

HOW TO ESCAPE THE CHOLERA—Every sensible person is or should be more careful of his diet in the summer than in the winter. The system does not require as much meat in warm weather as in cold, for instance, and it is a violation of one of nature's laws to act upon an opposite theory. Again, the vegetables and fruits a kind Providence prepares for man in the warm season are intended to be eaten, and, more than that, the human system craves for them. The person, therefore, who eschews them really does violence to a natural law and deprives himself of a preventive against disease. Vegetables and fruits are palatable, cooling, and nutritious, which are just the properties to be desired in food during the time of warm weather, and should not be discarded by reason of a false theory of hygiene. The point where the care is to be taken is that they be fresh, for the moment that the process of decomposition begins, that moment they are deleterious.

To sum up in a few words what we consider the surest way of escaping the cholera, we would say:

I. Eat just such food as you ordinarily would in warm weather.

II. Partake of vegetables and fruits without hesitation, only take care that they be ripe and fresh.

III. By no means allow your system to run down, for you will need all the vital energy you can command to withstand the depressing influence of the season, cholera or no cholera.

IV. Do not worry yourself about your health any more than usual, nor watch the workings of your system as if it contained nitro-glycerine and were liable to explode every moment: rather let it take care of itself, and nine times out of ten any little irregularities which you might mistake for symptoms of cholera will be rectified by nature without your help.

V. In two words—BE SENSIBLE.—*Round Table.*

“GOD OF GOD, LIGHT OF LIGHT.”

Fierce was the wild billow,
 Dark was the night;
 Oars labored heavily,
 Foam glimmered white;
 Trembled the mariners,
 Peril was high,
 Then said the God of God,
 “Peace! it is I!”

Ridge of the mountain wave,
 Lower thy crest!
 Wail of Euroclydon,
 Be thou at rest!
 Sorrow can never be,—
 Darkness must fly,
 Where saith the Light of Light,
 “Peace! it is I!”

Jesus, Deliverer!
 Come thou to me,
 Soothe thou my voyaging
 Over life's sea!
 Then when the storm of death,
 Roars, sweeping by,
 Whisper, O Truth of Truth,
 “Peace! it is I!”

ST. ANATOLIUS.