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THE POWER

OF

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A DREAM THAT CAME TRUE.

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THE POWER OF SOAP AND WATER:

A DREAM THAT CAME TRUE.

"Well, Mrs. Bennett, you do look comfortable," said Mrs. Lawson, as she seated herself, and glanced somewhat discontentedly round her friend's room. "I can't make out how you manage; you always look as though you and everything about you had just come out of a bandbox."

"Mine is a secret very easily learned," replied Mrs. Bennett, with a quiet smile; "with fresh air, plenty of soap and water, a little trouble to make things neat and to keep them so, any one that likes may have a home like mine."

"Oh yes, it is easy to talk," replied Mrs. Lawson pettishly; "you have a husband who always brings home his wages, and children who do what you bid them. If your husband staid out drinking at the 'Black Lion,' and your children were unruly brats like mine, I should like to see what good fresh air and soap and water would do you then."

"Even then I think I should be inclined to try them," answered Mrs. Bennett; "they could do no harm if they did no good; and when a man finds he has a clean, neat home to come to after his day's work, it's ten chances to one he will not want to stay drinking away his money at the public house. And as to children, half their naughtiness, at least when they are young, comes from their being sickly. Keeping a child clean and healthy, and giving it plenty to do, go a long way towards making it good-humoured and obedient."

"It's fine talking," said Mrs. Lawson; "but I can tell you if you had my troubles to put up with, you would not find them so easily cured. I only wish you had a bad husband and quarrelsome children."

Of course, Mrs. Bennett could not agree in this kind wish; so she prudently turned the talk to other matters.

If Mrs. Bennett and Mrs. Lawson had not been children of the same village, and girls in the same school, they would certainly not have been friends in after life, for the two women were as different as the light and the dark. The one was active, cleanly, and industrious; the other slovenly, idle, and gossiping. The one had been brought up from her childhood to fear God and to try to do His will; the other had been taught

to think only of herself, her own ease and comfort.

Both had married hard-working, respectable men. Mrs. Lawson's husband got rather better wages than Mrs. Bennett's. But more money does not always make more comfort; that comes from good management far more than anything else. Any one might have seen this by looking at these two women's homes; Mrs. Bennett's all cleanliness and order, Mrs. Lawson's all dirt and misery. No wonder that Mr. Lawson found the "Black Lion" with its company, its pipes, and its porter, a more pleasant place to go to, than his own bare, comfortless home. No wonder that his children, sickly and dirty, were always whining and pining, sworn at by the father, scolded and beaten by the mother.

Mrs. Lawson thought herself a very miserable, and a very ill-used woman, envied the comfort of her neighbour, Mrs. Bennett, and wondered how it was some people came in for all the good things in this world, and others for all the bad. But she never thought of tracing events up to their true cause, or of asking herself how much of her wretchedness was owing to herself.

But somehow on this afternoon, when she came home after her visit to Mrs. Bennett, her friend's words, "Fresh air, plenty of soap and

water, and a little trouble to make things neat and to keep them so," rang in her ears; she could not forget them, and without intending to do so, she found herself saying them over and over and over again to herself. With these words still fresh in her mind she went to bed, and, thinking over the difference between her own home and her old friend's, she fell asleep. She slept on, how long she did not know, and then all at once she heard a very strange sound coming near the door of the room. It was such a sound as she had never heard before—lump, lump, lump—louder, louder, louder still—and a clattering came with it, and a splashing like water. What could it all be? Presently, while she watched, the door opened of its own accord, and what should come into the room but a pail, so full of water that, although it was supported on one side by a piece of soap and a roll of flannel, and on the other by a brush and a broom, it was quite tired by the journey upstairs, and had to take breath before it could look about it, and see what it had come there to do.

"Well, was ever such a place!" said the water, as it swayed itself uneasily from side to side.

"Never," replied its companions, speaking according to their fashion in tones of despair; "I should think that none of our family or

connections have ever been in this room since the house was built."

"What could Mrs. Bennett have been thinking of to advise us to come to such a place as this?" said the brush. "Why I should be worn out with my work before it is half done!"

And as it looked round the room, the brush might well be forgiven for feeling frightened at the quantity of work set before it. The floor, except a small piece in the middle which was covered with a bit of greasy carpet, was inlaid with dirt; the grate was choked up with ashes, the bars were eaten with rust, and the table was littered with scraps of the last night's supper, a torn copy of a cheap newspaper, and some of the children's old clothes which Mrs. Lawson had been patching up. A candlestick full of drops of grease, and with the socket so bent on one side that the candle had no choice but to melt and to run away, stood on the dirty chimney-piece, which was ornamented by a few broken cups and mugs, whose only use was to hold the duplicates of things pledged at the pawnbroker's. The window, which was a good-sized one, overlooking a large, airy mews, was so covered with dirt, that no one could tell whether it looked out on to trees or chimney-pots; and from the stifling, foul air of the room, it seemed to have been opened no oftener than it had been cleaned.

Some clothes which had been washed, and then never properly dried or folded, were lying together in one corner of the room, whilst in another were a great heap of odds and ends—boots and shoes, onions, apples, bits of bread, bones, an old bonnet and some broken playthings. This was the state of the sitting-room. and the bed-room was worse. There lay five children huddled together in one corner, on a dirty heap of clothes, and the husband and wife on a turned-down bedstead, with the window shut, and the chimney stuffed up with straw. What could come of such a state of things but sickness and misery?

Well might Mrs. Lawson's strange visitors groan as they thought of the greatness of their work.

"Well, looking will not make things better," said the brush at last; "it is better to set to work with a good heart and try what can be done."

"Yes," replied the water; "but where shall we begin?"

"I wish we had some kind friend to open a bit of the window for us," said the brush, "we shall all be stifled else before we can do our work."

"I think I am tall enough," said the broom; "I will try."

And, suiting the action to the word, the broom put its head to the window-frame, which gave way to its touch, and a stream of pure, fresh air came rushing into the room.

"Ugh! ugh!" it exclaimed, stopping short as it met the pent-up, foul air.

"It is all very well for you to say, 'Ugh! ugh!'" said the water smilingly, as the pure air rippled over it; "if you find the room bad now, think what it was for us before you came in."

"Open the door, open the door," sighed the fresh air. The brush obeyed, and then the wind coming through in a strong current, overpowered the foul air, driving it out before it with a rushing, hissing sound, and never stopping in its work until it had peeped into every cranny and corner and turned out the enemy from all its hiding-places.

The brushes meanwhile showed their approbation by sundry approving taps, whilst the flannel, refreshed by the breeze, unrolled itself to be ready for its work. "And now," said she, as she undid her last fold, "now we have the air, let us have the sunshine too. See, he is only waiting to be let in, and while you scrub the floor, I will clean the window."

And soon a glorious flood of light came pouring into the room, with the soft, fresh morning air, while the dust motes danced joyously together

on the bright sunbeam. But the sunbeam was offended at the liberty; he thought he was meant for more noble purposes than to be a means by which merry dust motes might take their morning's exercise. So he went away behind a cloud, and told the broom to go on quickly with her work and not to call him out again till she had done making that dreadful smother of dust.

And perhaps he was not altogether wrong, for the broom, bent on doing her work thoroughly, had so forced herself into every crack and corner of the room, that it was not until the dustpan had walked off with the sweepings, and the brush and the soap and the water had taken their fair share of the work that the air of the room became at all fit to be breathed. Then the sun ventured again to peep through the window, to see what had been done since he went behind the cloud.

Done! Why a room had been cleansed and purified and so changed that you would not have known it for the same. And by what? Just by fresh air, soap and water, and a little trouble.

"You have done your work well," said the sun approvingly. "But what have we here?" he added, as he glanced into the broken cups on the mantel-piece and spied out the dirty pawnbroker's tickets.

"Oh, leave us alone! leave us in peace!" sighed the tickets, as they stirred uneasily under the influence of the passing current of air.

"Not I," returned the sun impatiently; "if I had been allowed to come in sooner, you would never have been here at all. Now I am here, I shall certainly try to stay till I have turned you and all your connections out-doors."

"Ah well, you'll be a long while doing that," replied the tickets, as they huddled themselves together, to keep as much as possible out of the sun's rays.

The sun flickered for a moment scornfully on the edge of the cup, then looked downwards on the heap of clothes still lying in one corner of the room, and, lighting them up with his bright glance, called into view every stain and dirt-mark.

"There is plenty more work in store for you," he said, turning to the soap and water; "I wish I had it in my power to help you more than by just pointing out what you have to do."

"That is the best help in the world," replied the soap cheerfully; "it is very much harder to work in the dark than when you show us the way. Then we know that everything done is done once for all, whilst in the other case it is all mess and muddle, and ten to one half the work has to be done over again, and my life is

too short a one to allow me to waste my strength."

"Ah, you do look but poorly," said the sun compassionately as he looked at the soap, which was plainly wasting away.

"Yes, I and all my family are very short-lived," replied the soap; "but I do not fret about it, I would rather wear out than rust out, and though my life is short it is a useful one. Nothing would make me so unhappy as to be put upon a shelf, and know that if I were left alone I might live on in idle selfish quiet for hundreds of years, whilst all the time the work that I came into the world to do was left undone."

"Ah!" broke in the water, who was a little affronted at not getting his fair share in the talk; "if people did but know our value—mine and my dear sister's here—we should soon see a very different state of things about us. Why, I would undertake to bring about a thorough change in society,—a change too by which the people would gain everything and lose nothing."

"Ay, ay," laughed the air; "but what would you do without me?"

"You would have worded your question better," replied the water, good-naturedly, "if you had asked what we could do with you. If we each went alone, it is possible that ignorance, idleness, and disease might be too strong for us; but

together we must conquer. Rooms full of pure air, inhabited by healthy, rosy, well-washed children, are seldom the places where discontent and crime will come to take up their abode. White-washed ceilings, well-scrubbed floors, clean clothes, wash tubs, and plenty of soap and water, will do more to make good husbands and wives, obedient children, and industrious, orderly citizens, than all the laws that have ever been made, or all the police regulations that have ever been put in force."

"Right," said the sun; "no one is better able than myself to bear witness to the truth of what you say. There are few houses in the world into which I do not at least try to peep, and I always find that those where I get in most easily—those where I find you, my dear friends, are most loved and valued—are always those where God is most honoured and man is best served."

"Of course they are," replied the water; "and no wonder; it is very hard to be industrious and happy, when one is feeling weak and ill. Now," he added, as he splashed himself gently towards the side of the room where Mrs. Lawson and her children were lying, "if we might be allowed to treat those poor children there as we have just served this room, in a week's time they would not be like the same boys and girls. It

stands to reason that as they never will let me nor my sister come near them, all the dirt which we should take off, chokes up the pores of their skin so that the perspiration has no means of getting through, and so, of course, it can do nothing but make its way back again into the body whence it came. There it causes boils, sores, fevers, and a host of other miseries, which would soon be put to flight if people would but invite us, my dear friends, to come to live amongst them."

"True," said the sun, as he flickered pleasantly across the well-scrubbed floor.

"True," repeated the air, as she wafted herself backwards and forwards in the room.

"True," whispered the soap very faintly, for her strength was well nigh gone.

"Ah," continued the water, "if we could but make this poor woman see with our eyes; if we could but make her see how much she would gain by seeking our friendship; if we could but show her this room as it looks at this moment—bright in sunlight and with the pure air flowing freely through every part—the well-scrubbed floor—the shining furniture—the clean hearth and bright grate—children with their bright eyes and rosy cheeks, and their merry laugh of youth and health—some helping mother in her work, some busy with a game or invention of their

own, all seeking to add to the general stock of home happiness! Oh what a difference she would see between such a home as we might give her and that which she chooses for herself! Oh that she could be wise in time! that she might awake to a knowledge of this truth, before these things are hidden from her eyes!"

And excited by his own earnestness, the water gave so loud a splash that Mrs. Lawson started and woke—and behold she was in bed, in the grey morning light, with nothing but the old dirt, misery, and confusion around her.

So clear was the recollection of her dream that it was some time before she could believe that it was a dream only, and that she had not really seen the bright sunlight, and breathed the pure air, and listened to the water's wise words of council. It was with a sort of hope that, after all, she might find that what she had seen was real, that she slipped on part of her clothes and stole noiselessly into the front room. Alas! it was just as she had left it the night before. There was the grate choked with ashes, there were the dirty, littered table, and the heap of clothes, half mended, all muddled together. There were the window covered with long weeks of dirt, and the air heavy with the fumes of tobacco, beer, and smoke. How different it was to the bright,

clean, cheerful home, on which but a few moments before she had been looking in her dream!

"Then it was only a dream after all," said Mrs. Lawson to herself as she looked sadly round. "Oh, if it had but been true!"

And then came the thought, "Well, but why should it not all be true; if fresh air, plenty of soap and water, and a little trouble, can work the change? Why should I not have a clean, cheerful home, like the one I have just been looking at?" And scarcely thinking of what she did, Mrs. Lawson stepped to the window, and for the first time, for many days, she threw it wide open. Oh, what a stream of pure, fresh morning air rushed in! It almost seemed to speak to her in words again, and give her a promise of returning health and cheerfulness. It was a bright, clear summer's morning; the sun was just rising, and his golden rays were lighting up the great city; all was quiet, for it was very early yet, and London life was not astir. There was something in the calm, and hush, and stillness, that wrought powerfully on the poor woman's heart, and, kneeling down by the open window, she leaned her head upon the sill, and tried to pray—pray in words, such as she had been taught when she was a little child. But it would not do; her heart was too full, and with a simple, "God help me," she covered her face with her hands and

sobbed—great choking sobs; but they did her good. They relieved the pent-up misery of feeling, and carried off the excitement in which she was still living, as in a dream. Then she rose from her knees and looked round the room, and her heart almost sank within her as she saw the amount of work which was before her. When should she begin? When should she make an end? Oh, it was hopeless—matters were gone too far—better leave things as they were—why stir the muddy waters? But then, as if in answer, the soft air breathed gently upon her forehead, and a sunbeam glanced across the room, towards where an empty pail was standing, as much as to say, "Let me in, let me in, and I will soon show you how matters may be put to rights."

Mrs. Lawson's eyes followed in the same direction. "Well," said she to herself, "there is the pail, surely enough; why not go down stairs and draw a little water, and see what I can do towards making a beginning at the work? If I go back to bed, I shall not sleep; I should only be turning, and twisting, and thinking over all the strange things I have seen. Perhaps if I set to work with a good will, I could put the room a bit to rights before my good man wants his breakfast."

And, full of these new thoughts, Mrs. Lawson hastened to the pump, filled the pail with water,

and came back with a good heart to her work. Flannel was scarce; so was soap; and as to brushes and brooms, she had very little else than bristles, worn down to the handles. Still, she thought she would do the best with what she had. Who knew that she might not get the loan of better before the day was out? But what was she to do first? Oh, the window, to be sure; she remembered how pleasant the sunshine had looked in her dream, and how his glance had fallen hither and thither, pointing out each fresh work to be done. And so she set herself busily to work at the window. What a change there was when that load of dirt was rubbed off, and the bright, cheering sunbeams fell upon walls and ceiling! True, they lit up plenty that ought not to have been there; but to see one's faults is half-way towards mending them.

Work, however, as hard as she would, she had only time to get through a small part of her work, before her husband woke, and missing her, called out loudly to know where she was and what she was about.

"Getting things straight for your breakfast," replied Mrs. Lawson, in tones so unusually cheery, that the voice that announced the fact was as startling as the fact itself, and roused Mr. Lawson to get up and see what it all meant

Quite enough work had been done already to make the husband see that his home looked more comfortable than it had for years.

"Why, wife, whatever has come over you!" he exclaimed in astonishment; "and whatever are you doing!"

"I am trying to make up for lost time," replied Mrs. Lawson; "I have heard strange things lately, things that perhaps we shall all be the better for."

"Well, wife, what time of day have you been up, to get through all this lot of work? If you had waked me, I would have come to help you."

"No; would you though?" said Mrs. Lawson.

"Aye, that I would. I am sure I have worked hard to keep a home respectable over our heads, and I would work harder still, if I could see there was any good likely to come out of it. Here, shall I lend you a hand in cleaning up that grate you are doing? I could carry away the cinders and rubbish in no time."

Not since the days of their early married life had Mr. Lawson spoken so kindly to his wife, and her heart bounded with pleasure at the unusual sounds. "Well then, William, if you would, it would be a real help," said she; "and if you will clear away this dust here, I will get the children up the while, and perhaps it will do

them no harm to give them a bit of a wash before they sit down to their breakfast."

"And now, wife," said Mr. Lawson, as about an hour later, he sat down to the most comfortable looking meal he had seen in his own home for many a long day past, "tell me, what has put all these new notions into your head. Who has been talking to you and telling you how much happier we should be if we kept our home a bit tidier and cleaner?"

"Why to tell you the truth, William, you have asked a question I do not know very well how to answer; however, you shall have my story, and then you may judge for yourself." And in very simple and touching words, Mrs. Lawson told her husband her last night's dream; dwelling strongly on the picture that her strange visitors had drawn of the home she now had, and the one with which their help she might soon have. "And I am sure, William, I think they must have been right," she added, as she finished the strange story, "for, though to be sure, we are still in a mess and a muddle, I have not felt so well nor so happy, ever since the day when I first came home with you to my own house."

A hearty kiss from the husband showed how thoroughly he shared in her feelings.

"I am sure, wife," he added, "if you will keep a comfortable home over my head, I am not the

man to go to the public-house. I would rather come home and sit with you and the children any day. But what is a man to do when he has not a place fit to sit down in, through the dirt and litter, nor a table fit to spread his newspaper upon, nor a moment's peace for the children's squall, squall, squall? It drives a man to the public-house whether he likes it or not."

"Ah, well, I am sure I am very sorry," replied Mrs. Lawson, "and it shall not be my fault if things go on so again. And I will tell you what I will do, husband, I will go to Mrs. Bennett as soon as I have washed up the breakfast things, and I will ask her to come and help me to put the house a bit straight. And I will tell her what I saw last night, and I will ask her the best way of getting rid of those pawnbroker's tickets there." And as she spoke, Mrs. Lawson glanced towards the broken cup, over which the sunbeams were shining, just as she had seen them in her dream.

"Do, wife; go to Mrs. Bennett and welcome. She is one of the right sort, and you will get nothing but good from following her advice. I will come home straight from work to-night, and if there is any little thing I can do, just leave it till I come back." And shouldering his basket of tools, off walked Mr. Lawson to his day's work, with a step so light and elastic, that one or two

of the neighbours asked each other, "Why, whatever has come to William Lawson? One would think he had had a fortune left him."

And William Lawson had had better than a fortune left him. Money quickly got is often as quickly spent; while industry, frugality, cleanliness, and order, are lasting riches; and in his wife's awakened conscience lay the seeds of all these virtues which, in due time, would bring forth an abundant harvest.

There was quite a stir amongst the school-children that day as the little Lawsons took their places. Why! who would have thought it, those little dirty, untidy urchins, were really pretty children, with fair skins, and soft, curly hair! Well, if a little soap and water could make such a change as that, it was indeed a pity it had not been tried before. If their clothes had been but as clean as their faces, they would have been sweet-looking children indeed. Ah, well, wait a while. A city cannot be built in a day, and there is plenty of work cut out for Mrs. Lawson, before the neglect of years can be repaired.

And so, indeed, poor Mrs. Lawson found it. She needed all Mrs. Bennett's help—happily, Mrs. Bennett gave it readily—to keep her from growing tired of her work and leaving it before it was half done. It was not very hard to her to work well at first, while the cleaning fit was yet fresh upon

her; and if one or two good cleanings would have done, all would have been well. But, unluckily, in London dirt has an obstinate habit of collecting again as quickly as it is washed off; and, therefore, no one, two, or three cleanings will drive out the enemy. He can only be beaten by fighting him every day. Often and often, Mrs. Lawson was on the point of giving up the struggle in despair. But then the remembrance of that bright home she had seen in her dream came back to her, and she determined once and again to persevere. She was encouraged too, by finding that every step she took in the right direction, was a solid gain of home happiness.

It is true that all things did not come quite right at once. Mr. Lawson's first burst of satisfaction died away, and it was some months before he kept quite away from the "Black Lion." Happily, however, his wife had learned more from her friend Mrs. Bennett than to keep her house clean and her children tidy. She had learned that the woman who would win her husband to his home, must put on "the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit," and bear and forbear long and patiently, as becometh the servant of the Lord Jesus Christ. And so, trusting not to her own strength, but to Him who is all-powerful to help, Mrs. Lawson tried to bear up under hardship and disappointment. Though the struggle seemed

hard at first, it grew gradually less and less, till, at last, in the return of her own self-respect, in the improving health of her children, and in the happiness of her husband, she ceased to feel that the exertion was a painful one at all, and she wondered at herself, as she looked back to the days when she had been content to let her home be the abode of dirt, disease, and wretchedness.

And now a year had rolled round since the night on which Mrs. Lawson had first made the acquaintance of the strange visitors, who had now become the daily inhabitants of her home.

Wonderful had been the change that year had made; and as Mrs. Lawson sat up to finish some work that she was doing after her husband and children had gone to bed, she might well be pardoned as she looked round the room with a feeling of honest pride, as she thought how different it looked.

There was no litter now; there was "a place for everything and everything in its place." The floor was so clean, that the moonbeams, which fell through the open window, flickering hither and thither, failed to show a stain of dirt or grease. The old broken cups on the chimney-piece, were replaced by new ones, and the pawnbroker's tickets, which for months past had been an eyesore to Mrs. Lawson, had been all

taken away to the place whence they came. Yes! the last pawnbroker's ticket had been redeemed that very day, and Mrs. Lawson could at last say with truth, that she owed no man a penny.

Well might she feel happy as she thought what a change a year had made. And by what simple means had the change been brought about! "Fresh air, plenty of soap and water, and a little trouble to make things nice, and to keep them so;" these had been the friends by whose help she had fought the good fight against dirt and misery, and gained the victory.

Oh, that women would but be wise in time! If they would but remember how much of the health, and consequently of the happiness of their families depends upon the attention to such simple things as keeping a window open, scouring a floor, or washing a child's skin, we should not have such constant stories of home quarrels, of sickness, and early death.

But, unhappily, it is just to these little things that many women will not attend. Ask from a woman some great act of self-sacrifice, and she will be found equal to the task. Yet, the woman who will cheerfully sit up through long nights of sickness, by the bedside of a friend, who will for years bear patiently with the brutality of a husband, who will give up every pleasure for the good of her child, is the very person who is found

wanting, the moment she is asked to take the trouble to do some little thing which would often prevent the illness, pacify the husband, or further the best interests of the child.

"Where's the need to worry about cleaning the the room? it will do very well as it is," say such women.

And so the dirt is left clinging to the walls, the foul air is shut in by the closed window, and in due time, the necessary consequences follow. This child dies of fever—that other is a martyr to boils and scrofula.

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"After the admirable speech and *resumé* of the whole intent of this meeting that you have just heard from the Chairman, there seems at first sight very little to be said. But let me say one thing to the ladies who are interested in this matter. Have they really seriously considered what they are about to do in carrying out their own plans? Are they aware that if their society really succeeds they will produce a very serious, some would think a very dangerous, change in the state of this nation? Are they aware that they would probably save the lives of some thirty or forty per cent. of the children who are born in England, and that therefore they

would cause the subjects of Queen Victoria to increase at a very far more rapid rate than they do now? And are they aware that some very wise men inform us that England is already over-peopled, and that it is an exceedingly puzzling question where we shall soon be able to find work or food for our masses, so rapidly do they increase already, in spite of the thirty or forty per cent. kind Nature carries off yearly before they are five years old? Have they considered what they are to do with all those children whom they are going to save alive? That has to be thought of; and if they really do believe, with political economists now, that over-population is a possibility to a country which has the greatest colonial empire that the world has ever seen, then I think they had better stop in their course and let the children die, as they have been dying.

"But if, on the other hand, it seems to them, as I confess it does to me, that the most precious thing in the world is a human being: that the lowest, and poorest, and most degraded of human beings is better than all the dumb animals in the world; that there is an infinite, priceless capability in that creature, degraded as it may be—a capability of virtue, and of social and industrial use, which, if

it is taken in time, may be developed up to a pitch, of which at first sight the child gives no hint whatsoever: if they believe again, that of all races upon earth now, probably the English race is the finest, and that it gives not the slightest sign whatever of exhaustion; that it seems to be on the whole a young race, and to have very great capabilities in it which have not yet been developed, and above all, the most marvellous capability of adapting itself to every sort of climate, and every form of life that any nation, except the old Roman, ever had in the world: if they consider with me that it is worth the while of political economists and social philosophers to look at the map, and see that about four-fifths of the globe cannot be said as yet to be in anywise inhabited or cultivated, or in the state in which men could make it by any fair supply of population and industry and human intellect:—then, perhaps, they may think with me that it is a duty, one of the noblest of duties, to help the increase of the English race as much as possible, and to see that every child that is born into this great nation of England be developed to the highest pitch to which we can develop him, in physical strength and in beauty, as well as in intellect and in virtue. And then, in

that light, it does seem to me, that this Association—small now, but I do hope some day to become great, and to become the mother Association of many and valuable children—is one of the noblest, most right-minded, straightforward, and practical conceptions that I have come across for some years.

"We all know the difficulties of Sanitary Legislation. One looks at them at times almost with despair. I have my own reasons, with which I will not trouble this meeting, for looking on them with more despair than ever; not on account of the government of the time, or any possible government that could come to England, but on account of the peculiar class of persons in whom the ownership of the small houses has become more and more vested, and who are becoming more and more, I had almost said, the arbiters of the popular opinion, and of every election of parliament. However, that is no business of mine here; that must be settled somewhere else: and a fearfully long time, it seems to me, it will be before it is settled. But, in the mean time, what legislation cannot do, I believe private help, and, above all, woman's help, can do even better. It can do this; it can not only improve the condition of the working man; I am not speaking of working

men just at this time, I am speaking of the middle classes, of the man who owns the house in which the working-man lives. I am speaking, too, of the wealthy tradesman; I am speaking, it is a sad thing to have to say, of our own class as well as of others. Sanitary Reform, as it is called, or, in plain English, the art of health, is so very recent a discovery, as all true physical science is, that we ourselves and our own class know very little about it, and practise it very ill. And this Society, I do hope, will bear in mind that it is not simply to affect the working-man, not only to go into the foul alley; but it is to go to the door of the farmer, to the door of the shopkeeper, aye, to the door of ladies and gentlemen of the same rank as ourselves. Women can do in that work what men cannot do. Private correspondence, private conversation, private example, may do what no legislation can do. I am struck more and more with the amount of disease and death I see around me in all classes, which no sanitary legislation whatsoever could touch, unless you had a complete house-to-house visitation of a government officer, with powers to enter every house, to drain and ventilate it, and not only that, but to regulate the clothes and the diet of every inhabitant, and that

among all ranks. I can conceive of nothing short of that, which would be absurd and impossible and most harmful, which would stop the present amount of disease and death which I see around me, without some such private exertion on the part of women, above all of mothers, as I do hope will spring from this Institution more and more.

"I see this, that three persons out of four are utterly unaware of the general causes of their own ill health, and of the ill health of their children. They talk of their 'afflictions,' and their 'misfortunes;' and, if they be pious people, they talk of 'the will of God,' and of 'the visitation of God.' I do not like to trench upon those matters, but when I read in my Book and in your Book that 'it is not the will of our Father in heaven that one of these little ones should perish,' it has come to my mind sometimes with very great strength that that may have a physical application as well as a spiritual one, and that the Father in heaven who does not wish the child's soul to die may possibly have created that child's body for the purpose of its not dying except in a good old age. Not only in the lower class, but in the middle class, when one sees an unhealthy family, then in three cases out of four, if one takes time, trouble, and care

enough, one can, with the help of the doctor who has been attending them, run the evil home to a very different cause than the will of God; and that is, to a stupid neglect, a stupid ignorance, or what is just as bad, a stupid indulgence.

"Now, I do believe that if those tracts which you are publishing, which I have read, and of which I cannot speak too highly, are spread over the length and breadth of the land, and if women, clergymen's wives, the wives of manufacturers and of great employers, district visitors and school mistresses, have these books put into their hands, and are persuaded to spread them, and to enforce them, by their own example and by their own counsel, then in the course of a few years, this system being thoroughly carried out, you would see a sensible and large increase in the rate of population. When you have saved your children alive, then you must settle what to do with them. But a living dog is better than a dead lion; I would rather have the living child, and let it take its chance, than let it return to God—wasted. Oh! it is a distressing thing to see children die. God gives the most beautiful and precious thing that earth can have, and we just take it and cast it away; we cast our pearls upon the dunghill, and

leave them. A dying child is to me one of the most dreadful sights in the world. A dying man, a man dying on the field of battle, that is a small sight: he has taken his chance; he has had his excitement, he has had his glory, if that will be any consolation to him; if he is a wise man, he has the feeling that he is doing his duty by his country, or by his king, or by his queen. I am not horrified or shocked at the sight of the man who dies on the field of battle: let him die so. It does not horrify or shock me to see a man dying in a good old age, even though it be painful at the last, as it too often is. But it does shock me, it does make me feel that the world is indeed out of joint, to see a child die. I believe it to be a priceless boon to the child to have lived for a week, or a day; but oh, what has God given to this thankless earth, and what has the earth thrown away, in nine cases out of ten, from its own neglect and carelessness! What that boy might have been, what he might have done as an Englishman, if he could have lived and grown up healthy and strong! And I entreat you to bear this in mind, that it is not as if our lower classes or our middle classes were not worth saving; bear in mind that the physical beauty and strength

and intellectual power of the middle classes,—the shopkeeping class, the farming class, the working class—whenever you give them a fair chance, whenever you give them fair food and air, and physical education of any kind, prove them to be the finest race in Europe. Not merely the aristocracy, splendid race as they are: but down and down and down to the lowest labouring man, to the navigator;—why there is not such a body of men in Europe as our navigators, and no body of men perhaps have had a worse chance of growing to be what they are; and yet see what they have done. See the magnificent men they become in spite of all that is against them, all that is drawing them back, all that is tending to give them rickets and consumption, and all the miserable diseases which children contract; see what men they are, and then conceive what they might be.

"It has been said, again, that there are no more beautiful races of women in Europe than the wives and daughters of our London shopkeepers, and yet there are few races of people who lead a life more in opposition to all rules of hygiene. But, in spite of all that, so wonderful is the vitality of the English race, they are what they are; and therefore we have the finest material

to work upon that people ever had. And therefore, again, we have the less excuse if we do allow English people to grow up puny, stunted, and diseased.

"Let me refer again to that word that I used: death—the amount of death. I really believe there are hundreds of good and kind people who would take up this subject with their whole heart and soul if they were aware of the magnitude of the evil. Lord Shaftesbury told you just now that there were one hundred thousand preventable deaths in England every year. So it is. We talk of the loss of human life in war. We are the fools of smoke and noise; because there are cannon balls and gunpowder and red coats, and because it costs a great deal of money and makes a great deal of noise in the papers, we think, What so terrible as war! I will tell you what is ten times, and ten thousand times, more terrible than war, and that is—outraged nature. War, we are discovering now, is the clumsiest and most expensive of all games; we are finding that if you wish to commit an act of cruelty or folly, the most expensive act that you can commit is to contrive to shoot your fellow-men in war. So it seems; but Nature, insidious, inexpensive, silent, sends no roar of

cannon, no glitter of arms to do her work; she gives no warning-note of preparation; she has no protocol, nor any diplomatic advances, whereby she warns her enemy that war is coming. Silently, I say, and insidiously she goes forth; no—she does not even go forth, she does not step out of her path, but quietly, by the very same laws by which she makes alive, she puts to death. By the very same laws by which every blade of grass grows, and every insect springs to life in the sunbeam, she kills and kills and kills, and is never tired of killing, till she has taught man the terrible lesson he is so slow to learn, that Nature is only conquered by obeying her.

"And bear in mind one thing more. Man has his courtesies of war, and his chivalries of war: he does not strike the unarmed man; he spares the woman and the child. But Nature is fierce when she is offended, as she is bounteous and kind when she is obeyed. She spares neither woman nor child. She has no pity: for some awful, but most good reason, she is not allowed to have any pity. Silently she strikes the sleeping child, with as little remorse as she would strike the strong man, with the musket or the pickaxe in his hand. Ah! would to God that some man had the pictorial

eloquence to put before the mothers of England the mass of preventable suffering, the mass of preventable agony of mind and body, which exists in England year after year! And would that some man had the logical eloquence to make them understand that it is in their power, in the power of the mothers and wives of the higher class, I will not say to stop it all,—God only knows that,—but to stop, as I believe, three-fourths of it.

"It is in the power, I believe, of any woman in this room to save three or four lives, human lives, during the next six months. It is in your power, ladies, and it is *so* easy. You might save several lives a-piece, if you choose, without, I believe, interfering with your daily business, or with your daily pleasure, or, if you choose, with your daily frivolities, in any way whatsoever. Let me ask, then, those who are here, and who have not yet laid these things to heart: Will you let this meeting to-day be a mere passing matter of two or three hours interest, which you shall go away and forget for the next book or the next amusement? Or will you be in earnest? Will you learn—I say it openly—from the noble chairman*, how easy it is to be in earnest in life; how every one of you,

* The Earl of Shaftesbury.

amid all the artificial complications of English society in the nineteenth century, can find a work to do, and a noble work to do, and a chivalrous work to do,—just as chivalrous as if you lived in any old fairy land, such as Spenser talked of in his 'Faery Queen;' how you can be as true a knight-errant, or lady-errant in the present century, as if you had lived far away in the dark ages of violence and rapine? Will you, I ask, learn this? Will you learn to be in earnest, and to use the position, and the station, and the talent that God has given you, to save alive those who should live? And will you remember that it is not the will of your Father that is in heaven that one little one that plays in the kennel outside should perish, either in body or in soul?"

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THE VALUE OF GOOD FOOD.

It so happens that one of my friends has a powerful steam-engine, which he keeps employed in spinning wool into yarn. It is a great enjoyment to me to stand and watch that iron giant performing his ingenious work. I delight to see his massive arms swinging up and down with mighty strength, and his huge wheels and heavy shafts rolling round with resistless power. In one place he may be contemplated washing bales of wool with his iron hands, and picking them into shreds. In another, vast revolving drums collect the cleansed shreds, and press them dry. Then steel fingers draw them through fine-toothed combs, and distribute them into threads, which are next pulled out more and more slenderly between quickly-turning rollers. Lastly, the threads are delicately twisted and wound upon ten thousand spindles. The giant strength of the great central shaft is thus expended upon a countless multitude of pigmy, spider-like efforts. Each of those spindles turns with a force such as an infant's finger could communicate. But the thousands of softly-twirling spindles require, nevertheless, the might of a hundred horses to keep them all at their work.

Where do you think that yarn-spinning giant gets all his wonderful hundred-horse power? Whence do you suppose he derives the strength, which can make those iron hands and steel fingers continually clutch at the wool-bales, and those ten thousand spindles turn unceasingly from morning till night? You will say he gets it *from steam;* he is a steam-giant, and his iron limbs are driven by hot vapour.

But he makes his own steam, so that answer will not do. We must go farther than the steam to find the origin of his power. I will tell you where his strength comes from—IT COMES OUT OF FOOD. If you want that big fellow to work, you must feed him. Stop his food, and he will not do another stroke of labour. Give him nothing to eat, and his mighty arms will leave off their swinging, and his supple joints will grow motionless and stiff.

And what is the food that the steam-engine consumes? If we were to go round outside the engine-room of the yarn-spinning giant, we should see for ourselves what it is. Every now and then we should observe a huge mouth opened wide, and fresh supplies of nourishment shovelled into it by a sturdy attendant, and we should hear the giant roar hoarsely with satisfaction, as he swallowed morsel after morsel. The steam-engine eats black coal, and out of black coal gets its power.

Now, as it is with that yarn-spinning giant, so it is also with your own living frame, my working friend. It matters not what your work is—whether you dig and plough in the fields, or hammer upon the anvil, or weave in the loom. THE STRENGTH WITH WHICH YOU PERFORM YOUR LABOUR, COMES OUT OF THE FOOD YOU EAT; and if you are not duly fed, *your* limbs too will soon refuse to play, and *your* joints will become rigid and still.

But your living frame, considered simply as a machine,—that is, as a complicated instrument, capable of performing labour when set to work,—is very much more wonderful even than the machinery of that surprising steam-giant. You can accomplish many many times more work than he could upon the same amount of food. Suppose that he were taken off from his usual yarn-spinning occupation, and were set to lift heavy weights instead. How much food do you think we should have to supply to him, if we wanted to get him to lift a block of stone, weigh-

ing one ton, up to the height of a mile? We should have to give him 890 *pounds* of coal before we could make him finish his task. That then is what his labour would cost us. We should have to buy 890 pounds of coal for him, for every ton he lifted one mile high for us. You, however, would be capable of making as great an effort, if you were allowed only *two pounds* of food. A strong man can carry a weight of 85 pounds along a level road for seven hours at a stretch, if he does not walk more than a mile and three-quarters in an hour. But in doing this he will, of course, have to carry his own body along too. Now if his body weighed 140 pounds, and he carried the additional weight of 85 pounds upon his shoulders for this distance, and at this pace, he would actually make as much muscular effort in the time as would have been sufficient, if entirely applied to the work, to lift a ton a mile high. Powerful as the steam-engine therefore is, the human body, viewed only as a machine, is 445 times more so. In this degree nature excels art, or rather, the work of the Divine Hand is more perfect than that of human ingenuity. Give a steam-engine only the same weight of food as a living man, and it will not effect so much work by 445 times. It is true that steam-engines perform tasks which it would need *hundreds* of men to accomplish, but they only accomplish this by swallowing up *thousands upon thousands* of times as much food, as the men would, who did the same thing. My friend's hundred-horse power yarn-spinning giant has to be fed with three tons of coal every day.

But there is another remarkable difference between steam-machinery and flesh-and-blood machinery. The food of the steam-engine sets its parts moving, but has no power to keep those parts in repair. All the while those iron shafts and rods and wheels are at work, they go on rubbing and wearing themselves away. After a few months' labour those hard pieces

of metal will be quite worn up by their own movements, and a new steam-engine will have to be built to take the place of the old one. My friend knows very well that his mighty steam-engine is rubbing itself away, and that what is now worth several hundred pounds, will, by and by, come to be of no more value than old iron. He knows too that the more food he gives his steam-engine, and the more work he gets out of it, the sooner it will be worn away. Not so, however, with your body The food you take, repairs its wear and tear, besides keeping it at work. The bread and meat which you eat, first get changed into the substance of your body; actually become flesh and blood; then as flesh and blood, they perform a certain amount of useful labour. Like the iron of the steam-engine, they are worn away by their work; but that is not of very great consequence, because fresh food will make fresh flesh and blood, capable of doing fresh work. You therefore are fed, not only that you may be able to work, but also that you may be kept in repair while you are working, at least during some three-score years and ten.

The food first renews the worn body, and then it is the renewed body which is worn again by work, yet again to be renewed. How admirable is this superiority of the divinely planned mechanism, to the conception of man!

There is something however, which coal does for the steam-engine, besides setting it to work—it makes it warm. Soon after the fire has been lit in the furnace, the iron gets furiously hot, and the water in the boiler turns into scalding steam; all this heat really comes out of the coal. It was hidden away in the black mass, and only required that to be placed in the furnace, to be set light to, and to be blown upon by a draught of air, in order that it might be brought out, and made serviceable. One

pound of coal has heat enough hidden away in it, to boil 60 pints of water.

But your body too is warm. And where do you think it gets its heat from? Starve yourself for a day or two, and you will find this out. You will, under such circumstances, feel colder and colder, as well as getting weaker and weaker. A good nourishing meal on the other hand, will directly make you glow with warmth. FOOD WARMS THE BODY, as well as furnishes it with strength. There is as much heat produced in your body in a single year, as would be sufficient to turn eleven tons of ice into steam; as much in a single day, as would boil eighty pints of water.

Food then does three distinct things for the living body, and the living body must be duly fed at proper intervals, in order that these three distinct services may be rendered. IT KEEPS THE BODY WARM. IT MAINTAINS IT IN A STATE OF REPAIR, notwithstanding the wear and tear to which it is exposed while labouring. And IT GIVES IT STRENGTH AND POWER. Weigh out two pounds of bread and meat, and look at them. The two pounds make no very great shew. But eat them, and in the wonderful contrivances of your body, those two pounds of bread and meat will sustain its machinery unwasted during the exertion of a fair day's work, and in addition to this will supply heat enough to make 80 pints of water boil, and strength enough to lift a ton weight one mile!

In order that food may accomplish these important services, it is necessary that it shall be wisely chosen and no less wisely used. Many men get wasting disease, and death out of food, in the place of nourishment, warmth, and vigour. If we were to heap up wet sand in the furnace of the steam-engine, instead of coal, the fire would be smothered, and the movement of the machinery stopped. If we were to heap up gunpowder there, the whole would be blown into

fragments in a moment. Or so again, the fire of the furnace might be extinguished by smothering it with too great an abundance of coal, or it might be allowed to smoulder and die out for want. Exactly in the same way the fire and strength of the living body may be smothered by a too heavy load, or by a bad kind of food. Or it may be fanned into the explosion of destructive inflammation and fever. It is important therefore, that every one should know what right food is, and how good food requires to be managed. When I go down to see my friend's yarn-spinning steam-engine, I find that a very great amount of care is bestowed upon its feeding. Only the most suitable coal is supplied for its consumption, and the stoker, who feeds it, is selected from among his companion workmen for his judgment, and he is trained to be exceedingly careful, watching its wants, and studying its appetite, so as to give exactly what it can manage, a little and often, never allowing the furnace to be either too hungry or too much gorged.

My friend is ten times more particular about the feeding of his steam-engine, than he is about the feeding of himself, and in this respect he is pretty much like the rest of mankind. Men select and regulate, with the most cautious deliberation, what they put into the iron furnaces of their machinery; but into those delicate and sensible living furnaces which they carry about in their own bodies, they toss with reckless indifference, now, as it were, lumps of lead, and now explosive gunpowder. There is, indeed, sad need that men should be made more thoughtful than they are about feeding their bodies. As a guardian and supporter of the health, GOOD FOOD STANDS CLOSE BY THE SIDE OF FRESH AIR AND PURE WATER. Bad feeding, on the other hand, is the ally of foul air and deficiency of water, in working out dire disorder. Improper management in feeding, then, is another way in which men lay up for themselves

disease and suffering, and cause sickness to take the place of health.

Man's food consists of an almost endless variety of substances. The surface of the earth is covered with things which man can eat, and get strength out of. This is a very bountiful arrangement, made by Divine Providence, in order that the rapidly increasing multitudes of the human race may be supported. Into whatever diversity of climate or country man can go, there he finds a rich abundance of the nourishment which the continued well-being of his body requires. In the hot tropics he gathers bread-fruit from the trees, and plucks rice from the ground. In temperate lands he covers the soil with corn, and pastures beef-yielding oxen and mutton-affording sheep upon the grass. In the frozen wastes that lie near the poles, he gets whale-blubber and seal-oil from the inhabitants of the ocean. The water teems every where with fish, the air with fowl, and the solid ground is literally painted green with its productiveness. Nearly all food-substances are, however, more or less solid bodies, in order that they may be kept conveniently in store until they are immediately needed, and it is, therefore, a natural consequence of this arrangement that they have to undergo a sort of preparation before they can be put to use. The several parts of the body which have to be nourished are far more delicate than the finest hairs. Now suppose that you were set to get beef and bread into hairs, I fancy you would find yourself rather puzzled by the task. God however is not so puzzled. He pours beef and bread into fibres that are as much smaller than hairs, as hairs themselves are smaller than men six feet high and three feet round. You will be glad, no doubt, to understand how this is done.

The All-wise and Almighty Designer of life has seen fit to employ in the work an agent that is already familiar to us. This agent is that pure

water, which we have been recently contemplating, busy in its employment of carrying waste matters out of the way. God WASHES FOOD INTO THE BODY, exactly as He *washes* worn-up material out of it. The very water, indeed, which carries away the waste, has first economically carried in the food. God has laid down pipes of supply which run every where through the structures of the body, exactly as he has laid down drain-pipes. These pipes branch out to the hair, the eyes, the head, the feet, the flesh, the bones, and the skin. At the beginning of the supply-pipes there is a great pump always at work, pumping on the supply. This pump is called *the heart*. Place your hand on the left side of your chest, and you will feel how this heart is springing at its pumping work. You will be sensible that it is raising itself up at its labour, at every stroke, so determined is the exertion of its strength. The supply-pipes are termed *arteries*. One large arterial pipe comes out from the heart, and then sends out branches in all directions, very much like the water-pipe sent out from the great reservoir into all the houses of a town. The branch-pipes get smaller and smaller as they go from the main, until at last they are many times smaller than the smallest hair. The food that is washed through the branching supply-pipes, by the strokes of the heart, is called *blood*. There are about 20 pounds of blood in the body of a full-grown active man; of these 20 pounds nearly 16 are nothing else than pure water, the other 4 pounds are the finely divided food which is being hurried along by the water. This then is what I mean when I say that the food is *washed* into the body, by the agency of water. Take the finest needle you can find, and stick its point any where into your body, and you will find that blood will rush out of the hole. This will show you what great care has been taken to send supply-pipes *every where*. There is no spot, however small, into which a needle point can be

thrust without wounding a supply-pipe. When the heart pumps, red blood thus *flushes through* every portion of the living frame, repairing and warming it, and supporting it in its offices. But you will say I have not yet proved my case. Food is washed out of the heart to all parts of the body. This heart, however, is already *in* the body. There is therefore no washing of the food *into the body* here. It is already in, when it is pumped from the heart; but where does the heart get the blood from, which it pumps onwards? How can it be shown that the blood comes out of food? This is to be my next step. I am going on to explain to you that the heart gets its blood from the food which is eaten; that the blood indeed is finely divided food given up to the conveying power of water; food finally prepared for its task of nourishing the living frame. How then is the food thus prepared? how is solid food turned into liquid and easily flowing blood?

FOOD IS TURNED INTO BLOOD BY BEING DIGESTED. Men have digesting bags, more commonly known under the designation of stomachs, inside of them, into which portions of digestible substances are placed from time to time. These inside digesting bags are particularly convenient, because when a fair quantity of food is once packed away there, men may move about in pursuit of their business without having to give any further heed to the digesting work that is going on in their behoof. Before, however, food is passed down into the digesting bag, it is first ground in a powerful mill, and mixed up with liquid into a sort of paste. The mill has many pairs of very hard stones set in rows over against each other. It is called *the mouth*, and the stones are termed *teeth*. The liquid which makes the ground food into paste, is poured out from little taps laid on in the mill or mouth, and is called *the saliva*.

When the ground and moistened food has been deposited in the stomach, more liquid is poured out upon it there. This liquid is termed the "gastric" or *stomach juice*. Next it is shaken, and churned up, and turned over by the movements of the stomach-bag. After a few hours' churning, it has become so soft and pulpy from the soaking, that it is ready to advance another stage. Then a sort of sluice-gate at the end of the stomach is opened, and down the pulp goes into the bowel, there to be mixed with another liquid called *bile* or *liver juice*, and the soaking or digestion is completed. The pulp then consists of two things—a white milk-like liquid; *that* is the rich and nourishing part of the food, ground and soaked down to the utmost fineness, and mingled with some of the water which has been drunk. And a coarse solid substance, still undigested; *that* is the waste part of the food which has resisted the dissolving power of the stomach, and is on its way to be rejected as good for nothing. The white milk-like essence of the food gets sucked up, by a quantity of little holes or mouths that lie all over the lining of the bowel, as the pulp moves down this canal. Then it is carried by tubes provided for the purpose into one main channel. This channel runs upwards until it ends in the great forcing pump. Poured into the heart, it reinforces the blood which it finds there, and is sent onwards with it through the supply-pipes. This is how food becomes blood.

Very wonderful, indeed, is this dissolving power of the saliva and stomach juice! If the food were merely beaten with water into a moist pulp, and were then left in a warm place, it would soon ferment, and become putrid, and good for nothing. The digesting juices, on the other hand, so long as the stomach is healthy and strong, keep the moist pulpy food sweet in the warm stomach, and merely draw out from it a rich milky essence of nourishment, which consists, indeed, of the very strength of the food. The saliva mixes with the ground food much more readily than

pure water could, but itself has a very great affection for water, so to speak. It thus brings the ground food under the full dominion of water. The saliva, the stomach-juice, and the bile, together, are able to draw out and change into milk-essence every nutritive particle that is contained in the food, however diversified this may be. Each has its own method of operating, and each takes its own share of the dissolving labour; but the result is, that all which is needed for the service of the body is taken out from the food, and made ready to be washed along into the blood.

But there are CERTAIN DISTINCT AND DIFFERENT PRINCIPLES which the body requires should be furnished to it, out of food. You stand there very firmly on the ground, and you look jolly and substantial enough. I should think from your appearance you have been in no way stinted in the matter of supplies. I estimate, at a guess, that your substantial body would weigh, some 150 pounds, if placed in the scales. Now what do you think the *greater part* of those 150 pounds is composed of.—Bones? Not exactly, you are too soft for that.—Flesh? There seems plenty of flesh, but the flesh is not the most abundant element.—Brains? I am afraid they are less than the flesh. No. You will wonder indeed when I tell you that three-quarters of that firm and well-knit frame, are nothing else but WATER. If I were to take your body and dry it until all its water was gone, there would remain behind nothing but 37 pounds of dry mummy-substance, in the place of the original 150 pounds; 113 pounds of water would have steamed away. You will see then that water must be furnished in fair quantity, with or in the food. You have heard, I do not doubt, many horrible and sad things, which have happened when people have been kept a long time without water. Thanks to the bounty of Providence, this privation is, however, one that very rarely occurs.

But now, supposing that we have steamed away

the 113 pounds of water, and that there are left behind 37 pounds of dry substance, what does that substance consist of? It still contains several distinct things, which have had entirely distinct offices to perform in the living frame.

First, you know, there is that FLESH, which makes so comely a show. *Now*, we shall be able to find out, how much there really is of flesh. Of dry flesh-substance, including a little skin and jelly, there are 17 pounds, and that is the working part of the frame. It is by its means the ton-weight can be lifted one mile high in a single day, and that all the moving and acting, of whatever kind, are effected. Remember, then, that the acting part of the living body is *flesh-substance*, and that of that flesh-substance there are not more than 17 pounds in a full-grown man.

While your body is alive, there is a hard frame-work inside of it, upon which the soft flesh is fixed, in order that it may be kept in a convenient and durable form, and around which the water is packed in a countless myriad of chambers, and vessels, and porous fibres. The hard internal frame-work is composed of what are called *bones*. In the dried mummy, left when the moisture is all gone from the body, there are rather more than nine pounds of this mineral bone-substance. But there are also nearly three-quarters of a pound of other MINERAL SUBSTANCES, which were scattered about in various situations, and which were employed for various purposes. There is salt which was in the saliva, in the gristle, and in the blood. There is flint which was in the hair. There is iron which was in the blood. There is potash which was mixed with the flesh-substance. There are lime and phosphorus in the hard millstones,—the teeth; and there is phosphorus, which was in the nerves and the brain. These mineral substances with the bone-earth, which is principally a kind of lime, form together the ash or dust which is returned to the ground after the body has decayed. It is the flesh-substance which

flies away to become poison-vapour in the air. (*See p.* 13, *2nd ed. of "Worth of Fresh Air."*)

But besides water to do transporting work, flesh-substance to do active mechanical or moving work, and mineral substance to do passive mechanical or supporting work, there is yet another kind of material within the body. You have as much as six pounds of FAT, scattered about or packed away amid the 17 pounds of dry flesh.—What can that be for? What use do you think you make of your fat? You have, I dare say, a sort of comfortable sense that it keeps you warm. You know that some of your lean neighbours cast envious eyes towards you in severe winter weather, and have chattering teeth and goose's skins, when you are quite free from such tokens of chilliness. But you will nevertheless be surprised when I tell you what a really fiery piece of business this warming by fat is. Your fat is a store of fuel, which you are going to burn to heat your body, exactly as you burn coal in the grate to heat your room in the winter. It is oil laid by, to be consumed gradually, as a sort of liquid coal, in the furnace of the living machine. Of this we shall, however, have to say more, by itself, by and by. For the present merely bear in mind that fat is the fuel-substance which furnishes warmth to the body. It also combines with the phosphorus and with water to make up the *nerve-substance* and the *brain-substance*, which do the feeling and thinking work. These too, however, will have to be spoken of hereafter by themselves.

Let us now then take stock of the stores we have on hand, within the skin of a living body of 150 pounds weight. We have

WATER for transport and moistening,	113	pounds
FLESH-SUBSTANCE for movement .	17	„
MINERAL-SUBSTANCE for support .	10	„
FUEL-SUBSTANCE for warming .	6	„
If we add these together, our sum is	146	„

We still want four pounds more to make up our 150. Where are we to get these? Why we have got them already. Have we not already learned that there are four pounds of freshly digested food being washed along through the supply-pipes of the body? We have only to add to the previous 146 pounds

Dry substance of THE BLOOD . 4 „

and our tally is completed to 150 „

As the blood is the direct source of supply to all the structures of the body, the material which is being poured out through the supply-pipes,—it follows that those four pounds must contain within themselves flesh-substance, mineral ash, and fuel. There are in 20 pounds of blood, 16 pounds of water to wash along the more substantial part through the supply-pipes, three pounds ten ounces of flesh-substance, four ounces of fuel, and about 2 ounces of mineral matter; salt, phosphorus, lime, and the rest.

The blood is speedily exhausted of its richness, because it gives up its several ingredients to the different parts of the living frame to confer warmth, repair, and active strength upon them. The warmth is procured by burning the fat; you will easily understand that; you know that an oil lamp gets very hot whilst its flame is kept up. The repair is effected by the plastering of new matter out of the blood, upon all the different structures as they wear away. Each structure selects for itself out of the blood what it wants, and arranges what it takes in due order. But you would now like to know how active strength is supplied by the blood. It will not be possible *just now* to tell you concerning this, all which might be, and indeed ought to be told, because we have other and more practical things to bend our attention to. But this much you will easily comprehend. The power COMES OUT OF THAT VERY CHANGE of substance, which we call wear. The "wear" is actually the turning of

the substance into power. Upon another occasion this may be made more plain.

The blood supplies what every part of the living body requires, and of course itself loses what it gives out. But the impoverished blood is in its turn renewed and refreshed by occasional supplies of food. Here then we at last arrive at the pith of the subject under consideration. The food supplies the blood, and the blood supplies the body. Therefore EFFICIENT AND GOOD FOOD MUST HAVE IN IT ALL THE SEVERAL PRINCIPLES REQUIRED BY THE BODY—FLESH, FUEL, AND MINERAL. No kind of food is sufficient to maintain vigorous life and health, which does not contain a due amount of every one of these.

When the young animal comes first into the world, its powers of digestion are weak, and it is fed for some time entirely upon a food already digested for it by the parent. This parent-prepared food of the young animal, which is called MILK, of course, contains within itself all the several matters which have been spoken of above, as essential for the supply of the body. Thus when the dairy-maid curdles milk with rennet, and draws off the whey, afterwards pressing and drying the curdled part, the curd at length comes out of the press as *cheese*. That is the flesh-substance, which was contained in the milk. When the dairy-maid turns and twists cream about in the churn, until *butter* collects in the midst of it—that butter is the fuel-substance, or fat, which was contained in the milk. The whey which is taken off from the cheese, or butter, is principally *water;* but if this water were steamed away by heat, there would remain behind a small quantity of *fixed ash*, which could not escape.—That is the mineral-substance. Here then we have what we may term a specimen of Nature's pattern-food. The relative proportion in which the several food-principles are contained in milk, becomes a most excellent guide to the way in which they should be

used in the more artificial feeding of later life. Take then as

A Receipt for Pattern Food,

the following, which expresses the relative quantities of cheese, butter, and ash, in milk.

One ounce of Flesh-substance,
Two ounces of Fuel-substance, and
Ninety grains of Mineral-substance,
To twenty-two ounces of Water.

The most extensively and generally used of all the articles of human diet is **Bread.** It has been fittingly called THE STAFF OF LIFE. Now it is a curious and remarkable fact that bread contains in itself just the same principles as milk; but it is of course drier, and has proportionally more fuel and less flesh-making substance. The flour, from which it is made, is composed of a stiff sticky *paste*, and a fine white *powder*. well mixed up together. The paste is *flesh-substance;* it is nearly the same thing, indeed, as the flesh of the body, in all excepting arrangement. The powder is *starch:* just such as is used in the work of the laundry. Now starch is merely fat in its first stage of preparation. It is vegetable fat in so firm and dense a condition that it can be stored away in the husks of grain, or even in bags made by man, and kept there unspoiled until it is wanted. When starch is about to be used as fuel in the living frame, it is first turned into *sugar* and *gum*, and then into perfected fat, or oil. Sugar and gum are starch in the process of turning to fat. They are the store-fuel making ready for burning. Even seeds, when they begin to grow, become sweet, because their starch is then converted into sugar. Remember carefully then, that *starch*, *gum*, and *sugar*, are all *fuel-substance*, in different stages of preparation for burning.

Now if you were going TO MAKE FLOUR INTO BREAD, how would you proceed? First you would place seven pounds, we will say, of flour in a pan. You would

hollow out a hole in the middle, and pour in half a quarter of a pint of yeast, mixed up with a pint of warm water. You would stir this up with a wooden spoon, until it formed a thickish paste. The paste is the sticky flesh-substance of the flour, moistened with water, and holding the starch fast in its grasp. After the mixture has stood an hour and a quarter in a warm place, you would next add two teaspoonfuls of salt, and knead the whole well up together with as much more warm water as is sufficient to make the compound into a stiffish dough. If you intended to make good bread, you would spare no labour in this part of the process. You would knead it, and work it, and knead it again, until your arms and hands ached with the work. You would do this in order that the yeast and the water might be forced into contact with every portion of the dough. If any were left insufficiently moistened, and unyeasted, that portion would not be changed into good bread. Having finished the kneading, you would leave the dough standing another hour and a half, covered lightly over by a cloth. During this time it would rise, its inside becoming more and more spongy. The reason of this is, that the yeast, moisture, and warmth, have made some of the starch turn into sugar and gum; and as it has been doing so, a sort of fixed air has burst out from the starch, and forced the sticky paste into bubbles. After the hour and a half of standing, you would cut the dough into two or three pieces, and you would place these upon a tin in a well-heated oven, having its door thoroughly closed, and bake them for an hour and forty minutes. The heat of the oven would then soon destroy the activity of the yeast, and fix the dough, so that it could not froth and bubble any longer. In due time you would draw forth the dough from the oven, and find it baked into loaves.

When bread is well made, by the skilful employment of these measures, *the rising of the dough* marks the change of the store-starch into sugar and gum through

fermentation. This is really *a beginning of the work of digestion*, and, in so far, a lightening of the task the stomach will have to perform. It is very important, however, that this change shall be carried to a proper point, and then stopped. Bread should be neither *too heavy* nor *too light*. If the former, it will not be easy enough of digestion; if the latter, some portion of the virtue will have been unnecessarily wasted. Bread contains a great deal of water, and so to a certain extent is both food and drink. One hundred pounds of flour suck in 50 pounds of water, when made into dough. This is all retained in the bread, however dry it may seem to get. If stale bread be heated for half an hour in a *close* tin case, nearly to the temperature of boiling water, and then be taken out, it will be found to be restored to the condition of new bread. In wheaten bread, to every 11 ounces of water, there are 12 ounces of mingled starch, sugar, and gum, and one ounce of flesh-substance.

Brown Bread is more rich in flesh-making substance, bulk for bulk, than fine wheaten bread, because the outer husk of the grain, which constitutes the bran, itself contains a large quantity of that material. When the dough is formed from *whole meal*, instead of from fine flour, the cost of the bread is considerably diminished, at the same time that its bulk and weight are, even in a greater degree, increased. The addition of a little milk to the dough has the effect of still further raising the nourishing power of the bread, besides causing it to keep fresh longer; a pint of milk adds one pound to the weight of a loaf. A quarter of a pound of mashed potatoes, mixed in with every four pounds of flour or meal, also improves the keeping quality.

Rye-bread is not so pleasant in flavour as wheaten bread, but it is about equal to it in nourishment, and can be kept for months without being spoiled, which wheaten bread cannot. Oatmeal cannot be fermented like wheaten meal, but it is

nearly as rich again in flesh-making substance. It is its very richness in this gluey material, which renders it incapable of being made into light bread. Scotch men and women consume a great quantity of oatmeal as porridge and unfermented cake, and get both very fat and strong upon their food. This article of diet, has indeed, the recommendation of being very appropriate for young people, who are growing rapidly, and is fortunately, at the same time, *comparatively* cheap.

Milk, the pattern food, contains, it will be remembered, twice as much fuel as flesh-substance in it. But *bread* contains eight times as much fuel as flesh-making substance. Consequently a great deal more bread has to be consumed to get the same amount of nourishment out of it, and then very much more fuel has been taken into the frame than is required, which has to be got rid of as waste. Hence it is both economical and wise to add to a bread-diet, whenever this can be done, some other kind of food, which consists principally of flesh-substance. *Butter* and *fat* are also advantageously taken with it, because the fuel contained within bread is a great deal of it still only store-fuel, and unfit to undergo immediate burning.

The best addition that can be made to bread-diet is obviously that flesh-substance which is already in a very perfect and condensed state—namely, **Meat**. *Lean beef* contains four times as much flesh-substance, weight for weight, as the most nutritious bread, and it is entirely destitute of the store-fuel, starch, of which bread has such a superabundance. Meat therefore is manifestly the natural ally of bread in the formation of a very nutritious diet. All wild animals have very little fat mixed with their flesh. It is, however, the great object of the grazing farmer to make his mutton and beef as fat as he can. Meat, as it is sent to market, commonly has one-third of its substance fat alone. Such meat approaches more

nearly to the nature of bread, and indeed may almost be used instead of it, so far as its influence on the support and warming of the frame is concerned.

It is even more important how MEAT IS COOKED, than it is how bread is made. A very great deal of waste and loss are easily produced by unskilful management in this particular. Meat is cooked to make it *easier of digestion*;—indeed by the process digestion is begun by art before the food is introduced into the stomach. A certain quantity of the meat is necessarily lost by cooking. A pound of beef, for instance, is reduced 4 ounces in boiling, and a pound of mutton 3½ ounces. This loss is, however, in well-managed cooking, principally water and fat; with badly-managed cooking nearly all the nutritious part of the meat,—its flesh-substance,—*may be wasted* too.

A pound of meat loses an ounce more in baking, and an ounce and a half more in roasting, than in boiling. Boiling is therefore the most economical method of the three. Meat should always be *put first into boiling-hot water*, because by this means the pores of the surface are at once closed fast, and the juices shut in. When meat is placed in cold water, and kept gently simmering, the juices all ooze out into the water. The latter plan is the best mode of proceeding, when the object is to *make nutritious soup* or broth. But when it is desired to *keep the meat itself nutritious*, the employment of the greater heat at first is the more judicious course. So likewise in roasting, the meat should be *placed at once close before a clear fierce fire*, in order that by the curdling power of the heat a great coat may be formed upon it, through which the juices cannot flow; then it should be removed further away, in order that the inside may go on cooking more gradually by the heat of the imprisoned juices. When meat is placed before a dull slow fire at the first, the principal part of the gravy runs out, before the surface is hardened and closed.

Meat is the most valuable addition which can be made to bread, but unfortunately it is not a cheap addition. It requires a certain command of means always to be able to place a joint on the table, and this cannot be constantly reckoned upon by working men, who have families to provide for. Any kind of hard and inferior meat which may be purchased comparatively cheaply, as, for instance, an ox cheek or a sheep's head, may however be made to yield a richly nutritious and palatable meal. It should first be rubbed with a little salt and pepper, and then be put into a saucepan, with from one to four quarts of cold water, according to its size. This is then to be kept simmering upon the hob from one to three hours (according to size.) The fat being skimmed off will be serviceable for making puddings. A little celery or onion may be put in during the simmering. The meat will prove deliciously tender, and there will be in addition, from one to three quarts of excellent nutritious soup to be eaten with bread. Even bones, of which a fifth part is nutritious substance, may be made to furnish a meal for hungry stomachs, by this simple contrivance. Break small six pounds of bones, boil them in eight quarts of water for three hours, with three tablespoonfuls of salt and a bunch of thyme or other savoury herbs. Then skim off the fat and remove the bones. Put into another saucepan or pan, the fat, two sliced onions, a pound of carrots, turnips, or celery, and two teaspoonfuls of sugar. Set the whole on the fire, and stir for 15 minutes, add half a pound of oatmeal and mix this well in, next pour over the broth from the bones, add a pound of rice, and boil again until this is soft. By this management you may provide a very nutritious meal at a much lower cost, than a meal of bread.

THE GREAT OBJECT OF COOKING is the reduction of the several principles of the food into such a soluble state as will prepare them to be easily acted upon by the digestive powers of the stomach, at the same time

that none of their virtue is allowed to be lost. Cooking is, indeed, properly the first stage of digestion; it is an art which the intelligence of man has taught him, in order that food may be made to go as far as possible in furnishing nourishment to living frames. *By good cooking, hosts of things are converted into excellent nourishment*, which would be entirely unmanageable by the stomach without such assistance. The art of cookery ought, however, never to be carried further than this. It should not strive to make men eat more than their bodies want, by furnishing the temptation of delicious flavours. Every meal should have brought together into it, a due admixture of the several distinct principles, which have been named as the great requirements of the body; but there should be no greater degree of mixture, than is just sufficient to ensure this. There should be *flesh-substance* in a half-dissolving, or tender state. There should be a still larger amount of *fuel-substance*, partly fat, and partly such as is in a condition capable of being converted into fat in the stomach and blood. *Mineral substance* enough is sure to be present in every kind of food; and *water*, of course, can be added in any amount, as drink.

There are several common methods of intermingling different kinds of food, to form a meal, which seem to have been adopted almost unconsciously, but which nevertheless are right in principle. Thus MEAT and BUTTER, are, as we have seen, generally eaten with over-starched BREAD. RICE, and ARROWROOT are nearly pure starch, and are commonly mixed with MILK, and with MILK and EGGS, which are both rich in flesh-substance. WHITE OF EGG is entirely composed of flesh-substance and water; it is added to puddings to make them more gluey. EGGS are eaten with FAT BACON because the white is entirely destitute of fat. YOLK OF EGG consists of flesh-substance and oil. PORK is taken with PEAS and BEANS, because they possess a great abundance of

nutritious or flesh-making substance, while the pork itself has more fat and less nutrition than any other kind of meat.

The Potatoe contains twelve times as much starch as flesh-making substance; it is thus one-half less nutritious than bread. On this account it is very generally made the companion of meat. A very excellent nutritious dish may be formed by placing about two pounds of neck of mutton in a pan, with eight large potatoes and four onions sliced, a tea-spoonful and a half of pepper, three tea-spoonfuls of salt, and enough water to cover the whole; the pan is to be set in a slow oven for two hours, and its contents are to be all stirred up together when about to be served. When the potatoe is cooked, a portion of its store-starch is changed into sugar and gum; in this conditon it is very similar to bread which has lost a portion of its flesh-making substance. It requires some little attention and skill to prepare the potatoe properly for the table. New potatoes cook best when put first into water nearly boiling; old potatoes more generally when first put into cold water. They should be boiled in their skins, until these begin to crack, a little salt having been added to the water. The water extracts a soluble matter contained in the root, which is not altogether wholesome; it should therefore be now thrown off, and the potatoes be left for a time standing dry near the fire, covered with a cloth. The more waxy the potatoe, the more quick should be the boiling. Watery potatoes are also greatly improved if a piece of lime, about the size of a nut, be placed in the water. It serves to extract from the tubers some of the substance which keeps them in a waxy state.

It is of the very highest importance that any one who is likely ever to have the care of a household, whether large or small, should so far UNDERSTAND THE OBJECTS OF COOKING AND THE PRINCIPLES upon

which the process requires to be performed, as to be able to see that food is properly and economically prepared. If your means be small, remember that such knowledge can make that portion of your money which is devoted to the purchase of food, go as far again, and yield twice as much harmless gratification as it would otherwise do; if you have an abundance of means, then the knowledge may be made serviceable in providing *only* such food as is suitable to the maintenance of health and strength, and the avoidance of disease. If you have a family of children to bring up, and have plenty of money to do it with, you are perfectly right to furnish them with every accomplishment, and every advantage learning confers; but never forget that no woman is ever less accomplished because she knows something about homely household concerns,—cooking among them,—as well as a great deal concerning other things.

Fish very nearly resembles lean meat in its character; it is hence a very good companion to potatoes and bread. In a general way it requires to be eaten with butter or oil on account of its deficiency in this ingredient. *Skate* has 32 times as much flesh-substance in it, as fat. *Haddock* and *herring* have eleven times as much. The *salmon* and the *eel* are the only kinds of fish which are in themselves of a very oily nature. The salmon has a little more than three times as much flesh-substance as oil, and the eel has actually more oil than flesh-substance. Fish is rather more easy of digestion than meat, and when judiciously combined with bread, potatoes, and fatty substances, constitutes an exceedingly wholesome food. The waters of the ocean are so bounteously replenished with this kind of nourishment, that they are capable of furnishing a very much more abundant supply than they have yet been made to do. As if for the very purpose of pointing out that one of the objects for which fishes have been placed in the water, is the

furnishing nutrition for the human race, some of the kinds that ordinarily dwell in the deep ocean are driven by their instincts, at certain seasons of the year, to the shoal waters surrounding the land, where they are quite within the reach of man.

Fresh Vegetables contain a very large proportion of water, but there is in their structure also a considerable amount of flesh-making substance, besides starch and sugar. The *turnip* and the *carrot* are very nutritious, but deficient in fuel-substance upon the whole, so that they form good additions to fat meat like bacon and pork. The same may be said of *cabbages* and *cauliflowers*, which exceed even carrots and turnips in their nutritious power. Boiled cabbage and potatoes, beaten together with a little pork fat, salt and pepper, form a compound which approaches very nearly to the nature of bread, and which indeed is as nutritious as the richest Scotch oatmeal. One third part of *dried* cabbage consists of flesh-making substance. The *onion* is very rich in flesh-substance, and therefore forms a valuable addition to dishes containing much store starch and fat.

Fresh vegetables require, in most instances, to be boiled before they are eaten, because their juices contain disagreeable flavours, and in some instances unwholesome ingredients, which are, however, entirely removed by the influence of boiling water. **Ripe Fruits**, on the other hand, are vegetable substances, which have been thoroughly cooked by the maturing powers of the sun, and which have also been endowed, by the hand of Nature, with the most delicious flavours, in order to tempt man to partake of them in due season; they are, so to speak, *bouquets provided for the palate.* Ripe fruits consist principally of water holding in solution sugar and small quantities of flavouring oils. But they also contain in their juices peculiar acids, which exert wholesome influences over the blood in hot weather. They merely require to be

partaken of in moderation, and when thoroughly ripe. If not perfectly ripe, they should invariably be cooked, before they are eaten, in order that the process of sugar-making going on within their chambers, may be assisted and hastened. Almost every case in which fruit has seemed to be unwholesome, has been due either to its having been taken when unripe, or to its having been consumed in excessive quantity. The danger of its being eaten in undue amount is very great on account of the agreeable and tempting flavours with which its juices are endowed.

We have now to suppose that a wholesome but plain meal of good bread, and well-cooked meat and vegetables, selected and prepared according to the principles which have been explained, is set before you, and that you are about to apply these to their proper office of nourishing your body; how will you proceed? You will introduce the food, morsel after morsel, into your digesting bag. Now while you are doing this, take care to bear in mind what you are about. You are swallowing substances that will need to be brought most thoroughly within the power of the saliva and stomach-juices, in order that these may perform their wondrous dissolving work. DO NOT, THEN, FORGET THE MILL. Those ivory teeth have not been planted so firmly in your jaws for no purpose. They are meant for work, and for hard work too. Food is not intended to be bolted, but to be ground. Do not furnish one single morsel with its pass until it has been reduced to the finest pulp; then the saliva will get to every grain of the store-starch, and change it into serviceable sugar and gum, and the stomach-juice and liver-juice will get to every fibre of the flesh-substance, and reduce it to milk-like liquid, capable of entering the channels of the supply-pipes. If you bolt, instead of thoroughly grinding your food in the mill, be assured that the heavy lumps will prove too much for your digesting bag, however strong that

may be. The greater portion, after having oppressed the offended stomach with their unmanageable load, will cause griping and all sorts of annoyance, and will at last be dismissed from it, undissolved and without having furnished any nourishment.

Another important thing is to get enough food if you can; the body requires to be sufficiently nourished. On the other hand, however, be very careful that you do not attempt to get MORE THAN ENOUGH. If you do try to accomplish this you will fail in the attempt, and have to pay a heavy penalty, for your failure. Thousands upon thousands of people do try, and do fail, and then pay such penalties. You have heard it said that enough is as good as a feast. This is only a half truth, it does not go sufficiently far. ENOUGH IS FAR BETTER THAN A FEAST, *if "a feast," means more than enough.* There is more danger really in over-feeding, than in under-feeding. Countless numbers of underfed countrymen work through a long life in the fields, in happiness and contentment, and arrive at old age, almost without an hour of illness. But every overfed man sooner or later has to go to bed, and send for the doctor to help him to get rid either of rheumatism, or fever, or gout, or inflammation, which are forms of disorder into which superfluous food often changes itself. The life of labour and short commons, has upon the whole a much larger share of happiness, than the life of laziness and luxury.

But what is ENOUGH? That in regard to the feeding is a very serious question. At the first glance, too, it seems to be one which is not altogether easy to answer, because some men require more food than others, just as some steam engines consume more coal than others, to keep themselves moving; and just as some lamps take more oil than others, to keep up their flames. It is, nevertheless, a question which may be very easily answered. Every man who eats his meal slowly and deliberately,—*not forgetting the mill,*—HAS

HAD ENOUGH WHEN HIS APPETITE IS SATISFIED. Appetite really is Nature's own monitor. It is ruled, not by the state of the stomach, but by *the condition of the blood.* When so much blood has been taken from the supply-pipes of your body, by the working parts, that those pipes begin to be comparatively empty, their emptiness makes itself felt in your frame as hunger. Obedient to the hint, you find up food and eat. But while you are eating, what happens? First you seize the food with all the keen relish of a hungry man. Then as you eat on, the relish becomes less and less, and if your meal be a simple one, when you have had enough, all relish has disappeared, and the very things that tasted so deliciously at first, are insipid, so that you find no further enjoyment in the act of grinding and swallowing them. Go on eating after this, and the insipidity will be transformed into disgust; and if notwithstanding this you still persevere in forcing food into your stomach, that sensible organ will at last rebel against the tyranny, and return the whole which it has received upon your hands. Then it will be some little time before the stomach gets over the insult. Consequently the blood remains all this while in the impoverished state, and the result of the over-gorge is that the *body itself* is actually *starved*, instead of being *feasted.* If when your natural appetite for food is satisfied, and your enjoyment and relish of it have ceased, you have rich and high flavoured dishes set before you, the high-flavours will then still prove agreeable to the palate, and act upon it as a sort of excitement, and the natural appetite will have its work superseded by a false and artificial one, and you will go on eating under this temptation, until your stomach is overcrammed. All the so-called luxuries of cooking are merely devices *to make men eat more, who have already eaten enough.*

But when men who have already eaten enough, eat

more, what must happen? one of two things—either the stomach, being particularly vigorous, *will get through an extra amount of work;* then there will be more blood sent into the supply-pipes than the body requires, and the frame will be every where stuffed and oppressed with the load, to the danger of inflammations, rheumatism, and other-like disorders being set up: or the stomach *will be unequal to the task of doing extra work;* then the food which cannot be digested will decay and putrefy in the stomach and bowels, producing there all sorts of poison-vapours and disagreeable products, which will lead to stomach and bowel disorders, until nature, or the doctor, finds some way for their removal, or until something worse takes place.

Thrice favoured is he who is not daily exposed to the dangers of a luxurious table. Money, after all, is not *in itself* a blessing. It is only a blessing when it is possessed by those who know how to employ it for good purposes. In the hands of men who do not know how to employ it so, it often proves to be a curse.

Food, which is already in a state of commencing putrefaction or decay, is always dangerous for this reason, it forms poison-vapours and injurious products in the stomach, before its digestion can be completed in the natural way. If, however, meat about to be used is at any time found to be tainted, it will be at once rendered wholesome, if the most tainted part be cut away, the cut part being rubbed with a piece of charcoal, and the joint be then well boiled in water, in which a piece of charcoal has been placed.

Here then, in conclusion, are two or three **Golden Rules for the management of your feeding.**

NEVER HAVE ANY BUT THE PLAINEST AND SIMPLEST FOOD placed before you when you are hungry, whether you be rich or whether you be poor.

EAT OF IT UNTIL YOU FIND THE RELISH FOR IT DISAPPEARING.

THERE STOP, and on no consideration swallow another mouthful, UNTIL THE SENSE OF APPETITE AND RELISH COMES BACK to you.

By these means you will make sure that you always have nourishment enough, and that you never commit the folly of attempting to get too much. Keep ever present in your mind that it is *not food in the stomach*, BUT FOOD IN THE BLOOD, which confers strength, and that it is the natural appetite and relish for food, which tells you when the blood needs a fresh supply, and when the stomach is ready to deal with it in the blood's behoof. It is in order that you may not be deprived of the service of this natural indication that it is so necessary you should eat nothing but plain and simple food; bread, ripe fruit, and well-cooked meat, and vegetables, without spices and artificial flavours, such as persons who are called good cooks delight in. On account of the general occupations of life, and for other reasons, it proves to be convenient that meals shall be taken at regulated and stated times. Three meals a day, separated from each other by an interval of five or six hours, is a very good arrangement, because these intervals give the stomach a couple of hours' repose after each act of exertion.

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SOWING THE SEED.

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SOWING THE SEED.

It has often made me feel sorry to observe how much suffering there is among children; how often, instead of being happy, they are discontented, fretful, and complaining; how often the air is filled with their cries. We may be very sure that this crying is often caused by bodily illness, since we know how large a number of the children that are born die before they are five years old. Those who have studied the matter tell us that out of every hundred children that are born thirty never live to see their fifth birthday come round. Before all these deaths there must have been a time, longer or shorter, of weariness, sickness, and pain, that makes one's heart ache to think of.

Many are trying to teach our people how to change this sad state of things by better management. Pure air and water, warmth, and cleanliness, will do much in giving health and longer life to the poor little ones. I am going to add a few

words about another thing, the importance of which, I think, we too often forget both in the case of old and young: I mean a cheerful and contented mind. As I believe that illness is very often the real cause of the fretting and crying which people are apt to punish as crossness and bad temper, so I think it is also true that fretting and crying in their turn make children ill. Is it not so with us older people? Do we not all know that when any great sorrow comes upon us, and our eyes grow dim with weeping, we suffer in health? The appetite goes, the head aches, the face grows pale, and the limbs lose their strength. Be sure, then, that a constant state of dulness, discontent, worry, and fretfulness, though it may not have such a strong effect on the body as that, yet lowers the strength. Be sure that if you want to rear healthy children you must make them happy children. "Healthy and happy"—"happy and healthy"—the two words seem to go together naturally.

Do not fall into the mistake of thinking that the woes of children are fanciful; that children do not feel sorrow, but cry for nothing at all. It is very true that if they have got into a habit of crying they will scream and make a great noise about very little; but then what has given them this bad habit? Is it not often given by a neglect of their real wants, by mistaken indulgence or severity, by

injustice, or, in short, by bad management of some kind? Be sure that children feel deeply. Their little sorrows are great to them. Look back to your own childhood, and to what you felt then, and you will know I only say what is true. In looking back to my own I remember days of grief almost as great as any I have had since. I can remember being unjustly shut up, and left at home, on a day when I had been promised that I should go to see a lady I loved very much. It was a trifling fault for which I was punished, and I was innocent of it. All the years that have passed since have not made me forget the anguish of heart I suffered that day, nor the tears and sobs that almost choked me. I can remember, too, being lost, as I thought, in some public gardens in London. It was only done for fun by the girl who had the charge of me; but my terror when I looked round and saw no one near was so great that, though I was then only five, I seem at this day to see the grass, and lilac-bushes, and gravel walk, that I looked upon in my misery. No sailor shipwrecked on a lonely rock, no traveller benighted in a desert, ever felt more castaway.

Remember, too, that these sorrows of children, and the habits and feelings they leave behind, do not end with childhood. They "sow the seed" of many faults that will grow up afterwards. Children who are kept fretting and crying are not only

unlikely to be strong and healthy, as children, but are very likely to grow up weak in body, fretful in temper, and little able to take their share bravely in the duties and trials of life. I have said that all this is too often forgotten. If I give you some instances of what I mean you will perhaps think they are very trifling things. Do not think so. These things that seem little to you are great to little children, and great in their future consequences for good or for evil.

Infants have no way of telling their wants but to cry. They cannot say, "I am hungry," "I am thirsty," "I am too hot," "I am cold," "A pin is hurting me:" all they can do is to cry. But as soon as a child can speak, the mother will try to teach it to ask, and not to cry. "Ask for what you want," she will say. "Say, If you please, and you shall have it." The mother then must not forget that she has said, "You shall have it." If her child only asks for what is really good for it, she ought to give what it has asked for, and without delay. If she delays she must not wonder if her child gets impatient and begins to cry, because though the thing asked for seems a very trifling one to her, and one that, as she is busy, may be waited for, it is perhaps a very great thing to the child, who has, besides, no idea how long he may have to wait, nor whether, as he does not get it at once, he may ever get it at all; so he cries, and

then he gets attention, and so very soon learns a bad lesson. This happens much in the following way :—

A little boy wants to go out to play, but his cap is on a shelf beyond his reach. "Mother, I want my cap," he says. "Please, mother, give me my cap." But mother is washing. She hardly hears him at first, and when she does she is too busy to mind him. So he goes on saying, "Please, mother, my cap;" and she goes on washing, and thinking that he may very well wait till she has finished off the things under her hand. Meanwhile time is going on. The other boys are out in the lane, laughing and shouting. The game will be over. The poor little fellow quite loses his patience, and begins to cry. Now the mother's attention is roused. "What's the matter, Tommy?" she calls out as she runs to him. "My cap!" he sobs. "There, then—bless his little heart!—Don't cry: here's his cap;" and she puts it on for him, and Tommy toddles off to his friends in the lane, wiping his eyes with his sleeve, while his mother goes back to her washing-tub, never thinking how she has been undoing all her teaching. She will find it in vain to say, "Ask for what you want," or, "Say, If you please, and you shall have it." Tommy knows better. The way to get a thing is to cry for it. It would have been a little trouble to put down the things that were in her hand and go

for the cap at once; but it will be much more trouble to her to hear fretting and crying all day long.

And some mothers are not so kind and good-natured as Tommy's; and then matters are worse. A gentleman in Edinburgh was obliged to give up his lodgings because of the wearisome noise that began outside his door every morning at eight o'clock. No sooner did eight o'clock strike than little Jemmy, the landlady's son, stationed himself there at the top of the stairs, and began, "Jeanie, bring up the porridge." Porridge is the common breakfast for all Scotch children, and a very good and nourishing breakfast it is.

"Jeanie, bring up the porridge," cries poor Jemmy. "Jeanie, bring up the po—o—o—ridge."

Then comes a long wailing and crying.

"Eh, Jeanie, bring up the porridge; bring up the porridge!" Then a long cry, and then, "Jeanie, bring up the porridge," again; and so it goes on. At last a clattering of bowls and spoons is heard coming up the stairs, and then Jemmy stops, follows his porridge into the room, and seats himself at the table to begin. But his tears drop into his spoon, and his face is full of peevishness. His breakfast will not do him half so much good as if he had got it without all that fretting, or as if he had been taught to play about, or trundle his hoop, or do something active and healthful, till it

came, and he began eating with rosy cheeks and a cheerful heart. Jemmy's mother might have prevented all his grief by some little trouble; but this is not possible for some mothers. The sorrows and toils they have to bear will fall in some degree on their poor children.

Two young ladies are walking beside a hedgerow in the country, when a sad sound makes them stop and listen. It is the low moaning of a child. The moaning comes nearer, and they hear footsteps on the path that runs along the other side of the hedge. More and more plaintive seems the child's cry, and then comes a loud threatening voice, and the cry stops for a moment only to begin again. "Mother, mother, take me up!" sobs the pitiful voice.

"How cruel that woman must be," says one of the young ladies, "not to take up her poor child." The other does not speak, but climbs over a stile that separates the field in which they were walking from the pathway, and soon overtakes the mother and child. She sees that the child is a pretty little girl, who goes stumbling along the stony path, lame with a long journey, pale with fatigue, and hardly able to keep up with its mother, while it goes on with its pitiful cry of "Mother, mother, take me up."

But the mother is over-loaded, dusty, and weary. She carries a baby on one arm and a

heavy basket on the other. She cannot bear more; and now she sets down her basket, and lifts her hand; but the young lady, who is close behind, catches it and holds it firmly.

"Do not strike your child," she says in a gentle voice. "She is very tired."

The poor mother burst into tears. "I am worn out with her fretting," she says. "I cannot carry her and the baby too, and my basket is load enough without either, and we've been a long way. We are but half a mile from home now, and Sally ought to be quiet and come on. No, no, my lady, that will never do; you must not think of carrying her yourself."

But Sally is safe in her new friend's arms, who will not hear of putting her down, but begs the mother to go on and they will follow. Poor little Sally cannot check her tears at first. She has been too much frightened, and her feet ache too much; but before very long she is smiling and talking, and pleased with the poppies they have gathered by the path; and baby peeps over his mother's shoulder, and holds out his hands for some, and gets some; and so they reach the cottage that Sally says is "home." Four brothers and sisters come to the door to meet them. They are all neat and clean, and so is everything in the cottage; and the poor woman whose daily toil keeps it so, sets down her basket, and thanks her

visitor with a grateful smile. She was a good mother, though in her toil-worn weariness she had been cruel to her child.

"It is easy for me. Oh, very easy, and nothing but a pleasure for me," thought the young lady as she walked away, "to carry little Sally. I am young and strong, and have had nothing to tire me. It was very different with her. But she will be glad, when she thinks of it, that she did not beat her poor tired child."

Yes, many a mother would be glad afterwards, when the passion is over, that she had not been severe to the children who were trying her temper beyond bearing when she was worn out with burdens and sorrows. It is very difficult to be patient at such times; but it is not impossible. It needs a strong effort to do right, and strong love and earnest prayer for help; and if it can be done, the effort will bring its own reward. Severity at such times will do nothing but harm, and add to every difficulty, when kindness and patience will bring the quiet she longs for so much.

What a pleasure it is to see a set of healthy, happy children, merry at play out of doors and good and quiet at home. I have often wondered how their mothers could keep them so clean, and well, and well-behaved, with so much to do and so many difficulties. It makes one see the

difference only the more when they are unruly and fretful. Of course I do not mean to say it is all management, or that it is equally easy to manage all children. Far from it. There is a great difference in children. Some have much better and easier tempers than others; and some can bear their little troubles and pains much better than others; but then it is all the more necessary to learn how to smooth the way for the less fortunate ones, and teach them how to face the trials that will come upon us all as years go on. Some children, too, have much weaker bodies than others, and are more easily hurt by any outward evils or by unwholesome food; and, therefore, though they may not be seriously ill, yet they are in sufficient discomfort to be made fretful.

These kind of weakly children are often made to suffer a great deal by being too hot. I have seen a child on a warm spring day with a fur round its throat, and a hot woollen shawl wrapped round it, wailing and crying in a crowded omnibus, and annoying all the passengers, while its nurse tried in vain to hush it by pressing it in her arms and rocking it backwards and forwards. The poor little thing was fevered with the heat, and the simple plan of seating it upright where the air could get to it, taking off the fur, and loosening

the shawl, at once changed its cries into smiles and baby talk.

Cold is also a frequent cause of fretting. Young children feel it much more painfully than grown-up people. Who cannot call to mind the sight of some little boy, with bare red legs, and the tears looking as if they would freeze on his blue, swollen cheeks, holding by his mother's gown as she loiters along marketing, or chatting with a neighbour in a bitter frost in winter? She does not know how his poor toes and fingers are aching and smarting, or she would not be angry with him for the noise he is making.

Discomfort of body sufficient to cause fretfulness, is also often produced by the habit of eating what children call sweet-stuff. Any one who would take the trouble to spend half-an-hour in one of the shops where they sell this sweet-stuff, would be surprised at the numbers of children that come in with a halfpenny or penny to buy. What they buy is always unwholesome, and it is very well known that poisonous things are put in the sugary comfits to give them their bright colours; so that children eating them day after day, make themselves sick and uneasy and cross. It would be far better to save up the halfpence till they make a little sum to be spent on something useful or pleasant for the children.

A picture book, a ball, or a hoop would give much more enjoyment, and save a great deal of fretfulness.

The habit of feeding children constantly when on a journey, or even when going out for a short excursion, as a means of keeping them quiet, is another frequent cause of fretfulness. The moment a child is the least troublesome, a bun or cake is taken out of a basket and given to it, till at last it becomes so ill and uncomfortable, that no power can keep it quiet.

It is sadly common to try to stop the habit of crying, which has been brought on in one way or another, by false promises and false threats. A mother will say, "Stop crying, and I'll give you a cake." "Be a good boy, and you shall have a halfpenny," without ever thinking of really giving either; and the child soon learns that he cannot trust her at all, and therefore her words have no effect upon him. It is just the same with threats. The very common threat of "the stick," is no more minded than if sticks were made of wool instead of wood, because though it may be really used once in twenty times it is never expected. And generally children soon find out that all manner of other threats are only falsehoods. "Here's the policeman coming!" "Bogie shall have you!" "There's the black man!" All these sayings are soon found out to

mean nothing by the children. But what a melancholy lesson do they learn at the same time! The lesson that truth is quite disregarded by their mothers, and therefore need not be regarded by them.

It may however happen that children are filled with dread and terror by threats, and as this happens in the case of timid, nervous constitutions, it is of course one of the worst things that can be done both for mind and body. Children have been frightened into fits by horrible stories of what would happen to them. I myself saw a little girl turn pale and tremble when the woman who was holding it in a steamer said, when it put its hand on a lady's muff, "I will fling you overboard if you touch that." The noise and rushing of the water most likely made it seem like a real danger to this poor little creature. It is by stories of "bogie," and "black man," and such like, that children are made timid in the dark, and cry if they are left to go to sleep in bed alone, a habit that causes great trouble to mothers. I knew a little boy who suffered terrors every morning, because he had been taught to believe that a man who passed calling, "Any umbrellas to mend!" called "Any naughty boys to be killed!" There was a melancholy story in the newspapers some years ago, of a little girl being frightened to death. She was in a shop, and she happened

to look out at the window at the moment when a boy with a hideous mask on his face looked in. She fell into fits and could never be recovered, but died in a few hours.

Without, however, causing such dreadful things as this, it is certain that the habit of threatening timid children makes them cowardly, selfish, fearful of the least pain, and therefore very fretful.

A little boy was pulling a wooden carriage, in which his two sisters were seated. He set off running down hill with it and upset it. All three children began screaming and crying. The girls were hurt and cried with pain, but the boy who was not hurt at all cried the loudest. "Poor fellow!" said a lady who was by. "How sorry he is to have hurt his sisters." But she soon found out her mistake. As soon as he could speak through his screams and sobs, the words that came were, "Shall I be sent to prison? Will they send me to prison?" He was in no grief for his sisters. He never heeded them as they lay on the path rubbing their knees, and complaining of their heads. All his thoughts were about himself. Of course he had been threatened with a prison, and was full of dread and terror about it.

The lady took the children into her house to comfort them, and after a time they all left off crying, and began to play about the room. When

suddenly one of the little girls set up a loud scream again, crying, "No black man come! No black man come!" the lady was quite puzzled at first to think what could be the matter, but she found out that the poor child's eyes were fixed on a small black head of a man, such as may be bought of the Italian boys who sell images, standing on a shelf as an ornament, and the screams were caused by fear that this was the "black man" come to take her away.

People who know how to manage children, and to keep them good and contented, know how important it is to avoid giving useless orders. "Sit still," "Stand up," "Put it down," "Hold your tongue," "Let that alone." This sort of ordering is sure to make children naughty, for they generally pay no attention to it, and are seldom expected to obey; but now and then they are, and then a sort of struggle begins, in which the children are often the conquerors.

Sometimes, too, people will refuse a thing to a child, not because there is any harm in it, but because they are themselves cross or tired, or ill tempered. "You shan't have it!" they will say, when there is really no reason to refuse, and "I will not do it," when there is really no reason why they should not. Young girls who are employed as nurse-maids are very apt to do this.

Two such young girls were walking out with

several children under their charge. One of these, a little boy, was screaming violently. What he wanted was to walk between the two, holding each by the hand. It could have done them no harm. He would soon have been tired of it and glad to run on, but they would not let him. "You shan't take hold. Walk on in front, sir!" These were the orders. It was easy to order, but impossible to make him obey. The plan he took was to stand still and let them walk on till they were nearly out of sight, filling the air with his screams all the time. They did not dare to leave him. He might have been lost. Besides, everybody was beginning to notice the noise, so they were obliged to take him between them after all. He therefore gained the battle; but to punish him they held his hands roughly, and knocked his feet against the stones. It is sad to think what "seed is sown" by such treatment as this.

A girl in a railway-carriage had charge of two little boys. One of them sat still on the seat as she had placed him, half asleep, looking as if he had eaten too much dinner; but the other little fellow was full of life and fun. He began looking about him, and as it was a large and nearly empty carriage, he thought to himself that he would get down and march about among the seats. There was no reason why he should not. He was quite safe on the floor. There was no danger of the

door being opened between station and station, and there was nobody he could annoy. But no! the girl would not let him. No sooner had his feet touched the floor that he was snatched up again, and seated as before. "Sit still, directly!" was the order. He sat still for about three minutes, and being a good-tempered child, did not cry; but that large floor of the carriage and those empty seats were too tempting, and down he got again. "Naughty boy! Look at your brother, how good he is!" was the cry, and he was seated roughly again. He was an uncommonly good child, for he tried to amuse himself by looking out at the side windows, but before the journey came to an end he had been down again, and been shaken for it, and made to cry and become rebellious, all because this girl was in a bad humour.

Among all the causes of fretfulness, there are few more common than the constant tumbles that children get when they first begin to run alone. They are for ever hurting themselves. A child's knees are generally all over bruises, black, blue, and green. Perhaps if I try to describe the different ways in which I have observed different mothers treat their children under these little misfortunes, you will understand better what I mean when I say that good management on these occasions may prevent a habit of fretting, and may

also sow the seed of a brave and independent character.

I was walking in a country lane with a little fellow of three, and his mother. We walked on, and he came after us, picking up pretty stones, peeping under the hedges at the weeds and wild flowers, and talking to himself. Suddenly a little noise made his mother half turn her head. He had tumbled into a deep rut. She took no notice, but walked slowly on, and his head appeared in a moment above the edge of the rut. He looked about, and said gravely, "Oh!" It was not an Oh! of pain, but as if he would have said, "Oh, here I am! I must see about getting out again." And first having put on his cap, which had fallen off, and rubbed the dry mud off his hands, he scrambled out, and ran after us. No one took any notice of the disaster, nor did he cry or complain, though he must have scratched his hands and knocked his head.

It is so common to treat a tumble in exactly the opposite way, that I can remember in a moment twenty instances that I have seen of it. A child falls on the floor, and knocks its head against a chair. Up starts the mother, and takes her little pet in her arms. "Has she hurt her head, then? Don't cry? Naughty chair to hit her. We'll beat it well, that we will," and so on; and, of course, there is a fit of crying that lasts a long time.

Another very common way is to scold a child if it falls down, and to pick it up roughly; but this is done more often by girls who are taking care of children than by their mothers. "Naughty boy!" they will say, shaking him by the arm, as if his tumble had not been bad enough; "why don't you look where you're going. See how you've dirtied your frock. I won't bring you out again if you don't mind." This is sure to bring on fits of crying, both from pain and rage. So many young girls go out to service as nursery-maids, besides those who are trusted to take care of their little brothers and sisters, that it is very much to be wished they could be taught how to manage children better.

Another way still there is, and a very good one, I think. It is to show kindness and feeling for the child, but carefully to avoid over-pity; rather giving encouragement to be brave. "Jump up again, my boy. Never mind a tumble. Come to mother, and let her rub it, and make it well." This way will generally succeed in making children brave in bearing pain, and preventing crying and fretting over every little ache; and will teach them to be kind to others who get into trouble.

If we are agreed on this point, that fretfulness is very bad for the health, as well as very troublesome, it will become a matter of earnest desire with good mothers to prevent the habit from

growing, and if it has already grown to cure it. For this purpose it is of no use to try to stop fits of crying at the time. The only way is to prevent them by good management, or if they cannot be prevented, to take as little notice as possible of the child while it cries. To shake a child while it is sobbing, and its tears are flowing; to call out to it, "Will you be good? will you stop?" never succeeds, nor can it be expected to do so. Ask yourself if it would stop you if you were in a fit of grief, no matter whether your grief was reasonable or not. It is much better to leave the fit to take its course, showing in your manner that you are sorry to see your child so wretched, and being ready to receive it back to your notice when it is quiet. It is trying and difficult to do this. It is difficult to bear the deafening noise and the painful sight, and to do nothing; but it will not happen often. If a child finds that it gains nothing by crying it will soon learn to leave it off. If you never refuse anything that is reasonable, and never give a thing because it is cried for that you have refused when it is asked for, the child will soon leave off its useless and troublesome habit of crying.

And it is not only when children are naughty that it will be found best to let them alone. It is a great mistake to meddle much with them when they are good and happy at play. Children will

play together for hours if they are let alone. They may quarrel a little now and then, but things will soon get right again in most cases. It is but seldom they will require correction. Even a lonely child will amuse itself for a long time without giving trouble to any one if it is let alone ; but its game will very likely be spoiled if it is noticed. See how fond a little girl will be of a wooden doll with a battered face and no legs or arms ; how pleased a little boy will be to drag a wooden cart with only one wheel left. They can fancy these poor broken things are very fine, and be just as much pleased with them as if they were new if nobody tells them the things are battered and broken. I have seen a little girl amuse herself a whole morning with a few little wooden sheep, most of them broken, some of them without a head, a dog with two legs, and a shepherd and shepherdess as much knocked about as their sheep. She would arrange them along the bars of the panes of glass in the cottage window. Those that could not stand were asleep, and the dog, who could not stand either, lay watching them. The shepherd and shepherdess went and came, doing all manner of things. He fed the dog, brought stones for turnips for the sheep ; she churned butter in a square piece of wood, cleaned the window-sill, which was the cottage, and so on. Outside the window was a grass-plot and a large

tree. Most likely the grass-plot seemed to the little girl to be the field where the sheep fed, and the tree to shade them from the sun. All this went on, and she was happy, and gave no trouble to any one. But suppose some one had meddled with her. Suppose some one had said, "Take care you do not break the window!" How everything would have been spoiled! She had forgotten there was a window, but fancied she was in a grass field with her sheep, and there was really no danger to the window. Or suppose some one had said, "Pretty dear! how nicely she plays with her sheep!" or, "Just look at that child, how she goes on playing hour after hour with those broken old sheep!" In either of these cases all would have been spoiled. Either the child would have felt vain that she was playing nicely, and would have gone on to be admired, or would have felt shy and ashamed that she should care for such shabby things. Her pleasure would all have been gone, and very soon she would have been troubling her mother to find some fresh play for her, or have become cross and fretful.

If people could but recollect when they are men and women how they felt when they were little children they would understand all this better. But they seem to forget that children have ears, and that they very soon notice and feel the meaning of what is said in their hearing. It

is a great thing in management to be able to enter into the feelings of children.

It is endless work if you teach a child to think that you must find amusement for it. Now and then it is good to do so. When a holiday comes, and you plan some pleasure for it, what you do will be felt all the more because you only do it now and then.

A kind old grandmother is sitting by the fire in her arm-chair, and her grandson Dicky is crawling under the large table by the wall, roaring like a lion. They have agreed that he is to be a traveller fallen among wild beasts, and she is to be another traveller who is to come and help him. After he has roared for a little while he stops.

"But, granny," he cries, "you don't say anything."

"Oh dear me!" says granny, "there is that poor, good man fallen among lions."

The roaring begins again, and goes on for several minutes, but then it stops again.

"Say something more about the poor, good man, granny."

"Oh dear me!" she answers, "there is that poor, good man going to be eaten up."

This sets Dicky off again, and he roars for five minutes this time, and then clings to the leg of the table and shakes it well, making the tea-tray that is on it slide down with a clang.

"Ah," cries granny, starting, "there is that clever man climbing up the tree away from the lions."

Dicky now begins to growl and roar by turns, but granny is longer in saying anything than he likes. The truth is, she is getting very sleepy, for she has been amusing him for an hour, and is quite tired.

"Say something, granny: it's your turn now," he calls out.

"Oh dear me!" she answers, "here comes another traveller."

Dicky begins to cry, and quite stops playing. "It's not another traveller," he sobs. "You ought to have said about the bear."

"Oh dear me! Yes, to be sure," says granny. "There is that poor, good bear——"

Dicky sits down on the floor, and cries and screams. Granny is quite sorry to have vexed him, and wakes up a little. "What's the matter, lovey?" she says. "Don't cry. Bless his heart! what ails him, then?"

"It *isn't* poor, good bear," he calls out very loud in his passion: "it's wicked bear."

"So it is, ducky. Oh dear me! There's that wicked bear climbing up the tree after the poor, good man."

Dicky wipes his eyes, and makes a great growling for a good while, and then says, "Bang!

bang!" but then he stops for granny. Poor granny, who ought to be the other traveller that has shot the bear, has fallen fast asleep; so, after calling and calling in vain to her, Dicky crawls out, and seeing how it is, begins to cry again, and to thump her knees. She starts up in a fright, and calls him a "naughty boy." On this he begins to roar and cry so loud that his mother hears him, runs in, and carries him off screaming to bed. If only he had been used to play alone, instead of wanting some one to be always helping him, he would have roared for the lions, and have been the poor, good man, and the other traveller, and climbed the tree, and growled for the bear, and shot him, all for himself; for he had plenty of fun in him, and could fancy all manner of things; but he had been spoiled by too much notice, and so made troublesome and fretful.

The worst of all ways of trying to cure fretfulness is beating children. I believe every kind of pain inflicted on the body, in order to cure faults, to be a great mistake, and to put in two evils for every one it may even seem to cure. Yet some people appear to think beating is the best cure for everything. I was once sitting under a low part of the cliff near the sea, when a party, several of whom were children, walked along by the edge over my head, so that I could hear what they said, though they were out of sight. A voice that

I supposed to belong to the mother of the family, said, addressing, no doubt, a little boy who had done something or other naughty, "Here i another act of disobedience! You will not be right till you have had another severe whipping. You know you have not had one since your ill ness." She spoke in a harsh, grating voice, and I could not help taking a great dislike to her, and fancying how she regularly gave "severe whippings" to her poor child, and seemed sorry to have been interrupted by his "illness;" succeeding, too, very badly, after all; for "here was another act of disobedience."

But whatever may be the truth as to beating for faults in general, I feel no doubt that, as a cure for fretfulness, it is the very worst that can be tried. A little thought will be enough to show that it must fail. You wish that your child should not cry at every want, or trouble, or pain, he may have to suffer. That is, you want him to be patient and brave. To make him so you punish him in a way that gives him a terror of bodily pain. You actually teach him to be afraid of pain; for if he is not afraid of it, beating is of no use at all as a punishment. You do all you can to make him a selfish little coward, only trying to be good because he is afraid of his poor little body being hurt; and then you expect that when he is hungry or thirsty, too hot or too cold,

a little sick and ill, tired and weary, in want of amusement, or aching with bruises from head to foot, he will despise pain, and behave like a man, as you tell him to do. It will never succeed.

I will end by going once more over the subject, and collecting together the different ways that may be tried to sow the seeds of a brave and cheerful temper, as if I were trying to write a recipe to avoid fretfulness.

1. Never refuse a thing if it is harmless, but give it, if you are able, without delay.

2. Never give anything because it is cried for that you have refused when asked for.

3. Be careful to observe real illness, and avoid causing bodily uneasiness from over-clothing, or cold, or unwholesome food, such as sweet-stuffs, sour fruit, or giving buns or cakes to quiet the child.

4. Avoid false promises. They are sure to be found out to be false.

5. Avoid threats of all kinds. If believed, they make children timid, and injure both mind and body: if not believed, they are useless. Such threats as bogie, policeman, and black man, are sure to be found out to be false if the child lives.

6. Never say anything untrue to a child.

7. Do not wreak your own bad temper, or visit your own feelings of fatigue and trouble on children, by being severe with them, or by saying "You shan't have it;" or, "I wont give it you," when there is no reason for refusal except that you are yourself tired, or in trouble, or out of sorts.

8. Avoid giving orders, such as "Stand still," "Go on," "Hold your tongue," "Put it down," &c., unless you really mean them to be obeyed; and the fewer orders you give the better.

9. Neither give too much pity, nor yet be severe and unkind, when a child tumbles down or hurts itself.

10. Do not worry a child. Let it alone, and let it play in peace.

11. Teach it early to play alone, and amuse itself without your help. Let it alone, is a golden rule in nine cases out of ten.

To sum up all in a few words. Try to feel like a child; to enter into its griefs and joys, its trials and triumphs. Then look forward to the time when it shall have numbered as many years as you have seen, and pray for help and strength to do your duty by it. You may fail, as we all may; but if you sow the seed with humility and

faith, you will have done all that is permitted to us imperfect creatures; and if you have reared up a cheerful, loving, truthful, and brave spirit, in a healthy body, you have been working with Him who told us it was "not the will of our Father in heaven that one of these little ones should perish."

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THE INFLUENCE OF WHOLESOME DRINK.

THREE quarters of that staunch body which you bring with you to the task of perusing these pages, my firmly-knit friend, notwithstanding substantial appearances, are nothing but thin WATER. If without your clothes you weigh 150 pounds, 113 of those pounds are mere liquid, which could be poured through the spout of a teapot, or even the channel of a tobacco pipe. Are you surprised to find yourself of so watery a nature? If you are so, you have no good ground for your wonder, for I can tell you that liquid has plenty of work to perform for your good.

You have already learned some of the important things which water has to do for you (*see* page 23 of "Use of Pure Water," and page 10 of "Value of Good Food)." More of a similar nature remains to be told, but this must not be dwelt upon now, because other matters require the attention. Thus much only, for the present, you must understand. Water is continually being drained away out of the supply-pipes of your body, and therefore requires to be as constantly restored to them, unless the blood is to be allowed to get so thick that it can no longer flow freely through their channels. The Great Architect of your body purposed that this should never happen, because if it did, all the powers of your frame, which are sustained by the

blood-movement, would suffer and flag. Therefore He has contrived a plan to prevent such thickening of the life-stream.

So soon as your blood has begun to grow thick and to flow slowly, it moves unwillingly and lazily through the structures of your throat, as well as through all other parts. The thick lazily moving blood there causes that unpleasant feeling which you call THIRST; a feeling which is so disagreeable, that the instant you are conscious of it, you seek to get rid of it by swallowing DRINK.

When you drink water to quench your thirst, the thin liquid goes down into your digesting-bag, and is then directly sucked up into the supply-pipes which run about all over its inside. There it *thins* the thickened blood, goes with it to the heart, and is thence pumped out through the channels of supply, taking its part in all the operations of life, diluting and changing here, and carrying and cleansing everywhere. There are various outlets through which the waste is poured away, but the principal of these lie upon the skin and in the kidneys. Before it is poured away, however, it actually forms part and parcel of all the structures of your frame; is for the time a portion of your life! It runs not merely through the digesting-canal of your body to the outlets for waste, but actually through the blood, and heart, and brain. Hence you see *good drink* may carry health, and vigor, and activity to all these internal and delicate parts; but *bad drink* may at once introduce mischief there, and danger, and disease.

The best possible drink is, of course, that which has the most power to fulfil the main office for which it is required; that is, the keeping the blood duly thin, for easy and ready flow. In its capability to do this, Nature's own liquid, PURE WATER, stands

altogether alone. No other fluid is at once so incorruptibly impartial, and so generously free; so ready to dissolve, so willing to carry, and so frank to return what is entrusted to it. When healthy people drink freely of pure water, the solid substance of their frames is actually washed and worn away, in consequence, more quickly; but this is directly made up to them by their getting stronger appetites, and eating more solid food. The food replaces the wear, and they do not waste, although their structure is more quickly consumed. The wear and tear *goes to work*, instead of *to waste*.

People do not, however, drink only pure water, perfect as that liquid is for the performance of the service for which it is swallowed. An immense amount of ingenuity and industry is spent in preparing beverages which are commonly preferred to plain water, because they have very agreeable flavours, and because it is believed that they are nourishing as well as thirst-quenching. These agreeable artificial beverages are principally prepared by the agency of boiling water, and the leaves and seeds of certain vegetables, which are cultivated for the purpose very extensively in various quarters of the globe.

Of these vegetable-furnished beverages, some are swallowed as soon as they have been prepared, and even while the warmth of the water is in a certain degree retained. Others are kept for some time, and allowed to pass into a condition of half decay, before they are used. The former class consist of the Tea, Coffee, and Cocoa, so familiarly known in most English households, besides being employed daily in a greater or less degree, by more than seven hundred millions of human beings.

Few persons in the British isles undervalue the fragrant drink, which pours forth its pleasant leafy

smell upon almost every table in the United Kingdom, from the cottage to the palace, once or twice in the day. British tea-drinkers are not, however, aware how enormous is the quantity of the fragrant leaf that is required every year for their supply, although only distributed to them by small spoonfuls. Scott Russell's monster steam-ship, in process of construction at Millwall, is considerably longer than the largest cathedral in England, and when finished would be able at once to waft across the sea an army of ten thousand men, with all their baggage, arms, and ammunition; or it would carry a compact burthen of twenty-five thousand tons. That monster ship, six times bigger than the largest line-of-battle ship in the Queen's service, would scarcely be able to bring to England, in one freight, the tea that is consumed in the island in a single year. Every twelve months, sixty millions of pounds of tea are made into drink in the British isles, besides thirty-five millions of pounds of coffee, and four millions of pounds of cocoa, articles which are, as will be presently seen, near kindred of the fragrant leaf, although seemingly of so different a nature.

Upon the hill-sides, in the remote land of China, there are thousands of acres of gardens filled with rows of plants, that look from a distance something like large gooseberry bushes, but which upon closer inspection more nearly resemble stunted japonica shrubs. Almost as soon as these shrubs have fully put forth their young leaves, men and women come round, and strip their twigs and branches bare. They then carry away the leaves, and dry them with much care, partly by exposure to the sunshine and air, and partly by the heat of fires of charcoal, until two-thirds of their weight have been steamed away. When the leaves are dried quickly, the shrunk and

crisped foliage is of a green colour. When they are left moist for a longer period, and are dried more slowly, they turn of a dull black hue. In either case, the crisped and curled leaves form the tea, portions of which are sent over the sea for the use of English tea-tables. The ground which is devoted to the growth of the tea plant, in China, would, if all joined together, form a farm nearly as large as Wales! Three millions and a half of acres are there covered with tea-bushes; and the entire produce of these acres in tea, is fifty times as large as the amount which is consumed in England. Fifty monster ships, like the one building at Millwall, would not hold therefore the tea produce of a single year. Of tea, and of its allies, coffee and cocoa, the earth yields yearly not less than *three thousand millions of pounds;* a quantity which it would take a grocer a hundred years to weigh out, if he worked at the rate of a pound every second. More than half the inhabitants of the earth are daily engaged in the occupation of consuming this vast amount.

Although these favourite beverages are now so extensively used, this has not been very long the case. In the year 1664 the East India Company made a present to the Queen of England of two pounds of tea, considering it a very rare and choice gift. The Chinese themselves do not seem to have drunk tea generally before the seventh century. Cocoa was brought from Mexico to Spain in the middle of the 16th century for the first time; and coffee was not seen in London until the 17th century. Hence it appears that these drinks are at least not actually *necessary* to human beings. The forefathers of the present generation did without them for centuries.

When articles, which were scarcely known to be in existence three centuries ago, have so rapidly

spread themselves through the world, that they are now viewed almost in the light of daily requisites by the larger half of mankind, it may very safely be concluded that there is some strong reason for the result. The reason may be a good one, or a bad one; the articles may be found to be of great service when employed, or they may be merely felt to produce agreeable feelings not necessarily serviceable. Is it possible to determine in which of these predicaments, tea and its allies, stand? As a first step towards the formation of an opinion in this matter, it will be quite worth any interested person's while to satisfy himself by a very easy experiment that there is something in tea, which careless notice and common use would never discover. Let him simply rub a teaspoonful of dry tea leaves to powder, and place it in a flat watch-glass, standing on the hot hob of a fire-place, a piece of stiff white paper being twisted up into the form of a sugar-loaf, and covered over the watch-glass and powdered tea. So soon as the tea has become very hot, a white steam-like vapour will rise from it, and be entangled in the paper, and if the paper cap be removed after a few minutes and be unfolded, its surface will be found to be sprinkled with a white glittering powder, something like pounded glass, or very fine salt. The powder is the vapour, turned into the powdery state, after it has been entangled by the paper. There is so much of this white powder in tea, that three grains can be procured from half an ounce of the leaves. Fifty pounds of good tea would furnish a pound of the white powder.

Having found out the existence of this white powder, hidden away in the black or green leaves of tea, the next thing we have to do is to discover, if possible, what its nature and character are. The chemists have

given it a learned name—*that* will not help us much in our present proceedings, still it may be convenient to know the curious substance by the title it bears among learned men. The chemical name of the white powder is THEINE. This means nothing more than the *white powder contained in* TEA. There is another really helpful consideration, however, which naturally occurs while we look at this substance. "Where did the white powder come from?" How did it get into the tea-leaf?

The white powder of tea was formed in the leaf, when that leaf was stretched out in the Chinese sunshine, as the plant grew on the side of the warm Chinese hills. It was made out of the food which the plant sucked in from its native soil and its native winds, in the little chambers of its living structure, at a great expense of wise effort and skill. No human artist can make a grain of that white powder, if he spends a life-time in the trial. In the little tea-leaf, as it grows on its sunshiny hill-sides, the most subtle and cunning powers are set to work by THE WISDOM which knows everything, and by THE HAND which holds and directs all things in man's wonderful world. The result is, that out of coarse earth, and thin vapours, and fostering sunshine, the ingredients of the white powder are gathered together, and mixed, each in its proper proportions, and in the right manner, in the hidden recesses of the growing plant. GOD, in His own sublime language, says to the Chinese soil, and atmosphere, and sunshine—"*Let the white powder of the tea plant be*"—and there it is.

In a world that is so overflowing with perfect contrivance as this one, which serves as man's dwelling place, it is not at all likely that this curious white powder is made by the tea plant in such abundance—twenty-five thousand tons of it at least turned out on

the Chinese hills every year, and scattered thence to the four corners of the world—without having some very good work appointed it to do. You will not wonder, therefore, that inquiring men, who know that all these thousands of tons get mixed in the ordinary course of ordered events with the flesh and blood of human bodies, should be very curious to find out what they are capable of doing there. Another very surprising fact also tends greatly to strengthen this curiosity. The coffee tree grows not in China, but in Ceylon, in Arabia, and in the West Indies. The Cocoa tree flourishes on the other side of the American continent, in Mexico and Peru. Yet the coffee and cocoa plants make out of the East and West Indian, the Arabian, and the South American soils, vapours, and sunshine, *exactly the same kind of white powder* that the tea plant manufactures on the Chinese hills! Plants so unlike in external appearance, and living in districts so remote from each other, first get to be used in similar ways in the preparation of beverages for millions of the human race. Then curious and prying inquirers find that there is one principle present in all these beverage-yielding plants. The common-sense inference is plain. It is most likely that it is *this one substance present in all* the three different plants, which has led to their being employed so generally in the preparation of drink.

The experiments which the chemists have tried with this white powder, with a view to the discovery of the action it may be able to exert upon living bodies when taken into them, appear to prove simply this. When swallowed in proper quantities it has a most wonderful *sustaining* power. It seems as if it enabled food which is taken with it to go one fourth part as far again in supporting the strength of the body, as it would without the addition; and if it does this, it is certainly not

because it adds *an equal amount of bulk* to the food, for a trifling pinch of *three or four grains* of the powder, as much as could be laid on a silver four-penny piece, is enough for the purpose during one day. If a healthy man has half a pound of bread taken from his daily meals, and three grains of the white powder of tea added in its stead, his body does not miss the bread. The white salt of tea, coffee, and cocoa, seems to possess the power of relieving the body from the effects of wear and waste, and so of decreasing its requirement of food.

This extraordinary substance also produces another very remarkable effect on the living body, when it is swallowed in these small quantities. It CHEERS AND ENLIVENS, at the same time that it aids in supporting the bulk and strength of the frame. The chemist finds, when he examines its precise composition, that it is even *more adapted to supply the substance which the* NERVES AND BRAIN lose by wear and tear, than to diminish the loss the flesh undergoes from the same cause. The white powdery ingredient of coffee and tea is most probably a rich and strong *nerve-food*, provided for the support of the nervous structure and brain, rather than for the nourishment of the flesh; it is NERVE-MAKING SUBSTANCE rather than *flesh-making substance;* and it exerts some mysterious and very extraordinary influence of lessening the waste of wear and tear in the structures of the living frame, without stopping their useful activity in the same degree.

In order that the nature and suspected action of this white powder of tea, coffee, and cocoa may be kept fairly in the mind, it may be well, instead of speaking of it by its learned name, to call it the NERVE-FOOD INGREDIENT of these beverages. Some further remark might very well be made touch-

ing the probable reason why these beverages, thus rich in a nerve-strengthening food, should have come into such general use in modern times, although scarcely employed in remote ages. But it may, on the whole, be best merely to say, that it is quite in accordance with the general management of the Gracious Providence who rules over man's world, that the additional wear and tear of nerve and brain, which of necessity follows from the increase of numbers in the human race, and from the advance of the arts and civilization, should have had some counteracting compensation provided for its relief.

The best foods and the most valuable medicines are all as injurious as poisons, when they are taken in great excess. Every blessing which God has furnished to man is intended to be *used*, and not to be *abused*. Men are expected to learn how to employ them well, and how to avoid applying them improperly. The nerve-food ingredient of tea and coffee is no exception to this universal rule. When three or four grains of it are taken in the day, it refreshes and sustains; but if as much as ten grains are taken in the same time, it makes the blood flow with great rapidity through the supply-pipes of the body, and produces an uneasy feeling in the head, continued watchfulness, and trembling in the limbs. These effects, however, it must be remembered, are the results not of the use, but of the abuse of the substance. The Chinese account for the sleep-banishing power of tea, when taken in excess, in this way—They say that many centuries ago there lived in the Flowery Land a holy man, who desired to spend his entire life in watching and prayer, but who was constantly catching himself napping in spite of every effort to keep himself awake. Getting at last to be very angry with the eyelids, which would not keep

open, he one day determined that he would settle the business effectually by cutting them off. He put his shrewd plan into effect, and cast the offending eyelids aside upon the ground. The eyelids, however, directly took root, and grew up into two fine plants, which bore leaves, having the form of eyelids, and being fringed with hairs, like eyelashes, round their borders. The plants proved to be tea-plants, and the leaves of the descendants of those plants now make amends for the offences of their first parents, the holy man's eyelids, by furnishing a drink which keeps sleepy people awake.

Tea contains several other ingredients besides the *nerve-food* just now described. It has in it something which gives it the very fragrant smell, and delicate agreeable flavour, tea drinkers learn to value so highly. This fragrant principle, however, does not exist in the fresh tea-leaf. It is produced by a new sorting and arranging of the ingredients held in the fresh leaf, during the process of drying and roasting. The more carefully the tea is dried, the more delicious its taste and scent become. But tea has also an astringent matter in it, something like the astringency of the mouth-drawing sloe-leaf;—this is not very easily dissolved from it by boiling water. It is only taken up from it after it has remained in hot water for a very long time. Tea contains too a large amount of a true flesh-making substance, of a nature very closely resembling that of the meal of beans or peas. This is not at all dissolved in boiling water. It has been related that when the Queen of England first received her present of the precious tea, the royal cook, not quite understanding what ought to be done with it, boiled it well, and then dished it up on the dinner table, in the same way as spinach and other vegetables. If it be true that the Queen's cook did treat the

tea in this way, the plan was not altogether so absurd as it seems. Tea leaves, well cooked, and eaten after this fashion, would prove quite as wholesome and nutritious as beans and peas, the excess of the more active ingredients being removed by the boiling water, and the nourishing meal being principally left behind. Not more than a fourth part of this valuable production, tea, is really unnourishing wood and ash.

When a beverage is prepared from tea, if it be the object to get their finest qualities from the leaves, without regard to expense, the best method of proceeding is to use a large proportion of tea, pouring on as much boiling water at once as will make up the quantity required, and taking it off again after the tea has been standing about ten minutes. The water then dissolves principally the nerve-food ingredient and fragrant flavours, and leaves behind the coarser meal and astringent parts. When, on the other hand, the object is to get all the *nourishment* out of the tea which it can be made to yield, about a quarter of a small teaspoonful of carbonate of soda should be put into the water with the leaves, and the whole should be allowed to stand, covered up closely in a warm place, for a longer time. By this management, the nutritious meal and other coarser ingredients are partially dissolved into the water, as well as the finer parts. The addition of sugar and milk to the beverage of course increases its directly nourishing powers.

Half an ounce of good tea contains about three grains of the active *nerve-food* ingredient. This therefore is quite as much as any individual should use for the preparation of beverage for a single day. It is also somewhat important how even this moderate quantity is employed. Much of the bad effect which has been

attributed to *tea*, really has been due to the *way in which the tea has been drunk*, rather than to the *direct influence* of the leaf. People commonly swallow *many cups* of it in rapid succession, and pour it down their throats *as hot* as they can bear it. This is all very unreasonable and wrong. As a rule, never more than a *couple of small cups* of tea, made from about *two drachms* of the leaf, should be taken at one time, and even these should not be drunk until the beverage is so far cooled as to cease to give an impression of *actual heat* to the palate and stomach. The stomach itself makes things warm that are submitted to its influence ; there can, therefore, be no harm in *warmth*. Warm things are not weakening to the stomach, as some people conceive. It is only *hot things* that are weakening, because they force and over-goad the activity of the organ, and then leave it weary and exhausted from the forced work it has been made to perform.

COFFEE is the berry of an evergreen tree, which grows to a height of about twenty feet, and which is largely cultivated in Arabia, Ceylon, Jamaica, and the Brazils. The berry is plucked when sufficiently ripe, and carefully stored away. It is principally composed of a sort of hard paste or meal, similar to that of the almond or bean, which is destined by nature to form the earliest nourishment of the young germ contained in the seed. When this meal is exposed to strong heat, it is partly turned into the fragrant flavour, which is familiar to all drinkers of coffee. Hence coffee is always roasted before it is employed in the preparation of beverage. The process is best accomplished by placing the berries in a hollow cylinder of iron, kept turning rapidly round over a clear fire until they put on a light chestnut colour, when they require to be cooled quickly by tossing them up

into the air. Roasted coffee contains, besides its fragrance, the white *nerve-food* already alluded to in speaking of tea, a remnant of the nutritious meal, unaltered by the roasting, and a slightly astringent matter. Its nature is, therefore, singularly like to that of tea, and its action on the living frame is precisely the same. When drunk in moderation, coffee supports and refreshes the body, and makes the food consumed with it go further than it otherwise would. Coffee is, upon the whole, less astringent than tea; it also contains only half the quantity that tea has, weight for weight, of the active *nerve-food*. Hence it can be taken stronger than tea, and so has more of the other nourishing ingredients in any given bulk. A cup of strong coffee generally holds about the same quantity of the active nerve-food as a weak cup of tea.

As with tea, so with coffee; it requires to be prepared differently, accordingly as the object is, to get from it the finest flavour, or the greatest amount of nourishment. The most delicious coffee may be made by using a tin vessel, called a Percolator, having a false bottom at mid-height, drilled full of fine holes, and a spout coming off from beneath the false bottom. Finely-ground coffee is to be pressed and beaten down firmly upon the false bottom, and then boiling water is to be poured over it through a kind of coarse cullender, so arranged as to break its descent into a boiling shower. The hot water thus gently rained down on the coffee then drains gradually through it, carrying all the finer parts and flavours with it into the vessel beneath, but leaving behind the coarser matters. For the convenience of consumers, coffee is now commonly removed from the roaster at once into a mill driven by steam, and is there ground while still hot. It is then pressed out from the mill directly into tin cases prepared to receive it, these being immedi-

ately closed very carefully. By these means the coffee powder is sent out, ready for use, with all its most excellent qualities clinging about it. Three drachms of ground coffee of this quality are abundantly sufficient to furnish two small cups of a most delicious beverage.

When quantity of nourishment, rather than fineness of flavour, is the thing desired, the ground coffee should be placed in a clean dry pot standing over the fire, and be kept there until thoroughly hot, being stirred constantly, so that it may not burn. About five grains of carbonate of soda should then be added for each ounce of coffee, and boiling water be poured on, the whole being *closely covered up* and allowed to stand near the fire, without simmering, for some time. When about to be used, it should either be gently poured off into cups, without shaking it, or it should be strained through a linen cloth into another pot. An ounce of coffee employed in this way is sufficient for the preparation of two pints of strong nutritious drink.

A small evergreen tree grows in the West Indies, Mexico, and Peru, which bears a large fruit something like a melon. In this fruit there are a great number of seeds resembling beans. When the fruit is ripe, it is plucked from the tree and split open, and the seeds are picked out and dried in the sun. After these beans have been roasted in an iron cylinder, in the same manner as coffee, they, too, become bitter and fragrant, and are turned into what is known as COCOA. To form *cocoa nibs*, the husk of the roasted bean is stripped off, and the rest is broken up into coarse fragments. In the preparation of *Chocolate*, the cocoa nibs are ground up and turned into a sort of paste, by admixture with sugar and spices. The unhusked bean is also crushed between heavy rollers, and made

into a coarser kind of paste, with starch and sugar, and is then sold in cakes.

Cocoa contains about the same quantity of the *nerve-food* ingredient as tea, and besides this it also contains a nutritious meal. More than half its weight is, however, made up of a *rich oily substance*, nearly resembling *butter* in its nature. When cocoa is prepared by stirring the paste up in boiling water, all these several ingredients are present in the drink. It is then as nourishing as the very strongest kind of vegetable food, and scarcely inferior to milk itself. It indeed is richer than milk in one particular; it contains twice as much *fuel substance*, or *butter*, and if the *nerve-food* ingredient be taken into the reckoning, it is scarcely inferior in supporting power. On account of its richness it often disagrees with persons of weak digestion, unless it be prepared in a lighter way, that is, by simply boiling the cocoa nibs in water, and mixing the beverage produced with enough milk to reduce its great excess of oily principle. Cocoa serves at once as an agreeable and refreshing beverage, and as a highly nutritious food for healthy and hard-working people. It has in itself the excellencies of milk and tea combined.

The beverages which are also prepared by soaking the seeds of vegetables in hot water, but which are not then drunk until a further change of the nature of partial decay has been produced in them, are of a very unlike character to those which have been hitherto under consideration. Although there are several different kinds of this class, they all stand together under the family name of BEER. Now this much must at once be said for these beverages. There is in all of them both *flesh-making substance* and *fuel-substance.* The first gives to the liquor its *body*, and the second confers its *sweetness.* The

barley-corn contains the same kinds of ingredients as the wheat-grain, and by the operation of malting the starch is chiefly turned into sugar. If *a gallon* of strong ale be boiled over a fire, until all the more watery parts are steamed away, there will be found at the bottom of the vessel rather more than a quarter of a pound of dry remainder. This is *flesh-making substance*, and *sugar*, which were originally taken out of the malt. If a gallon of milk were treated in the same way, there would be found nearly a pound of similar dry substance. Strong beer therefore contains about one-third part as much nourishment as an equal quantity of milk. When beer is drunk, its watery parts are at once sucked from the digesting-bag into the supply-pipes, to be poured through the body with the blood; this is how beer quenches the thirst. The thicker portions are pushed on through the sluice-gate of the stomach in a digesting state, and are, in fact, treated in every respect as ordinary food.

Mixed with the thinner parts of beer, which are thus sucked into the supply-pipes, there is, however, an ingredient which is not as *unquestionably* nourishing as the thicker principles, and which certainly is not as good a thirst-quencher and dissolver as water. Flesh-making substance and fuel-substance, either in the state of starch or sugar, may be kept unchanged any long period of time if thoroughly dry, and shut up from the air. When they are moist and exposed to the air, they directly begin to spoil and decay. In beer, these substances are mixed with a large quantity of water, and are exposed to the air, at least during the brewing. Hence, in beer, both are found in a spoiled and decaying state. In this case, the process of decay is called *fermentation*, or "puffing up," because the vapours produced by the decay, froth the

sticky liquid in which they are set free. The yeast which rises to the surface of fermenting beer, is decaying and spoiling flesh-making substance. The spoiled fuel-substance (sugar) froths and bubbles away into the air as vapour.

But the fuel-substance (sugar) does not, as it decays, bubble away into vapour all at one leap. It makes a halt for a little while in a half decayed state, and in this half decayed state it has a very spiteful and fiery nature. In that fiery and half decayed condition it forms what is known as ARDENT, or *burning* SPIRIT. Beer always has some, as yet, undecayed and unchanged sugar remaining in it, when it is drunk, but it also always has some half decayed sugar or spirit, and bubbling vapours formed by the progress of decay. It is these ingredients of the beer which give it the fresh and warm qualities for which, as a beverage, it is chiefly esteemed.

The spirituous ingredient of fermented liquors is directly sucked with the water out of the stomach into the supply-pipes of the body, and poured everywhere through them. There is no doubt concerning that fact. Animals have been killed and examined a few minutes after fermented liquor had been placed in their digesting bags, and the ardent spirit has been found in great quantity in their supply-pipes, their hearts, and their nerve-marrows and brains.

But some doubt does yet remain as to what the exact nature of the influence is which the ARDENT SPIRIT exerts, when it has been introduced into these inner recesses of the living body *in small quantity*, and as much *diluted* by admixture with water as it is in most beers. Some persons, whose opinions cannot be held to be without weight, believe that diluted spirit is capable of aiding the nourishment of the body—of acting as a sort of food. Others of equal

authority are convinced that it can do nothing of the kind.

But however the matter may appear regarding the power of ARDENT SPIRIT to nourish, no doubt can be entertained of the fact, that it certainly is *not* a *necessary food*. There is actually nothing of a material kind in the bodies of human creatures, which is not also present in the frames of the irrational animals. The same kind of structures have to be nourished, and the same kind of bodily powers to be supported in oxen and sheep as in men. But oxen and sheep fatten, and grow strong, and are maintained in health without ever touching so much as a single drop of ardent spirit. There are hundreds of men too who preserve their vigour and health up to great ages, without even tasting fermented liquors.

It must also be admitted that there are great numbers of people who use fermented liquors *in moderation* every day, of whom the same can be said. But it is to be feared that those who are safely *moderate* in their employment of these treacherous agents, are a really small band compared with those who allow themselves to be continually within the reach of unquestionable danger. In the United Kingdoms of Great Britain and Ireland, with a population amounting to rather less than 30 millions of individuals, when the numbers were last reckoned, there are yearly 61 millions of gallons of ardent spirit consumed as beer; 30 millions of gallons as spirit; and nearly two millions of gallons as wine.

There is, yet again, another very important point of view from which the habitual moderate use of fermented liquors must be contemplated. A pint of strong beer is in itself no very great thing. Many people swallow it almost at a single draught, and in less than a minute The trifling act, however, entails

one serious consequence when it is performed day by day. A pint of strong beer cannot be bought at a less cost than threepence. Threepence a day, at the end of a year, amounts to £4 11*s.* 3*d.* If it be only laid by and made no use of, at the end of sixty years, it amounts, under the same circumstances, to £273. If employed, instead of being laid by, it might be improved at the end of sixty years into a large fortune. Hundreds of men have made thousands of pounds with smaller means.

Money, of course, is of no great value in itself; it is only of value when applied to good service. But herein lies the gist of the matter. Money always can be made good use of. If a young man at the age of 18 begin to lay by threepence every day, instead of buying a pint of beer with it, and continue to do the same thing for two years, he may purchase with the saving an allowance of £10 a year, to commence at the age of sixty-five years, and to be continued as long as he may thereafter happen to live. If he laid by threepence a day for five years, he could purchase with his savings, at the end of that time, an allowance of ten shillings a week, to commence at the age of sixty-five years. If a young man at eighteen begin to lay by threepence a day, and continue to do the same thing from year to year, he may at once purchase the certainty of being able to leave behind him a little fortune of £300 for his wife or children, or any other relatives who may be dear to and dependent upon him, whenever death puts an end to his earthly labours! Surely no rational and prudent man would ever think even 22,000 pints of profitless beer an equivalent for such a result of his industrious labour. It is by no means too strong an expression to speak of the beer as profitless, for this reason. A gallon of strong beer contains *a quarter of a pound* of nourish-

ment, bought at the cost of a couple of shillings. Two shillings would purchase about *three pounds* of excellent mutton or beef. The direct money-value of ardent spirits, swallowed every year by the inhabitants of the British isles, exceeds NINETY MILLIONS OF POUNDS sterling.

Although there may be question and doubt as to the character of the influence this fiery substance exerts, when poured out to the living human frame, through the supply-pipes, in moderate quantity, and weakened by mixture with a large proportion of water, all question and doubt disappear when *its action in greater strength and in large quantity* comes to be considered. An inquiring physician, Dr. Percy, once poured strong ardent spirit into the stomachs of some dogs, to see what would happen to them. The poor animals fell down insensible upon the ground directly, and within a few minutes their breathing had ceased, their hearts had stopped beating, and they were dead. Some of the dogs were opened immediately, and it was then found that their stomachs were quite empty. All the ardent spirit had been sucked out of them in a few short minutes. But where was it gone to? It was gone into the blood, and heart, and brain, and there it was discovered in abundance. It had destroyed life by its deadly power over those delicate inner parts.

Human beings are instantly killed when they swallow large quantities of strong ardent spirit, exactly in the same way as Dr. Percy's dogs. A few years ago two French soldiers made a bet as to who could drink the largest quantity of brandy. Each of them swallowed seven pints in a few minutes. Both dropped down insensible on the ground; one was dead before he could be picked up,—the other died while they were carrying him to the hospital.

A man in London soon after this undertook to drink a quart of gin, also for a wager. He won his bet, but never had an opportunity to receive his winnings. He fell down insensible, and was carried to the hospital, and was a dead body when he was taken in.

There can be no doubt, therefore, what strong ardent spirit, in large quantities, does for the living body. IT KILLS IN A MOMENT, as by a stroke. It is a virulent poison, as deadly as prussic acid, and more deadly than arsenic. Even when it is not taken in sufficient abundance to destroy in the most sudden way, it often leads to a slower death. Striking illustrations of this truth are presented continually in every corner of even this civilized land. It has been fully ascertained that not less than ONE THOUSAND PERSONS DIE FROM THE DIRECT INFLUENCE OF ARDENT SPIRIT, in the British isles, every year.

When people do not die directly upon swallowing large quantities of ardent spirit, it is because they take it so gradually that nature has the opportunity of WASHING THE GREATER PORTION OF IT AWAY through the waste-pipes, before any sufficient amount of it has gathered in delicate internal parts for the actual destruction of life. Nature has such a thorough dislike to ardent spirit in the interior of living bodies, that the instant it is introduced into their supply-pipes and chambers, she *goes hard to work to drive out* the unwelcome intruder. When men have been drinking much fermented liquor, the fumes of ardent spirit are kept pouring out through the waste-pipes that issue by the mouth, the skin, and the kidneys; the fumes can commonly be smelt under such circumstances in the breath.

When fermented liquors are drunk in a gradual way, but yet in such quantity that the ardent spirit collects more rapidly in the blood than it can be got

rid of through the waste-pipes, the fiery liquid produces step by step a series of remarkable effects, growing continually more grave, as more of the spirit flows in the channels of the body.

In order that all the actions of the living human body may be properly carried on, three *nerve-overseers* have been appointed to dwell constantly in the frame and look after different departments of its business. One of these has its residence in the brain; that nerve-overseer has charge of the REASON, and all that belongs to it. Another resides under the brain, just at the back of the face; that nerve-overseer looks after all that relates to FEELING or SENSE. The third lives in the *nerve-marrow* of the backbone; that has to see that the BREATHING and the PUMPING OF THE HEART go on steadily and constantly. Of these three superintendents the brain-overseer and the sense-overseer are allowed certain hours of repose at night; they are both permitted to take their naps at proper times, because the reason and the sense can alike be dispensed with for short intervals when the creature is put safely to bed, or otherwise out of harm's way. Not so, however, with the breathing and blood-pumping overseer. The breathing and the blood-movement require to be kept going constantly; they must never cease, even for a short interval, or the creature would die. Hence the nerve-marrow overseer is a WATCHMAN as well as an overseer. No sleep is allowed *him*. He must not even nap at his post. If he do, his neglect and delinquency are immediately discovered by a dreadful consequence. The breathing and blood-flowing, which are his charge, stop, and the living being, served by the breathing and the blood-streams, chokes and faints.

These three nerve-overseers have been fitted to perform their momentous tasks in the entire *absence*

of ardent spirit, and they are so constituted that they cannot perform those tasks when ardent spirit is *present in any great amount*. Ardent spirit puts them all to sleep. The *Reason-overseer* is overcome the most easily; he is the most given to napping by nature, so he goes to sleep first. If more spirit be then introduced into the blood, the *Sense-overseer* begins to dose also. And if yet more be introduced, the *Nerve-marrow* WATCHMAN ceases to be a watchman, and at length sleeps heavily with his companions.

Now, suppose that you, my firmly-knit reader, were in an unlucky moment of weakness to turn aside from your usual course of temperance and sobriety, and to drink fermented liquor until its fiery spirit gathered in your brain, and put your *Reason-overseer* to sleep, what think you would be the consequence? This would be the consequence—you would for the time cease to be a *reasonable being*. You would probably still walk about the streets, and go hither and thither, and do all sorts of things. But all this you would accomplish, not with a proper and rational knowledge of your actions. Your reason and understanding being fast asleep while you were walking about, you would properly be living in a sort of BRUTAL existence, instead of a *human and reasonable* one. You would have laid aside the guide who was intended to be your director in your responsible human life, and you would be rashly trusting yourself in a crowd of the most fearful dangers, all your responsibility still upon your shoulders, without the inestimable advantage of the advice and assistance of this experienced director. Like the brutes, you would then find yourself to be easily roused to the fiercest anger, and set upon the worst courses of mischief; you would find yourself readily filled with the most uncontrollable feelings of passion and vio-

lence, and liable to be run away with by them at any moment, and caused to do things that a rational creature could not contemplate without the deepest anguish and shame.

There is no lack of proof that human beings do the most brutish things when their reasons and understandings are put to sleep by strong drink, while their sense-overseers and their animal powers still remain active. Every place and every day afford such in wretched abundance. One impressive instance, however, may perhaps be related with advantage. On the night of the 28th of June, 1856, two drunken men, whose names were James and Andrew Bracken, rushed brawling out from a beer shop in one of the suburbs of Manchester. They ran against two inoffensive passengers, and in their blind and brutish rage began beating them; one was knocked down and kicked about the head when on the ground. He was picked up thence a few minutes afterwards and carried to the hospital, where it was found his skull had been broken. The poor fellow died in the course of the night.

In the next assize court, at Liverpool, James and Andrew Bracken stood in the dock to be tried for their brutal act. The counsel who defended them said that it was only a drunken row, and there was no murder in the case, because neither of them knew what he was doing. The judge and the jury, on the other hand, decided that this was no excuse, because they *ought* to have known what they were doing. They had laid aside their reason and become *brutal* by their own voluntary act, and were therefore responsible for any deed they might perform while in the brutal state. The jury returned a verdict of WILFUL MURDER against Andrew Bracken, and the judge passed sentence of death upon him, coupling the sentence

with these words, "You did an act, the ordinary consequences of which must have been to kill. It was a cruel and a brutal act, and you did it, wholly reckless of consequences. You have therefore very properly been convicted of wilful murder." The wretched man was removed from the dock shrieking for mercy, with upraised hands, and exclaiming, in heart-rending tones, "OH! MOTHER! MOTHER! THAT I SHOULD BE HANGED." No doubt he was very much surprised to find himself a condemned convict and A MURDERER, and had never intended to be so. He had no spite against his victim, and had probably never even exchanged a word with him. No drunkard therefore, when about to put his reason to sleep by intoxicating liquor, should ever overlook the fact, that he will for the time cease to have control over his actions, and that when that reason awakes, *he may find himself* like Andrew Bracken, A PRISONER AND A MURDERER. Whether he do so or not will depend on no will or determination of his own, but upon the mere series of accidents that will surround him while in his self-inflicted, helpless, and brutal state.

The case of Andrew Bracken, sad and striking as it is, by no means stands alone in the annals of crime. At the assize, held at Lancaster, in March, 1854, it was shown that in that single court 380 cases of grave crime had been detected and punished within a very short period, and that of the 380 cases TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY, INCLUDING NINE MURDERS, were to be directly traced to the influence of drunkenness.

But if having ceased to be sober, my strong-bodied reader, you did not happen to commit murder, or do any other act of gross violence while in the *brutal stage* of drunkenness, yet nevertheless went on swallowing more and more of the intoxicating liquid

until your SENSE-OVERSEER was put to sleep as well as your REASON-OVERSEER, what do you think would chance to you then? Why, you would have ceased to be dangerous to your neighbours, and have become in a like degree dangerous to yourself. You would no longer have power to commit murder, or to do any other act of cruelty, because you would sink down on the ground a *senseless and motionless* lump of flesh. You would be what the world calls *dead-drunk*. But you would not in reality be *dead*, because the NERVE-MARROW WATCHMAN still continued at his post, and awake. The lump of prostrate flesh would still breathe heavily, and blood would be made to stream sluggishly from its beating heart. In this *insensible stage* of drunkenness, however, you would have ceased to be able to exercise any care over yourself. In it the drunkard is sunk as much lower than brutal life as the brutes are beneath reasoning life, inasmuch as he ceases to be able to exert the power which all brutes possess of perceiving the threatening of danger, and turning aside from its approach.

But yet again, rational reader, let us suppose that when you became for the time a lump of insensible flesh, you had already swallowed so much stupefying spirit, that there was enough to put the *nerve-marrow watchman* to sleep, as well as the *reason and sense-overseers*, before any fair quantity could be cleared away out of the waste-pipes of the body. Under such circumstances breathing would cease, and all heart-beating would stop. You would then indeed be DEAD-DRUNK in the full sense of the fearful term. Senseless drunkenness is dangerous to the drunkard himself, not only because he could not get out of the way if danger were to come where he is lying, but also because he *of necessity is placed in an insensible state upon the brink of a precipice*, from the depth

beneath which there could be no return if he once rolled over. Whether he will ever again awaken from his insensibility, or whether his earthly frame shall have already commenced its endless sleep, is a question which will be determined by the accident of a drop or two more, or a drop or two less, of the stupefying spirit having been mixed in with the coursing life-streams. The man who kills a fellow-creature in a fit of drunken violence, commits an act of murder; the man who dies in a fit of drunken insensibility, is guilty of self-slaughter. In its first degree, drunkenness is BRUTALITY; in its second degree, it is SENSELESS STUPIDITY, of a lower kind than brutes ever know; in its third degree, it is SUICIDAL DEATH. It will be felt that it is important this matter should be looked fairly in the face, and that there should be no reserve in the employment of words strong enough to characterize truly the fearful vice, when the statement is made that there are not less than seventy thousand *confirmed drunkards* known to be living at the present time in England and Wales.

It is now a well-proved and unquestionable fact, that a young man of fair strength and health, who takes to hard drinking at the age of 20, can only look forward to 15 *years* more of life; while a temperate young man, of the same age, may reasonably expect 45 *years* more! The habitual drunkard must therefore understand that, amongst other things, he has to *pay the heavy penalty of* 30 *of the best years* of existence, for the very questionable indulgence that he buys. The doctor also has a sad account to give of aches, and pains, and fevers, and weakness that have to be borne by the intemperate during the few years' life they can claim. Whatever may be the true state of the case with the *moderate use* of fermented liquors, their *intemperate use* is a fertile source whence

men draw disease and suffering. INTEMPERANCE IS ANOTHER OF THE INFLUENCES WHEREBY MEN CAUSE SICKNESS AND DECAY TO TAKE THE PLACE OF HEALTH AND STRENGTH. The doctor has likewise, it must be remarked, a tale of his own to tell concerning the beneficial power of fermented liquors, when employed as medicines in certain weakened and already diseased states of the body.

There is one earnest word which has yet to be addressed to those who have *satisfied their consciences* that they may with propriety indulge their inclination to use fermented liquors in moderation habitually. Have they also satisfied themselves that they can *keep to the moderation* their consciences allow? Have they taken fairly and sufficiently into consideration their own powers to resist urgent allurements? Have they well weighed the possible influence, in their own case, of the enticements, which agreeable flavours and pleasurable exhilaration, necessarily bring into operation? Have they sufficiently pondered upon the admitted truth that there scarcely ever yet was a confirmed drunkard who did not begin his vicious career by a very moderate employment of the seductive liquors? If they have done this, then let them still nevertheless go one step further and carefully determine also for their own case, *what moderation is*, and while doing this, let them never forget that when the thirsty man drinks *a pint of table-beer*, he pours a TEASPOONFUL OF ARDENT SPIRIT into his blood; when he drinks *a pint of strong ale*, he pours TWO TABLESPOONFULS OF ARDENT SPIRIT into his blood; when he drinks *four glasses of strong wine*, he pours ONE GLASS OF ARDENT SPIRIT into his blood; and when he drinks *two glasses of rum, brandy, or gin*, he pours from THREE-QUARTERS OF A GLASS, TO A GLASS, OF ARDENT SPIRIT, into the channels of his supply-pipes.

The habitual drinker of port wine has a more or less strong fancy that his favourite and so called "generous" beverage fills him with "spirit" and "fire." This fancy is indeed not without some ground. Government has recently caused a very careful investigation to be made of the strength of the port wines that are furnished to the English markets, and the investigation has disclosed the startling and unexpected fact, that the weakest of these wines contain 26 per cent.; ordinary specimens of them from 30 to 36 per cent.; *choice* specimens 40 per cent.; and what are called the *finest* wines as much as 56 per cent. of proof ardent spirit. The port wine drinker therefore actually receives even more "spirit" and "fire" with his ruby drink than he is himself aware he has bargained for. There are rich flavour and delicious odour, no doubt, in his wine, and so much the greater is his danger. These serve only to conceal a wily enemy who is lurking beneath. A *bottle of ruby port wine in the stomach* commonly means HALF A BOTTLE OF POISONOUS FIERY SPIRIT IN THE BLOOD, AND HEART, AND BRAIN.

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SOMETHING HOMELY.

"MARY, give that man a penny," said John Smith to his wife, as an Italian organ-grinder came before the window, playing the sad sweet air, "Home, sweet home."

"Would you believe it," continued John, as his wife came in again, "I like that tune better than the grandest one that can be played? It makes me think gladly of our own happy fireside—our own dear little home. Not a penny will I give to beggars, but I do like to spare one sometimes for a tune."

"Well, and I'm sure," said Mary, "I got a shilling's worth of pleasure in giving that man the penny. He could not speak a word of English; but he looked so pleased, it did one good to do him a kindness. That, now, I do call real and hard, to wander about, a stranger in a strange land, playing 'Home, sweet home.'"

"Ah!" replied John, "haven't we got reason to be thankful for our better lot? Get your sewing, and sit down, Mary; I want you to help me to think. Whilst the organ-man is tiring his arm over his homely tune, let us try to think over our many home blessings."

Quiet little Mrs. Smith sat down, and began darning away at a stocking—not, however, at her usual nimble rate, for, as her grave subdued

look told, her mind was full of the thought John had called up. A sweet picture it was—that good little woman, in the neat pleasant room, with everything around, from puss lazily stretched on the rug to the baby asleep in the cradle, seeming suggestive of peace and kindliness, and comfort—while the evening sun-beams came lovingly in to give a gilt frame to the whole. I am not sure whether many grand gentlemen who paint pictures would have cared for such a scene. Indeed, I am almost afraid they would have turned quite contemptuously away, saying, Mary Smith was no beauty, and that the room was only a common front kitchen. I only know, Mary had the loving thoughtful look which tells of the beauty of holiness; I only know, that the neatness and order of the room told of orderly inmates and a peaceful home life; and I must still say, it *was* a sweet picture. At any rate, all seemed to the perfect satisfaction of John Smith, as he sat looking at that quiet downcast face.

"Mary," he said, at length, "do you know what Thursday week is? Seven years ago come Thursday week we were married. It's of seven years ago I'm thinking—of the old garret in Houndsditch—the few things we had there—the low wages—and that hard winter. When I think of them times, and that home, and then of this, I do feel thankful." And John glanced round the neat snug room, and leaned back in his chair with a feeling of honest pride and satisfaction, such as can only be felt by a working-man who has got a comfortable home and fifty pounds in the bank by the sweat of his brow, as he had.

The quiet was interrupted by a knock at the door, and the entrance of Eben Williams, one of John's fellow-workmen, who, with his wife and two children, lodged in the upper part of the house.

"Evening, mate," said Williams; "may I come in a bit? I want a word with you—I think you can tell me a thing or two. I want your advice, that's a fact." He paused awkwardly, and a crimson flush passed over his face to the very roots of his hair as he went on. "Fact is, I'm real and miserable. The missus and I don't hit it; somehows or other, ever since we was spliced, things get worse and worse; what's a man to do? Instead of getting richer, we get poorer; instead of getting happier, we get more miserable. I don't know who's to blame; but it makes me right down savage often—just now, when that fellow set up a-playing 'Home, sweet home,' I felt ready to fling the bellows at his head."

"No, no; gently," said John. "But what can we do for you? I'm sure we'll do anything we can—eh, Mary?"

"That I'm sure we will."

"Well, mate, what we want, is your advice. My wife, just before I come down here, says to me, says she, 'How is it that the Smiths get on so well? He only earns the same as you, and yet see their place—it's better furnished, his children's always better dressed, and all of them seems richer by half than us.' 'Well, bothered if I know, says I. If I don't go down and ask Smith how he manages.' So, here I am; and perhaps while we has a chat, the missus'll go up

a bit and tell my wife how to turn a four-penny piece into a sixpence."

"Well," said Mary, "I don't know that I'm so good a housekeeper as to set up teaching other folks; but it's true, I'm older than your wife, neighbour, and I had a mother as was one in a thousand to teach me; so may-be I can tell Jane a thing or two." And after a look at the baby, and a strict charge to John to call her down if it woke, she went upstairs.

"Now, mate," said Williams, when the two men were alone, "tell me how it is you get on so much better than us—what's your secret?"

John looked grave, and was silent a minute. "Williams," he said at length, "you know I'm a man of few words, and I'm no preacher; but if you ask me, I must say the truth, and that is, I know of no reason of the difference between us but one. You remember when we were boys together in Brook Lane Sunday School—your life chances seemed as good as mine then—you remember the things the teacher, him with the pale face, used to tell us. Well, I've never forgotten them, and sure enough I've found them all true. Whatever of good or of happiness I have, comes of God's blessing on my poor strivings to know and serve Him. 'Seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all things shall be added unto you.' I can't say all I would, but do think of this."

"Well, well," said Williams, "I knew you would tell me this; I don't mind a bit of a sermon, neither, from you. I know you means it kind. But somehows this don't seem to the point. I can't see that any quantity of psalm-

singing and prayer-meetings, and such like, can make a man's wages go further, or his home more comfortable."

"Now, Williams, you are only parrotting the infidel sayings you have picked up at the workshop, and you don't believe them all the while. You know as well as I do that religion is not mere 'psalm-singing,' as you lightly call it. You know it's honest manly obedience to God's laws; and doesn't He teach us to be kind, and thrifty, and industrious? And doesn't all that go to make a man's home comfortable? Because we are taught to pray for daily bread, you know it doesn't mean that the bread's going to be rained down from the skies upon us, without our ever working a stroke."

"Well, no—no, not exactly that," said Williams, feeling half-ashamed of his own former speech.

"Not *exactly* that! No; nor nothing like that. God helps those who help themselves. We are to work as though we did all, and trust in Him as though He did all. He has given us heads and hands, and expects us to use them. But I need not go on at you about industry; I'm sure you are as regular at work as I am, or anybody. You take every chance to earn an honest penny; it's seldom you lose a quarter, anybody knows. But keeping to work is not all, though that's a great thing. There are some folks who are always work, work, working, from morning to night, from week's end to week's end, and like a mill-horse, never get any further."

"Well, how do you account for it?" said Williams.

"Why, it's as plain as the nose on your face; such folks don't know how to take care of their earnings, or to spend them wisely. They are the sort the prophet tells of—they earn wages 'to put them into a bag with holes.'"

"Ah!" interrupted Williams, bringing his clenched fist heavily on the table, "them words fits me. Why, mate, you might as well try to keep water in a sieve as money in my pocket"!

"Well," said John, "you want a lesson in *saving*. Take this short one:—*Two-pence a day saved is* £3 *a year; every pot of beer costs two-pence.* Many's the man without a penny or a home, who might have had a house of his own and money in the bank, but for too much beer."

Williams was one of the so-called "good fellows," to whom no amount of beer or public-house company comes amiss; and he felt John's words keenly—more keenly than he chose to show. He merely laughed a forced laugh, and said,

"Mate, you would make a capital teetotal lecturer."

John knew he had hit home; and he knew Williams' peppery temper too well to hit twice on a tender place.

"Well, Williams," he continued, leaving beer alone, there's hundreds of other little daily expenses as might be saved—little things as make money dribble away, nobody knows how. Take my advice, and look out for these; set your wife an example of carefulness. If a man does not help his wife in her struggles to save, he deserves to have an empty pocket."

"Ah," said Williams, "little things does run up, 'specially when one goes on tick, and remember all that is owing."

"Tick!" exclaimed John, "well, I can only say, them as go on tick deserve just what they get—always to feel the misery of debt, and to be cheated into the bargain. Trust my Mary for going pottering to the chandler's shop every time she wants a pinch of tea or a scrape of butter! Not she; she does all her marketing Saturday morning, and goes to that great grocer's shop in Holborn, where she buys a decent quantity at a time, pays ready money, and so gets things cheaper and better. As for debt, thank God, we don't know what it means: 'Owe no man anything;' that's what our Book says."

Williams sighed.

"Then," continued John, "there's a deal beside paying ready money for everything. One must learn to spend wisely."

"Well," interrupted Williams, "I never thought as it wanted much nouse to spend money. It may take a *man* to earn; but surely any fool can spend."

"Just so," said John, drily; "perhaps that gave rise to the proverb, 'Fools and their money are soon parted!' I know men who seem, as the children say, to be afraid their money will burn a hole in their pocket. No sooner have they got it than they go standing treat, and scattering it about like the lord mayor. They go buying things they don't want, just because they are 'bargains,' as they say. The end of these famous bargains is the pawn shop, where

they go, most likely, to buy the man a dinner before a month's end.

"Well, then, talking of taking care of money, let me tell you, I've found if a man means to get on, he must learn to take care of another thing quite as much. I should like to say one word to you about that."

"Go a-head, pray."

"Well, it's health I mean. Ever since I joined the evening classes I have been waked up more to learning things from books. My brains are none of the best; but still, I have picked up more than one good notion through these classes. About health, now—two winters ago, one of the great doctors from the West-end gave us six lectures about fresh air, food, and drink, washing, and such-like. He talked real good stuff, such as all of us understood—none of your crack-jaw. See that square of zinc with tiny holes in that window? Well, I put that up next day I heard the first lecture. That lets the fresh air in, lad, without draught enough to hurt a fly; that's for ventilation. Then, too, I bought half a butter firkin for a bath, and now I always have a good wash down every morning from top to toe, that takes off all the perspiration which chokes up the skin: nothing so good for the preservation of health."

Whereupon, having safely delivered himself of all these long words ending in '*ation*, John leaned back in his chair, put his thumbs in his waistcoat, and looked—must we write it?—a little conceited. Alas! that to no true tale-writer is it given to sketch perfect people! As the stern true sun, which photographs wrinkles and scars,

so must our pen be; we must confess that our friend John's newly-gained knowledge *had* made him just a little conceited. Poor man! he had worked hard for it in weariness and painfulness: we must forgive him. People are like that when they know a little, but get humble as they know more.

"Why, you will wash all the goodness out of you," said Williams, laughing.

"Ah, nay; there's little to wash. But, without laughing, Williams, I do believe some things I heard at them lectures have done a deal to keep me off the sick list. I never knew till then the harm it does a man to breathe hot, dirty air, or to go about day by day with his skin choked with dirt. Nothing, I do believe, so bad for health, as dirty air, and dirty clothes and skin, except it is"—and John paused thoughtfully—"dirt at one's heart."

"Well," said Williams, "I must say as you talks like a book; but it aint no ways clear to me but what there's a deal of gammon in this fuss about air, and washing, and such-like, as we hears so much on now-a-days. Anyways, you look well enough, though."

Truly, John *did* "look well." Just as that man looks to whom has been given the inward purity and peace which lead to all outward order and cleanliness, and comfort; just as he looks who earns his bread honestly, and eats it in temperance and thankfulness; just as he looks who sleeps the sleep of God's beloved—whose pillow is a good conscience, whose curtains are angels' wings. Just as such a one looks—and no other.

"Thank God, I am well," John replied; and

so far from the things as are said about health being gammon, I believe they are some of the truest things going. Why, ask my Mary, she will tell you; our second—our little Benny—him as lays under the daisies at Highgate"—the strong voice faltered and the big chest heaved—"well, he might have been here to-day, if she had known then what she knows now about health. Mary's a good scholar—her head's worth two of mine, any day—and she takes on to these notions about health wonderfully. The lady, at her mothers' meeting, has given her some little books about them; and so we have learnt many a good thing."

"Ah, Smith, guess your wife is the secret of half of your gettings on," said Williams.

So profoundly was John convinced of that fact, that he hardly knew how to talk about it, so, after the manner of men thus impressed, he rarely spoke of it at all. Instead of saying soft, pretty things, he got up on cold mornings, and *did* them, in the way he went on to explain to Williams.

"Well," he said, "I aint the man to be ashamed of owning how much I owe to my wife; everybody knows she's a woman of a thousand. Then, of course, I try to help her a bit to keep things so straight and comfortable. She would work to skin and bone, she would, if I would let her. But, you see, I get up of mornings and help her a bit—light the fire, and do a turn or two about the house."

"Nonsense, man, *do* you?" said Williams.

"I should think I do, and *ought*. Why, there's a deal we like done to the children before they

go to school, and then that youngster," pointing to the sleeping baby, "he knows how to give trouble. The children are all too young to do for themselves, and my giving a little help to Mary in the morning is no great plague, while it forwards her a deal, and adds no end to our comfort."

"Whatever time do you turn out, then?" asked Williams.

"Six, this time of year. We always get up early, else all gets wrong of a morning: get up early, and there's time for everything. While Mary gets breakfast, I trim myself a bit, and we all sit down comfortably together. Our fare's plain enough—you know what my wages are—yet, I dare say few men get more comfort. Mary knows how to make a little go a great way, she does. When I go home at night, I always know there will be a nice bit of fire and supper ready for me, and the little ones all eager for the first kiss. You should see them flattening their noses against the window, looking out for me, and cutting about when I come in, one setting my chair, one bringing my dry shoes. Then we have a bit of supper, and when the children are put to bed, there's a spare hour or so. This I pass different ways. Mondays and Tuesdays, generally at home, reading, and talking to my wife, as you found us to-night. Wednesdays, we both go to the week-evening service. Thursdays and Fridays, I go to the classes or lectures at the Working Man's Association, in Essex Street. Saturdays, I find plenty to do getting ready for Sunday. That's how my evenings go."

"Well, and see how this evening's *gone!*"

said Williams, "I must be moving. My head's pretty nigh full of what you have been saying, and I do believe there's a great deal in it all. Leastways, I will think it over, and see if I can't square my life a little, and get a little comfort."

"Do, but remember what I said, 'Seek *first*'—you know, good night."

And Williams went up-stairs to his own room, and John turned to look at his sleeping child. He stood looking at the sweet little face for some minutes, and then knelt quietly by the cradle. Happy was he, finding in his own fatherly love so sweet a pledge and symbol of the love of *his* Father, that he sank unconsciously to his knees in prayerful thankfulness. "Our Father."—Two children—which was happier, or more at rest?

We will follow Mary Smith up-stairs to Mrs. Williams' room. It is not often Mary's shadow darkens that door, near as it is to her own. Like some other whimsical people we have known, she has a strange fancy for fresh, pure air. Mary is not strong, and she feels faint and queer when she gets into a room like this, where the window is never opened, where the air is hot and close—a sort of essence of dirt, tobacco, red herring, and washing-day—where everything is mess and muddle and confusion. She is a clean body, and to breathe dirty air, out of other people's lungs, is to her mind about the most disgusting thing she can think of; depend upon it, she never does it from choice, but now duty calls her. Perhaps if Mrs. Williams had been told that Mary or anybody else considered her or her rooms untidy, she would not have

replied very amiably. "Sure, now, and how could anybody be always in apple-pie order, with only two rooms? Sure, now, was not she always on the run from morning to night—was not she always slave, slave, slave, worry, worry, worry? Sure, now, did'nt she always have a regular cleaning up every week, as well as anybody?" so she would have replied. So far true; but, poor soul, she little knew or thought that half her work went for nothing, through want of order and method and forethought: she little knew how much her head might have saved her heels. She little knew that the boasted weekly "cleaning up," was really but a weekly stew and mess, and turning house-out-of-windows, which only made "confusion worse confounded." Yet, judge her not hastily; how could she know better? How could she, the daughter of a careless, slovenly mother, who died while her children were young —she who had married at seventeen, in the giddiness of youth—know better? Another thing, too, I knew of poor Jane Williams—spite of all that was wrong and thriftless and disorderly in her, there was much that was noble and beautiful. Under that soiled untidy dress, lay a true woman's heart, full of love and tenderness; under that tawdry flaunting cap, throbbed a brain ever busy with confused thoughts and hopes for the good of others. No mother loved her children more—seldom as she washed their faces; no wife loved her husband better—sadly though she neglected his buttons and dinners. More, she was frank, humble, and confiding. We always liked her, and felt sure that whenever she obeyed the voice of the Great Spirit of Wisdom and Order,

she would make a very noble and loveable woman. Judge her not hastily.

Let us look at her now. She hears Mary Smith's footstep on the stairs, and begins trying to put the room to rights. See, she snatches up a dirty comb from the table, and pops it under her chair-cushion. She takes a heap of children's clothes, dirty and clean, and shoves them into the cupboard, to the butter and sugar. "Get up," she says to Johnny—little Johnny, so quiet in the corner. Was ever a little man of two years so silent, unless in mischief? No, surely. Johnny arises, frightful to behold; grim with the coal dust with which he has been adorning himself these ten minutes—legs, hands, face, all in a state of chimney-sweep. If a child gets into mischief through the mother's carelessness, who shall be punished, she or the child? The child, Mrs. Williams thinks; and Johnny is slapped accordingly, and sets up an exceeding great "boo-hoo."

"Come in, Mrs. Smith," she said, as Mary's gentle rap was heard amidst the storm. "Now, was ever a woman so tried? These children worries the flesh off one's bones! See this boy, what he's been and done! Clean frock this morning—clean socks an hour ago—now look at him! But pray sit down."

"Yes," said Mary very quietly; "children *will* get at the coals. I always keep mine out of the way."

"Oh," replied Mrs. Williams, "keep one thing out of his way, he gets in mischief with another; never was such children as mine! I'm sure I don't know how you manage yours; sure

we hardly hears a sound of a child in the house."

"Well," said Mary, they're out pretty much, but they are as good as most. Johnny, he's a bit of a Turk; but my husband helps to keep him under."

"Ah, now, that's the way," replied Mrs. Williams; "why, there's Eben, I'm sure he does nothing but spoil, pet, and coddle the children one minute, and swear at them the next; then he goes on at me because they are unruly. Men's so unreasonable. Ever since we have been here, he's always nagging about you and Smith. He says Smith's wages are no more nor his, and yet you maňages twenty times as well. And, dear me, I begins to see as there's more in managing than I ever thought! Why, poor mother, she worked at a factory, week's end to week's end, and how could she teach us anything like managing? It's only a wonder as I have rubbed on as I have. And Eben says to me, says he, "Now, why don't you try to neighbour more with Mary Smith? Try and see how she manages, and take a leaf out of her book;' and so he asked you up to-night."

"Well, Jane," said Mary, "it's little cause I have to talk of my managing, or to think much of myself for it."

"No, you are no ways stuck up, I always says; and that's why I never minds asking you things, as I do some folks. Now, tell me anything as it strikes you I might do to better things, and to get these rooms a little comfortable."

"Well, if you ask me, I will tell you one thing as seems to me to stand much in the way

of your comfort, that is, want of what poor dear mother used to call method. 'Polly,' she would say to me, often and often, 'never set about your work in a helter-skelter, hurry-scurry way; method lightens labour;' and sure enough, I have found it true. The Bible says, 'Do all things decently and in order;' and I know there's nothing like it."

"Well," said Mrs. Williams, "I know I always works as well as ever I can. I always puts my heart into what I do, and I'm sure I am always at it."

"That I'm sure of," replied Mary; "but still, to get through work anything like, wants one's head as well as heart. Seems to me you are always doing, but seldom thinking; seems to me you don't plan, and forecast, and arrange work enough; and I know without that one's always in a mess—always doing, and never done."

"Well, may be; I never thought much of that; yet I don't see clear how to do better. How should one plan things?"

"Poor dear mother used to say—just as if I hear her now—'Polly,' she used to say, 'plan your work as the parson divides his sermon. Think, in the first place—WHAT IS THE WORK TO BE DONE? Second—How TO DO IT? Third—WHERE ARE THE THINGS TO DO IT WITH? And that's how I plan my work up to this very day."

"*Dear* me!" said Mrs. Williams, "I have got but a poor head-piece; I could not think any plan out."

"Oh, that you could," replied Mary, cheerily. "Just let us try now together to think out your work—to think out the cleaning of these rooms

that way. First—WHAT IS TO BE DONE? Well, I should think the ceiling wants whitewashing, the walls of the bed-room want fresh colouring, and the wall paper here wants a rubbing."

"Oh, bother all that; let the landlord do it!" said Mrs. Williams.

"But you know he will not do it again yet for a very long time. It's two years since he did our place; and when we asked him to do it again last spring, he would not. We must either leave the place, bear with the dirty walls and ceilings, or clean them ourselves. Of the three evils, we chose the least—did the job ourselves; and it's well worth the trouble. Then, I should think the doors, window-frames, and wainscots want washing, the grates blacking, floors scouring, windows cleaning, furniture rubbing, brass, tin, and iron-ware brightening."

"Well, yes," said Mrs. Williams, turning red in the face, and looking at her feet, "I can't say but just now the things aint quite nice. You see, Johnny, he's had the hooping-cough, and I have lost my rest; and I have been obliged—"

"Oh," said Mary, kindly, "you know I am not finding fault; we were only going through our plan. Well, second—HOW IS THE WORK TO BE DONE? According to the text, we must do it 'decently, and in order.' I should say, take care that every place is not in confusion at the same time. Clean one room at once, so that the other may be dry and nice for the children to be in. Do the bed-room first, so that the floor may have time to get quite dry before night-fall. Damp floors are very dangerous, especially in

bed-rooms: my sister, Martha, was down with rheumatics last year, through no other thing. Above everything, pray don't have a mess when Eben comes home. It's shameful how some women drive their husbands to the public house, as one may say, by having the place all dirt and litter and confusion, when a man comes home, dead beat and tired, of an evening, wanting a little comfort. Such women have small right to complain of drunken husbands, seems to me. Then, before the ceilings are whitewashed and bed-room walls coloured, the furniture of one room must be put into the other, or covered with old newspapers. That done, the dirty whitewash should be thoroughly washed from the ceilings, and the dirty colouring from the walls. When the ceiling and walls are dried, the whitewash and colouring should be laid on with a clean whitewash brush. To do them well, two coats of the whitewash and colouring would be wanted; but the first ought to get quite dry before the second is put on. There's nothing like often white-washing and colouring ceilings and walls, to keep away the bugs, and other vermin."

"Then, I am sure," said Mrs. Williams, "our rooms ought to be done, for them creatures teases us above a little: I suppose they can't be helped in London."

"Oh, but they can, though!" replied Mary. "When we first took the rooms down-stairs, we found these horrid things in the walls; but now there is not so much as one. I was always on the look-out for them, night and day. I caught and killed all I saw, and then I rubbed chloride of lime, mixed with water to the thickness of

cream, into every crack and cranny in the walls and boards. Then John exchanged our old wooden bedsteads for iron ones; iron's so much colder and harder than wood, that vermin is not nearly so likely to harbour in it. I took away all the bed-curtains and valances, too; they only harbour dust, and keep the bedding from getting freshened by the air. Then, of course, for a while, I kept every place extra clean, and in about five weeks we had no more trouble. It's dirt that breeds these horrid creatures, and if one's place is not clean and sweet, none of the poisons that are sold can keep it free."

"Well, I will try your plan," replied Mrs. Williams.

"To clean the papering on these walls," continued Mary, "I should first brush them down with a clean broom, and wipe them gently with a clean dry cloth, to get off the loose dirt, and then rub them with the crumb of a stale half-quartern loaf cut in halves. This will get off a very great deal of the dirt."

"Then for the paint, how do you clean that?" asked Mrs. Williams.

"With warm water and soap and flannel."

"Do you use any soda?"

"Sometimes, if the water's hard, but it is not well to put much, or it eats off the paint."

"These floors will give you a good deal of trouble. That great patch of grease there must have fuller's earth put on it over-night. The rest of the floor I should scour with warm water, soap, and a little sharp sand. The windows want a good clean with whiting; and the furniture wants washing with lukewarm water, a little

soap, and a soft cloth. Then, when it's dry, I should rub it with a little boiled linseed oil, on a bit of flannel, and polish with a dry cloth, and plenty of what dear mother used to call 'essence of elbows.'"

"Ah, well," said Mrs. Williams, baring one of her large arms, "I can give plenty of that, at any rate."

"Now," continued Mary, "according to dear mother's plan, we come to ask, third,—WHERE ARE THE THINGS TO DO THE WORK?"

"Ah, *where* are they indeed?" replied Mrs. Williams. "I shall have to borrow most of them."

"Oh no!" said Mary cheerily, "we shall not want so much as you expect; and it's a waste of time, and a bad plan every way, to run about borrowing little things that are often wanted, or that spoil much in using. I think you might ask the landlord, though, to lend you a whitewash brush; sure he will do that, though he would not send us a man to whitewash when we wanted."

"I dare say Eben will try to do it," replied Mrs. Williams.

"Oh, yes! only tell him to stroke the brush always in one direction, and to lay the colouring on even."

"What shall I do for a step-ladder?"

"Well, that's a thing we manage without: John puts a box on the table, and stands on it. We shall have to buy lime and sharp sand; they can be got at the builder's yard round the corner. Then the copperas, whiting, black lead, linseed oil, and soda, I generally get at the druggist's. That's all we shall want to buy; so that will not

be ruination. Let's see, lime 1d., sharp sand ½d., copperas ½d., whiting 2d., black lead 1d., linseed oil 1d., and soda ½d.

"Why, then, sixpence will buy all!" said Mrs. Williams, half surprised to find that the materials for a thorough cleaning could be got so cheaply. "Well, now, to-morrow the children's going to see their grandmother. I've a good mind to begin a bit of a clearing-up then, and I would finish on Friday."

"Pray don't spoil a good mind then," replied Mary, smiling. "I would let Jane run out for the lime and other things, ready to begin early in the morning, if I were you, and may-be, I will run up and help a bit. Perhaps, let her go at once; going late to shop is so cruel to the shopmen; I try never to do it."

Jane was then sent off, and Mary continued the chat.

"As we are together so quiet to-night, I should like to say one or two more things," said she, "especially this—if you clean the bed-room to-morrow, and this room, Friday, and get all once nice and straight, you had better try to get into a regular plan of work—HAVE A PROPER TIME FOR EVERYTHING, AND DO EVERYTHING AT ITS PROPER TIME, that's my rule."

"Well, now," replied Mrs. Williams, "I'm beat! There's so many little things to be done in a house where there's young children, I can't see how anybody can fix a time for everything."

"It's true," replied Mary, "every fid-fad can't have a time fixed for it; but if you think a little about it, you will find most things can. Oh! and it saves a world of worry."

"Well, please tell us how you plans your work, and I will try if I can't take a leaf out of your book. I have often wondered how you gets through things so easy."

"I will. Just consider, now, that every week-day, in a general way, we get up at six, have breakfast at eight, dinner at one, tea at six, and go to bed at ten. All this causes certain work that should be done every day, and other work that should be done once a week."

"Will you tell me, then, about the every-day work?"

"Well, the first thing I do in the morning is to get *myself* thoroughly ready for the day's work. I always get a good wash from head to foot first thing. Our doctor told me to do it when I was so poorly three summers ago, and I find it such a comfort, I have never given it up. If I came down as some women do, all unwashed, heavy and sleepy, I could not half do my duty: it's like a workman beginning work with a blunt tool. When I am dressed, I open our bed-room window wide, strip the bed-clothes all off our bed, spread them over two chairs, and leave them for the fresh morning air to blow on them awhile. I then go down and get the fire alight, and the kitchen swept up. Then, I go and get the two children up and ready for school—baby generally sleeps till after breakfast—they too have a good wash all over. Then we get breakfast by eight."

"But goodness, Mrs. Smith," interrupted Mrs. Williams, "however can you find time for all that slopping and messing before eight o'clock!"

Mary smiled. "It's a great mistake," she said, "to think washing children all over, means

keeping them standing about ever so long, till they are cold and blue and shivering; that does harm. But if a child's sponged every day, and has a thorough wash in warm water on Saturday, so that it does not ever get very dirty, it can be washed in a very few minutes, and the quicker it's done the better.

"After breakfast is over and the things washed up, I dress baby, and then go up-stairs to make the beds and put the bed-rooms straight. The beds and bedding have got well aired and sweetened by this time, and I am very careful to turn everything, mattresses and all, every day, to keep all nice and sweet. Through that, as I told you, we are now quite clear of all those horrid little visitors.

"Then, if I have any little marketing to do, I do it, and give baby a breath of out-door air same time. I next see about dinner. However little we may have, I always make it a rule to set the dinner table as neatly as I can, on a clean cloth, just as if I expected company. Sure, have I not got company that I care a deal for? I should not like the two children to get into piggish, untidy ways at meals; sure I should not like to get into them myself.

"Dinner over, I busy myself washing up dishes, saucepans, and things. I am very careful not to pour any bits of cabbage and such like, down the sink, else there is great danger of stopping up the trap, and getting all sorts of horrid smells from the drain."

Mrs. Williams started. It just occurred to her that a "horrid smell" in her own kitchen, which she had attributed to a "dead rat," might

perhaps be blamed to certain live rats with two legs.

"Well," continued Mary, after cleaning up my kitchen, I go up and tidy myself; and then I'm free for needlework, or any extra weekly work, till tea-time; and when tea is over, and the children put to bed, I'm free again till bed-time. In this way I generally get about an hour and a half in the morning, three hours in the afternoon, and two hours in the evening, for extra weekly work."

"Well," exclaimed Mrs. Williams, earnestly, "I do declare it does anybody good to hear you talk; you seems to arrange everything beautiful, like clock-work! Pray tell me now about this 'extra weekly work,' as you call it."

"To begin, then," replied Mary, "with Sunday—there's a deal I should like to say about that, which I can't now; however, we do very little work then, just enough for decency and order, that's all.

"On *Monday* I look up the dirty clothes, put them in soak ready for washing the next day, and lay the copper fire, and see that I have soap, soda, blue, and all ready. I never leave clothes more than a week; if they are left longer, the dirt's harder to come out; and besides, they get such a heap, they stand no chance of getting well done.

"*Tuesdays* are my washing days. I light the copper fire before breakfast, but I don't begin washing till after my husband and the children are gone. John takes his dinner to the work-shop, so I see no more of him till tea-time,

when all's done, and so he's never vexed with the steam and smell of suds."

"How is it you gets through so soon?" asked Mrs. Williams; "do you use any of them washing powders?"

"No, never. They only rot the clothes, and as to washing things without rubbing, it's nonsense—they can't be sweet and wholesome ditched up that way. No; there's no way yet—whatever there may be one day—like plenty of soap and rubbing, and a good lot of water: and if one begins washing in good time, and works with a will, there's no need for any of your slovenly make-shiftly powders.

"*On Wednesdays*, I iron and air the clothes, and do all I can in the way of mending, especially little places, and putting on strings and buttons. All I have not time to mend then, I put into a basket, to do in evenings or odd times. I always try hard to mend all up by the week's end, or I should never manage at all. A rag-bag, for holding bits of calico, cloth, and such like, is very tidy, and comes in useful on mending-day. Holes in stockings I never mend."

Mrs. Williams opened her eyes in wonder.

"No," said Mary, smiling, "never, because I never *let them get into holes*. I always darn all the thin places. It is a good plan to run the heels of new stockings, and to fell a bit of tape flat on the seam of the heels.

"*On Thursdays*, I give an extra cleaning to the bed-rooms. I always take care to move and sweep behind boxes and everything in the rooms. I try now never to put any boxes or lumber under the beds. If one makes a sort of lumber cup-

board there, as some do, the fresh air can't blow freely to sweeten the under-side of the mattresses; and one's very likely to leave that part of the room unswept, till it's a regular dust-hole. Besides, to keep a parcel of old shoes, dirty clothes, and such like there, taints the air of the room."

"But," said Mrs. Williams, "our room's so small and lumbered up, I'm obliged to put things under the bed."

"Well," said Mary, "at any rate keep no more than can be helped there, and only such as can be easily moved, so as not to interfere with sweeping. I generally scour the bed-rooms well every Thursday; but as damp floors are so dangerous, if it's a very wet, muggy day, when they don't dry well, I only wipe them lightly over with a clean cloth, just wetted in cold water, to sweeten them a bit. On Thursday, too, I clean the windows, and make a stock of brown bread enough for the week.

"*On Friday*, I clean the kitchen and passage.

"*On Saturday*, I scour the shelves and floor of the wash-house, and give an extra rub to the tins, candlesticks, and such like. Then I always give the children an extra good wash, in warm water, and clean their hair, for the every-day wash in cold water is not quite enough—children in London get such grubs. In the evening, I do all I can to save work on Sunday—clean shoes, lay out clean clothes, and so on. You know now my plan of work, but it is not so easy to explain all the comfort it gives—how much worry it saves."

At this moment, Mrs. Williams' attention was

diverted to Johnny, who, with an earnestness which made him extend his little tongue far out of his mouth, was, in imagination, sawing off the chair-back, with the comb he had pulled from its hiding-place under the chair cushion. "See, now," she exclaimed, snatching the comb from his hand, "what that child's been and done! Six teeth broke out!—naughty boy!"

"It *is* vexing," said Mary; "but, do you know, it just gives me a text to finish up my sermon on order. A comb's to do hair, and not for a child to play with; and one great rule for order is, HAVE A CERTAIN USE FOR EVERY THING, AND KEEP EVERY THING TO ITS USE. If everybody acted on that, there would be a great deal of mischief and breakage saved. If Ann Webb had used her kettle only to boil water in, and not for her children to drink from, her Bobby would not have got so dreadfully scalded; so with Johnny and the comb, and a hundred other things."

"Well," said Mrs. Williams, "that's true enough; and that just reminds me if I had kept this fork to its right use, I should not have broke it this morning, getting out a cork. But children's always getting hold of what they have no business to; that comb, now, I did not give him, he furriged it out his-self."

"Perhaps," rejoined Mary, "it was not in its proper place, though; and that brings me to another rule—HAVE A PLACE FOR EVERY THING, AND KEEP EVERY THING IN ITS PLACE. Now you are going to make a clearance, try to find a suitable place for every piece of furniture and everything about you. Try to carry out this

rule even in the smallest matters. Sort out and arrange all the things in every box and drawer, so that you may always know where to lay your hand on what you want. This saves no end of time, trouble, and vexation. I have known many a man get put out because his wife could not find a bit of string, or paper, or a button, when wanted."

"Yes, that's true," said Mrs. Williams; "there was Eben only yesterday vowed he would go to work without his dinner, because I could not find clean paper to wrap it in. I keeps a little cloth on purpose for him, but I could not find it till he had gone off swearing. Men's such fidgits."

"Well, yes," replied Mary; "but really there is, in a small way, few things so teazing as to have to hunt up and down for things wanted in a hurry. In this, as in many other things, home peace and comfort depend very much on trifles. There are many more little matters I should like to say a word or two about, but we will talk them over another time. Whenever I can be of use to you, do step down-stairs to me: living in the same house, we ought surely to try to help one another."

"Thank you kindly; I'm sure you *can* help me a deal. It seems to cheer me even to know I have got such a friend in the house."

"Ah!" said Mary, gravely, "talking of a friend brings me almost to what I have been paving the way for, and trying to say, the whole evening; but it's never easy for me to say all I feel about that. I mean that this talk of cleaning and clearing up will be quite vain, after all,

without something higher and better. One can't be really orderly and clean and comfortable in outside things, till one gets purity and peace and comfort within, in one's heart and mind. You want a better Friend than me, Jane, to help you;" and Mary's eyes filled with tears, as she thought of Him, the Loving One, who had watched over that heart through all its life-long wanderings. "But we can't talk more to-night, its striking nine. Come in, Jane, and have a cup of tea on Sunday. I can't go out in the evening because of baby, and so we can have a long chat."

"Thank you, kindly; I will." So, with a cordial "good-night," they parted.

Our "homely" sketch draws to an end: we have but little space, and, alas! little power to tell the rest. We cannot well explain all that passed after tea that Sunday. When Mary, in her own sweet simple way, told Jane of the Heavenly Father, who in loving severity had made her life of disobedience a disordered and suffering one, that she might learn obedience through the things she suffered—when she told of the Saviour Friend Jane needed—when she told of the in-dwelling Spirit of purity and love, from whom all outward purity and order come—how Jane listened and wept and believed it all, as she never had before—how she felt that Father to be a Father indeed—how that Friend was very nigh—how that Blessed Spirit overshadowed all, and comforted and refreshed the inmates of that homely little room. Nay, none could tell, for

none could hear all that passed that night—save One who hears and answers prayer, though it goes forth but in sobs and groanings that cannot be uttered.

Our dull gross mind can better understand what came of that evening's talk. Plainly from that time forward Jane Williams gradually found power to bring order and peace and comfort within, into her own heart and mind, and without, into the daily work and daily trials of her home. Then, after long months of anxious waiting, she had the joy of seeing her husband too turn to the same path of peace, and the same loving Saviour.

Slowly, but surely, the good seed sown in the two minds sprang up and grew; and from the leaves came blossoms, and from the blossoms came sweet fruits—love, joy, peace, order, and all the pleasant things which flourish in that garden of the Lord—A CHRISTIAN HOME.

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Subscriptions, Donations, Books for the Libraries, Manuscripts for Tracts, &c., will be gratefully received by the Treasurers RUSSELL GURNEY, ESQ., 8, Kensington Palace Gardens, W., and MRS. ROTH, 16A, Old Cavendish Street, Cavendish Square, W. MISS E. S. GRIFFITHS, Secretary, at the Association's Office 14A, Prince's Street, Cavendish Square, W.; MESSRS. WILLIAMS DEACON, & Co., Bankers, Birchin Lane, E.C.; and SIR SAMUEL SCOTT, BART., & Co., Bankers, 1, Cavendish Square, W.

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Communications may be addressed to the Secretaries, at the Office where also inquiries may be answered personally. Office hours from Eleven to Five; on Saturdays from Eleven to Two.

The Secretaries will very gratefully receive suggestions on any subject connected with the objects of the Association.