



INVISIBLE FOES.

DURING this time of year, when the thermometer keeps provokingly among the "belows," the popular prejudice against fresh air crops up. Double windows are on, the so-called ventilators are slammed down, and the last hope of a chink is diligently plastered up.

Without going too deeply into science, there is the effect on the air of the household from the breath thrown off from every pair of lungs; from the pores of the skin; from the clothing, the sweeping, the dust from fire and furnace, and from every gas or lamp we use. Every jet of gas consumes as much oxygen as three people, and most furnaces do double damage by drying up the air as well as contaminating it. Night and day, this process goes on. If it came with a flourish of trumpets we might take warning. On the wings of silence its snare is complete. In the prime of strength we may resist it. In childhood and in old age we are helpless. Even after a long day of fresh air outside, a night of such a contrast is more than enough. With the shortened daily outing that is practicable to most of us, the evil is intensified; and if we add the occasional chance of illness, the danger is increased a hundred-fold. A man when sick needs three times as much air space as when well. How much less sensible were we in the days of mud cabins, windowless walls, and chimney-less roofs?

The bad air must be coaxed to go out, and the good entreated to take its place. Plenty must go out, and abundance must come in. The question of how it is to be done is no more important than where it is to come from. I should be inclined to think that an official census of winter ventilation in Canada would reveal the fact that the air supplied to our houses comes from the kitchen floor, with the dust of cinders, the aromas of cookery, the odours of wash-tubs, and the filterings of drains; and with a prodigality of the most deliciously pure air in the world tapping at our window for admission!

Now, a draught is not ventilation. Cold air is not necessarily pure, any more than hot is necessarily impure. And it is only the half of reason when we yield to the coaxings of the outside atmosphere by day, and shut our hearts to its pleading by night. The contamination being constant, the remedy must be constant. Although more care is requisite at night in the admission of air that has been robbed of the blessings of sunlight, it is then at least the only air on the market, and better half a loaf than no bread. A regular and systematic supply by night as well as by day, and a means of escape for the enemy, should form one of the prime duties of every Canadian mother. It should be admitted high up instead of low. The amount of the friend coaxed in should equal the amount of the foe to be expelled. The entrance and exit should be on opposite sides of the rooms. They should be of different heights. They should be many and small instead of few and large. And they should be constantly attended to.

DRIFTWOOD.



HOW, WHEN, WHERE, AND WHY WE GOT OUR BIBLE.

TO TRACE THE HISTORY OF THE MSS. AND TRANSLATIONS OF THE SACRED BOOK, AND TO ENTER UPON ITS PRACTICAL STUDY.

BEFORE introducing our young readers to the study of "How, When, Where, and Why we got the present edition of the Holy Bible," a word of explanation is necessary.

Ever since we knew anything at all we have been accustomed to see the Bible, to hear about it, to listen to it read, to have it impressed upon us, and set before us as the guide and the rule of our lives. We have come to regard it with reverence, as something we must talk of with bated breath, as we do of our wonderful origin at the beginning of time, and of our wonderful destiny at the end of all things. We know that we can think, and speak, and write; and those gifts are so common, and are so unconsciously and gradually acquired, that we consider them our natural right. But there was a time in the history of man as a whole, when he could not think, and read, and write, as he now does, just as there was a time in the history of every boy and girl when these powers were less possible to them than now. They may be possessed in a latent and rudimentary form, but they are of no value until they are developed.

We look at our Bible; at its familiar form, its succession of books, chapters, and verses; its varied editions and bindings, to meet the special tastes of young and old, rich and poor, learned and unlearned. We think of the stories that for hundreds and hundreds of years have fascinated our baby fancies, touched our childish hearts, inspired our youthful visions, strengthened our prime of life, and gladdened and comforted our declining years. We have little to remind us that there was a time when the world had no Bible; no "sweet stories of old;" no "sweet singer of Israel;" no "apples of gold in pictures of silver;" no "Jesus, Gentle Shepherd;" no "Light to lighten the world;" no "Rest to your souls" when the way was weary; no folding of hands and uplifting of trustful eyes to "Our Father which art in Heaven."

How, where, and when, then, did we get it? How came we to possess this Book of story, of example, of precept, of promise, which soothes us when in pain, and comforts us when sad; which lightens our path when it is dark, and smooths it when it is long; which is so simple that a child may know it, and so deep that the most learned and scholarly cannot get to the bottom; whose laws teach the peasant how to become a prince, and the prince how to become a peasant; which takes the sting out of our hearts when we have sinned, and plants in our souls the germ of eternal life?

Apart from the interest attached to it as the only real help and guide we can have in building up our character, the Bible is a collection of writings the most remarkable that the world has ever seen. They are of all writings the