

And now that Fortune, so long harsh and unpromising, had taken to flinging gifts at the family with unstinted hand, it did not leave Cameron himself out of its scheme of sudden generosity.

The picture of the ship had found its way safely from under Miss Browne's bed at Wilgandra across the sea to the artist who painted in leafy Fontainebleau pictures the world was pleased to stand and look at long.

And the man's artist-soul rose in recognition of the passion and strength that had gone forth into the brush that had worked so feverishly in that far-away bush township.

An important Paris exhibition was just coming on. He rushed up to the city with the canvas, and his

influence got it in at the right time and saw it well hung. The second day the exhibition was opened it sold for two hundred guineas, and the path Cameron had ached to walk on all his life was at last open to his feet.

The Day had not dropped her burdens from the backs of these people for ever; it had merely strengthened weak shoulders with soldierly discipline and readjusted the weight.

Bright days, sad days, separations, meetings, temptations, love, death, all would come along as they always have done, as they always will.

For this is Life we fare upon, and not just a little journey to ask smooth ground for all the way.

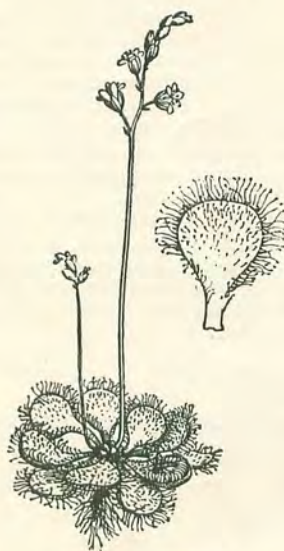
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PLANT TREASURES FROM MOOR AND MARSH.

SUNDEW (*Drosera Rotundifolia*).

THOSE who are fortunate enough to have the prospect of spending their summer holidays amidst the beauties of mountain or moorland scenery may be glad to have their attention directed to some of the exquisite wild plants which nestle in rock crevices or carpet the banks of some trickling stream. Many of these plants are of exceptional interest, but owing to their minuteness they need to be searched for, and that we should know the kind of places where we are most likely to find them.

In the boggy parts of heaths and moors, where the foot sinks into masses of sphagnum moss, where rushes flourish and silky tufts of cotton grass are waving their tassels, there, if we look carefully, we shall most probably find a circle of minute crimson leaves shaped like small battle-dores, with a single upright stem in the centre bearing five or six flower-buds. The whole plant is only some two or three inches high and may easily be overlooked, but it is well worth observing, for this sundew is one of the fly-devouring plants, and is wonderfully adapted to carry out its purpose. If the sun is shining the leaves glisten and reflect the light, because upon the surface of each leaf are long hairs, each tipped by a tiny drop of sticky fluid, hence its Greek name of *Drosera* from *droseros*, which means dewy. This moisture exudes from the plant itself, and it is so glutinous that when a small fly alights upon the leaf it is held fast, the wonderful little plant knows it has caught its prey, it pours out more dew, the long hairs upon the leaf curl over and embrace the fly so that it cannot escape, it soon dies, and in time the plant absorbs the body of the insect and is thus nourished and grows strong upon animal diet. This carnivorous habit of the sundew has been conclusively proved by the careful researches of Sir Joseph



COMMON SUNDEW.



BUTTERWORT.

Hooker, Dr. Burdon Saunderson, Darwin, and other scientists. They discovered that the presence of an insect or a small portion of raw meat upon a *drosera* leaf causes it to send out an acid secretion which dissolves the animal matter, the plant absorbs and feeds upon it, and when the process is completed the leaf re-opens and is ready for another victim. The small white flowers upon the central stem have their own peculiar habits. The lowest bud opens about noon, and remains open only for an hour or two, then it closes and will not again unfold; but the next bud higher up upon the stem will blossom next day for a short time, and so on until all the flowers on the stem have expanded and become fertilised by minute insects. Afterwards the seed capsules mature and shed their contents upon the mossy ground, where they remain dormant through the winter to be waked up into life by the sunshine of the following summer.

There are three English species of sundew: *Drosera rotundifolia*, the commonest kind, which has battle-dore-shaped leaves, *Drosera longifolia* with long narrow leaves, and *Drosera Anglica*, a much larger plant to be met with in several English counties, and also in bogs in Scotland and Ireland. I have kept these three kinds growing luxuriantly in sphagnum moss for about four months in summer. When the glass



BOG PIMPERNEL.
(Natural size.)



GRASS OF PARNASSUS.

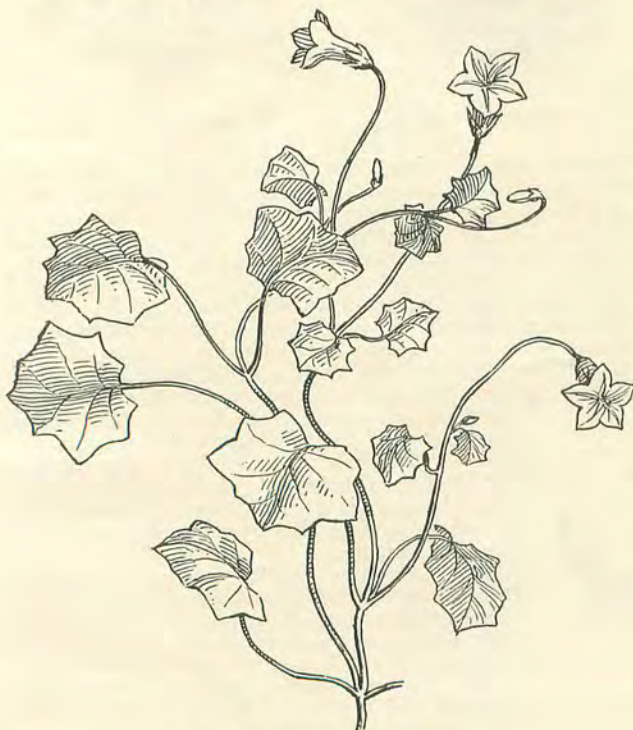
was taken off and bright sunshine lit up the jewelled leaves, the effect was lovely. This was still further enhanced if one looked through a magnifying glass, for then the structure of the leaves could be seen as well as the prismatic colouring of the dew-tipped hairs. The pan containing these plants should be kept out of doors in a sunny place, else the crimson leaves will lose their bright tint and become pale green, and yet some slight shelter is needed on very hot days in summer, for if the sun shines directly upon the glass, our little treasures may be fatally scorched.

There are, I believe, about one hundred foreign species of drosera, and many of these are to be seen growing in one of the greenhouses at Kew Gardens. Some are of large size, and all are interesting and well worth careful examination.

To keep one's own plants in vigorous health minute pieces of raw meat, about the size of a pin's head, may be placed now and then on one of the leaves; the curious action of the glandular hairs will then be seen, and the leaf will remain closed over the meat until it has been dissolved and absorbed as I have already described.

COMMON BUTTERWORT OR BOG VIOLET (*Pinguicula Vulgaris*).

This is another of the insect-catching plants, and one



IVY-LEAVED CAMPANULA.

which possesses many points of interest. It is frequently to be found in the northern parts of England, but is rare in the midland and southern counties. It grows in boggy heaths and looks like a little rosette of pale pellucid green leaves with their edges somewhat curved over. The slender flower-stem springs from the centre of the plant, and in June each one bears a lovely violet-blue flower.

The leaves are not hairy like the sundew, but they look as if sprinkled with crystalline powder, which is really a glutinous substance highly attractive to minute insects.

When a small fly settles on the leaf of the pinguicula, the edges curl over and prevent its escape. As in the case of the sundew, the glands upon the surface of the leaf secrete and pour out an acid liquid which dissolves the fly and fits it to become food for the plant. Its name seems to have been given either from the greasy feel of the leaves, or from their property of coagulating milk.

The pinguicula is much used in Lapland, the milk of the reindeer being rendered by it more solid and useful as an article of diet.

BOG PIMPERNEL (*Anagallis Tenella*).

I can never forget my first sight of this exquisite little plant growing in boggy ground by the side of a mountain stream in South Wales, its little creeping sprays interweaving the mossy bank with the most delicate foliage imaginable, bearing a multitude of rosy-pink bell-shaped flowers. It is well named *tenella* (delicate), for every detail of the plant is worth observing for its perfection and beauty. The tiny leaves are covered with dots on the under side, the flowers, when they first open, stand upright on hair-like stalks, and when the flower is fertilised these slender stalks bend downwards, so that the capsule may bury itself in the ground. The stamens are thickly covered with fine hairs, which glisten like silver in the sunshine. For many years I kept a large pan filled with this charming plant growing and flowering in my conservatory, where it was often seen and admired. It bears transplanting, and travels well in a tin box packed in wet moss. It needs to be kept under a bell glass, planted in peaty soil, and if kept well watered it will continue to grow and flower as well as if it were in its native bog.

GRASS OF PARNASSUS (*Parnassia Palustris*).

On boggy heaths in the North of England and Wales and in many mountainous places this lovely plant may be found. It is one of the easiest plants to grow, as it is quite hardy, and will flower in the open air if a bed of peaty soil can be prepared for it, and sufficient moisture secured. It is not a real grass, but a small round-leaved plant, with an exquisite creamy white flower. Each of the five petals is delicately veined, and its wonderful fan-shaped nectaries are well worth examination with a magnifying glass. They are edged with a fringe of threads, and each thread is tipped with a transparent ball or gland, which glistens like a polished jewel. I hardly know a more beautiful sight than this plant affords when growing in its native habitat amongst grey rocks, nestling in beds of rich green sphagnum moss, glistening in the spray of a waterfall. When the flower first opens, the anther-bearing stamens lie at the base of the stigma, but as they ripen each one rises up by turns and discharges its pollen upon the stigma. This curious operation can be easily seen by the aid of a pocket-lens.

IVY-LEAVED CAMPANULA (*Campanula Hederacea*).

Miss Anne Pratt says truly, in her book on *Flowering Plants*, when speaking of this charming little plant:—"The flower-stalks are hardly thicker than a sewing thread; every breath of wind stirs the bells to motion, and they would be too small to furnish a canopy for a full-grown house-fly!" It is when seen growing in masses in damp mossy places that our attention is caught by a carpet of delicate ivy-shaped leaves thickly covered by tiny blue bell-shaped flowers. It is a little gem worth searching for, and not uncommon in boggy moorlands in the south and west of England.

Its culture is the same as I have already described; peat,

a bell glass, and moisture are the three requisites needed to make our moorland treasures flourish. The little plant will continue to produce its fairy-like foliage and flowers in full beauty from July till September.

We might enumerate many more species of bog plants which are noticeable for their beauty; but these will, I think, suffice to show how much pleasure we may derive from their cultivation in our gardens or greenhouses. At

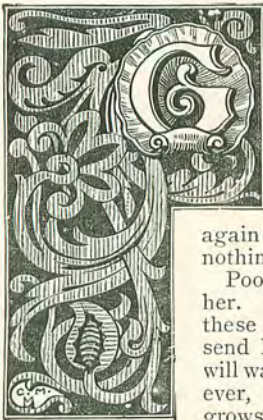
the same time, I would earnestly entreat my young readers to take but a few specimens, and never wantonly to destroy rare plants of any kind.

Where plants are growing in great abundance on a wild heath or moor, a root or two will not be missed; but if there are but few, let us examine and admire, and leave the lovely specimens to live on in the places they have been created to adorn.

ELIZA BRIGHTWEN.

CHILD-WIVES.

By EMILY DIBDIN.



LOOM and sadness reign in a Hindu house, for a little daughter has been born. The friends who have come to inquire, and who would have joined in songs of gladness had the infant been a son, now go silently away or whisper a word of condolence to the moody father, who repeats again and again, "Nothing is born—nothing!"

Poor little maiden! Nobody wants her. It is not impossible, even in these days, that a dose of opium may send her into a sleep from which she will wake no more in this world. However, more generally she lives and grows into the happiest stage of her life.

For some few years—five or six, or even more—the little maid is perfectly free. She runs in and out of the men's quarters as well as the women's, and even in the street beyond. She has no lessons, no needlework, nothing but playtime. The uncles and aunts and cousins who share her father's home pet and spoil her. No one controls her, no one opposes her. Her tricks are laughed at, her mischief overlooked or applauded.

But all at once a shadow falls over her. Her father has arranged that she is to be married; and after one day of exquisite enjoyment, when the house is decorated with flowers and illuminated with coloured lamps, when she is dressed in the loveliest clothes she has ever had, eaten fruit and sweetmeats without stint, and perhaps been taken to ride on the back of a huge elephant while music and songs have surrounded and followed her, and all the neighbours have looked on in admiration, she is torn from her mother's arms and led by her boy-husband to his mother's house, where she is henceforth to live.

The little wife may be scarcely nine years old, and as fond of play as any English child of that age, but her playing days are over.

She is led into the dark rooms of the women's court in her new home, and from them she must no more come out. She must not talk aloud nor may her merry laugh be heard. She must not speak at all in the presence of her father-in-law or any other of her husband's relations, but must stand respectfully when they come in or hide herself in another room.

From a life of idleness she has come to a life of work, very hard work, too, for the new arrival is expected to do everything that other people dislike doing, and her mother-in-law, though vigorous in her reproofs, has no words of praise for the little maiden.

Oh, how she longs for her own home and her mother's love! What bitter tears she sheds when smarting from harsh words and probably blows. She is rarely permitted to see her husband, and as he often takes his cue from his mother, she is not sorry.

She cannot read nor yet work. Her only amusement consists in arranging and rearranging her clothes, more especially her jewels.

Too often an even worse fate befalls her. Perhaps before she has grown accustomed to her new life her husband is taken with some childish complaint and, after a brief illness, dies.

Perhaps you may think that this is a good thing for the little widow, as she can return to her father's house and be happy once more.

Alas, no! Fresh miseries, and worse than any she has yet suffered, await her.

No sooner is it certain that the son of the family has breathed his last than some four or five women rush upon his child-wife, drag the ear and nose-rings from her face, careless whether the features are injured or not, ornaments plaited into her hair are torn away without waiting to unfasten the hair, her head is shaved, and she is dressed in a single garment of coarse white, red, or brown cloth. On the way to the funeral, to which she is led behind the other relatives, a woman goes before her shouting to the passers-by to keep their distance from the accursed thing, lest her shadow should fall upon them and bring them trouble.

From this time the poor child must only eat one meal in the twenty-four hours, and that of the coarsest fare, and for two whole days in each month she must taste neither food nor drink. If there should be a feast or a wedding in the house, the widow must keep herself carefully away. Any disagreeable task or menial work is, as a matter of course, left for her, and she must be at the mercy of every inmate of the house.

She has nothing to look forward to, for this miserable life must be hers till death ends it. There is no escape for her, no other way in which she can go. It is a happy thing for her if her more fortunate sisters-in-law shall have obtained their husbands' leave to get the white lady to come and teach them to work. It is true that she will not be permitted to share in the lesson, but she will hear the good news that the teacher never fails to repeat of another life beyond the grave, where sorrow and suffering are unknown and where joys untold will be the lot of all. She will hear, too, of the Blessed One Who has prepared a home for the homeless, and Who will and does love even the despised widow and will comfort and befriend her, though no one else does.

Such tidings must indeed be like cold water in a thirsty land. It is sad to think how very few of the widows of India can ever hear them, but must walk their sad path to the end and go out of the world without hope. If the girls of England only realised the needs of their Eastern sisters, they would do their utmost to share with them the good things they themselves enjoy, the best of all being the knowledge of God and of His Son, Who gave Himself for all—the dusky Hindu as well as the fair-haired Saxon.

It is want of thought more than any other thing that leaves the poor Hindu girl to her life of misery without making one effort to help her. There is not one amongst us who cannot do something. Have we done it?