
B Y  " M E D I C U S . "

"Child of the year, that round dot bust sky
Thy course, bold lover of the sun,
And cheerful when the days begun.
As morning levered,
Thy long-rested praise thou shalt regain,
Dear shall thou be to future men.
As in old time—thou not in vain
Art Nature’s favourite.”

Wordsworth

the time your bright eyes, readers mine, shall
glow in all the Athenians’ glory; winter
may have almost gone and gentle spring returning.
The snowdrops have ceased to blow, al-
though crocuses, orange and blue, may still be
opening wide their bonnie petals to woo the
sweet sunshine and the soft westering winds.

Primroses, too, will be peeping through the
grass at many a hedgerow foot and on many a
moosy bank, bringing air with their
delicious odours. The birds will have begun
to build their nests, the bees will be out, and
early leaves on many a shrub and tree.

And loved the daisies, the flowers that every true
poet of Nature loves and sings about, will be
covering field and brake. But as Wordsworth
says, the daisy is “Child of the year.”

“When winter decks his few grey hairs,
Thine in the scanty wreath he wean,
Spring parts the clouds with sweetest airs,
That she may run thee.

Whole summer fields are thine by right,
And autumn—melancholy bright
Doth in thy crimson head delight.

“Sweet when rains are on thee.”

But although spring may be on the wing or
winter on the wane, the botany king is still
wearing a crown, and the new year only just begun.
And walking down my garden this morning on my way to the wigwam, I found a
mountain daisy, its petals frozen in the snow.
Ah! hardly though this wee flower be, it had
to succumb before the hard and biting frosts
that came in with the new year. It lies there
on my table as I write—dead. It had hoped
to the very last, however. Ah! there is one
lesson already we can learn from this “wee
modest, crimson-tipped flower,” as Burns calls
it—the lesson of hope.

Mind you, our hopes are not always fulfilled,
but it is none the less our duty to be hopeful.
This little blossom must have been born in the
mildest and balmy weather that we had in
early and even mid-December, when cock-robin
was singing loudly and cheerily on our garden-
date, and the thrush high up among the
apple trees. The daisy felt certain it could not be
left very long to bloom all alone, that the
fleecy cloud and the balmy winds and bright
sunshine were not all meant for it only, and
that soon all would be blossoming and blooming.
If the thrush thought that spring had come, it
was no wonder the daisy was also mistaken.

Many beautiful motifs came into my wigwam
labouring under the same delusion, and once,
just before the frost commenced, a large wisp

My wigwam is not large enough for wasps,
but I was not going to kill this one, so I
gathered him up in the folds of my handker-
chief, and shook him out of doors. He
flew high over the starlings’ cherry tree, and I
tried to get safely home.

Now, reading over the note I have told you
about the value of hope as a medicine. It is
one that there is seldom if ever any danger in
prescribing. All medical men now recognize
its power, and the doctor who would dash it
from the lips of his patient might be taking
from him his last chance of life.

But I should tell you that hope is just one
of those medicines which must be administered
to an invalid with some degree of tact and
judgment. There is an old adage to the effect
that “Hope can kill or hope can cure.”
This sounds paradoxical certainly, but it is never-
theless true. Hope will lose all its charm
and all its good effects if given in too large doses.
And, moreover, there is a species of hope which
some people attempt to administer
to the sick that does more harm than good.
I mean that sort of it that does not come
straight home from the heart of the giver, who
is attempting a feat which is just as absurd
as it is impossible, namely, the giving away
of something he himself is not possessed of.
Never attempt, therefore, to administer
spurious hope. If you want to cheer your
friend or patient up, and have not a deal of
hope yourself that she will be early con-
valescent, just say down for a bit and think
the case out. Ten to one you will get hold
of some salient point thereof on which you can
build an expectation of the result that all
and all will be well, for you will not have to dis-
semble. I have known the mental medicine
hope to be administered sometimes in rather
a rough, but none the less effective way. Up
north in Aberdeenshire for example, effusive
sentiment of any sort is looked upon as a kind
of weakness of people ought to be ashamed
of. But the hearts of the inhabitants are none
the less warm and soft for all that.

“Do you think I’ll get better? I’ve heard
a poor patient ask anxiously of the medical
man at the bedside.

“Better!” the doctor said. “Man, you
have a haggis mar (a deal more) ill to do yet.”
A saying which was certainly more straight-
forward than the previous one.

Again, a nervous and somewhat despondent
patient found himself one day suffering from
a slight pain in his chest, of which his
fears magnified into something very serious.

“Pooh, man!” said the doctor, “there’s
nothing in that.”

But don’t you think it is inflammation
coming on?” said the patient.
Then the physician felt a little angry at the
per sistence of the sufferer.

“Ill inflammation!” he repeated scornfully.

“Why may it not be that an old stone dyke
(old stone wall) would take fire. Losh, man! there’s no enough blood in the
hale (whole) body of’ ye as would make a decent
inflammation. Guaid morain’!”

And away went the doctor: yet, somehow,
he had left hope behind nevertheless.

But while I am thinking of a daisy, I am
reminded of a very good friend whom you
may happen to be nursing, you
must not leave a stone untorned to bring about
the desired result. Mind you that Providence
will not look on with empty hands. Our Saviour
has raised Lazarus, but he did not roll away
the stone. That the friends could do, and
had to do, is to bring about the mental
medicine hope, we must not neglect to add
the ter die mixture in that bottle which the
druggist has made up from the physician’s
prescription. We may pray for the blessing
with all the expectations of getting it, but we
must also use the means.

That was a good answer Mohammad the
Great gave to his servant in the desert one
cold morning.

“Shall I set my camel free,” said the
servant, “and trust to Allah.”

“Take my advice,” said Mohammad. “Peg
the chain of the camel’s neck to the ground
first, and then trust to Allah.”

What was the use of praying at all? —
some scoffed might say.

Quite a deal,” I answer. “A camel is
liable to a hundred mishaps in the desert,
which even a kind master cannot guard
against.

But you cannot alter the laws of nature,”
says another.

“I do not pretend to,” I reply; “but if I
am steering a row-boat against cross rolling
seas out to my ship, that is swaying away at
her anchorage yonder in the bay, I am going
to keep her head to the heaviest waves, even
if it seems a bit out of temperament. If I lose
the helm the other way she will broach to, fill
capsize and, we may all be drowned. You
see the laws of nature may work in more than
one way, and so while steering your bark or
life my advice is this: Keep Hope ankle-high,
and Providence be at the wheel, but place
Prayer at the prow.”

I am not sure, reader, that the daisy, or
gowan, was not Wordsworth’s favourite
among all the flowers that he loved so well and
looked so sweetly on. He used to sit down on
wood or wild and give the wee flower many a
fond and idle name. It was—

“A nun demure of lowly port;
A sprightly maiden of love’s court;
A queen in crown of rubies dressed;
A starveling in a scanty vest;
A silver shield, with boss of gold,
That spreads itself, some fairy hold
In fighting.

That last is a very pretty little conceit—

“Sweet flower! for by that name at last
I call thee, and to that cleave fast,
Sweet silent creature!”

“A nun demure of lowly port,” or carriage,
you know. Well, certainly, the daisy is as
lowly as lowly can be. We never find it
flaunting its beauty higher in air, it is
at home in the fields and woodlands, and in all
humble places it none the less does good. It
makes many a poor child happy throughout
the long, long summer days; and as yonder
wee lass sits out on the sunny leen stringing
the daisies into beautiful garlands, to hang,
perhaps, around the neck of some pet animal—

dog or a goat, or even a calf—who shall say
that her mind may not be (unknown even to
herself) in communion with the Good and
Invisible, or that forms of thought not yet
be sown in her mind, while she works and sings,
that shall bear rich ripe fruit another day?

Only a mountain daisy! Yet what divine
thoughts and thoughts too wild up in the heart of
the poet. Burns as he gazes on its modest beauty
and comeliness. The April morning is balmy
and bright; the sky is blue; the clouds, against
which the larks are soaring and singing, are like
snow-drifts; while green and soft grows the
grass in the field he is ploughing. But it
is not all beautiful, but down at that turf already half turned over by
the plough, where, with its snowy bosom sun-
THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

ward spread, still hangs the tiny flower. See, he has taken the boonet off his head if the ground he stood on were holy ground, and the tears roll down his cheeks as he addresses it—

"Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flow'r; Thou'st met me in an evil hour; For I mourn amuck among the stoue Thy slender stem.

To save thee now is past my power— Thou bonnie gem!"

If this heavenly ode, which doubtless many of my readers know by heart, does not teach the beauty of humility—a, and the strength and power of humility too—I know not what can.

But to hie us back to Wordsworth. The poet tells us that the mountain daisy teaches one—

... "how to find A shelter under every wind, A hope for times that are unkind, And every season."

Well, we know for a fact that the daisy turns its back to the stormy winds in March and April, and from over-much rain as well. I think girls would do well to take a lesson from the wee flower even in this respect. Cold winds and rain spoil the beauty of the daisy, put its petals all awry, and break its heart. Cold wind and rain have not only spoiled the beauty of many a fair girl, but broken her health irretrievably as well.

Yet I know scores of girls who will refuse to wrap up well before going out of an evening, because they think it looks "dowly."

Yes, that is the very reason. They will wear thin things, even at the risk of catching cold, because they want to look pretty and nice. How utterly nonsensical! For to expose yourself to cold and high winds, and rain, is to spoil your complexion and your beauty. Not look nice! Why, if you are good-looking, anything you wear around your pretty head will become you, if it should even be the dishcloth. And if you are not very good-looking, why the more plainly and cosily you dress, the better.

The feet should be extra well seen in winter. Do you want to keep them hardy, and free from chillblains and corns, and all these sorts of disagreeableness, that tend to spoil your temper, on evenings that would otherwise be happy? Well, here is the plan: Wash them every night in cold water before going to bed, and dry them most thoroughly, rubbing well between the toes. The towel should be pretty rough. It is permitting hardened skin to accumulate between the toes that gives rise to soft corns, but the towel does away with the danger. In winter and spring wear soft woollen stockings, changing them twice a week at least.

Cold is very easily caught through the feet, but the cold-water treatment hinders them to it. Beware of getting the upper of your boots or shoes soaked. Mind this; it is not only cold on them, but moist that damp feet subject you, but neuralgia, and liver complaint, and if your liver is disturbed, you know well how your eyes and complexion will be.

Bronchitis is a serious and sometimes even a terrible complaint, and no delicate girl should expose herself to the risk of taking it, by going out of doors in cold spring weather, unprotected against its inclemency. If you once have this illness you will never forget it, and never refuse good advice again. The worst of it is, that it is very difficult for the chest to thoroughly recover from an attack of bronchitis. There is nearly always some degree of thickening of the mucous membrane left behind, and this it is that predisposes to further mischief, the very least of which may be a chronic winter cough.

The mountain daisy is an early riser, and its daily bath is the morning dew, after which it is quite ready to turn its sweet face skyward, when the sun begins to blink over the trees. Oh, there is many and many a lesson we might learn from the wild flowers; but now I must bring my paper to a close, trusting it may do some little good, and as I began with a quotation from Wordsworth, so let me end. He is still speaking of his favourite flower when he writes as follows—

"Thou wanderest the wide world about, Uncheck'd by pride, or scrupulous doubt, With friends to greet thee or without, Yet pleased and willing; Meek, yielding to the occasion's call, And all things suffering from all, Thy function apostolical, In peace fulfilling."

A VANISHED HAND.

By SARAH DOUDNEY, Author of "Michaelmas Daisy," etc.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE ISLAND.

"What hath life been? What will it be? How have I lived without thee? How is life both lost and found in thee? Feel'st thou For ever in this Now?"

Owen Meredith.

people were coming down to the river when the boat touched the bank again; there was a large group gathered at the landing-place. Two men started forward to help Miss Kilner to step on shore.

Elise's good angel must surely have taken wing at that moment. With a bright smile, and a sudden flashing look from her dark eyes, she gave her hand to Francis Ryan, and then, changing to make a false step, she nearly fell into his arms.

He was charmed, puzzled, delighted.

Brown eyes sometimes say more than they mean, and Elise never knew how much seemed to be conveyed in that flashing look. Had she awakened all at once (to the knowledge that Francis (with a very little encouragement) was willing to lay himself and all his worldly goods at her feet? Amendments was puzzled, too, and a sharp pain smote him to the heart.

Was this the woman who had spoken to him in the little London room, with a voice like that of an angel? Then they had seemed to stand on the threshold of a beautiful life to be. There had been the unfeigned consciousness of a comfort that each could give—a feeling of need and longing that each could fill.

And that golden hour had gone by. She was only a flint, after all; more clever than the other flirts he had known, but just as unreal and unscrupulous as the rest.

She did not know what she had done. It seems to be a long way down from the mountain top to the common earth at its base; but a woman can accomplish the descent in a moment.

She was very beautiful certainly; he had not discovered until this instant what a power of witchery lurked in those dark eyes. He had gazed into their brown depths as a man who looks deep into a crystal pool, thinking that he sees all that is there.

She had not looked at him when she rejected his aid, and sprang out with the help of Francis. She did not look at him when she turned, and took Jamie by the hand.

"Are you not tired of the boy yet?" asked Mrs. Verdon's silvery voice. "You are very kind, dear Miss Kilner; but pray send him to nurse if he worries you"