

Health in the Home

The Helpful Bath

If your little child is just recovering from some child's disease and does not grow strong rapidly, give him a salt bath. This may be prepared with the sea salt purchased from your druggist or from superior dairy fat. If it be taken as warm as possible and a good-sized handful of salt added. Rinse off in clear water and rub until the body is in a healthy glow. The bath should be taken immediately before retiring.

How to Drink Water

There are few people who thoroughly realize the value of water as a beverage, or who know how to obtain the greatest advantage from it. The effects produced by the drinking of water vary with the manner in which it is drunk. If, for instance, a pint of cold water be swallowed in a large draught, the effect is taken in two portions with a short interval between, certain definite results follow—effects which differ from those which would be followed if the same quantity were taken by sipping. Sipping is a powerful stimulant to the circulation, a thing which ordinary drinking is not. During the action of sipping the action of the nerve which shows the beats of the heart is abolished, and, as a consequence, that organ contracts much more rapidly, the pulse beats more quickly, and the circulation in various parts of the body is increased. In addition to this, we find that the pressure under which the bile is secreted is raised by the sipping of fluid. And here is a point which might be noted by our readers: A glass of cold water slowly sipped will produce a greater acceleration of the pulse for a given quantity of stimulants taken at a draught. In this connection it may not be out of place to mention that sipping cold water will often allay the craving for alcohol in those who have been in the habit of taking too much of it and may be endeavoring to reform, the effect being probably due to the stimulant action of the sipping.

Children and the Plants

It seems to me an excellent rule that children should never put any leaf, berry or flower in their mouths, says a writer in *Canadian Good Housekeeping*. I would not even let them put the harmless rose leaves, lest they make some mistake at a later day and get a petal that is not from a rose. Last spring I saw a lovely little child in his carriage holding five or six sprays of lily of the valley, a flower with some hidden charm that makes all children love it; he had thrust them in his mouth and was sucking them. I said in great alarm to his mother, who walked by the side of his carriage: "Do you know that those flowers are poisonous?" She glanced at me with surprise. "Why, they are not poisonous flowers," she answered, "don't you see they are lily of the valley?" I answered earnestly: "They are one of the most harmful plants in your gardens. Any part is dangerous, and the flowers the most so. Please take your boy home and wash his mouth and hands carefully and I would send for your physician." I do not know the result; the child may not have had the flowers long enough to acquire much poison. In England, where the lily of the valley grows wild, many cases of acute poisonings have come from it, many deaths.

Sunday at Home

Sacred Prayer

The highest kind of prayer is too sacred to share with any one but God. It is profoundly instructive to study the life of the Lord Jesus to find how often he went apart to pray. He could not let his most beloved disciples share his prayer. And this not only because the relation in which they stood to the Father was different from that in which he stood, but because his prayers were too deep, too sacred for them to know. When we have learned to agonize in prayer we will not tell our neighbors that we have learned it. But, although we may know nothing of its influence will be felt.

As a Welcome Guest

No one should be discouraged if he has not the consciousness of the abiding Christ. Christ does not abide with His followers that they may feel glad alone, but that they may do right and bring forth fruit. Therefore, he should be constantly invited to be our guest; he should be frequently told that we are willing to do the things that he wishes done. The endeavor should always be to welcome him into our hearts and to ascertain what his will is. If a guest were expected in our home we would make it our pleasure to do those things that would please him. Shall we not thus receive Christ?

The Christian Life

We get out of our religion just about what we put into it. I believe that unless we become not only hearers but doers of the Word, the Christian life will be despaired and stunted. The way to build up one's self in our most holy faith is by giving one's self unselfishly for others. It is the duty of Christians to be mutually helpful. Jesus said, "A new commandment give I unto you, that ye love one another." Paul says, "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ." James calls this the "royal law."

Christians should be mutually helpful because of the organic relationship they bear to one another. They should be mutually helpful because each one needs help and should give help.

We have a splendid example in the great Burden-Bearer, Jesus Christ, our Saviour and Lord. He came into this world not to be ministered unto but to minister.

The Christian should be helpful to others in spite of what it does for his spiritual joy and upbuilding. You know that those persons that are serving in this way, in our churches and in our homes and business places, are growing in grace and in the knowledge of God their Saviour, as they grow in days and years.

At the Carp County Exhibition

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glasses of crab-apple jelly, they say. 'Twould probably kill 'em if they tasted everything. I didn't get anything on my strawberries, either."

The unwilling listener rose hastily and changed her seat. She did not go to the neighborhood. The new one, however, proved no better, for she had seated herself beside a girl of about her own age, who was trying, but vainly, to soothe a younger sister sobbing against her sleeve.

"What's the matter?" asked Virginia, sympathetically. "Has Susie been hurt?"

"She didn't get any prize on her doll's wardrobe," said the girl. "She did every stitch of dresses and there's little flecks of blood all along the seams, where she pricked her fingers; but there were two other dolls; I guess one of them was dressed by a good deal older girl, though."

It certainly had been dressed by an older girl. Virginia's path, clearly, was strewn with victims. It had not occurred to her that she was robbing other persons in that wholesale fashion. The weight in her pocket was becoming unendurable. How could she wear a blue-silk waist purchased at such a price?

Suddenly Virginia brightened. Getting up hastily, she wormed her way through the crowd, walked swiftly along the broad sidewalk, and ran up the steps of the administration building. As she had hoped, she found Gilbert practically alone, for the energetic secretary, worn out with his labors, was sound asleep, and with his chair tipped back against the wall.

"Gilbert," said Virginia, hastily scribbling the names of her victims on a scrap of paper, "I want you to take back part of this money, make out premium checks for these four persons, and tear up the corresponding ones issued to me."

"That isn't quite regular," said Gilbert, "but I've had several applications of this sort, and there's a way to fix it."

"What happens when people fail to claim their premiums?"

"Oh, the money stays in the treasury. See that box?" said Gilbert, pointing to a tin box with a slot in the top. "Some of the exhibits just for the good of the fair, and put their premium slips or their money in there."

"Have you seen the balloon go up?" asked Virginia, abruptly changing the subject.

"No. Haven't had a chance. Father's kept me hustling."

"It's fine," said Virginia. "Go to the door and see if it isn't going up now. The man was getting it ready when I came in. I'll sit here in your chair and keep house for you."

The unsuspecting Gilbert rose with alacrity. Virginia waited until he had rounded the corner before she dropped her remaining dollars, one by one, and as gently as possible, into the tin box. The man said, "By the clatter, however. The sleeping secretary opened one eye, but seeing what Virginia was doing, closed it again."

"Conscience money," thought the secretary. "Took advantage of the entry-books and wishes she hadn't. Seen 'em do it before, but never knew 'em to repent."

"Here," said the superintendent of the fancy-work department, handing Virginia a blue slip, as the girl, in a far happier frame of mind, was emerging from the building, "I overlooked one of your checks. It's for that pretty handkerchief you entered Monday noon. There were nine, but you was the best."

Virginia pocketed the two-dollar check almost gleefully, for she knew she was honestly entitled to it. As she handed it in at the office the secretary rubbed his eyes and said, "By the way, Miss Virginia, the association owes you about five dollars for your services. Give them to her, Gilbert."

On her way home Virginia passed the store window containing the blue waist. It was still there; she had money enough to buy it, but the coveted waist had lost its charm.