On a small scale, and as the attempt of an individual, the scheme would be likely to fail, but the unity of a kind of "Botanising Sisterhood," with one practical leader and organiser, might carry it through.

Flowers have other and cheerier uses than that of being distilled and employed as drugs. No social gathering, no ball dress, no festive board would be complete without them, and few sick people can resist their ornamental charms. To arrange flowers is a task most women undertake as an undisputed *right* with very different results. "Arranging flowers is an art!" The power

"Arranging flowers is an art !" The power of getting a good effect is a gift! It is *innate*, not acquired !" These are remarks one constantly hears; there is certainly some truth in them. Some people have sympathy with the flowers they handle, and an instinctive appreciation of their natural growth, suggested by an arrangement, which leaves to their beauty the radiance of life; to others they are simply decorative and transitory rosettes of colour, troublesome adjuncts of civilisation. In some Hospitals one sees masses of splendid flowers spoilt by being bundled into the most handy vessel, their heads crushed together, their stalks probably still cramped by the tight string that bound them when they arrived. As one looks at them one can almost hear the "bother it!" that accompanied their unpacking and disposition. To anyone at all interested in plants, such decorations are positively *exasperating*. In other wards the flowers look alive and natural. Little time may have been given to their arrangement, but the hand that touched them was a gentle one, and was directed by a brain that dwelt lovingly on them, and the result is graceful, and likely to serve its cheering and refining purpose. A popular fallacy has decided that "the trim-

A popular fallacy has decided that "the trimmings of life" (as some one aptly called flowers the other day), take a long time to arrange properly. People who arrange flowers well, generally do it quickly. "A thought" (but that is indispensable) finding expression in a touch go to make the floral artist. Some time ago I saw a table in a childrens' ward, the flowers on which had been, I was told, arranged by a young probationer. This lady might have made her fortune as a floral decorator, had she not been pleased to follow a nobler profession. Vases seemed scarce, as large jam pots (which, in her hours of recreation, she had enamelled a rich earth-colour) were pressed into service, and they answered their purpose admirably, setting off a cluster of golden king-cups mingled with waterreeds and rushes especially well.





