full of sweet air and light—
And you'll come to me some day—won't you, mother?
I'm sleeping now—Good-night!"

—Selected.

As so many of our readers helped to send some poor children from Toronto to the country this summer, it may interest you if I tell you something about our Fresh-air work here. We have about 300 children attending our various clubs and classes during the winter, and, when the hot days come, those who have been most regular are sent to country through various Fresh-air missions. This year a house called "The Crystal Spring House" was also placed at our disposal. It was fitted up with every necessary and many luxuries by kind friends, on purpose to give some of the children—children and mothers—from the tenements around us a little taste of Paradise here on earth. This week we have some of the weary, delicate mothers and their little children. I am sitting on the veranda writing this and watching one of the babies swinging in a hammock under the big maple trees. One of the mothers is sitting in a rocking-chair be-

side me, professing to darn stockings, but really drinking in deep breaths of the deliciously cool air and enjoying a little much-needed idleness. Two little children are playing with the croquet balls near, rolling them down the grassy slope. Another mother is lying on an old quilt on the grass with her baby beside her, saying: "Yes, Abraham, we haven't any bad smells or ash barrels here, have we, sonny?" The baby kicks up his heels in delighted assent. The ice wagon has just driven up to the door, so you see we are not without city advantages, although this dear old farmhouse is almost in the woods.

But I must go back and describe our first arrival, a month ago. I started from the city with a party of little Jewish girls at ten o'clock in the morning, and we rode on the electric car for about two hours. Then we followed a winding path through the woods and across the fields, the children stopping to pick wild flowers and ferns, or chasing butterflies with eager delight—at home they hardly ever see a blade of grass, it doesn't grow very well on paved streets. At last we reached the roomy, comfortable red house on the edge of the woods—and there was great excitement as the children were sorted out in the various bedrooms, each containing four or five beds. These beds are enamelled white, and look very dainty with their white quilts and pink or blue flowered comforters. The very sight of the pretty rooms is enough to inspire the children with a desire to improve their own surroundings. The kind friends who fitted up the house spared no expense, and seem to have thought of everything. There is plenty of furniture in every room, and also a nice little bath-room, with hot and cold water laid on from a private reservoir. The sitting-room is

well supplied with rocking-chairs and other luxuries—including a shelf of bound books and a large box full of paper ones. The kitchen has its taps for hot and cold water, and is fitted up with everything dear to a housekeeper's heart. There are pans and kettles of granite-ware, a chain dish-cloth, dish-mop and soap-saver, a three-cornered scrubbing-brush on a long handle; indeed, it would be hard to think of anything that could be needed in a well-ordered kitchen that is not there or on the shelves of the big, airy pantry. It doesn't seem much like camping out when one finds such things as an ice-cream freezer and a refrigerator ready for use. The dining-room sideboard has its silver drawers lined with velvet and well filled with knives, forks and spoons. The children soon learned to set the table nicely, putting a table-mat under each plate, and setting beside it the pretty napkin-rings—and what pride they took in showing themselves to be good housekeepers! To live for a little while in such fresh, dainty rooms is the best kind of object-lesson, for how can they learn even the rudiments of housekeeping in their crowded, dirty rooms, where they have nothing but the barest necessities very often?

What a glorious time those children had! They gathered berries—black, blue and red—wandered through the woods, or carried their pails to the Crystal Spring to get the clear cold water. They adorned their bedrooms with great bunches of wild flowers; they played games, sang songs, or stretched themselves out on the grass or in the hammock in luxurious enjoyment. It is little wonder that when they have to go back to the hot, crowded city streets, they say they are "country-sick," or—as one of them declared—feel as though they