

tastes consulted. It is not from "cussedness" as our American cousins call it that nature dictates beef to one child, mutton to another—fat to Jack Sprat and lean to his wife. It is a wise and intelligent crying out for certain needs required by the structure of two hundred bones, and numerous muscular fibres we call our body. There are miles of thread-like nerves, bundles of tissues, organs of respiration, circulation and digestion, to be kept in order. And "appetite" or "fancy" is one of the masters who tries to provide for this beautifully constructed and perfectly adjusted machine. So we should bow to his dictates and follow his guiding. "Without reproof, by substituting the more excellent way, she secured obedience without seeming to seek for it," has been said of a great mother lately gone to her rest. In a more mundane fashion we can often do the same about food. A thin child will not eat fat. Give her, then, milk, cream, cheese, oil on her salad, butter with her potatoes. More trouble, eh? but with perfectly satisfactory results. Our daughters will grow as the polished corner-stones of the temple—firm, strong, steady, reliable, beautiful.

There are nine things at least wanted to keep the bodies of the King's daughters in health—

- (1) Plenty of air, (2) plenty of light, (3) plenty of sleep, (4) plenty of warmth, (5) plenty of food, (6) plenty of exercise, (7) plenty of work, (8) plenty of play, (9) plenty of love.

We have spoken of number five pretty fully. The first and second requisites on our list we can bracket together.

Girls—growing girls—should live almost entirely in the open air. Even when in the house plenty of oxygen should be present pouring in through open windows. The well-fitting window frames and door panels which we insist upon, the "register" fireplaces with their small chimneys, make our modern buildings almost air-tight. Therefore windows must be open day and night if the King's daughters are to be kept healthy. As early in the morning, too, as possible, they should be encouraged to run out of doors. To pick fruit for breakfast, or roses to lay beside mother's plate, or to feed a pet rabbit. Not a long walk, I beg, before the first meal. Nothing is so tiring or injurious for a growing girl. If our daughters are thus much in the open air, they will of necessity get all the sunshine possible in foggy Albion. They will not have blanched faces and anemic frames. "Where the sun never comes, the doctor does." Do not be afraid of freckles and tan and burn. They are not unbecoming to our young people. Cover the round heads with sensible hats to prevent the sun striking on the brain. Tie a "puggaree," made of a yard or so of plain muslin, round it in the summer to prevent a stroke of heat at the back of the neck. Then send the girls out without fear. Respiration and digestion imperatively demand fresh air and exercise. Here we come to point 6.

Perhaps, nowadays, there is a tendency to give our girls too much exercise. What with gymnasiums, athletics, bicycles, they are more apt to overdo than to underdo. I consider that every woman-child, until fully grown and developed, needs one hour's rest in the middle

of the day. Spines would less seldom be bowed, shoulders less often round, backs less frequently bent, if our maidens lay down more often. Straight as young poplars, graceful as young birch trees, we should watch them growing up as plants in their youth, full of colour, full of refinement, drinking in sunshine and air through the, I dare not say how many thousand, pores of their bodies. In order to do this thoroughly I would remark, *en passant*, that plenty of water is necessary for the King's daughters. In the East, most scrupulous cleanliness is the rule. All through the sanitary code of Moses, the erstwhile Prince of On, washing is one of the things insisted upon. I once heard a very, very old daughter of the King—yes! really His daughter by faith and trust and adoption—

tepid, and a few of our more exposed rivers. But the little, dark, coffin-shaped bathrooms in most modern dwellings are simply ice-houses! Let Dorothy and Phoebe and Rose take the chill off, and liver, lungs, and heart will thrive. Sweet little King's daughters! We would not condemn you to one pang, one shock, one fear that is unnecessary.

"Of all the thoughts of God that are
Borne inward into souls afar,
Along the Psalmist's music deep,
Now tell me if that any is,
For gift or grace surpassing this—
He giveth His beloved sleep."

And what God gives as a good gift, we should see that His daughters enjoy to the full. From pole to pole this gentle thing should be more cultivated. In the arms of "nature's soft nurse" especially we should place our little girls. A poet author more than 300 years ago—Miguel de Cervantes—recognised the beneficial influence of Ole Luk Loy. "Sleep covers a man all over, thoughts and all, like a cloak; it is meat for the hungry, drink for the thirsty, heat for the cold and cold for the heat." Yet how little court we pay to the "sweet restorer, balmy sleep" on behalf of our children. How little attractive we make the small white bed and soft pillow. We treat Ole Luk Loy so foolishly. We let our weary little girls set up, thinking they can "make it up" another time. Now, as a matter of fact, the loss of sleep can never be repaid—once lost never regained.

"Not poppy, nor mandragora,
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world
Shall ever medicine thee to that
sweet sleep
Which thou ow'st yesterday."

Nature's debt in this matter is a cumulative one. Every hour spent in repose paves the way for another. Of course there is no strict rule to be laid down. The habit, however, of early to bed should be cultivated. Every child under twelve should be asleep before nine o'clock every night. The bedclothes should be warm but light. Heavy quilts only weary the little frames and put an extra burden on them. One pillow, a pair of soft blankets and a down quilt are all that is necessary for refreshing slumber.



object to a thorough cleansing before entering a hospital by saying, "I often heard speak of washing a dead body all over, but never a living one." Now I think our little girls should consider a daily bath just as much a necessity as their daily bread. But NOT a cold one. I believe more harm has been done by the craze for cold water than by omitting the bath altogether!

Delicate, sensitive, shrinking little bodies have been trained to the ordeal of a daily plunge in ice cold water, under the mistaken notion that it was good for them. Gasps of convulsive breathing, sobs from overburdened lungs, hurried beating of an overdriven heart. Who has not experienced such? A glow follows. True, but at what a price it has been obtained. Remember the Oriental bather basks in sun-warmed water. In our northern latitude that is seldom to be met with. The sea is indeed sometimes quite

See that your girls lie as straight as possible in bed. In a convent school, where every action is studied and observed, the students lie with hands crossed on the breast. A nun goes round at midnight to see this posture is maintained. One of the pupils has told me how quite unconsciously arms were brought into position just before that inspection. This may sound prudish and absurd to many, but a right principle underlies it. It is quite a natural position too. Strange to say, a wee baby girl with whom I am brought much in contact, always folds her hands on her breast whilst going to sleep. For the King's daughters enjoying His gift it is a beautifully ideal attitude. Do not be in a hurry to wake them in the morning; nature will do so at the proper moment.

In the matter of warmth I think we are not generous as a rule. We light fires in parlour and schoolroom, but send our children to a chilly vault-like sleeping-room very often. I