

lated position, all this I see; but, Maoimi, why can you not be true to yourself? If you are a lily set among thorns, still why not remain a lily?"

"I am not strong enough, and I have no helper, no friend to hold me up, no one to say a word of love when I lose heart."

"Have you not your God to pray to?"

"Oh, father, the vision of God grows dim when it can only be seen through the mist of the world!"

"True, Maoimi; yet God remains though mists obscure him; have you not your Bible?"

Maoimi shuddered. "That little Testament you gave me was my only friend. I loved it. I revered it, and Paul made me swear on it that I would never influence Lota. When I saw that the vow had separated her from me, I grew to hate the sight of the book; I put it away from me."

Mr. Eliot sighed deeply. "You have required an outward sign always, Maoimi. Your husband to you has represented Divine love, your Testament the spiritual life; as you put them from you, you put away holy things, and now you would make a new idol of your daughter! You must have something tangible to worship—but, Maoimi, this is idolatry. Could you not endure as seeing Him who is invisible?"

The tears gathered in Maoimi's eyes, but they were unlike those she had shed before; they fell fast, but there was no passionate sobbing now.

"God in his mercy has broken your idols," continued the missionary earnestly, "and you have failed to gain your end. Maoimi, if you are indeed His child, as I believe you to be, you can never succeed in your present course."

"Oh, father," cried Maoimi piteously, "all you say is true, yet you cannot know the longing I feel for Lota's love, and you do not know her. A rigid life, even a quiet life would be horrible to her, she lives on excitement, and she knows no other joy. Her education has made her graceful, outwardly gentle, fascinating, yet in her heart there is all the untamed savage; she longs for freedom; all restraint is worse than irksome to her, all quietness a misery. If her lot had been cast in a different place, she would have found occupation; now she takes what she finds, and that is nothing but excitement. A self-controlled nature might bear it, but Lota is like my poor

countrymen—once having tasted the cup of intoxication she must drain it, and her life offers enough to destroy her.

"Theatres, where she sees life shown in vivid colors, where the vicious jest and indecent dress soon cease to shock—balls, where flattery and nonsense, closely bordering on sin, are the chief delight—books, whose exciting plots enthrall her imagination and sully her purity—cards, whose excitement holds her captive, and teaches her eyes to glow with love of gain—men, whose attentions are an insult to an innocent girl; these are her pleasures, this is what her father has forced on her, this is what I am forbidden to denounce, or try to prevent. My vow holds me; I am powerless."

"And so you would help to destroy the child you profess to love! You think you can save her by dashing with her down the precipice, Maoimi? Think! your own words condemn you!"

"But I am worn out in the struggle, father; it is easy to speak in the abstract, but the details of life are what I have to contend with. I see my child, for whom I would gladly die, I see her look at me impatiently, angrily, with disgust turn from me, or listen with ill-concealed apathy to me. I cannot interest her, yet she hangs on her father's arm, looks into his eyes with an adoring love, coaxes him, fascinates him, puts forth all her powers to please him, and why? Because he indulges her in her madness, offers her the excitement she craves, holds to her lips the poison that she loves; and I—look on and perish for a kind word."

"And is there no hereafter, Maoimi? Shall not the day come when the mother shall answer for her child? In that day what would past words of love avail, before the bitter cry, 'No one cared for my soul?'"

"Pray for me," cried Maoimi wildly, falling on her knees; "pray for strength, for I see that all human love is denied me, and my heart craves it more than life; pray for me, till I can pray for myself."

(To be continued.)

THE CREATOR AND CREATED.—If we look only at the principal productions of a poet, and neglect to study himself, his character, and the circumstances with which he had to contend, we fall into a sort of atheism, which forgets the Creator in his creation.—GOETHE.

TALKS WITH WOMEN.

LETTERS TO MY DAUGHTER.

BY JENNY JUNE.

FOOD FANCIES.



WHEN girls have entered their teens, they begin to be subject to fancies about their food. I do not mean the vulgar slate, lead-pencil, and pickle mania, which has about died out, but the more intelligent and refined fancies, the result of ideas in regard to appearance, size, complexion, and the like. The instinct for food in the infant, which makes it carry everything it can hold in its hand to its mouth, in the young child becomes taste, and excites desires for sweets, candies, cakes, and sweetened fruits. The gratification of this taste creates an appetite which, in the child, must be subject to the control of its parents, or guardians, but which the girl in her teens finds subject to the control of her own will, and which her dawning mental perceptions and powers of reasoning teach her must be subordinated to her sense of what is right and best.

She knows by this time that food is not intended merely to gratify the palate, but as a means of growth to children, and to supply the waste tissues of men and women; its use, therefore, is superior to the pleasure derived from its taste, and is connected in some way with its result, that is to say, in the kind of human beings which the food produces. She begins to observe with interest minute differences of form and color, and to wish to represent in her own person some approach to her ideal.

She sees with disgust the mottled red of her arms, watches with dismay the telltale blood, which so often flushes face and neck, and wonders why her hands cannot be "snowy" white, like the heroine of her favorite novel.

She imagines that it has something to do with her eating, but, knowing little or nothing of the principles of hygiene, or the structure of her own body, bases her experiments upon any theory which commends itself to her immature understanding.

Did you ever think, for example, of your body as a mill, enclosing

numerous organs, which act as machinery, and are constantly employed reducing the mass of food to pulp, separating and distributing it, and which are impeded or facilitated in their action by the amount of work forced upon them, and the conditions under which it is necessary to accomplish it?

Hardly! We are apt to think that there is a mystery about those things with which we are not acquainted, and we do not want to know, because we feel that in some way, ignorance relieves us from responsibility.

Moreover, it is sometimes years before we discover the intimate connection that exists between the brain, and the stomach—the liver, and thought, or emotion.

The healthy, growing girl can eat almost anything; she is always hungry, and she would not know she had a stomach, if she had not been told so. Were it possible for her always to remain in this blissful ignorance, it might be well not to disturb it, but the chances are against her.

She may not be healthy, she may be already suffering from the effects of some sin on the part of those who have gone before her, or from the ignorance or weak indulgence of those who have had charge of her; and it is while she is still young, that the evils resulting from sin, or ignorance, are best remedied.

It is not of this, however, that she thinks; her knowledge of the philosophy of inherited tastes and habits is very limited; her ideas confine themselves mainly to the correspondence between her food and her size, or complexion. One person says, that to get rid of her redness she must stop eating meat; another, that she must drink cold water; a third, that vegetables are fattening, a contingency which she abhors; a fourth, that acids reduce the size to delicate proportions, a consummation which she most devoutly wishes.

Her first essay is made in the direction of fluids; she stops drinking tea and coffee, and drinks only cold water. There would be nothing to oppose to this, if she did not take the habits acquired in tea and coffee drinking into cold water, and imbibe of iced, or cold, hard water, a sufficient amount to require all the forces of the system to assimilate, or bring up to the normal temperature, and thus retard, or impair, the digestion of the food.

Tea and coffee possess stimulating or strengthening qualities of

their own, and their warmth contributes to excite the action of the digestive organs; otherwise the quantity of liquid which they induce people to pour into their stomachs would be much more injuriously and much more rapidly felt. The same quantity of cold water chills the temperature of the stomach, and dilutes the gastric juice to such an extent as to deprive it of its force; if the water is iced, the process of digestion is stopped altogether, the operation of freezing having deprived the water entirely of its active element, carbon.

The better and more natural method is to use very little liquid of any kind, while eating. If our habits were unperverted, our food well assorted, well cooked, and not overpowered by condiments, we should need no liquid; the juice of fruits would act as a solvent for the meat and grains. The habit of drinking in large quantities at every mouthful, is one obtained from barbarian ancestry, when the flesh of animals had to be dried, and preserved in salt, in order to provide sustenance for the long and terrible seasons of cold and deprivation, and when the coarse, intensely salted food thus obtained was eaten at longer intervals, and washed down with huge tankards of bitter ale, whose merit lay in the fact that it acted as a sort of antidote to the injurious potency of this enforced diet.

At the present day there is no such necessity, except in very remote and sparsely settled districts. Not only can fresh meat be obtained every day during the whole year, but fruits and vegetables also of a kind suited to healthful requirements, while the art of preserving the latter has been brought to such perfection, or rather has been reduced to such simplicity, that no foreign element is introduced in order to save the fresh growth of July, to soften the hardships of January.

Thus the ordinary diet of a well-regulated household, at the table of which fresh meat, vegetables, and fruits do commingle, may very well afford to dispense with a large amount of fluid; and the young girl who wishes to rid herself of the pernicious effects of common indulgence in tea and coffee, may do so without provoking indigestion, and laying the foundation of future chronic dyspepsia, by imbibing large quantities of cold water. If she must have something to drink during her meals, let it be cool spring-water

in sips, or one cup of weak black tea.

Fancy the second, which is apt to assail young girls, is that of giving up meat in order to reduce the tendency to redness and roughness, and obtain refinement and delicacy of appearance.

Supposing the result could be brought about by this means, the inexperienced devotee of reform fails to realize that her inherited and acquired attributes and appetites are not to be defrauded in that way. If her stomach does not get a certain amount of meat, it demands a double quantity of vegetables; if it does not get the fat of beef, it wants butter, or grease in some other form.

Now the truth is, that from a small piece of juicy, well-cooked meat, we obtain as much strength as from a larger quantity of watery vegetables, at the cost of half the labor to the stomach. The person who adopts a vegetable diet exclusively, therefore, is apt to have a large appetite, but little endurance—a breath tainted by the accumulation of fetid matter, a stomach distended and flatulent, a complexion thick and doughy. Persons obliged to live on salt meat or fish, should eat little of it, and soften that little as much as possible with vegetables—potatoes, onions, beans, greens, or peas, cooked without salt; but if the choice lay between an exclusively vegetable, fruit, and bread diet, and an exclusively fresh meat, bread, and fruit diet, the preference, I think, should be given to the latter, as containing in a more concentrated form, with less waste, and less expenditure of force, all the virtue of the former.

Diet, however, should be somewhat adapted to the temperament. A meat and fruit diet stimulates an active and highly nervous organization, and such a child should hardly be allowed to taste meat until it has reached its tenth or twelfth year. Up to that time its food should consist of nourishing farinaceous articles, well cooked, and some of them with an infusion of milk, crushed wheat, light corn-bread, Graham biscuit, tapioca pudding made with milk and eggs, rice, ho-niny, griddle-cakes, raised and mixed with Graham flour or made of part-boiled rice or hominy. Vegetables, that is, "garden stuff," comes in as an aid to this farinaceous bill of fare, but could be no very effective addition to it, as children, especially girls, are usually "bitten" in their preference to a few of the simplest kinds, and

could hardly make a satisfying meal of them.

A slow, lymphatic, somewhat heavy, sluggish child, on the contrary, should be fed almost exclusively on a lean, fresh, rare meat diet, varied with bread, fruits in abundance, and some of the more succulent kinds of vegetables. Weak black tea, fresh cider in winter, and root beer, *made from roots*, in summer, will also be advantageous, rather than injurious.

I know, of course, that children, girls as well as boys, have to take in the way of food what is provided for them, and can only obtain even what is best for them to the extent of the knowledge or means of those who have the care of them. It is well to know what is good for us, however, and useful to know why it is good for us, so that we may realize it as far as we can, though circumstances are against our doing so perfectly.

The desire for slimmness and delicacy of form and appearance is singularly widespread, and has had the most pernicious results among American girls, who are apt to carry ideas to an extreme, and who have so much personal liberty afforded them as to be able to "do as they please" to an almost unlimited extent. At one time it brought about the slate-pencil and pickle mania, but these were found to create evils worse than flesh, and so were dropped. At present the desire for an ethereal style of beauty struggles desperately in many a girl's heart with the longings prompted by a hearty appetite; and not unfrequently, in their ignorance, they avoid lean fresh meat—which would stimulate the torpid liver and reduce their flabby weight to wholesome soundness—to plunge into vegetables and pastry, the very diet above all others to increase their apparent dimensions and reduce their real strength.

Not that vegetable or fruit acids are to be condemned; on the contrary, they are a most valuable part of our somewhat too generous dietary system; not that it is wrong to wish to be attractive in the way generally approved—but simply this: The body, your own body, is fleshy or not fleshy, a delicate and highly complicated machine; it is to last your lifetime, it is to do a vast amount of work, it is to minister to its own necessities, and it is, probably better adapted than you imagine for the work to which it is destined. It is important then that you should not ignorantly tamper with it. Adapt your food, dress, and habits to its healthful require-

ments, and then be satisfied; you can do no better than this will do for you, and may do a great deal worse.

Acids are principally useful as correctives to over-eating, or a naturally bilious tendency. Tomatoes, lemons, and cranberries are excellent for this purpose. Pickles are too astringent, though they may be eaten in small quantities with meat without harm by a healthy person. Boiled oatmeal with milk, cranberry sauce, and Graham bread and butter, makes the best breakfast in the world for girls between the ages of twelve and twenty, and all persons who lead sedentary lives. Dinner should be eaten at midday, or from 12 to 2 P.M., and should consist of fresh, well-cooked meat, good mealy potatoes, and tomatoes, apple-sauce, boiled onions, moderately pickled beets, or some other fruit or vegetable, which will act as a solvent to the heavier part of the meal. Simple rice or tapioca pudding, apple dumplings, or pie in which the fruit is made the maximum, and the pastry the minimum quantity, finishes up a dinner of this description satisfactorily, and leaves nothing for the reasonable appetite to desire. Tea should be light—Graham bread or Graham biscuit, and butter, stewed fruit, and some simple home-made cake. The hot soda-biscuit with which so many girls impair their digestion should be absolutely forbidden.

The essential requirement of food for girls is digestibility, and it is precisely this quality which it so often lacks. It is not necessary to provide them at all times with broiled spring-chicken and porter-house steak, but it is necessary for their health that the meat they eat should be cooked so as to retain its juices, and until it is tender. It is not at all requisite that they should have "French" dishes, but it is of the very highest importance that they should be supplied with well-done mealy potatoes, and that all the dishes composing their simple bill of fare should be made palatable.

If the appetites of healthy girls were satisfied with sufficiently varied and healthy food, there would be no room for food-fancies. But the difficulty often begins in a diet composed of tough, hard meat, soggy or under-done vegetables, some sour or heavy preparation of bread, and thick-crust, unpalatable pie or pudding.

The girl is beginning to be dainty, her stomach revolts, she does not know the reason why; her meal is unsatisfactory, and she en-

deavors to make up with crackers, unripe apples, cake, candy, and the whole gamut of wretched substitutes, for a warm, wholesome meal. From these irregularities her liver and stomach become disordered; she gets thin, sallow, and subject to fits of despondency.

Her food-fancies are part of her own weak efforts to rescue herself from this condition. She does not know herself, and she does not find any one else who possesses any exact knowledge of her difficulties, their cause, or their cure; so she becomes the victim of theories. One person tells her that all her troubles arise from drinking tea or coffee, another that eating meat is the source of her woes, a third that she eats too much, a fourth that she does not eat enough; and she changes her diet, as far as she can, in accordance with the latest impression made upon her mind. Knowledge on the part of the mother, habits formed from the cradle of obedience to natural law, correct training, and regular household methods are the only preventives of the evils: nothing can entirely cure them, or avert their consequences. We cannot be saved from the results of our own misdoing, even when it is done ignorantly.

MON CHATEAU.

BY MARIE S. LADD.

IN Summer's sunny zone
My castle stands alone,
And rare its pictured walls,
While in its stately halls
Soft music's dreamy tone
In sweetest cadence falls—

WITHIN a pleasant vale;
And here the moonlight pale
Steals on the silent hours,
O'er tree and tender flowers;
And there an evening sail,
And here the vine-clad bowers.

AND the well-loved are here,
But not a falling tear,
No thoughts of swift decay,
Or this encumbering clay,
But heaven seems very near,
And earth so far away.

WHEN all this gathering grime
I heed not, or the rime
That chilly airs bestow:
Let bleak winds rudely blow—
I dwell not in this chime,
I live in my chateau.

CAUTION.—Lokmān the philosopher was asked who had given him his first principle of wisdom. "The blind," he replied, "who do not move a step in advance till they have made sure of the ground with their stick."

WILLIAM'S MISTAKE.

BY LYDIA M. MILLARD.



"O dear! Oh dear!" said Miss Hannimore, rocking vehemently back and forth, in her rocking-chair, "it does beat all what fools people can make of themselves! There's my nephew, William Warner, has gone and married she that was Alice Gray, Parson Gray's daughter.

"I wish he'd asked my advice. The first I knew on't, I saw her walkin' arm in arm up Shop Row with him, and I could'n't stopped it then, any more than I could stopped the lightnin' from gettin' here, when it has started. William was always a good boy, but then he's kinder sot; if he got an idee, you never could get it out of his head. I'd gin him a cow, and two pigs, and a heifer, the grey mare, a team of oxen, a load of hay, and two acres of land, that belonged to Joshuy, if he'd only been a good siddy farmer—he didn't need a wife at all. I'd mended his pants, darned his stockings, and helped him saved, and he'd had a house and a barn of his own, time he was thirty, and he and I could a sot together in Joshuy's seat in the sanctoary, but he's sot his heart on bein' a lawyer, and nothin' could stop him. The law is amazin' poor business for a man to begin the world with. It takes all you can rake and scrape for years and years to get eddicated for the business, and as many more years and years, to sit in the chair, and wait for the business to come. The world is full of lawyers now; if half of 'em were dead, things would go just as well; but if I do say it, William Warner makes a real good lawyer. He tried a case here, and the court-hus was full, and he beat too.

"He'd do well enough, if his wife was worth a fig. All she's got are those brown curls, a head full of book-larin', and a pair of soft, white hands." And Miss Hannimore looked down complacently at her own big, brown, bony hands, as she groaned over again, "William couldn't done worse."

William Warner and Alice Gray were married. Aunt Hannimore went to the wedding; she sighed, and she groaned, and she snuffed, and wiped her eyes and groaned

again. She couldn't have felt worse if she had been going to William's funeral. She had nothing else to do but visit around, and speak her mind.

By ceaseless hints and comments, she convinced William's relations that he had made a great mistake when he threw himself away on Alice Gray.

William and Alice went to housekeeping in neatly furni-shed, comfortable rooms. To William, coming home tired at night, Alice's piano, flowers, and poetry, and her sunny temper, made home seem like a little paradise. A girl of fourteen helped Alice, and a woman came every two weeks, to do the washing. William got every case he could, and did his best in each case; he never got in debt—if he hadn't money, he did without things till he had. They got along comfortably for two months, when Aunt Hannimore came to make a visit.

She shut up the parlor dark as a dungeon to save the carpet; if Alice looked out of a window, picked a flower, folded her hands, or took a walk, she preached to her about the vally of time. For her part, the whole twenty years she was married, she never wasted a minnit, she was never without some work in her hand, and she never went anywhere but to the meetin'-house and such, except 'twas to some funeral, and she never wasted as much as you can put on the point of a pin.

One day, when Alice had been in her room alone for over half an hour, Aunt Hannimore walked in and stood before her.

"Ah! writin', are you? I didn't know where you was. Writin' a letter to your grandmother?"

"No," said Alice, pleasantly.

"Well, well! I must speak out my mind, I feel it my duty; I pity William; you sit here, writin' good-for-nothin' poetry, when you ought to be tendin' to your house; here's three pieces of pork rhine I found in the swill pail, that careless girl put in, that ought to have been saved for scap-fat; here's a rag I picked up close by the door, a good cotton rag, that ought to have been put up in the rag-bag,—you wouldn't know it, if your yard was full of rags. If you don't see to things better, William'll come on the town yet. If I could manage, I'd have things different; you ain't got any system, but what's wantin' can't be numbered. I am thinkin' of William's interests, and I can't bear to see things goin' at such loose ends. I don't know

what would become of Joshuy, if I had been like you; but there ain't a bit of the Loomis blood in you; they'll work till they drop down, and none on 'em ever wrote a grain of potry."

Aunt Hannimore peeked and she poked, up-stairs and down; told the girl in the kitchen that that woman up-stairs ought not to leave her alone to wash all those dishes; she preached to Alice about a cobweb she found in the north-east corner of the garret, that must have been there a week; she stopped up a big rat-hole in the cellar, that nobody ever would have seen, if she hadn't found it out. She kept at William, till she made him believe that his salad-bed in the garden was completely spoiled by the big weeds that Alice never looked at; her mind wasn't on her work, she wasted enough to keep two careful families a goin'. She tried to show William Alice's faults, for her good; and, when he kissed her good-bye in the morning, she told him right out, people'd better do their courtin' before they got married. She went away at last. Alice had her husband to herself again, to kiss him, or pet him, or please him as much as she liked.

When Aunt Hannimore got home, she found, in her carpet-bag, a pair of new, gold-mounted spectacles, a present from Alice. Alice had taken the "potry," about which Aunt Hannimore had made such a fuss, to an editor, who had paid her ten dollars for it. It was the only one she had written since her marriage, and the first she had ever offered for publication.

William came home sick one night with heavy chills, high fever, and aching head. Alice watched him closely, nursed him tenderly for six weeks. Then the flour-barrel was empty, no more coal in the bin, tea, coffee, and sugar gone. The quarter's rent was due on Monday. There were only two precious dollars left in the pocket-book. The oil was gone from the lamp, the meal from the barrel, and there was no prophet to come and make them last longer.

William's income had been just equal to his expenses, and he had hitherto managed to have twenty dollars surplus besides. Six weeks sickness, without income, had reduced the twenty dollars to two. What can two dollars do, when wood, coal, oil, flour, and medicine are gone? William's worry about money threw him into a high fever. The day before his sick-