

worn, and at times a little weary of the monotony of things; and I am inclined to wish, as I write, that I could actually think myself back into the mysterious awe of that moment, could enter one or the other of those little human bodies, see through their eyes, and think again the thoughts that were agitating their hearts.

For full five minutes we remained silent, then Tiny spoke. It was strange: she was uttering the very thought that had been in my mind.

"I think I should like to say a little prayer, Archie."

We knelt down together with clasped hands, for a deep solemnity had crept over us.

And my companion's prayer? Yes: I remember it, but I cannot bring myself to write it down. It was very simple, pathetic in its childishness, yet with a certain far-reaching insight that seemed always to

distinguish this child, woman-grown before her time; and now, when so much has come and gone of happiness and sorrow and pain, that throws a lurid glow over the days between, those words have a sacredness for me.

Even then my heart felt unusually full. Moreover, as I said my "Amen," the sun, rosy and warm, scattering to right and left the clouds that hung over the horizon, was peering from beyond a distant coast-line.

"Si ce n'est pas là Dieu, c'est du moins son cousin germain." So spoke the dying Mirabeau, when, in his last agony, he looked out on the newly-risen sun. And to us, as we looked out that morning, it seemed as though the great World-Father Himself were, from that rosy east, smiling benignantly His answer to our prayer.

END OF CHAPTER THE SIXTH.

BEAUTY: A SONNET.



MID the flower-scented hay she stood—

A little village lass with clear-cut face,

Eyelids long-lashed, drooping with pensive grace,

A mouth that quivered with her every mood—

A well-wrought picture of sweet womanhood.

And I was weak as men must always be,

And so for one brief moment bent the knee,

And worshipped beauty as life's highest good.

Then reason's voice rang clear: Oh, strangely blind!

Seek beauty rather of the soul and mind;

The eyes that gaze on changeless beauty tire;

When mind seeks mind and hungers all in vain,

When higher thought is met by weak desire,

Glad life is shrouded with a dull dense pain.

G. WEATHERLY.

THE DOCTOR'S CORNER IN THE KITCHEN GARDEN.

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.



URELY the rage for novelty was never more rampant than at the present day. Everything new goes down, as the saying is, and the fashions even in physic are continually changing. As regards medicine, people make two very grave mistakes—they trust too much to it, and neglect the commonest laws of health, and they are too ready to run after every new remedy, which they happen to see advertised, and forsake the simpler but surer, because time-tried, articles in the pharmacopœia. Even medical men themselves are far too apt to join in the general hunt, and pin, for a time,

their faith on new specifics and wonderful cures. Podophyllin thrusts aside the gentlemanly old remedy, blue pill; that terrible drug, hydrate of chloral, for

a time is supposed to be a cure for sleeplessness, and vaseline takes the place of the benzoated oxide of zinc. Now my readers know by this time that I never prescribe medicine of any kind if medicine can be done without, and that when I do prescribe a drug it is usually a very safe and harmless one. There is many and many a simple herb, that can very easily be cultivated in any out-of-the-way corner of the kitchen garden, the virtues of which our forefathers were well acquainted with, but which we seem to have forgotten, although they are simply invaluable in many cases of sickness, chronic or otherwise. Indeed, no one who has a morsel of ground to spare can do better than set aside a small portion of it, and call it "The Doctor's Corner." Hence you can cull your herbs or roots with your own hands, all fresh and healthy, and be in this respect independent of the chemist's shop.

What then should you cultivate in the Doctor's Corner? So many plants occur to me in answer to this question, that I find a difficulty in choosing which to mention first, so I must weed and weed and only retain the most useful; but I promise to return to the kitchen garden another day, and have a friendly gossip on vegetables that possess medicinal as well as nutritive qualities; such, for instance, as potatoes, celery, parsnips, parsley, onions, &c. Some of these

possess virtues of no mean order, and act for good on the blood and nervous centres. Onions, I may merely mention here *en passant*, possess diuretic properties, and are also a safe stimulating tonic; they moreover soothe the nervous system, calm the pulse, and induce sleep, hence probably their use in helping to cure a common cold. Parsley should be chewed after eating onions; there is no more certain or more pleasant way of purifying the breath, from whatever cause offensiveness thereof may arise. By the way, here is rather a curious remedy, but in many cases a very certain one, for the cure of chronic indigestion: it is simply the cultivation of a habit of chewing, while out of doors, different kinds of green leaves and swallowing the juice. One can always cull a leaf from a hedge, or bush, as one passes. Almost all are good that are not nauseous, such as the ivy, or poisonous as the laurel-leaf; one of the latter, however, is a capital thing where there is slight irritation of the stomach. The chewing of leaves cures dyspepsia, principally, I believe, by increasing the flow of the salivary juice, and partly by the tonic or stimulating action of the leaf chewed. The leaves that occur to me at present as most likely to be beneficial are those of the pine-trees, spruce or Scotch fir, blackthorn, currant and rose bushes, mint, the petals of many flowers, the stalks of mountain daisies, the white portion of rushes, the bark of many young trees, and the tender parts of the stalks of green wheat, oats, or almost any of the larger grasses; but your own taste must in a great measure guide you, if you elect to make trial of my remedy. I should say, however, that the chewing is better to take place before or between meals than immediately after.

Camomile in the Doctor's Corner ought probably to be first favourite. It may be raised from seed, or better by offsets. April is the time to plant it; give it space on a rather dry and poor soil, and water frequently, if need be, after planting. The offsets should be placed about eighteen inches apart, and you only need a very small bed of it. The flowers are best in July, and should be culled when just opening, and then dried before they are put away to make them keep. Camomile flowers form one of the best remedies in the known world, in all sorts of debility of the digestive organs, and are best used in the form of infusion. Make it in a tea-pot of brown earthenware, half an ounce of the flowers to half a pint of boiling water, infused for half an hour. That should be easily remembered, and if you add half an ounce of bruised ginger and a clove or two, all these halves will make the whole a most beneficial tonic, the dose of which is one, two, or three ounces twice or thrice a day. The same infusion without the ginger, swallowed warm, makes a handy emetic, or may help mustard or other emetics to act more quickly. The infusion made rather stronger makes a capital lotion for weak eyes. A decoction of these useful flowers also makes a nice soothing fomentation. For this purpose they are boiled for an hour instead of being infused. Fill two flannel bags with them and boil, you can thus use first one bag and then the other in fomenting.

Dandelion deserves a place, and that a good one too. You see, reader, in this wicked, weary world of ours we nearly all live too fast; we eat too much, and we drink more than enough; and so, next to the stomach, the hardest-worked organ in our bodies is the liver, and it is therefore often a sufferer, although I will not say it is guilty of all the mischief it gets the blame of. However, this little common-looking plant, with its plain and vulgar flower, is one of the best liver tonics we have. It is also very useful in some kinds of dyspepsia. I have no doubt it is diuretic, and I am almost sure it is also gently laxative. So we ought to cherish it in our Doctor's Corner. Get good seed, which sow from May to June in drills about nine inches apart, and thin the young plants to four or five inches apart; keep free of weeds, and you will have a nice bed in the following spring. The leaves, of course, will, especially if blanched, make a handy and a healthy addition to the salad-bowl. But it is with the roots we have most to do, and from these we prepare the juice which resembles sherry in appearance, and is of more value than the best wine in the world to people suffering from liver derangements. Take seven pounds of fresh, well-washed root, and bruise it in a mortar, then press out the juice, and to it add one-third the quantity of rectified spirits of wine. Let it stand for a week, then filter and keep it in a cool place, and take half an ounce to an ounce three times a day. Probably there may be some who do not know how to make a filter, simple though the process be. Stand a common funnel, with which you fill wine or spirit bottles, in a decanter, then take a piece of thick white blotting-paper about the size of a page of foolscap, fold this once in the centre from the bottom to the top, then once again from right to left. The blotting paper will now be folded into four leaves, and of it make a pouch to line the funnel—this pouch will have three leaves of the paper at one side and one at the other. Do not tear a hole at the bottom, as I one day saw a student do. The filtrate will drop through.

Lavender is one of those herbs that deserve cultivation in every garden; it is useful both as a medicine and as a perfume. The best place to grow it in is poor but dry soil, pretty well sheltered, and fully exposed to the rays of the sun. It may be propagated either by cuttings or from the seed. If from the latter, get the best that can be procured, and sow in March; as soon as the plants are about two inches high they must be planted in the nursery bed, and re-planted permanently in the following spring. Cut the flowers with about six inches of stalk, tie in little bundles, and hang for twenty-four hours in a warm room to dry. Now from these flowers the oil of lavender is distilled, one pound of them yielding about a dram. If you are not handy enough to distil them yourself (any book on chemistry will tell you how) get your little harvest distilled for you, and keep the oil in your medicine-chest. Lavender-drops are easily made, and are an invaluable cordial and stomachic, relieving the pains of flatulence, nausea, and lowness of spirits; the dose is about sixty drops in sweetened water. The drops are composed: of

oil of lavender take a dram and a half, ten drops of oil of rosemary; bruised cinnamon, bark, and bruised nutmeg, of each 150 grains, red sandal-wood 300 grains, and rectified spirits of wine two pints. The cinnamon, nutmeg, and sandal-wood are to be steeped in the spirit for seven days, then strained and pressed, then dissolve the oils in the strained tincture, filter next, and add sufficient spirits of wine to make the quantity up to two pints. You may also make your own lavender-water: three drops of the oil is shaken up with a pint of rectified spirits of wine, and to it is added three drams of musk-essence, an ounce of orange-flower-water, an ounce of rose-water, and four ounces of distilled water.

Here, again, is a sweetly pretty preparation for the toilet, or to be used as a perfume, or added to the bath. Gather about six drams of fresh flowers, and add them to a pint of pure vinegar in a stone bottle; let it stand three days, and afterwards place to be heated for eight hours on the hob; after it is cold, strain and bottle.

You may grow fennel in your Corner for medicinal purposes. I refer to the *Feniculum dulce*. Fennel-water is a capital aromatic vehicle for giving other remedies in, and is a well-known remedy for the flatulent colic of children. The dose for infants is a tea-spoonful, for adults from one table-spoonful up to four. A pound of the bruised seeds is added to two gallons of water, and one gallon is distilled off. Of course you can make it in any smaller proportion.

We must have rosemary in our little garden, cultivated by cuttings or slips in a shady border, and watered until they take; a light sandy soil is best. The leaves make beautiful pomade, a couple of handfuls being boiled with half a pound of hog's-lard, and then strained.

A very old-fashioned remedy for worms is *Artemisia absinthium*, or wormwood. It is easily cultivated, and it is the upper portions of the stem, and the unexpanded flowers, that possess the virtue. Put an ounce of this with an ounce of garlic in a bottle of sherry, and of this give from one to two ounces every morning. This herb may be dried and stored like any other. The tincture is made by macerating for a week one part of dry wormwood, cut fine, in twelve parts of proof spirit, then squeezing and filtering; the dose is

a tea-spoonful twice or thrice a day in water, and it is a good tonic for the digestion.

Rue is also grown on dry poor soil, and should be cut down occasionally to get the young shoots; gather these nice and fresh, and infuse one ounce in a pint of boiling water for an hour. Give about a table-spoonful to children in spasmodic colic, or between convulsion fits.

The three mints—peppermint, pennyroyal, and spearmint—may flourish side by side in our little Corner. Plant in spring, and water till they take well. The young green tops are used for salads, &c., and a store should be gathered in autumn for winter use. Mint vinegar is thus made: loosely fill a large pickle-bottle with leaves, and fill up with vinegar; stopper closely, and strain off after three weeks.

Mustard is sown in spring, in drills, rather thinly; and when the plants grow up, weed them out to eight inches apart. They flower in June, and when the pods are brown they are ready to cut, but must be thoroughly dried before threshing. Fresh-grown mustard is most delicious for table use; it is a capital thing to put in a foot-bath for the relief of colds or rheumatism; a mustard poultice to the chest not only relieves pain, but induces sleep; and mustard is a safe and sure emetic, two or three tea-spoonfuls being mixed in a tumbler of water. Here, too, is a good lotion for painful joints or sprains: place two ounces of mustard, two drams of camphor, and half an ounce of laudanum in half a pint of spirits of wine; cork, and let stand for a few days; then strain.

There are dozens of other useful herbs that may be grown in the Doctor's Corner, such as caraway, sage, marigolds, valerian, &c., and numbers of useful plants—the elder, for example; broom, the tops of which form such an excellent diuretic; mezereon, too, an infusion of the roots of which is used to purify the blood; liquorice, again, which makes an excellent demulcent for colds and coughs. Hops may also trail around and roses may beautify the Doctor's Corner in the kitchen garden. You may be induced to have a pillow stuffed with the flowers of the former if you are sleepless, and from the latter many useful articles may be made, which I have hardly space to tell you of. But I think I have said enough to encourage you to cultivate medicinal plants and flowers; and if you wish to learn more, go to books.

