

grow quickly. It has an acrid taste and a foetid smell, but is used in many prescriptions, both allopathic and homœopathic. The Comfrey's beautiful bell-like flowers seem too delicate for its coarse, large, hairy leaves. It grows anywhere. The Borage, with its rotate corolla, is much more rare, though even more valued in folk-lore. It is used as a cordial, says Hooker, but has no sensible properties. Three dangerous plants bloom about the same time: the Henbane, with its lurid yellow sessile bells, veined with purple—is used medicinally as an anodyne and anti-spasmodic; the Wild Nightshade, wreathing its delicate sprays with its clusters of white and purple flowers, reminding us of the flowers of the potato, to which largegenus it belongs; and the Deadly Nightshade or Belladonna, with its greenish purple flowers. Though these should never be used without experience and knowledge, they have all active properties which may be applied for good. The power of Belladonna over the eyes has tempted ladies to use it for a beautifier, a practice dangerous to the sight. Applied externally, it soothes pain, and a Belladonna plaster is a comfort in cases of bronchitis or chest rheumatism. The Field Scabious, the Thistle or Carduus in many varieties, and Viper's Bugloss may be added to the list. Old prescriptions doubtless did very good work, through the exercise of faith and the recuperative power of Nature. But the herb-doctors seemed also to depend somewhat on the power of combinations. Their taste must have been detestable. I give one from an old medical book—to be made in June:—"Lady Allen's Water. Take Rue, Celandine, Carduus, Dragon (a kind of Arum), Rosa Solis, Mugwort, Balm, Pimpernel, Scabious, Betony, flowers and leaves of each a good handful; then take the roots of Peony Tormentil, Angelica, Elecampane, Liquorice, all clean scraped, of each an ounce. Let the herbs be well dried in a cloth, but not washed. Shred them all together and slice the roots, mix them, and put to them two quarts of Canary and two of White Wine; let them steep in a glazed earthen pot for two days and nights, covered close, stirring them occasionally. Distil them in a cold still." The little "pink-eyed Pimpernel," which is included in this list, is better known as "the poor man's weather-glass." You may be quite sure no showers await you if its eye is boldly open. It is very sensitive to weather.

I have left last a plant full of interest and romance, the Yellow Broom. It thrives upon poor soil, and its beautiful papilionaceous flowers have a delicate scent as well as medical value. A decoction of green Broom tops, with a spoonful of whole Mustard seed, has been believed to cure dropsy. They have been used as a substitute for hops, and the seeds, when roasted, resemble coffee. In Italy the long, delicate stems are used to bind the vines, and, further north, the fibres are made into a kind of flax; thatch is also made from the twigs; and "brooms" were called so because originally made from this plant. Geoffrey of Anjou chose it as his cognizance, because he saw the bushes cling with a firm grasp to slipping stones. He was the father of Henry II. of England, and through him the flower gave its name to the Plantagenets, from a Latin name it bore, *Planta Genista*.

"O the Broom, the yellow Broom, the ancient poet sung it;
And sweet it is on summer days to lie at rest among it."

What Have we Done To-day?

We shall do so much in the years to come,
But what have we done to-day?
We shall give our gold in a princely sum,
But what did we give to-day?
We shall lift the heart and dry the tear,
We shall plant a hope in the place of fear,
We shall speak the words of love and cheer,
But what did we speak to-day?

We shall be so kind in the after-while,
But what have we been to-day?
We shall bring to each lonely life a smile,
But what have we brought to-day?
We shall give to truth a grander birth,
And to steadfast faith a deeper worth,
We shall feed the hungering souls of earth,
But whom have we fed to-day?

We shall reap such joys in the by-and-by,
But what have we sown to-day?
We shall build us mansions in the sky,
But what have we built to-day?
'Tis sweet in idle dream to bask,
But here and now do we do our task?
Yes, this is the thing our souls must ask,
What have we done to-day?

—NIXON WATERMAN, in the *Daily Mail*.

What to Read.

"The Marquis of Dufferin and Ava, K.P., G.C.B., G.C.S.I., G.C.M.G., G.C.I.E., P.C., Diplomatist, Viceroy, Statesman." By Charles E. Drummond Black.

"The Personality of Emerson." By F. B. Sanborn.

"Danish Life in Town and Country." By J. Brockner.

"Virginia of the Rhodesians." By Cynthia Stockley.

"The Wind in the Rose Bush." By Mary E. Wilkins.

Coming Events.

June 8th.—The Princess of Wales opens the Nurses' Home of the British Lying-in Hospital, Endell Street, 3.30.

June 10th.—The Prince of Wales presides at the Festival Dinner of the Royal Medical Benevolent College, Hôtel Cecil.

June 11th.—Annual meeting of the Colonial Nursing Association, Royal Hospital, Chelsea, Earl Grey presiding; 3.30 p.m.

June 13th.—Princess Louise (Duchess of Argyll) opens the new buildings of the Hospital for Epilepsy and Paralysis, Maida Vale.

June 20th.—General Meeting of the League of St. John's House Nurses, St. John's House, 2.30 p.m. Social Gathering, 4.30 p.m.

June 27th.—General Meeting of the League of St. Bartholomew's Hospital Nurses, Great Hall of the Hospital, 3 p.m. Social Gathering, 4.30 p.m.

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