

Acids may whiten the teeth, but they take off the enamel or injure it.

Sleep in a cool room, in pure air. No one can have a clean skin who breathes bad air. But more than all, in order to look well, wake up the mind and soul.

When the mind is awake, the dull, sleepy look passes away from the eyes. I do not know that the brain expands, but it seems to. Think, read—not trashy novels, but books that have something in them. Talk with people who know something; hear lectures, and learn by them.

This is one good of preaching. A man thinks and works, and tells us the result. And if we listen, and hear, and understand, the mind and soul are worked. If the spiritual nature is aroused, so much the better. We have seen a plain face really glorified by the love of God and man which shone through it. Let us grow handsome. Men say they cannot afford books, and sometimes they do not even pay for their newspaper. In that case, it does them little good, they must feel so mean while reading it. But men can afford what they really choose. If all the money spent in self-indulgence, in hurtful indulgence, were spent in books and self-improvement, we could see a change. Men would grow handsomer, and women too. The soul would shine out through the eyes. We were not meant to be mere animals. Let us have books, and read them, and lectures and hear them, and sermons and heed them.—*Health Reformer*.

THE OLD FASHIONED MOTHER.

Thank God, some of us have had an old fashioned mother. Not a woman of the period, enameled and painted, with her great chignon, her curls and bustle; whose white jeweled hand never felt the clasp of baby fingers; but a dear, old fashioned, sweet voiced mother, with eyes in whose clear depths the love light shone; and brown hair, just threaded with silver, lying smooth upon her faded cheek. Those dear hands, worn with toil, gently guided our tottering steps in childhood, and smoothed our pillow in sickness; even reaching out to us in yearning tenderness, when her sweet spirit was baptised in the pearly spray of the beautiful river. Blessed is the memory of an old fashioned mother. It floats to us now, like the beautiful perfume from some woodland blossoms. The music of other voices may be lost, but the entrancing melody of hers will echo in our souls for ever. Other faces may fade away and be forgotten, but hers will shine on until the light from Heaven's portals will glorify our own. When in the fitful pauses of busy life our feet wander back to the old homestead, and crossing the well worn threshold, stand once more in the low, quaint room, so hallowed by her presence, how the feeling of childish innocence and dependence comes over us, and we kneel down in the molten sunshine, streaming through the western window—just where long years ago, we knelt by our mother's knee, lisping "Our Father." How many times, when the tempter lures us on, has the memory of those sacred hours, that mother's words, her faith and prayers, saved us from plunging into the deep abyss of sin. Years have filled great drifts between her and us, but they have not hidden from our sight the glory of her pure, unselfish love.—*Heath and Home*.

STAMPING OUT SCARLET FEVER.

Ninety thousand persons died of scarlet fever in the years 1863, 1864 and 1869, in England and Wales. This is a higher rate of mortality than was ever recorded for cholera. And yet no public anxiety was, or has been yet manifested concerning this scourge, and no efforts have been made to diminish its prevalence. The same remarks apply to this country. A disease, more deadly than cholera, yet as positively under our control as small-pox, is suffered as a necessary evil, without a murmur. Of course these 90,000 deaths represent only a small proportion of the cases of the disease; and it is an open question whether death is not preferable to the condition of many of those who recover.

Scarlet fever may be "stamped out" as effectually as the small-pox, or as the cholera. But to do this it is necessary that the public should know something of the nature of the "poison germs" of the disease. This knowledge the physician should supply; but a sufficient reason for his failure to do so is, that neither his text books nor lecturers give him any information on the subject at all; and he neglects to seek information from other sources, because public health or preventative medicine is not his province, but rather public sickness or curative medicine. Prevention, though is better than cure; and if the public will learn and understand that the scarlet fever poison will lie dormant in woollen clothing for years, without losing its terrible power of communicating disease; and that not until the scaling off of the skin of the patient is complete, no matter how strong and well he may seem, is he safe from giving fever to others, then the public will be in the direct road of prevention, rather than relying on the doctors to cure.

Isolation of the patient, more sedulously than if it were the small pox, is the first step toward preventing its spread. The free use of such disinfectants as will destroy the "poison germs" is the next; carbolic acid is the most important of these, and should be used unsparingly in the sick room—all the excretions of the patient should be brought in contact with it, and all clothing or linen worn or used by him should be steeped in a solution of it, and no nurse or physician should leave his room without washing his hands in such solution. For woollen cloth, exposure to a temperature 212 degrees will destroy these germs. And finally by preventing the patient coming in contact with the others until the skin has ceased to scale off, the spread of this disgrace to our civilization may be effectually checked.—*Health Lift*.

BEER, BRICKS, AND BUILDINGS.

Mr. Taylor, of Birmingham the founder of freehold land societies, says:—

I persuade a man to keep sober. I tell him that with every quart he consumes twenty-five bricks. I show him how, in the course of two years, at one quart a day he swallows as many bricks as would make a nice cottage. My old grandfather died when nearly a hundred years old. He lived in one house nearly eighty years, and at the time of his death, he had not so much as a brick or a chimney pot, although he paid rent all his life. Now had he belonged to a building society, his grandson might have been better off than he is.