

foot out of the room, or if a door or window is open for a moment, is often seized with an uneasy sensation, which is immediately followed by an extreme disturbance of his whole system, the consequence of the sudden suppression of perspiration. A great weariness in the limbs, a feeling in the extremities as if they would drop off, piercing headache, and a burning in the eyes, are the first symptoms of the disorder, and if they are not immediately remedied, the case is soon beyond curing. The grand requisite is to restore the suppressed perspiration. To this end the invalid is put into bed without delay, with his clothes on, heaps of blankets and furs are laid over him, and he is made to drink as much hot tea as he can swallow. The patient has no sooner gulped this down, and drawn in his head under the clothes, than a copious perspiration breaks out over his whole body, and all the alarming symptoms vanish as rapidly as they at first appeared. The rest of the company, who have meanwhile seated themselves again round the table, are not at all surprised to find the sick man sticking his head out from under his mountain of furs in the next quarter of an hour, and chattering with them as gaily as if nothing had happened; whereas to any one not familiar to such cases, he would have seemed but a few minutes before but a lost man. The coverings are gradually taken off, and the patient is often quite well again the same evening, and as hearty as ever.

But the case is very different with those who are not relieved on the instant. If they are not dead by the next day, which most commonly happens, they remain crippled in every joint, and die a painful, lingering death. These people may at once be recognised, not only by their crippled limbs, but by a peculiar cachectic expression of countenance.—Their answer, when asked what is the matter with them is—*Prostudilsa*, (I have had a chill) a word that smites with as awful a sound on the Russian ear as ever *thanatos* did on that of a Greek of old.

Whoever is not capable of being thrown into a copious perspiration by a few drops of hot drink, will, if he takes my advice, keep away from those regions. But how is it that there are no such unfortunate persons among the Russians? I never met with any. Just as many persons can fall asleep whenever they like, so all Russians can perspire at will. Give them a cup of tea, a warm cloak, and a thick cap, and the thing is done. They may thank themselves for this precious peculiarity, for such it really is. Their frequent use of hot baths keeps the pores of the skin open, and their copious draughts of warm tea increase the excreting power of the skin, and adapt it to resist the influences of their climate,—influences which, but for these counteracting causes, would perhaps be more pernicious to the population of Russia than even the plague is to the people of the East—*Westminster Review*.

#### FIFTY YEARS AGO.

(From the *Christian Spectator*.)

As a traveller through the night is not fully conscious of the greatness of the change he has experienced, unless he compares the light of the morning with the preceding gloom; so it is with many other vicissitudes. Instead of trying to trace the progress of gradation, often difficult, and sometimes impossible, it is well to bring the past in contrast with the present, and of the difference between them, we have then a full and deep sense. The traveller just referred to, may not be able to perceive that one five minutes of his journey is brighter than the one immediately preceding; but he will feel that great indeed is the contrast, not merely when comparing the depths of midnight with noontide brightness, but the mistiness of twilight with the clear vision of succeeding hours.

In like manner, we are struck if we contrast our circumstances now, with those of our ancestors, one or two centuries ago; but we shall find that we are so in many instances, if we bring into comparison with the present time a period by no means so distant. A case in point is now before us. We have been musing on the state of books for children, even forty or fifty years ago, and an extract from the "Memoirs of a Working Man," will place it before the reader in a just light.

"The books," he says, "that first fell in my way, besides those that belonged to my parents, were few, and of little worth. At that time, the stock of books within reach of poor children, was very small, while the price of such as were useful, was generally higher than poor people could afford. There were then no cheap, well-printed, neatly-bound books, on subjects at

once instructive and amusing, such as are now so abundantly supplied by benevolent societies and enterprising publishers. The once general prejudice against educating the poor was then very prevalent, while many of the poor had no wish to be taught. Moreover, the books that were given to them were generally printed badly, and done up in unsightly covers; while their contents were seldom much more attractive than was their external appearance. It did not in those days seem to be understood, that abstract treatises on religious, or other serious subjects, were not adapted to fix the attention of children and other young persons. There was but little recognition of the obvious fact, that the human mind needs recreation as well as instruction; that it desires amusement, and, therefore, will seek to obtain it from frivolous, if not dangerous, sources, in the absence of such as are useful and innocent.

"The importance of combining amusement with instruction in books intended for the use of little children, was not then sufficiently estimated; although the fact itself could not be unknown by all observing and reflecting persons. The surprising tenacity with which the memory retains whatever has been learned in childhood, naturally suggests the necessity of taking care that what is then acquired should be worthy of remembrance. For myself, I have now (after an interval of more than forty-five years) a clear recollection of the little books I read when a child, and which then formed the principal part of a poor child's "entertaining library." I can remember all about them, their titles, their contents, and their external appearance. Some being without covers, were sold for the price indicated in the following laudatory stanza, with which, and a suitable vignette, the title-page of one was embellished:—

'A very pretty thing  
For a daddy's darling:  
Tom Thumb and the Piper,  
And all for a farthing.'

Others were of higher pretensions and prouder aspect, being enclosed in gay covers of party-coloured or gilded paper, and therefore were sold at the comparatively large price of a half-penny."

The reader cannot fail to feel the force of the following remarks:—

"It may seem to be little better than trifling to write about farthing or halfpenny histories of 'Tom Thumb,' 'Jack the Giant-killer,' 'Little Red Riding-hood,' and the like; but when it is considered that the human mind generally retains, in mature years, much of the tastes and habits it acquired in childhood, it will not be difficult to believe that important consequences may, and often do arise out of circumstances or practices which in themselves are of little worth and moment. From much observation, I am led to think that the preference shown by many persons for such books as treat wholly of fictitious or merely frivolous subjects, to the utter neglect of all such as are instructive or important, is in a great degree owing to their having been, while children, accustomed to read very little besides fabulous and foolish tales."

There is a proof that the individual referred to sustained little injury from his prevailing desire to obtain some useful knowledge, which led him again and again to "a huge folio volume," which was then "as much beyond his power to handle conveniently, as its contents were above his comprehension;" but that he suffered many disadvantages from ignorance, he has ingeniously stated.

"How much," he says, "I needed the aid of a competent teacher, will be manifest when I state that, for a long time, I believed the books of the Kings' and of the Chronicles' to be unconnected narratives of two distinct series of events; and also, that the four Gospels were consecutive portions of the history of Jesus Christ, so that I supposed there had been four crucifixions, four resurrections, and the like. I was, indeed, sometimes perplexed by the apparently repeated occurrences of events so nearly resembling each other; nor could I perceive the exact design or bearing of these events; but I knew no one of whom I could ask for the needed explanations."

How great is the contrast between the books for children at that period and the present? The catalogue of the Religious Tract Society contains no fewer than One Thousand separate publications for the young.