

here again, my dear young lady—this is no place for such as you. I hardly thought you would venture here, but I did long for a sight of your angel-face before I went home, and so I sent, and you came—you came. God keep and reward you!”

When the doctor she sent reached the attic he met an undertaker's man on the stairs, and found a solicitor's clerk in attendance on the dead crossing-sweeper.

He, who had been known by the denizens of St. Giles as old Silas, and had died alone and untended, who said he had not a friend in the world, was buried as a gentleman, and the name carved on his gravestone was *not* Silas Green.

Moreover, the poor wretched outcast, from whom menials shrank for fear of contamination, had made a will, leaving Fanny Bish—the one only being who had taken true compassion on him in his age and apparent poverty, the only one from whom he had heard a word of sympathy and kindness—a fortune of many thousand pounds in the Funds and elsewhere. Money to bury him was found under the patches of his brown coat.

Here was a prize, for which the only lottery ticket had been spontaneous charity—the outcome of a tender nature. Of all the crowds who paid for Bish's lottery-tickets with dribbles of coin, not one but was actuated by the hope of enormous gain. The lottery-man's daughter cast her bread on the waters with no prospect or thought of gain or reward. Yet such a prize had never been won by any of Bish's many ticket-holders.

This windfall, added to her already large expectations, made Fanny Bish a prize in the matrimonial lottery to be sought after. If she did marry let us hope she did not fall to the lot of any mere fortune-hunter, but to a man capable of regarding such a girl as a greater prize than her money.

HOW THE YOUNG SHOULD TREAT THE OLD.



THE other day when riding in an omnibus I heard a young girl snub—positively *snub*—her mother. This set me thinking, and I there and then determined, girls, to write a paper on the relation which all of you bear to those who are grown up, and on the respect and obedience which the young owe to the old.

A word is enough to the wise, so I am sure you will not need to be told twice to reverence your parents and honour the aged. There are duties springing from the generous impulses of every kind heart. Anyone who fails to put them in practice will be no pattern in other virtues: you will never find her generous to the poor, ready to aid the weak, or compassionate to people in misfortune.

It cannot be denied, however, that in these times the young too often fail in their duty to the grown up. According to some this is readily accounted for. You are no longer, they say, kept in your proper place, and they give a sigh of regret for the time when young folks could hardly even enter a room without being invited by their parents, or sit down in their presence without permission, or speak unless they were spoken to. Congratulate yourselves, my friends, for having been born so late. That stern treatment has given place to a state of things more favourable to happi-

ness; you have come into the world in the dawn of a new era of gentleness and love.

But there is something, for all that, in what these people say. You enjoy more freedom than used to be the case, and having got an inch you are for taking an ell. Such is human nature—human nature, I mean, after it has parted company with common sense and propriety.

No doubt, when you rebel at the claims of those who are older than yourselves, there is occasionally something to be said in your favour. I acknowledge it, for I would not be hard on any one. You have elastic spirits and fret under restraint, and your gay and buoyant life harmonises but ill—spite of all your efforts—with the grave ways and sober thoughts of maturity.

Then, sometimes, the old in their management of the young are in the wrong—undeniably in the wrong. Why then, say you, should we obey? First of all make sure you are in the right—and ten to one you are not—then remember that the business of youth is not criticism, but obedience. It is a safe rule never to question the wisdom or analyse the rights of those in authority over us.

“Children,” according to a popular proverb, “are certain cares”: it is the only thing certain about them. You can never know the anxiety you cost your elders—the wakeful nights, the careful planning, the hard work, the frugal saving. Fathers and mothers do not speak of such things, for affection is not in the habit of making a boast of its laborious nights and days. Will you repay all this toil by failing in your duty? Why, you should love father and mother so much as never to know when you have done enough for them.

And what is true as regards parents is not less true in the case of almost all the grown-up people with whom you are brought in contact. This is a world full of toil by the old for the benefit of the young. They are busy improving the earth for your use in the future, and the least that you who look on can do for those who work is to give them respect and a willing obedience.

Perfect wives are made of faithful daughters. “When a young woman,” says one whose name I forget, “behaves to her parents in a particularly tender and respectful manner there is nothing good and gentle that may not be expected from her in whatever situation in life she is placed.” This is an aspect of the matter worth taking note of, and perhaps the young men of the future may add it as an article to their philosophy of life.

Your conduct now, remember, will bear fruit after awhile. Wait a few years, and, as little fishes in the end grow to be whales, you will be occupying the place of those who now are old and middle-aged. How can you hope to reap reverence, then, if you sow disrespect now? That would be about as ridiculous as the expectation of the old woman who, having learned that what a man sows that shall he also reap, sowed salt, and fancied that if there were only rain enough it would come up nicely.

There is a lady I know—in the next street, my dear—who looks in vain for obedience on the part of her children, and I don't wonder at it when I remember that in youth she was in the habit, like my acquaintance of the omnibus, of snubbing her mother, and failing in respect to her elders.

Our parents and all grown-up people, having been in the world before us, have all the rights and privileges of first-comers. First-comers, you know, girls, have rights and privileges. Those who come last may be very welcome, but they are neither entitled to the best places nor to give the word of command.

There is a great virtue in obedience, and she does not deserve at any time to have authority who is not in youth very ready to do another's will rather than her own. I don't think any

of us need to be told how sweet it is to be of service to those who are dear to us, and how the happiest fortune is to be filled with that Christian love which longs to bless others.

Our intercourse with the old—whether they are our parents or not—should be a long course of services and attentions. The privilege of youth ought to be to run the errands of age. This may at times prove even irksome, but we will have a rich reward in the approval of conscience and the feeling when those we love rest at last in their quiet graves that we have done our duty by them.

Do we all, then, resolve to act in harmony with the suggestions of this article? All! That's right, my friends. I have no hesitation in saying that you are the most charming of girls and the delight of all who know you.

JAMES MASON.

CHILBLAINS.

By MEDICUS.

THE very word “chilblain” seems a curious one, but full of very disagreeable meaning to many, especially in the winter and spring months. It is derived from two Saxon words, namely, *cèle*, signifying *cold*, and *blégen*, an *ulcer* or *sore*. In simple language a chilblain, whether on the hands or feet, is nothing else save a mitigated form of frost-bite. The evil effects of the cold are not felt, until what medical men and surgeons term reaction has taken place, that is, until the blood which has been dispelled by the chill returns to the skin, and returns to it with sufficient force to cause a certain degree of inflammation. The parts so inflamed—probably some part of the hands, or a toe or heel—will be found red and swollen, and most disagreeable itching and tingling will be felt, quite sufficient, in many cases, to entirely banish sleep. After a time the chilblain assumes a bluish hue, and children once attacked are very liable to be so again.

Now, it is as well to remember that it is far more easy to prevent the occurrence of chilblain than to cure it. A child or young person, after having been exposed for some time to the cold, should not be allowed to go too near the fire, nor even remain in a too warm room. It is rapid reaction that causes the chilblain. If the feet or hands have become numbed with the cold, exercise should be taken to restore them *slowly*; or they may be rubbed with powdered starch, or, as suggested by an eminent authority, a liniment composed of the yolks of two eggs, four tablespoonfuls of turpentine, and the same quantity of vinegar may be used to restore the circulation. The smell, however, of this liniment may be objected to, so one composed of two ounces of camphor liniment to one ounce of laudanum, and the same quantity of hartshorn may be thought preferable. For the cure of a chilblain once formed, hundreds of remedies are from time to time recommended. A mixture of the compound tincture of iodine and liquor ammoniac, equal parts, painted over the inflamed parts twice a day, is probably as good as any. Glycerine or lime liniment eases the itching, and some may find relief from bathing the chilblain in a strong solution of alum: an ounce of the powder dissolved in a pint of soft water.

Those who suffer much in winter from this disagreeable complaint, should take a course of cod liver oil and tincture of yellow bark before the cold weather comes on, or Parrish's chemical food with cod liver oil. Their own chemist will be able to state the proper dose, which should be according to age, and the length of time it may be taken to do good is about six weeks. Warm stockings and gloves prevent chilblains; tight shoes encourage them.