

poultice, yet I see Englishmen at hotels eating tiny plates of what they imagine is porridge, and with sugar! Porridge should always be made with the best medium oatmeal.

Tea is *not* a cause of indigestion if it be good. I have a pint and a half of strong tea every night at five, but it is the best, and so my appetite is good and my blood as pure and clear as my conscience.

Mind this, you are more apt to catch cold when the body is weak. Never therefore expose yourself when hungry.

Always change the clothing when damp, even from perspiration, but let the fresh under-clothing you put on be warmed.

Avoid an excess of clothing outdoors or in. Heavy clothing not only causes fatigue but weakens the perspiratory system.

I used to recommend silk for summer underwear, but I think that light wool serves equally well, and some say better.

Do not remain in a hot room, when visiting, a moment longer than you can help. People who live in such rooms are ruining their health and getting old before their time. I can tell women of this sort, even on a railway platform. They may not have many deep wrinkles, but the skin of the face is kiln-cracked—if you can understand me, just one mass of tiny wrinkles, moreover there is

evidence that the layer of fat beneath is soft and boggy.

Avoid wrapping up the neck too much by day, but a light comforter should be worn at night.

Anemic or bloodless girls may use iron in some weak non-constipating form. A pill of carbonate of iron may do good, or an oxide. Or even quinine and iron, but the effects should be watched, and if it seems to heat the blood too much or cause restlessness it should be avoided.

Finally, if you want to get well and strong, or if you are well and want to keep so, look upon fresh air indoors and out as your very best friend, not even second to food itself.

WHITE LILIES

A MEMORY.



MORNING I have been reading an article entitled "How to Discourage Your

Minister." The author is a well-known writer who understands the subject he deals with, and his recipe, briefly put, is something like this: Indifference; aversion to new or improved methods; unkindly and undue criticism; superior

intelligence; cold patronage; lack of sympathy. These ingredients, well mixed with the necessary supply of cold water, and frequently applied, are sure to be efficacious. There is no possible chance of failure. Alas! that many, too many, know by bitter experience how completely successful it is.

I once had the honour to know a man—the memory of whose hand-clasp makes me proud yet after the lapse of many years—a man who "failed." And every time I hear him spoken of in this way, I remember that "some men's failures are eternities beyond the successes of other men."

He was young, and earnest, and bright, with high ideals of life in its joy and sorrow. Life to him was no dream, but a great and glorious thing, solemn in its responsibilities, exceedingly beautiful in its vast resources, a gift from his Father, to be used for the glory of that Father's name. Ay, as I write, I can hear the young voice with that heart-touching quiver in it, which was always there:

"Teach me to live; 'tis easier far to die."

And away back over the years memory goes, and lifts the veil which tenderly cover days that belong to the past.

It was early spring-time, and little green shoots were relieving the sombre brownness of the trees and hedges. On the hillsides here and there a sweet golden-hearted daisy lifted its face to the sun, and crocuses peeped out in the garden borders. The birds sang their spring-time songs; and birds and trees and flowers seemed to give promise of something far more beautiful and melodious yet in store. The glorious summer would follow the spring, and then the golden harvest.

One sun-bright day, when the daisies smiled more sweetly, and the birds sang more gladly, and the clouds were light and fleecy in the sky, a young minister was ordained to his first charge. Of the sacredness of that day to his heart who shall speak? In the evening a large hall was filled to overflowing. The passages were blocked; people were sitting in the window-sills, and never before, nor since, did any minister get such a welcome from that congregation.

I think I see him now, as he stood on the platform, while a lady, in gentle motherly fashion, put the handsome new gown on his shoulders—a slight boyish figure with an earnest, trustful face pale with excitement. Cheer after cheer resounded through the hall; again and again the multitude of people raised their voices in a shout of welcome; and he stood there, his 'rembling fingers gripping nervously the front of the black gown, trying to find utterance. What! is that a tear in the steadfast blue eyes? Oh, but his heart was full. What would he not do for this people?

Ay, it was a bright beginning. Hope was strong and the prospect was fair. The church, in that village nestling among the hills, was beautiful; the surrounding country picturesquely romantic, with its rivers and glens and heather-clad slopes. The congregation were unanimous in their choice, and the minister was all that a minister ought to be—which is saying much. A bright beginning; and the delicate spring-time would soon merge into the full flush of summer. Was anything wanting to complete the already fascinating picture? Just a trifle; only sympathy with a young, over-sensitive heart. But that little thing, by its presence or absence, is big enough to make or mar a life.

The enthusiasm had been genuine—while it lasted—and then the congregation speedily settled down to their old practical routine. They knew nothing about the lights and shades of a shy, reserved, sensitive nature, and cared as little to try to understand it. They were comfortable and contented themselves, and it never occurred to them that their young minister required or wished for a little encouragement or friendliness. They had appointed him to their church, and it was his duty, and privilege, to shower all his friendship and sympathy on them, together with the outcome of his varied talents. In return for this they paid him a fair salary, attended church regularly, shook hands in a condescendingly-warm manner when they met him—if they troubled to stop at all—and patronised him when he called.

I don't believe they really meant anything by it. It was just their way, and with some of them it was the result of mere thoughtlessness. But my heart aches as I think of many

lonely hours when that young life was longing for a touch of real love and sympathy. What need to enter into details? The breach, hardly perceptible at first, gradually widened by careful adherence to the afore-mentioned recipe. None of the elements were wanting, and extras were added judiciously.

Of course, there were a few loyal-hearted folks who loved their minister, and tried to encourage him in the work he was so faithfully endeavouring to perform. But even these few, with all their real sympathy and fellow-feeling, did not see with clear eyes till afterwards, when it was too late. I myself have many regrets. The little action I might have done, the kind word I might have spoken more often than I did—these come back with a sting now. I remember one evening I set out to pay him a visit, taking with me a little gift which I thought he would like. But when a few yards on my way, some strange impulse made me hesitate. "Perhaps he does not wish me to call; he might not care for anything that seemed like intrusion. I had better wait till some other time," and—I am ashamed to say it—I turned back. It's years ago; and yet how sorry I feel when I think of that evening.

In a little note-book of mine he once wrote some verses. I have the page yet, treasured with other things that are very dear to me:—

"Scorn not the slightest word or deed,
Nor deem it void of power;
There's fruit in each wind-wafted seed,
Waiting its natal hour.

A whispered word may touch the heart,
And bring it back to life;
A look of love bid sin depart,
And still unholy strife.

No act falls fruitless; none can tell
How vast its power may be;
Nor what results enfolded dwell
Within it silently."

I thought the verses pretty at the time, but I did not then read between the lines. Afterwards, when my eyes were opened, I understood; and now they ring with mournful cadence, as the cry of a lonely human heart.

The days slipped by. Spring passed, and then the rose-crowned summer, and the golden autumn. Winter's snow covered the hills, and by-and-by it too melted away, and again it was early spring-time, with its little green shoots on the trees and hedges. The church among the hills was just as beautiful as ever, the congregation as flourishing. But—oh! that "but." The strain upon one young heart had been too severe; and at last—after months of discouragement and silent suffering, after