

heaps, and, as regards the "little uns," more a-growing. We had our bit of chaffing over what might happen if the second pair of friendly arms, which were offered to convey our poor old Mrs. A. from the waiting-room to the train, but whose owner knew nothing of her personal appearance, should lay hold of Mrs. Somebody else, whose husband might naturally resent such a peculiar mode of transit for his wife! Well, that was only one joke amongst many. You only come up and see us, and we will tell you all about them. The children laughed with delight when the train began to go at full speed, and the fences seemed to be running races with us. They clapped their hands and shouted from sheer light-heartedness, whilst the eyes of our poor Dumby, as we all affectionately call her, told us what her tongue could not—"how very nice it was." Then, everyone planned for our comfort so kindly—Mr. Dawson, the Superintendent; Mr. Allison, the conductor; the baggagemaster at Port Stanley; Mr. Fraser, who would not take a cent for his "bus; the kind infection spread, so that all combined to give us a "real good time."

I heard one of the ladies say that, up to quite a late hour the night before, she had been a little afraid

that we should have none too bountiful a supply for our wants, and no money left for contingencies, whatever they may be. No lack had we, however, but enough and to spare. Heaven sent us our ravens in the shape of liberal-handed human beings whose names are too many to mention. "Little Orpha," "Two Sisters," two or three ravens which hovered about us on the railway platform, ministered to us in money, whilst for money's worth we are indebted to Messrs. McDonough, Fysh, Mountjoy, Perrin, McCormick, Bradford, Macallum, Ferguson, Trebilcock; neither did Mrs. C. Elliott, Mrs. H. Payne or Mrs. Bremner forget us. Several young ladies helped to feed and amuse us. Our own Mr. Dignam was untiring in his labors, and performed wonders on our behalf. Single-handed, he could not have done all. Judge, then, how valuable to us were the zealous efforts of and excellent arrangements of Mr. —; but there, he said his name was on no account to be mentioned, so I durstn't say any more than that the Y. M. C. A. are his most intimate acquaintances.

"Where is my tale about the money boxes?" you ask. Why, had there been no money boxes and no unselfish children to pour out their contents for our benefit, there would

have been no tale to tell. Those money boxes, and the gifts of the St. Paul's, Shelburne, Sunday School children, were at the bottom of it all. It was they who started the project by providing a holiday for our little ones. The daily press of our city, never backward in similar good deeds, let their myriads of readers know what was on foot. The good example bore good fruit, and thus we, aged, orphans, and friendless, of the London Protestant Home, had a happy, healthful holiday at Port Stanley, for which we say, "God bless you all."

H. A. B.

Current Events.

The funeral of Judge Killam, of the Railway Commission, was held on March 2nd.

New Brunswick elections have resulted in a victory for the Opposition, led by Mr. J. D. Hazen.

Unsuccessful attempts to assassinate President Alcora, of Argentina, and the Shah of Persia, were made recently.

A rich placer-gold find, which, it is believed, may rival the Yukon, has been discovered on the Findlay River, in north-eastern British Columbia.

A claim for \$208,093 has been filed against the City of Toronto by Mr. E. J. Lennox, the architect, in connection with his work at the City Hall.

A Canadian syndicate, of which Mr. William Mackenzie, of Toronto, is one of the leading factors, has been formed for the purpose of opening up Bolivia for commercial purposes.

Large numbers of Hindoo laborers are taking passage at Hong Kong for Vancouver, and Mr. W. L. Mackenzie King has been sent to England to confer with the Indian and Colonial offices in regard to restriction of the immigration.

Upwards of one hundred and seventy children were burned to death in a fire in a school at Collinwood, a suburb of Cleveland. This catastrophe is surely another object lesson as to the necessity of erecting fireproof buildings wherever human beings must congregate.

With the Flowers.

WILD-ROSE HEDGE.

1. Can any of the different species of the native wild rose be successfully used in making a hedge? If so, what kinds? What information can you give regarding the establishing and maintaining of the same?

2. Can the ordinary red cherry be grafted on the wild black cherry? Lambton Co., Ont. W. A. W.

Ans.—1. The wild roses have not been used to any great extent for hedges in this country, although there is no doubt that some of them might be used in this way quite effectively. They are not in such general favor as the improved, cultivated varieties, with large double flowers, for the reason that their bloom usually lasts for a shorter period. The wild roses have a grace and beauty of their own which makes them well worthy of cultivation where the grounds are large enough to admit of both the cultivated and wild varieties being grown. They should not be planted in a hedge with the idea of cutting it back the same as the cultivated varieties are usually pruned, but are best in masses or clumps, with shrubbery for a background. In this way I believe they would prove more satisfactory than grown in a hedge.

Among the varieties native to this Province which might be used for this purpose are the Sweet Briar (*Rosa rubiginosa*), which grows to a height of six or eight feet, and has an abundance of beautiful single flowers, which, as well as the foliage, have a delightful fragrance. The Swamp Rose (*Rosa Carolina*) also grows five or six feet in height, but is better adapted to moist locations. Of the smaller species, there is the Early Wild Rose (*Rosa blanda*), and the Dwarf Wild Rose (*Rosa lucida*), which grow freely upon dry soils, and vary in height from one to three feet. These species might be grown in clumps next to the taller-growing kinds, or they may be used by themselves in forming a low hedge. One of the best wild climbing roses is *Rosa setigera*, which is found in south-western Ontario. The canes of this variety reach a length of six or eight feet. There are now a number of cultivated forms of this species which are an improvement upon the wild form.

One of the most satisfactory of all roses for a hedge is the Japanese or Chinese Wild Rose (*Rosa rugosa*). There are now a number of varieties of this under cultivation, with both single and double flowers. The large, red or white-flowered, single varieties are very showy. This species of rose has the handsomest foliage of all roses, being of a very dark green, and is of a tough, leathery substance, which makes it enduring. It is the one kind of rose which is not subject

to attacks of insects as are most other kinds.

2. Yes, the common red cherry may be grafted on any of the wild cherries, but the operation has to be carefully performed, as the scions do not take so readily as in grafting apples or pears. The stone fruits, such as cherry, are usually budded instead of grafted. The budding is done upon young wood; while grafting, such as ordinary cleft grafting, is usually done upon older wood.

O. A. C.

H. L. HUTT.

The Quiet Hour.

THE SIN OF COMPLAINING.

And when the people complained, it displeased the LORD: and the LORD heard it; and His anger was kindled; and the fire of the LORD burnt among them, and consumed them that were in the uttermost parts of the camp.—Num. xi: 1.

What a terrible text that is! If God is the same yesterday, to-day and forever, then He must still be greatly displeased when His people murmur and complain. If He so plainly showed the severity of His displeasure then, surely He does not lightly overlook the same sin now. He was displeased when the people complained—and yet, if we had been forced to endure their hardships, we might have fancied ourselves justified in grumbling. They were homeless, marching through a desert, never able to lay up any provision for the future, often parched with thirst, weary and foot-sore. And yet God was so greatly displeased when they complained that He sent a fire to consume them.

What of ourselves! Do we not accept hundreds of everyday blessings without much gratitude, and then grumble and complain if some little thing goes wrong? A man dying of thirst in the desert would lift up his heart in the deepest thankfulness if he was given a scanty supply of water—though it might be warm and flavorless. Yet we seldom think of thanking God for the priceless gift of plenty of clear, cold water, and grumble because we can't have luxuries—as though water were not one of the greatest of luxuries. One of the gasping captives who were shut up in the stiding "Black hole of Calcutta," would have known how to thank God for the gift of pure, sweet air; another luxury we accept as a matter of course. God's best gifts are very common—love, health, air, water, light. They are not to be bought with money, but can be enjoyed by poor as well as rich.

If the sin of the Israelites was very great in God's sight, how much more displeased must He be when He hears us grumbling. He had been kind to them, but they had no idea of the length and

breadth and depth and height of His infinite love. They never could have imagined that for love of them God would leave His throne and endure agony and death. We know something of the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, we know that He is seeking our eternal good always; and yet we are so quick to complain if the rain spoils a pleasure trip, if we have to wait a few days for a coveted letter, if we are called upon to do some distasteful piece of work, or to entertain for an hour or two some unwelcome visitor. Jonah was saved from death in a most marvellous fashion, yet he grumbled and murmured in a very unprophetlike manner when he lost the gourd vine which had made a comfortable shelter from the sun.

Who can say that the sin of grumbling and complaining is only a trifling fault? It can ruin the happiness of a home almost more effectually than a crime, for it goes on all the year round with some people. Henry Ward Beecher, in speaking of so-called "little sins," says that it is not necessary to break the glasses of a telescope in order to prevent you from seeing through them. Just breathe on them, and the dew of your breath will shut out all the stars. So it does not require great crimes to hide the light of God's countenance. Little faults can do it just as well. It is not so much the great sins which take the freshness from our conscience, as the numberless petty faults which we are all the time committing.

Think of the want of faith we show every time we grumble! Our lives are in God's hand. He knows what training and environment we need, and he is giving us the best. One word of complaint shows that we don't trust His wisdom and His love. If He were to offer us our choice, should we not be afraid to risk our own judgment? Surely we would say: "Lord, choose Thou for me, for I am sure to make mistakes." Why, then, are we not ready to trust Him when He doesn't offer us our choice? Why are we not quite sure that His choice is, and must always be, the best possible? Yet we constantly find fault with His ordering, as though we knew, far better than He, the things that would be best for us. And this habit of complaining is not only a sin against God—a sure proof that we don't trust His love—it is also a sin against our neighbor and ourself. It makes an uncomfortable atmosphere wherever we go, and it soon writes its name unmistakably on the face. It is foolish to study advertisements of complexion improvers, when one is deliberately writing lines on the face which cannot fail to make it unpleasing to others, depriving it of the beauty which all have the power to obtain—the beauty of bright cheerfulness. The sin of complaining can never be conquered in negative fashion. It is not enough for us to keep from spoiling the good times of other people, we are

bound to actively help them to have good times. Whatever the weather may be outside our homes, it is our business—as Christians—to keep the inside bright and pleasant.

A Zanzibar legend shows that even the heathen see the duty of homemaking. The story goes that a woman of Zanzibar once went to a medicine man for a charm which would make her husband love her. She was told that the charm could not be made unless she brought the eyebrows cut from a live lion. The woman was in earnest, so she hunted up a lion, fed him day after day, and at last tamed him so he went to sleep with his head in her lap. She cut off the eyebrows and hurried back to the medicine man, who said: "Oh, you brave woman, you need none of my charms! You who have succeeded in taming that savage beast, can't you win your husband's love in the same way?"

So she whitewashed her house, painted door and windows, swept it up inside and out, and cooked good meals. When her husband came home she always met him with smiles, keeping her troubles to herself; she never scolded him, and was always at leisure to listen when he wanted to talk. Of course, he soon found that his own home and his own wife were the best. Where there's a will, a way can always be found. And a cheerful temper is a blessing to its possessor also. Bancroft, who was vigorous at ninety, used to say that the secret of a long life is in never losing one's temper. Discontented people, who go about the world looking like chronic thunder-clouds, are seldom very healthy. Plenty of people settle down into melancholy invalidism simply because they will not exert themselves to be happy. One great secret of happiness is service. If you feel inclined to be cross and "blue," the surest way to become sunny again is to do something to make someone else happy. And it isn't always necessary to go out to visit the sick and the poor. We owe a good deal of kindness to the people who are well and who are well-to-do. Someone has said that we should never be "too busy to be kind." If we are to enter into the lives of others, in helpful sympathy, we must not be too busy about our own affairs. Let us remember the parable-picture of Martha bustling about the house, and Mary, who was called "idle," but who won the high approval of the Master of the world because she sat quietly and entered into His thoughts. The mother who is too busy working for her children to spare time for real listening—sympathetic listening—when they come to her with their little pleasures and sorrows, is making a mistake she will deeply regret in the future, when, perhaps, her children will have drifted away from her just because they found she could never make time to be a companion to them. And the wife, who, like the woman of Zanzibar, wishes to charm her husband, will never do it