

secretion is believed to exude through these channels or pores in the course of twenty-four hours, being in fact the chief form taken by what is called the waste of the system, the remainder passing off by the bowels, kidneys, and lungs. To promote the free egress of this fluid is of the utmost importance to health; for when it is suppressed, disease is apt to fall upon some of the other organs concerned in the discharge of waste.

One of the most notable checks which perspiration experiences is that produced by a current of cold air upon the skin, in which case the pores instantly contract and close, and the individual is seized with some ailment either in one of the other organs of waste, whichever is in him the weakest, or in the internal lining of some part of the body, all of which is sympathetic with the condition of the skin. A result of the nature of that last described is usually recognised as a cold or catarrh. We are not at present called on particularly to notice such effects of checked perspiration, but shall allude to others of a less perceptible, though not less dangerous nature.

The fluid alluded to is composed, besides water, of certain salts and animal matters, which, being solid, do not pass away in vapour, as does the watery part of the compound, but rest on the surface where they have been discharged. There, if not removed by some artificial means, they form a layer of hard stuff, and unavoidably impede the egress of the current perspiration. By cleanliness is merely meant the taking proper means to prevent this or any other extraneous matter from accumulating on the surface, to the production of certain hurtful consequences.

Ablution of washing is the best means of attaining this end; and accordingly it is well for us to wash or bathe the body frequently. Many leave by far the greater part of their bodies unwashed, except perhaps on rare occasions, thinking it enough if the parts exposed to common view be in decent time. If the object of cleaning were solely to preserve fair appearances, this might be sufficient; but the great end, it must be clearly seen, is to keep the skin in a fit state for its peculiar and very important functions. Frequent change of the clothing next to the skin is of course a great aid to cleanliness, and may partly be esteemed as a substitute for bathing, seeing that the clothes absorb much of the impurities, and, when changed, may be said to carry these off. But still this will not serve the end nearly so well as frequent ablution of the whole person. Any one will be convinced of this who goes into a bath, and uses the flesh-brush in cleansing his body. The quantity of scurf and impurity which he will then remove, from a body which has changes of linen even once a day, will surprise him.

Considering the importance of personal cleanliness for health, it becomes a great duty of municipal rulers to afford every encouragement in their power to the establishment of public baths for the middle and working classes, and to extend and protect all existing facilities for washing clothes, as well as for private supplies of water. Baths should neither be very cold nor very warm, but in an agreeable medium; and they should never be taken within three hours of a meal. Nature may be said to make a strong pleading for their more general use, in the remarkably pleasing feeling which is experienced in the skin after ablution.

EXERCISE.

The constitution of external nature shows that man

was destined for an active existence, as without labour scarcely any of the gifts of Providence are to be made available. In perfect harmony with this character of the material world, he has been furnished with a muscular and mental system, constructed on the principle of being fitted for exertion, and requiring exertion for a continued healthy existence. Formed as he is, it is not possible for him to abstain from exertion without very hurtful consequences.

MARY IRVING; OR THE TWO MEETINGS.

In the year 1777, the parents of Mary Irving occupied a sunny-face cottage in a small hamlet called *The Bluthering Syke*, situated within view of the confluence of the rivers Esk and Liddal, on the Scottish Border, and commanding, from its high-perched, road-side elevation, a distant glimpse northward of Gilnockie Tower—a picturesque remnant, still extant, of the favourite domicile and stronghold of the noted Johnnie Armstrong. Had I fiction only to relate, and not a few passages of real life, I might have chosen to confer upon the birth-place of my heroine a more harmonious name. But there could be none more appropriate—unless I were to substitute *Bollevue*, or *Bulvidere*, from the surpassing beauty of the variegated scenery which its wide range of prospect embraced; and these would be but little in keeping with the humility of the aforesaid clay-built hamlet. *The Bluthering Syke* then spoke for itself, and still speaks, in the babbling of an adjacent runlet; and, about half-a-mile northwards, near the same road-side, the boglegite—another cluster of cottages, overlooking a rifted precipice, and pallisadoed round with piky, time-seared pine trees—where dwelt an ancient worthy, whom the "Wizard of the North" would have delighted to honour—equally proclaims the talents of the district for felicitous nomenclature. But the name of each place, at the time of which I speak, had an associated significance beyond their local descriptiveness. The familiar appellations of Mary Irving's two brothers—who, with herself, were all of a once numerous family who had survived the blights of childhood, were *Blethering Saunders* and *Datt Davy*; the latter literally an idiot or *natural*; the former having what we call in Scotland a *mant*, a sullen visage, and a brawling temper; and *Kate* of the *Boglegite*, if she were not, as some have affirmed, the actual name-mother of her dwelling-place, might well, in form and feature, have passed for such. Yet the spirit of that *gaunt*, weirdly shape, was a spirit of "gentle bidding," and more than ordinary intelligence. She was, moreover, the depository of a larger collection of legendary lore, brownie and bogle stories, and authentic memorabilia of fairyland than any other wife between the forests of Nicol and Elterick could boast; and, as a crooner of exhaustless ballads, historical, humorous, and pathetic, had no rival in the district, throughout which she was not more famed for her eminence in song and legend than, in her home neighbourhood, beloved for the kind heart, shrewd sense, and merry mother-wit, which, to the last of her long life, rendered this singular-looking original the helper, counsellor, and acceptable ingle-nook guest of every rural roof it contained. By no one was she more loved and untiringly listened to than by her pretty grand-niece, Mary Irving, into whom she had infused the pure spirit of her own romantic vein, and a touch of belief in an interior supernatural agency, without prejudice to her natural good sense and firm trust in the overruling wisdom of a Higher Power.

The parents of Mary were industrious, God-fearing people—wholly illiterate, save in the reading of their Bible, and of such commentaries upon it as were prescribed by the pastor of the Seceder communion to which they belonged—in the deep mysticisms of which, if frequent dutiful perusal could ensure enlightenment, they might have been accounted deeply learned. But peace and hope had been granted to the prayer of their desiring faith; and, though they professed to set at naught human means in the work of correcting fallen nature, and were, consequently, less vigilant over their children, in