

THE BRITISH WORKWOMAN.



away. She knows how the child loved her little friend with a passion beyond her years.

Over loss that evening she talks to Miss Martin about the child.

"She is not getting on as she ought," she says anxiously. "Dr. Masters said he was anxious about her. It is astonishing what a fancy he has taken to her."

"If he knew as much about her as I do, he would like her for what she is worth," Miss Martin replies. "She has brought on nothing but trouble, ever since she came to the school."

"I think we have been rather hard on her," answered the matron solemnly.

"Not we. The child was as wild as a hawk. It was time somebody tried to tame her."

"Yes, but had we not to try the right way?"

"She is spinning down a hill now."

"You had better lie down an hour," said Miss Martin. "If you have time fit up to-night."

"Yes. Are you going up to the children now?"

"I am."

Miss Martin goes up slowly and enters the room again.

Gipsey's eyes open suddenly, and, seeing her governess, she turns her face to the wall and shuts her eyes again.

"Lie down, Gertie," she says to Gertie's little sister at her. "You know you must not talk odd to her. She passes on, and draws the clothes roughly up over her neck."

"What are you banging your arms out for, you little mad child. Do you think we want to worry you any longer than we can help? Put your arms in directly."

"Doctor!"

Miss Martin goes across to kneel him.

"I did not expect you to-night."

"No! but I was passing, and I thought I would go down to look in."

"It is good of you," she murmurs, "I am naturally anxious."

The doctor's lip curls in scorn as he turns to the little beds.

"Well and how are the children?"

"Oh, they are getting on all right, I think. It is a great mercy to no doctor. That child will not keep the head-dresses on her. She is so obstinate a little! It is no good telling her to, for she will not!"

"She won't so long," little Maudie says. "The doctor kindly as he bends over her, and smooths back the hair from her face."

"Gipsey looks back into the doctor's eyes with a strange gleam but looks that started him."

"Send her away," she whispers, starting up in the bed and flinging her arms tightly round the doctor's neck.

"Oh, send her away, I—I hate her so!"

"That's all the gratitude one gets for nursing children," says Miss Martin angrily.

"Hush! please!" says the doctor quickly. "I will speak to you presently."

"What is it you want, Gipsey?"

"I want Kitty, oh, I want Kitty," moans the child, hilling her hands on the doctor's coat and clinging to him with all her strength.

"Gipsey, lie down quiet, don't make a noise, and listen to me a moment."

"He smells the hot hands from his neck, and waxes for up in bed again."

"You know if Kitty came to you now, she would in all probability catch the fever, and perhaps she would die. You would not like this, Kitty, is it?"

"No."

"Then you must make haste and get well, and then you can have Kitty near you again."

The doctor smiles down at the troubled face.

"Do people ever die with this fever?"

"Yes, sometimes, if they have it badly!"

A light sympathy suddenly into Gipsey's eyes, as she takes herself on her elbow, and gazed eagerly into the kind, honest face beside her.

"Shall I die?"

"Oh, no, you are going to get quite well again!"

"The little face steels over, as she falls back on the pillow."

"I should like to die."

"Oh, Gipsey, you must not talk like that. It is wicked."

"Is it? Are you sure?"

"Yes."

The doctor's voice is naturally as he speaks, and he clasps the child's hand tightly in his.

"I think I am going to die, doctor," she says with a smile, "I don't desire to let you die, ever and over again. And Kitty says, He always gives us what we ask."

The doctor looks down by the bedside, and puts one arm over the unconscious, and presses his lips to the child's face.

"Child! why do you wish to die?" he asks unshakably.

"Nobody loves me here, but Kitty, and she shall go with down then."

The child smiles, and kisses the cheek so near her own.

"I am sorry," she whispers, "I am sorry dear doctor."

"Sorry?" he echoes, "why?"

"Because you will cry when I am dead, and—I—I know I am going to die."

The words are uttered almost joyfully, but the doctor does not speak. He knows only too well how true the child's words are; he does not tell her again, "she will come to well."

Little Gertie from the next bed is listening half frightened at those two talking, and now she bursts into tears.

The doctor turns towards her, but Miss Martin comes forward and tries to quiet her.

"Dr. Masters, I think you are wrong to run such a risk with a child!" she says in amazement.

"I am not afraid!" he murmurs. "I have had it too recently to catch it again."

"Good-night, little Gipsey! Matron is going to sit up with you to-night, and I shall come early to-morrow, and bring you some grapes."

Gipsey smiles as she says good-bye, and bears a sign of relief as Miss Martin goes away with him.

"This is welling for her to come back. Waiting in the room her mother, and when the door opens again the big frightened eyes turn towards it. But it is the matron who comes in so hurriedly, and Gipsey looks at her, and asks if she is coming back."

"Not to-night."

"There is a woman's name, and then you'd after that. Will you kindly let me know round the empty points, and enlighten the matron almost out of her wits."

"She wills and frights her for the time, but Gipsey gets much worse that night, and tosses restlessly all the night, talks wildly and rapidly in her delirium; and the matron waits very impatiently for the day-light."

CHAPTER IV.

"SHALL I sit up to-night?"

"Nonsense! You sit up last night," answered Miss Martin. "There is no need for two to sit up, and I to be in my turn."

"The child seems so queer. I don't like the look of her at all."

"Hush! She puts it on. She is no worse than Gertie is."

"Yes she is, a great deal. The doctor—"

"Doctor Masters makes mistakes sometimes," she interrupts.

"My dear, don't do what you do, and I knowed he thought of that, but she was much worse than that child."

The two women go up the stairs together, and enter the room for the two sick children as supposed to be asleep.

Gipsey is lying with closed eyes as the matron nears her bed. With her hands her eyes and the little face in almost as white as the pillow. The matron places her hand on the forehead very anxiously. It is very hot, and at that touch, gentle though it is, she opens her eyes.

"Good-night, Gipsey."

Gipsey does not answer directly, she is looking wildly into the woman's face, and she hands her head, and smiles down at her.

"I am going to bed now, darling."

"Good-bye," she says, looking her eyes again.

The matron's heart beats strongly.

"Good-bye!"

"I—I cannot," she says, looking her eyes again.

"I—I must," good-night."

The child's eyes close again, but the matron does not move. She goes down at that little still face, with tears in her eyes.

Little Gertie is asleep, and Miss Martin has drawn her chair by the table, and begins to read by the light of the solitary candle.

"I am going now," says the matron quickly; "as the child seems nothing." She looks very ill to-night."

Miss Martin grants to herself as she turns the leaf, and returns goes to her own room.

The night grows on the church clock strikes three. Little Gertie is still asleep, but Gipsey is lying with wide open eyes. She has not so much as now she sits up in her bed frightened and trembling.

"Matron," she calls softly, "matron."

But matron is not there, and Miss Martin has fallen asleep.

She can see the matron from the bed, and Miss Martin's head face lying against the pillow in the chair. She can hear the heavy breathing, and knows she is alone.

Miss Martin?—Miss Martin?"

But Miss Martin sleeps on, and the child sick and faint, falls back upon her pillow. The little heart beats hard and irregularly, and the little hands clasp themselves tightly together.

"Kitty! Kitty!"

"There is no answer, no sound in the room. The child lies still and quiet. Her lips are moving slowly. A whisper comes faintly—

"Our Father—which art—is—heaven."

Her eyes open suddenly, and wonder towards the ceiling, where the lights from the candles has thrown itself, and a smile plays about the parted lips.

"There is a sob, a cry of joy. Two little arms are suddenly lifted and held upwards.

"Jesus!" says the child. "Mother!"

Little Gertie moves, and turns in her bed.

"Good-night, Gipsey!" she says in her sleep, and closes her eyes again.

The church clock chimes the half-hour; the dormitory door opens, and the matron comes in softly.

She sees Miss Martin in her chair asleep still. She does not wake her, but goes straight to the bed, and after one glance, lays herself on her knees, and draws one hand bitter cry—

"I know it! I know it!" she sobs aloud. "Oh, God forgive me for leaving her to-night!"

"What is the matter?"

Miss Martin sits up, rubbing her eyes in alarm.

"What is it?"

"The child is dead," she sobs bitterly, "and you have left her, and let her die alone."

"You need not shout! I have forgotten the child! There—you have woken her up. She must have heard you."

But the matron does not answer. She wraps the little still form in her arms, and carries it into her own room, while Miss Martin commends the crying child with a very firm suspiration.

CHAPTER V.

WEDNESDAY evening, and the bell rings for service. Very few people turn in at the great main gate, for on Wednesday evening service are very badly attended.

It is a beautiful evening, and the matron from Elinor College comes to her by the road. She turns and passes through the gate, but at the door she turns aside, and goes round the church, and down the narrow path.

She has a bunch of white flowers in her hand, and she walks on thoughtfully with bent head.

At another turn in the path she stops, and looks towards the church.

She sees one little grave, newly made, and beside it is a little girl. She is sitting on the ground with her little hands face pressed against the cold hard-sand.

There is nothing new to frighten her, but the matron goes no farther. She gives one long look at the sweet face and golden hair, and with a sob she turns away and goes back along the path.

The church bell has stopped now, and she goes into the church with her flowers still in her hand.

It is the first time she has ever been on Wednesday night. She never cared to go before, but now these prayers sink deep into her heart and she begins to understand them.

"The merciful of God are a broken spirit; a broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise."

She had heard the words often, but they never had any meaning for her before.

And the people round her sympathize as to the cause of her tears.

When the service is over, the matron goes again over that grave. Once more she looks through the trees, but this time there is no one more. She goes

on now and laid aside beside that little grave, and in the moonlight rattle the head stones again, and stooping she lays her flowers beside it. And so she places them there her fingers loath and move a tiny dark bay.

Wondering she picks it up, and looks at it in the moonlight.

It is only a little bunch of violets. Only a penny bunch of violets, laid there by loving little fingers. And the mother will wonder how of tears puts them back again, and covers her own further down.

She knew who had laid them there. She knew how one child's hand asked for the little one beneath the sod.

It was "Kitty" who had been such a friend to poor little Gipsy "Kitty," who had first turned her from the darkness into light and led her "a wayward lamb safely to the Master's fold."

GRAND EXHIBITIONS.—

The great exhibition of London in 1851 had 13,917 exhibitors and 6,029,195 visitors, and it was open for 143 days; the Paris one of 1855 had 23,854 exhibitors and 3,162,200 visitors, and was open 200 days; the London one of 1862 had 29,651 exhibitors and 6,211,193 visitors, and was open 171 days; that of Paris of 1867 had 50,220 exhibitors and 12,858,000 visitors, and was open 210 days; of Vienna, in 1873, 42,884 exhibitors and 7,254,687 visitors, and was open 186 days; and that of Philadelphia, in 1876, 9,567,825 visitors, remaining open 139 days.

TURT BLOOM CORRUPTION.—The rate of the blood current generally increases with the activity of the animal, being most rapid in birds. In insects, however, it is comparatively slow, but this is because the air is taken to the blood—the whole body being bathed in air, so that the blood has no need to hasten to a special organ. However, activity nearly doubles the rate of pulsation in a bee. The motion in the arteries in the several times faster than in the veins, but diminishes as the distance from the heart increases. In the carotid of the horse, the blood moves twelve; and one-half inches per second, in that of man sixteen; in the capillaries of man one to two inches per minute; in those of a frog one inch.

Thoughts on the Life of St. Peter.

XXXIII.

St. Peter's Death as a Martyr.

THE many steps in St. Peter's life already considered are now drawing to a close. One above remains—his last step on earth, and from the earth. What an interest ever attaches to a man's end! The question will be asked again and again one end of another's. "How did he die?" "Was it a quick passage or a long

one?" "Was it dark or bright?" "Balm or poison?" "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let me be like him" (2 Tim. xviii. 10). "Why 'like him?' Because 'the end of that man is peace' (Isa. xxxviii. 37). To our readers, who for some months past have been following the records of St. Peter's life, the question cannot but be deeply interesting—How did such a man die? His death was such as might have been expected. This earnest, eager man, who was a coward once; but since the outpoured Spirit of God dwelt in him—he had been brave Christ's sake. He would remember his Master's words—"When thou shalt be old, another shall gird thee and carry thee thither: thou wilt not be" (St. John xiii. 23); and these words, spoken by Our

great and honour to die just as his Master died! The record of Peter's end is very short—there is so much that we would like to know; but through so many stories are told concerning it, we know hardly any thing as a real fact. "But we do know," he said a martyr. The literal meaning of the word martyr is a witness, and it came to be applied to a witness by death. A witness is one who is called to confirm the truth of a statement by declaring what he knows about it. Every follower of Christ is intended to be a witness to confirm the truth of his Master's words. He will come into the world to bear witness to the truth" (St. John xviii. 37), and one of His many beautiful" (St. James xviii. 14).

St. Peter was the first martyr; the first witness with His blood, and thus was in the highest sense a Martyr.

This being so, we would remember that many of His followers have trodden in the same steps. Stephen was the first martyr; then James. In Revolution we read of Antipas as one of the early martyrs (1 Tim. ii. 12). Oh, what a long list of martyrs has there been since then! St. Peter was one of these. We find Peter leaping onward to his death—"Spoken Epistle:—'Knowing that shortly I must put off this my tabernacle, even as our Lord Jesus Christ hath showed me'" (2 Peter i. 13, 14). Peter called his body "a tabernacle," as tent; and how quickly he spoke of its being taken down—ever, though he knew that he must die a suffering death. More than three hundred years ago, in England, in Queen Mary's reign, there was a long list of martyrs. A shining light among them was Hooper, Bishop of Gloucester, who first was imprisoned in Newgate, and then condemned to be burnt at Gloucester. Hooper was to ride in Gloucester, and it is said that at starting he leaped joyfully on his horse as if the night before his death he went, very early to bed, and after some hours of sleep, spent the time in prayer. On his way to the block, a woman was brought to him in a box, in which would give up his faith. "As you love your soul," said the Bishop, "take it away." One said to him that his men would and death bitter, but Hooper replied, "His eternal is more sweet, and his death eternal is more bitter." The word with which they would turn him was given, but Hooper stood quiet, not needing to be bound. The wind howl the flames away from him, so that he was three-quarters of an hour in the fire; yet it was said of him that he died as quietly as a child. He took the stake in his arms and kissed it, saying, "The Crown of Christ." A witness declaring that wrought all this? "The power of love in Christ. Nothing is so strong as love." "What was the power that wrought all this?" In all the world as love, except death (1 Cor. xiii. 13). In the end, St. Peter went up to his room. Face to face with his Lord, he had said, "Lord, Thou knowest all things. Thou knowest that I love Thee;" and the love was so faithful that he died.

There must be faithful in love! In those days it is likely that Christ will call upon us to die for Him; but He does not call upon us to die unless we are able to do so—the power of a love that grows out of faith—the love of Christ constrains us to do that which



Lord after His resurrection, are all that God's Word tells us of Peter's death. We look in vain for any record of his painful passage back to his Master's side. But early Christian records tell that, when some months' imprisonment, St. Peter was crucified. One Peter could not bear to hear of the Cross (St. Matt. xvi. 22), but a great change had come to him since then—Blessed change. To suffer for Christ's sake became an honour in his eyes. Don't you know that many an old soldier is proud of having lost an arm in fighting for his Queen and country? He considers himself honorably wounded. Thus was with St. Peter. "It is my suffer for righteous-ness to be reproached for the name of Christ, happy are ye" (1 Peter iii. 14, and iv. 14). It is said and always believed that Peter was crucified, not as our Lord, but with his head downwards. It was his own wish, and why? Surely he must have desired it too

live should not hereafter live unto ourselves, but unto Him? (2 Cor. v. 14, 15.) If we are called to witness for Christ by our death, we are called to witness for Him by our life. Do we do so? M. E.

I Changed Life.

A STORY FOR FACTORY GIRLS.

IN the midst of a pretty village in the country stood a cottage with thatched roof, a garden lay between it and the road, stocked with potatoes and cabbages, with willow-herb and harts-tongue on either side of the path which led up to the little wooden gate. It was a peaceful-looking spot, with

other cottages standing near in various positions, for it was a straggling winding village. During many hours of the day not much noise could be heard there beyond the lowing of cows, the quacking of ducks, or the crying of little children. At certain times, however, the village was full of life; for on the common that lay near it had been built a large factory, and after work hours many of the people employed there might be seen going to their homes in this or the neighbouring villages, or, alas! very often lingering at the public-houses by the way.

Many young girls worked in this factory, and the head lather, the overseer, and some of the men were so kind and gentle, that the girls were full of life; for on the common that lay near it had been built a large factory, and after work hours many of the people employed there might be seen going to their homes in this or the neighbouring villages, or, alas! very often lingering at the public-houses by the way. Many young girls worked in this factory, and the head lather, the overseer, and some of the men were so kind and gentle, that the girls were full of life; for on the common that lay near it had been built a large factory, and after work hours many of the people employed there might be seen going to their homes in this or the neighbouring villages, or, alas! very often lingering at the public-houses by the way.

Ann had been, when a little girl, in the Sunday-school belonging to the village chapel. She had, however, paid very little attention to what was said, but kept the class in an uproar by her strange, wild ways. Now she thought herself too old to go to school, and had wandered in the fields, or otherwise wasted God's holy day with some of her companions. Her teacher had, however, not forgotten her, and many a prayer had been offered in secret to the loving Father in Heaven that He would draw this wandering child of His from the ways of evil in the Saviour and wherever this same teacher met Ann she gave her a kind word of loving warning. The girl, however, hardened herself against all this, and determined to go her own way.

One Sunday, straying near the house where lived the minister of the quiet, simple, thatched little chapel of the village, she was met by him. He stopped to ask after her mother, and giving him a

about her own state, and what would become of her if she were to die. "This terror so increased, that at length Ann could neither eat nor sleep, until the minister next met her; he noticed the trouble in her face.

He asked her what was the matter, but she could not say a word, so leading her to his house, he took her to his study; and there told her of the love of Christ to last sinners, of how He had borne on the cross the punishment of our sins, and of how God had promised to forgive those who trust in Him. Then, making her kneel with him in prayer, he besought the Lord to have mercy on the troubled soul.

He, who is far more ready to bless than we are to ask His blessing, graciously heard the prayer. By degrees Ann was able to look upon the wonderful story of Another having suffered in her stead, and to see that even her sins were not too great to be forgiven, but that she too was included in the promise. "Howsoever I believe on Him I shall not perish, but have everlasting life."

Oh, how full of joy and wonder was her heart now that she knew Jesus had died for her! She was never a girl to do anything by halves, and now that she had learnt that God loved her, she felt she could never love Him enough, and wanted in some way to show her love. Her first resolve was to give up all once the trials which had often been such a snare to her, and never again to let it cross her lips. She strove to the good minister one morning, telling him of her new conviction.

Various rumors of some change in Ann had been floating about the village—her wild companions in the mill had missed her in their frolics—report said she had been seen coming out of the chapel, and she had been known to refuse to enter the public-house. These wild girls at once resolved they would not so easily lose the village-leader of their sports, but would soon laugh her out of her religion. Sneering, mocking words were cast at poor Ann as she came to her work. "Look at the saint!" "Tis a wonder she'll be long among the like of us!" and other perfiding speeches made the blood mount to poor Ann's cheeks, and vent the naturally hot-tempered girl a hard struggle to keep from retorting angry, passionate words to such mocking taunts. The thought of how the Lord Jesus had borne the punishment of our sins for her sake, was a great help to her, and many an earnest cry she sent up to Him to give her patience. Sometimes she would look to the Lord for help, and forgetting to look to the Lord for help, she allowed her temper to burst out; but her great afterwards at thus dishonouring the name of Christ was true, and earnestly she besought pardon through His blood.

Finding that all their taunts and persuasions were of no use to induce Ann to cease attending the chapel, or to join their company, the wicked girls determined to make her fall by trick. They knew her weakness, and thought that if once more they could make her long for more, she would be very likely to buy for more. So one day at the end of the week, when many of them stayed in one of the large rooms of the factory to take their mid-day meal, many a malicious hint and offer were made to Ann by little girl. "You look so tired and white, it will do you good." "People want something to keep



"THAT WAS WASTED AMUSE."—See Page 53.

rough, stout answer. Ann was about to pass on, when the kind man laid his hand on her shoulder, and spoke very lovingly and gently to her, and asked her to come into the chapel. Moved by the unusual kindness, she promised to do so, and kept her word.

The minister was preaching solemnly about sin and its consequences, and the girl's conscience was aroused, and she felt great alarm. She went away, however, and tried to forget her fears; was wilder and rougher than ever, and determined never to go near the place any more.

The good minister had begun to feel great interest in Ann; he never met her without speaking gentle, kindly words, such as seldom fall to her lot anywhere else, and now she began to feel it was her friend. She went again to the chapel for the sake of seeing him, and once more she became alarmed

that betwix an hour ago, and heard you read that paper. You need not fear me, sir: I said, "why so you run on, Sir, I can take one stride to your doom steps. Ah! it is useless."

He laid his hand on my arm—a firm grasp—not rough, but very firm. "Listen," he said, "The contents of that box may be fiery, or they may not, but if you will keep it a secret, and throw the box where it came, I will be the boy's true friend. I will take him on myself, to train and educate, and you and I and the boy will be at Crowland as our own place, and—" "Stop!" I said, "I will not hear another word. The child is the heir of Crowland, and his name is Montague Meyer; he is the heir, and in a few months Philip will be of age, and he will be acknowledged."

"You mean to take him in charge—that is! Do you think I am blind? The poor little fellow, he loves you. Ah! I see."

"I was recurring now, and very much frightened, but the great hand on my arm did not relax its grip, and those great strides with so apparent effort kept pace with my short quick steps."

"He was not out of breath, but I was gasping. Presently he stopped, and laid me so that I had to stop also. To struggle was useless; a man's might is well struggle with a huge man, or a dove with an eagle."

"I can take the box from you—nothing easier, it is in your pocket. I saw you hide it there." The steel-hooped box looked down on me with a cruel light in them, and that work was almost done from under the silky moustache.

"You are in my power," he said. "Keep the secret and marry me, and all is well. Say the reverse, and I will take the boy, and I will, ah! I know what I will do."

"It was an awful moment! There were seldom any powers by this lonely road. Suddenly, as if by a vision from heaven, like the great light which lightens the darkness, came to my soul the words of that Christmas sermon which had sounded me a few hours before—"

"God with us, surely He will be with me now, surely He would deliver me in this hour."

Those who have summoned the life, and in a time of peril, will know how the dear Lord proves the truth of his promise, and is mindful of his own. I called on him with my whole heart, soul, and faint as I was, and I was helped.

"You are so rushing to hurt me," I said, "you do not take sufficient possession of the box, for I should take the whole story at once, and you would be prevented."

"The whole story! ah—ah—where would be your witness. That woman is dead by now. No, little angel, you are in my hands. Now, which shall it be?"

"I am to better hands than yours," I said calmly. "You are very wicked, treacherous, and deceitful. I have you will ask God to forgive you."

"You can proceed, and I like to hear you; your voice is so full of manly, your eyes so full of fire, your look—"

"His hand was under my cheek, and the next moment the box would have been in his possession, and my father's eye came in sight.

"Hush! hush! started, and saying fiercely, throwing off all assumption of gentleness. "Give me the box!"

"No, Sir, I will not," I said, "never."

DEATHY HINTS.

VENTILATION.

WE have heard a vague, general idea that pure fresh air is a good thing, and that foul impure air is something to be avoided, but few persons are really aware how much they undervalue its importance, and how much it can do for them, or could give any satisfactory explanation of its worth.

We are told, perhaps, that our bodies are kept in health by an abundance of pure, healthy blood, and that this blood is obtained from the digestion of suffi-

cient and wholesome food. This statement is quite true, as far as it goes, but it is only half the truth, and is not a living store. It is supplied with fuel with oxygen and fork at the dinner-table, just as with the shovel we get coal into the stove. To both cases the fuel is used, only in proportion as it mixes with the air—in other words, the amount of heat obtained from a pound of coal depends on the quantity of coal and air mutually consumed. The housewife knows very well that if her draught makes a quick fire, and this is just what she wants, she has a strong fire, from bracing air, she is "fed hungry." The reason of this is, that what we eat is only used in connection with what we breathe; for if it is perfectly true that the richest food cannot nourish unless it mixes with pure air in the lungs.

But the use of good air does not end even here. Animal life is so constituted that decomposition is going on in the youngest and healthiest of living beings. The waste, worn out tissues, as they decay, are taken up by what are called the "absorbent vessels," and are mixed with the blood, thus making it impure. This blood then returns to the lungs, and the poisonous and unwholesome are there burnt by the air, and the purified, vitalized blood circulates again through the body, restoring and building up what has been lost in living. We see, therefore, that pure air serves two purposes in the economy of our bodies. It mixes with our food and procures heat, and it also burns up injurious waste matter of our bodies, and thus keeps the blood healthy.

This method of purifying the body by exhaling or giving off streams of putrid animal matter is done, generally, in the exhalation of the urine of the air. It has been stated in an article on "Fever Poison," that the air at the top of a ventilator of a crowded room is so bad that it is dangerous to be exposed to it, even for a short time. If a bedroom with closed windows and door, and without a fireplace, be inhabited through the night by two persons, there will be present by sunrise about two cubic feet of water, somewhat loaded with animal impurities, and in some of the generally ill-ventilated apartments, where three or four poor people are cramped together, the poison so strong that a living bird hung up in a cage over the bed will almost certainly be found dead in the morning. Even in a bedroom of ordinary size, where partial ventilation is secured by a fire-place, we have only to return to the room, after spending ten minutes in the open air, to find out in how foul a state the air is. Should the bedroom we choose to occupy be small, low-ceilinged, and without a fireplace, we must fear, by all means, for the admission of fresh air in some other way. In using this, we must attend to two things in order to avoid a draught: we must first have the outer air in small, broken quantities, and we must see that the current is thrown upwards into the room.

A window which be lowered one and a half inch from the top, and a strip of wood, like those in a venetian blind nailed across inside, in such a way as to make the upper edge of the strip project a little into the room. A casement window cannot be thus managed, but two rows of small holes drilled through the top of the window-frame, and sloping downwards towards the outside, will be still better plan. Should any draught be felt, the air may be further broken up by nailing across the holes a piece of perforated zinc, or a strip of wood, as directed above.

The bed will, of course, be placed away from the window; but the ventilation is not perfectly effected until there is the slightest homogeneous circulation. The taste of the room should be conscious only of a pleasant freshness of the air. We might learn a lesson on this subject from the ventilation from the sea. Entomologists tell us that a life is kept supplied with a stream of fresh air by a row of innumerable bees, which, bobbing by their feet to the floor, keep their wings continually waving, and in this way a current is secured in what would otherwise be a close suffocating haze. As the bees grow weary they are immediately replaced by others, and thus, thoroughly is the system of ventilation carried on by them.

We have an air in a short paper like this to speak of the ill-smell, and badly ventilated dwellings of many of the poor; but as long as workmen do not refuse to pay rent for outages, and are ill-housed, we are bound to say that they are doing all that can be expected of them by the law of the land. It is not surprising to be willing to make money at the cost of the health and life of his tenants.

I should like to mention to the workmen a clever surgeon, who, writing on this subject, says—"A necessary result of bad ventilation in the home is bad

morality. In other words fresh air not only conduces to health and vigour, but to virtue and religion. The blood without pure air the carbon of the blood cannot flow, and this produces thinness and coldness of the blood. Obedience to the commandments of God, and the love of their neighbour, and the love of God, may all be the result of this again a craving for something that will light up through the body a feeling of warmth. The intoxicating vapour presents itself, and the body yields themselves to its fatal spell. All effort to improve the working classes must include improvement in their dwellings. The health of the nation depends on the food of public health and public morality, it is not a more philosophical act than a Christian duty."

F. A. ROBERTS.

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