

Dress and Diseases.—There is no truth more firmly established among medical men than that diseases follow fashion as much as bonnets do. When thin shoes prevail, consumption is the prevailing epidemic with females in every fashionable community of the country. When low-neck dresses are in the ascendant, sore throat and quinsy are the raging maladies. When "bustles" and "bishops" made their appearance, spinal affections became "the ton." The reign of corsets is denoted by collapsed lungs, dyspepsia, and a general derangement of the digestive organs. Indeed, so intimately are dress and diseases connected, that a doctor says that all he needs to determine what a majority of the women are dying of, is to have an inventory of their wardrobe handed to him.

Strength of Character.—Strength of character consists of two things—power of will and power of self-restraint. It requires two things, therefore, for its existence—strong feelings and strong command over them. Now we all very often mistake strong feelings for strong character. A man who bears all before him, before whose frown domestics tremble and whose bursts of fury make the children of the household quake—because he has his will obeyed and his own way in all things—we call him a strong man.—The truth is, that he is the weak man; it is his passions that are strong; he, mastered by them, is weak. You must measure the strength of a man by the power of the feelings he subdues, not by the power of those that subdue him.—And hence composure is very often the highest result of strength. Did we ever see a man receive a flagrant injury, and then reply quietly? That is a man spiritually strong. Or did we ever see a man in anguish, stand, as if carved out of solid rock, mastering himself? Or one bearing a hopeless daily trial, remain silent and never tell the world what cankered his home peace? That is strength. He who, with strong passions, remains chaste; he who, keenly sensitive, with manly powers of indignation in him, can be provoked and yet restrain himself and forgive, he is the strong man, the spiritual hero.

Castor-Oil Administration.—The medical men of Paris recommend the following way of administering castor-oil to children:—The quantity of oil prescribed is poured into a small pipkin over a moderate fire, an egg broken into it, and stirred up so as to form something like what cooks call buttered eggs; when it is done, a little salt or sugar, or a few drops of orange water, or some currant jelly should be added. The sick child will eat it eagerly, and never discover what it is.

Be Useful.—"Go, and when thou hast found any good, strive to perpetuate it by

communicating it to others. When thy foot is on the rock, show others how to put their feet there. When thou art glad, tell others how thou wast made glad, and the same cordial which cheered thee may cheer them likewise.—'Comfort ye, comfort ye my people.'—*Spurgeon.*

STOLEN PLEASURE, AND ITS FRUITS.

"Here, boys, who's in for a first-rate skating party to-night? it will be bright moonlight, and we can have a fine time"—cried Charley Green, as the boys were just let loose from school, one clear December afternoon.

"I'll go," said Tom Bidwell.

"And I, too," said Willie Hart.

"There is plenty of fun for you town-boys," said James Davis; "here you can go just when and how you please, while we boarders must ask Mr. Parker, and know, in nine cases out of ten, he won't let us do what we wish to."

"Well, try him to-night on our skating party, Jim," said Charles.

"No, indeed, I won't," exclaimed James. "Didn't he tell us, only last night, that we must not speak about going on the ice till next week?"

"Yes; then there'll be no moonlight, you know," said Dan Brown.

"Of course, that's just his plan to cheat us out of all our fun," chimed in James.

"How many are going, Charley?"

"About six of us town boys, and we want you and James, and as many more as you choose, to come, too," was the answer.

"I'll come, and so will Jim," said Dan, in a decided tone.

"Will you ask Mr. Parker, Dan?" said Bob White, one of the younger boys.

"No, indeed, you little green one," said Dan, rudely; "I suppose you want to go, and want me to get leave."

"Oh, Dan, you will ask Mr. Parker, won't you?" exclaimed both Charley and Tom.

"Not I, indeed," cried Dan; "I can take care of myself without any of his help."

"Don't say a word now; let's ask John Hunter, and see what he says," whispered James.

"Will you join a skating party, to-night, John?" asked Charley, as the boy drew near.

"Thank you; I should like to, right well," said John, "but I think Mr. Parker prefers to have us wait till the ice is harder next week; he said so, didn't he, James?"

"Yes, next week, when there's no moon; he does not mean to let us go at all," said James.

"Very well, then; I would rather not go at all, than disobey him, or run any risk on unsafe ice," said John, running off to meet his little brother, who was calling him.

"Perhaps we had better all of us give it up," said Charley.

"I shall not," said Willie, decidedly; "father said the ice was strong, yesterday; besides, the party is all made up."

After some conversation, it was decided to meet on the pond at eight o'clock, and the boys separated.

James and Dan walked slowly off to the farther end of the play-ground, discussing the means of escaping from school that evening.

"The worst of the matter is, that Bob White sleeps in my room, and he wants to go himself so much, that he never will let me off," said Dan.

"Let him go, then," said James.

"Perhaps he won't dare to go without the master's permission," said Dan.

"Well, then, make him promise to be quiet."

"I'll try that first, Jim; I don't want him along," said Dan.

"If you only had a boy like Sammy to deal with, you wouldn't have any trouble," said James; "I shall tell him Parker forbids it, and he never will dream of going."

The lights in Mr. Parker's school were all out at eight o'clock; a few moments after, Dan Brown softly slipped out of bed, and began to prepare for his excursion.

"What are you doing there?" whispered Bob.

"I am going out a little while, to-night," said Dan.

"Going skating, I know," said Bob; "I mean to go, too."

"Well, I don't care, only don't make a noise, and don't blame me for it," said Dan.

Bob sprang up, and was soon ready.

The boys' rooms were all on a long gallery that ran at right angles from the house, and it was very easy for the boys