

them hidden from those watching eyes.

"I am wiser than thou," was the cynic's first thought as he watched, but by and by that changed to "I am holier than thou," as he saw men give way to the temptation to do evil in the effort to attain. And he came to watch for the evil, for the yielding to temptation, and forgot to look for the good which his creed had enjoined him to seek. So in the course of the centuries the definition of Epictetus changed to the definition of Beecher, and the reason of the change is given by Carlyle: "To reform a world, to reform a nation, no wise man will undertake; and all but foolish men know that the only solid reformation is what each begins and perfects on himself."

Your true modern cynic stands on a pedestal of his own erection, formed of his own conceit, not a wholesome, bustling, breezy, self-appreciation that is distinctly human, but a narrow, mouldy, worm-eaten structure that will not permit him to be

impressed or interested or amused by the world around him. Like Cassius whom Caesar feared, "Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort as if he mocked himself, and scorned his spirit that could be moved to smile at anything." Selfishness and narrowness is the fruit of cynicism. The cynic stays out of politics because men can be bought and sold, and every man has his price; he stays out of the church because its members are only hypocrites and their goodness is not genuine; he stays out of business and society because honesty when exhibited at all is merely policy, and kindness and courtesy are nothing but affectations, and, having withdrawn himself from all these, what is left to him? —That poor, sorry thing, narrow and selfish and bitter—himself.

The cynic is a coward. The woes of others do not impress him, but when an unkindly providence makes his friend unfaithful, or his servants dishonest, he whines most dolefully

and refuses to believe that the race of loyal friends and faithful stewards is not extinct. He is happy only when he is miserable, and he has no greater enemy or falser friend than he is to himself.

Like David, he says in his haste that all men are liars, but unlike the Psalmist, he never acknowledges his error. To him there is none good, and he refuses, even, or rather, especially, to give any credit for good intentions. That is one thing he will not consider, for his creed is that, though the action may have a semblance of good, the motive at the root of it was evil. He deliberately shuts his eyes to what is holy and good and true, and then declares that there is no holiness, no goodness, no sincerity; and so by his very statement that all men are liars he brands himself as the greatest, and no man will put confidence in him. He cannot influence or lead them, for they know he is spiritually blind.

He hates and despises society, and in return they learn to avoid him, and properly so, for the man is poisoned and poisonous. Like the girl in the fairy tale, from his lips drop words and venomous snakes, and other gruesome horrors in the form of malice and bitterness and falsehood, instead of the pearls and diamonds and rubies of hope and encouragement, of faith in his fellow man, of trust that when "God's in His Heaven all's well with the world."

Some men make themselves on their cynicism. You might as well pride yourself on having the smallpox—one is not a bit more loathsome than the other, or more contagious. There is good in everything, and you can miss it if you want to, but it is a dismally unsatisfactory way to live. There is so much good in the worst of us, and so much bad in the best of us, that it ill becomes any of us to speak or think or see evil in the rest of us.

## WINTER HEALTH AND COMFORT.

At this season, when everybody is putting on gloves, caps and neck scarfs, the experience of one who has found such things unnecessary, will be read with interest, and not, perhaps, without some profit.

Ten years ago I read a book on household economy in which the principle most strongly laid down was that the human system adapts itself to conditions. Let a man take stimulants regularly, for instance, and the organs of his body come to rely upon the unnatural action, becoming incapable of normal performance of their functions, except under its influence. Habitual use of tonics gets the body to a point where it depends on their effect, and coddling one's self with mufflers, ear-laps, mittens, etc., makes the protected parts tender, whereas habitual exposure increases the power of resisting extreme temperatures. Sailors expose their necks in a way that would subject unaccustomed people to inflammation and sudden death, yet sailors are said to suffer less from colds than do the well-nourished and bundled-up children of civilization.

On the other hand, any number of instances will occur to the reader, of stunted physique, owing to the dwarfing influence of our rigorous climate not well guarded against. No sane person can expect shivering tots of children, whose main energies are consumed in maintaining body heat, to develop generous physique. They may grow up hardy, but will not attain their inherent maximum of manhood or womanhood. To determine, between the extremes of coddling and exposure, a medium course which would result in the fullest physical and mental well-being, without making one babyish, was the perplexing problem of hygiene which I set myself to solve by experiment and observation.

I was a good subject of experiment, for while healthy enough in other ways, I had long been a victim of distressing chronic catarrh, and, perhaps, few diseases make one feel more sensitive. To take special precaution against colds I always used to wear an ulster, and hardly ever stepped outside the house without turning up the high collar, and, if it were very cold, wrapping a scarf about the neck besides. I didn't take in the fact that I was making my throat susceptible to every change of the weather and every draft of cold air that found its

way down my coat collar. Finally, however, I concluded that people who are constrained to live in a northern climate, instead of making hothouse plants of their bodies, should seek to acclimate themselves judiciously. Accordingly, I discarded the scarf and the turned-up collar, and next winter went somewhat further in the same practice. The following year I left the farm, and it chanced that financial stringency caused me to continue wearing a hat through the winter. "Feet warm and head cool," was the motto then.

But the most convincing experience was that of last winter. Starting in the fall, I tried what promised, though it did not turn out to be, a heroic regimen. Although living in a place where the mercury touched forty below zero, and hovered for weeks at 25 to 30 below, I walked every day a mile or more, sometimes three or four miles at a stretch when the thermometer indicated -20;

a marked improvement in arterial circulation. Instead of being cold and clammy as they used to be, my hands last winter were almost invariably warmer than any clasped in a handshake. Many a time when people wearing gloves complained of cold hands mine were perfectly comfortable; yet, according to the thermometer, it was by far the coldest winter in my experience. I did not have the suggestion of a frost-bite, and stood the cold much better than anyone with whom I was associated. Instead of the four or five colds per year that I never used to miss, I had only one between November and April last. People were astonished how I "stood it," and quite incredulous when told that I was far more comfortable and healthy every way than any winter before. But I proved to my own complete satisfaction that the way to winter health and comfort is to conserve body heat by protecting the trunk with warm clothing, and in-

be benefited by considering the principle laid down, and to those who can persuade themselves to do so, I would say, start resolutely in the fall, and you will be astonished how tough you will become before January, how healthy you will be, and how much better you will enjoy a good Canadian winter. January loses its terrors for those who have solved the problem of rational winter living. DON.

### "For He Had Spoken Lightly of a Woman's Name."

We are not told just what the words were which in this instance brought down such swift punishment upon the man who had dared to utter them, but the picture reminds us of another scene, where, with greater restraint, perhaps, because uttered by a young knight, "Sans peur et sans reproche," to a man older in years than himself, the words of remonstrance and reproach should have struck home as with a sword-thrust. "My lord, my lord," cried Harry Esmond, his face flushing and his eyes filling as he spoke, "I never knew a mother, but I love this lady as one. I worship her as devotee worships a saint. To hear her name lightly spoken of seems blasphemy. What brings you here to practice upon the simple heart of a virtuous lady? You might as well storm the Tower single-handed. Would you dare think of your own mother so, or suffer anyone so to speak of her?"

H. A. B.

### FILIAL SYMPATHY.

The wife of a minister was sitting at the dinner-table with a guest and her family, consisting of her husband and two little sons. They were conversing about ministers of the gospel, and she made the remark, looking at her boys, that she hoped one of them would wish to become a minister and be a good and useful man.

"Well, I won't be a preacher," said Tom, ten years old and the elder of the two, "because I'm going to drive a beer wagon."

His mother dropped her knife and fork and sat with downcast eyes. The tender-hearted second son, eight-year-old Fred, watched her for a few moments, and then his eyes filled with tears, and slipping out of his chair he came around to the side of the table where she sat, and putting his arms about her said, "Mamma, don't feel badly. I'll be a preacher if you want me to, but, oh, I don't want to drive a baker's wagon."



"For He Had Spoken Lightly of a Woman's Name."

John A. Lewis.

handled the reins often on an hour's drive at below zero, and on many a three hours' ride at near zero. During the whole winter I never wore anything on my head but a hat, and nothing inside my boots but cashmere hose. I did not have my overcoat buttoned to the top six times during the winter, never put on a scarf, and have not worn a glove, mitten, or even wristlet, in twenty months.

The first result of this process was

using by habitual exposure those parts, such as hands, face and neck, liable at times to be exposed. Neck cloths and furs are an abomination, anyway, and the principal utility of heavy caps is to make men bald.

That many will try my recipe I do not expect, because few have the necessary constitution to start in. For some, too, it is impracticable, as for a farmer obliged to handle frost-cold fork-handles, iron latches, etc., in zero weather. But everybody will