if you are content to rest upon your honours at this stage, they will be upon you again, as strong, as hardy, as bold as ever.

If there were no plants called weeds, much ingenuity now required of farmers would not have been demanded of them. Life would become too easy; if all the "weeds" in the world were cleared away we should no longer have the zestful struggle of eradication. When Nansen, ice-bound in the *Fram*, impatiently despaired of that North Pole which he could not at once attain, he corrected himself with the thought, "But what should one do once the Pole were reached?" So, if you want to do away with the weeds, take up the struggle. They will come joyfully to battle, and the strongest of their weapons is in the last tiny seed as much as in the flaunting flowers of the fence-corners.

But this is to be too practical. Plants have an existence in and for themselves, we may infer. The practical person will not grant this, and it is, at last, only the idler who really comes to know plants—or men and women, either, for that matter. And, so, we may come back to our compositæ.

Leaving the yellow sun-flowers and the black-eyed Susans, well-known composites, there is a flower which you may have seen—wild bergamot—which at first may appear to belong to the composites, because the flowers are bunched in a way that suggests a composite head. Wild bergamot (*Monarda fistulosa. L.*) branches gracefully, wand-like, and beautiful, as the illustrator saw it with its leaves drooping, tired, from the summer sun. The flower-clusters are like crowns, with scattered florets of exquisite mauve. Wild bergamot has a pungent odour, too, and is worth finding for this alone.

Is it that human nature is always unkind and uncharitable, that we find satisfaction in hunting out humble members of great plant families? The catchflies, with their effective stickiness, are related to the hothouse favourites, the carnations. So, too, is bouncing Betty, that sturdy country maid, who ran away from gardens to loiter by the wayside. Bouncing Betty has a gay umbrella of pink and white flowers, and its other common name, soapwort, is a reminiscence of the time when its narrow, shiny, green leaves could be used as a substitute for soap. If only, at the time we dropped horses' hairs into water to see whether they would become snakes, we had known of this, and could have tried it, too! But, now, one has a diffidence—unless one were camping.

Plant life is silent, inarticulate; plants cannot make their meaning clear to us, and so we have built up an elaborate interpretation of their life and functions. We have explained them by our own understanding, not knowing any other. From this standpoint, we find that plants, rooted to one place, and bound by many cruel conditions, have evolved ways of getting water and sunshine, habits of growth, means of protection, methods of distributing their seeds, which are not short of marvellous. We find them wonderful, I suppose, because the human intelligence, if so conditioned, would do as the plants have done. Than this, what higher tribute can we pay the plants?

For instance, the leaves of spring flowers which grow close to the ground, are large and simple in form; the leaves of the plants that flower in summer are narrow and numerous or cut into many parts; and the reason for this, of course, shows only another instance of the marvellous adaptability of plants to their environment—the narrow, much-divided leaves meet the winds and storms of summer as broad, solid leaves could not safely do. The arrangement of leaves for exposure to the sunlight, too, is a well-known instance of plant intelligence. The leaves of all these plants show this plainly—ranked in