

remarkable rapidity, but only the warmer portions of Canada are suited to it. The horse-chestnut is also decorative, especially when in flower, but is rather mussy in fall, when the nuts drop. Nor must the mountain ash be overlooked. Beautiful in foliage, in flower, and in fruit, it may well be given a place about any home grounds.

Finally, exercise your ingenuity to provide the "mystery," in which half the interest of any place, large or small, lies. Dispose the planting so that you can grasp every detail at one glance, from the road, and you have killed with one fell blow more than half of the charm. Arrange it, however, so that chimneys peep, at one view, from a mass of green tree-tops; so that you come through a clump of dense shrubbery to find, suddenly, the flower-garden; about a bend in a curving road to come on view of lake, or stream, or ravine, with a seat conveniently placed for loitering; along a shady path to reach arbor, or summer-house, or spring, or well with picturesque well-house; provide for these, and you have at once supplied the element of surprise which even grown-ups are never too old to enjoy. The surprises must, however, come naturally. There must be no straining after them. The home grounds must by no means be transformed into a museum. That would be ridiculous, and altogether too hard on the nerves for common everyday folk. Home must be home, not a show-place.

(2) Always provide for a space of clear lawn about the house—sunshine is necessary for good health and good cheer—and see to it that, in all parts, the lawn is well constructed, well drained, and kept free of weeds, even though it may not at all times be possible to keep it mown like a velvet sward. The lawn is, indeed, the setting for house, trees and shrubbery, and if it be rough and ill-kept, covered with plantain and edged with burdock and ragweed, it cannot but give an impression of carelessness and slovenliness, just as habitually down-trodden heels and dirty, greasy clothes proclaim to a certain extent the measure of a man. For this reason, the lawn should be well levelled, to offer as little obstruction as possible when mowing, and well drained, to prevent mossiness and irregularity of grass. A one-horse mower will be found invaluable if the area is large. See to it, also, that the ground is well enough fertilized to insure the healthy green mat that is as necessary to the beauty of the lawn as is the skin of his face to that of its owner. Tuft grass does not form a good cover. Plant a mixture of red-top and blue-grass, and if the soil is sandy, add a liberal amount of white Dutch clover. . . . Finally, having formed the lawn, do not cut it up into flower-beds. Leave the flowers for borders and clumps in out-of-the-way places, or for a regular flower-garden, in which grass is no object.

(4) Be very chary about "dinky" things. You remember what Prof. Bailey said about clipped trees, iron bulldogs, and whitewashed stones, viz., that he had no objection to these things, provided the owner took care to put them where nobody else could see them. The same restriction might very well be put on rockeries of the usual order, shell-edgings for flower-beds, "camp-fires" made of a tripod and sugar-kettle, in which grow nasturtium flames; "cemetery urns" for front-lawn decoration, ornamental tiles for flower-pots, etc. Flower receptacles for drooping vines should be very simple in form and few in number; garden seats should be few and comfortable; "ornaments" of iron or bronze, never; a pergola may be delightful, if it leads to something; one sundial may be permitted for its quaintness, but a safe drinking-basin for birds is, perhaps, more useful, and may be as decorative, if made of stone or cement. In either case the bottom should be graduated, to afford a foothold for the birds, no matter how low the water may chance to be.

SHRUBBERY.

Though less necessary than trees, shrubs occupy an important place in the decoration of home grounds. Where the trunks of trees prove unsightly, they may be used to form a connection with the ground; they are always in order about the foundations of a house, and are always invaluable wherever a low screen is desired. Finally, they afford the easiest possible way of supplying flowers, as, if wisely chosen, they will provide a succession of bloom from spring until fall, while the red-stemmed and red-berried varieties keep up a dash of color even in winter. Forsythia, japonica, all of the lilacs, honeysuckle, spiræa, flowering almond, syringa, smoke-tree, Siberian currant, snowball, Japanese cherry and plum, Glastonbury thorn, pink-flowered crab-apple, bush hydrangea, barberry and red-twigged dogberry—surely these give variety enough in flowers, while, for dense masses, nothing can be better than our own Juneflower or shad-bush, sumac, red elder, and low-growing cherry trees. The most handsome border of shrubbery that I have seen this year was a mass of red elderberry bushes, with Spiræa Van Houttei drooping before them, like a connecting veil toward the ground.

VINES.

Among vines, none is better for the walls of brick, stone or cement houses than the Boston ivy, which clings

Ostensibly, opportunities are somewhat limited here, but one should not despair. In this case, above all things, rely on vines. Plant for permanence, trees, shrubs, hardy vines, but plant, also, quickly-running things; annuals, to be put in in spring (some seeds, such as wild cucumber, need fall planting) and which will cover the greatest amount of space in the shortest possible time. Japanese hops will form a thick green curtain to the top of the veranda, or over a whole fence, in half of a summer. Other vines that may be mentioned are clematis scandens, morning glory, moon-flower, cypress vine, and even the old scarlet runner. Provide a support for them, give them rich soil and plenty of water, and they will do the rest. Do not burn them with new manure. Give them rich old compost.

In the garden, while the hardy shrubs are slowly growing upward, castor beans, eulalias, cannas and caladiums may be relied upon to make a brave show. Plant these in the house in early spring, and give them a good start.

If you choose to plant this fall, a host of varieties may be mentioned, among them hollyhocks, perennial larkspurs and phloxes, golden glow. With clumps of these, watered and fertilized, to make them show-off to the best of their ability, no home need ever be permitted long to look bare, desolate, or even so painfully new as to be uncomfortable.



A Rustic Bridge.

Just a word in closing. If nothing has been hitherto done towards making your home home-like, let not this fall pass without making a start. You may not be able to accomplish your whole plan in one season, but no harm will be done if something is left for succeeding years. Remember that even one day's work, or a few evenings' work, will make an astonishing improvement. The time will not be wasted, for it will bear fruitful interest during all the years to come.

It is easy enough to be pleasant
When life flows by like a song,
But the man worth while is the man
who will smile
When everything goes dead wrong;
For the test of the heart is trouble,
And it always comes with the years,
And the smile that comes with the
praises of earth
Is the smile that shines through tears.

Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood.
—Tennyson.

Hope's Quiet Hour.

He Hath Made Everything Beautiful.

He hath made everything beautiful in his time: also He hath set the world in their heart, so that no man can find out the work that God maketh from the beginning to the end.—Eccles. iii. : 11.

Are you looking for a sermon from me this week, my dear Canadian friends? Do you know, I feel rather too small and insignificant to stand in a pulpit—even this home-like pulpit of the Quiet Hour—and talk "down" to anybody. For I have been permitted to walk through some of the galleries where God has stored His great works of beauty and majesty, and I am filled with wonder at the loving care our Father has shown in fitting up a home for His children.

Words are poor things to describe what I have seen—and yet I can't bear to enjoy glorious sights all alone.

Before I left Canada a friend said to me: "You must write an account of your travels." I laughed at the notion, saying that such writing was "not in my line"—and it isn't. I don't know where to begin. This is not a guide-book. If you expect to hear all about the trip from Toronto, through the Thousand Islands, across the Atlantic, through Scotland, and across the North Sea to Norway and Denmark, then you will certainly be disappointed. I shall plunge in anywhere and jump about as I please, regardless of geography.

At this moment I am sitting in a room fairly shining with cleanliness, high up in a Copenhagen hotel, trying to write a Quiet Hour while listening subconsciously to the rushing of electric cars and the tooting of automobiles in the busy street below.

Having begun at this end, perhaps we had better talk about Copenhagen for a few minutes.

Three days ago the trim little steamship, "Rona," reached her dock, and my brother and I received a very friendly welcome from a young Dane, who greeted us in English and presented us to a sweet-faced lady, who smiled her welcome as plainly as if she had been able to express it in our language. In a few minutes we were whirling along in a taxi-motor, feeling quite overwhelmed with the appearance of this fine city. The buildings are evidently intended to last for centuries; the streets and squares, the parks and fountains, show that time and money have been spent unstintingly for the public good. The people, too, are kindness itself—if we may judge from the royal welcome we have received from friends of our friends in Canada. Will you go with us to the Tivoli Gardens? There are garlands of colored lights everywhere, making the whole place—with its trees and flowers, its fairy fountain of rainbow light and its gay music—like a corner of fairyland. See the crowds of people—thousands of them!—all intending to have a good time. Over them is a pantomime in an open-air theatre. It is for the children, but everybody is ready to laugh at it. Here is a rope stretched above the heads of the crowd, with men walking on it or riding bicycles along it. Here is a Moorish palace, covered all over its walls and pinnacles with colored lights, flashing like brilliant gems. On all sides are groups of people, sitting at little tables enjoying their supper in the open air and listening to the music of the band. This custom of eating one's meals out of doors seems to be almost universal in Copenhagen, and a very sensible custom it is in this delightful climate.

But you will think that I have strayed from my text, and have been talking about the works of man rather than the works of God. Well, perhaps you are right. Let us go back a week.

We are on a little steamboat now, on Loch Lomond. The guide-book informs us that Wordsworth was disappointed with Loch Lomond, and suggests that he could not have been well. Disappointed! It lies like a jewel in its setting of mighty hills, towering one behind the other in silent majesty. No wonder my heart turns instinctively to the familiar words: "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help. My help cometh even from the Lord, Who hath