

And young men round about with maides,
 Doe daunce in everie street,
 With garlands wrought of motherwort
 Or else with vervain sweet,
 And many other flowres faire,
 With violets in their handes,
 Whereas they all do fondly thinke
 That whosoever standes
 And thorow the flowres beholds the flame,
 His eyes shall feel no paine.
 When there till night they danced have,
 They through the fire amaine,
 With striving mindes doe run, and all
 Their hearbes they cast therein.
 And then with wordes devout and prayers
 They solemnly begin,
 Desiring God that all their ills
 May there consumed be,
 Whereby they think through all that yeere,
 From agues to be free."

Stowe mentions, in his "Survey of London," that it was customary on St. John's Eve to hang up St. John's Wort over the doors along with green birch, fennel, orpine, white lilies, and other plants. Pennant, who wrote at a later date, describes St. John's Wort as hung over the doors in Wales on Midsummer Eve.

In love-divination St. John's Wort, as one might suppose, is largely used. Thrope, in his "Northern Mythology," mentions that it is a Danish custom among the girls on St. John's Day to gather St. John's Wort and place it between the beams under the roof, in order to form from it a judgment as to the future. The usual mode, it seems, is to place one plant for themselves and another for their sweetheart; if these grow together it is a presage of a wedding. Or they set the plants between the beams that they may know from them which of their relations shall have a long life, and which a short one. If the plant grows up towards the roof it is a good sign; but if downwards it betokens sickness and death. In Lower Saxony, sprigs of the St. John's Wort are gathered by girls and fastened to the walls of their chambers. If the next morning the sprig be still fresh, there is a lover in the wind; if, on the contrary, it be drooping and withered, the maiden is fated to lie in an early grave.

It used to be a popular belief in the Isle of Wight, before crowds of visitors drove the fairies out, that if you trod on the St. John's Wort after sunset, a fairy horse would rise from the earth and bear you about all night, leaving you in the morning wherever you might chance to be at sunrise.

One species of the St. John's wort (*Hypericum quadrangulare*, or *perforatum*) has its leaves pierced with minute holes, which are said to have been made by the devil with a needle.

The root of the plant is marked with red spots. These, as well as the sap, are popularly connected with the blood of John the