

They regarded her as a deity whose cult was intimately yet mysteriously associated with the safety of their homes and the dignity and supremacy of the race. To a certain extent this belief was well founded. Purity and domestic simplicity are ever bulwarks of a nation, and it can hardly be doubted that the ancient Romans recognised the great underlying principle of the worship of Vesta; but by the Romans of the Empire and indeed of the later years of the Republic, the spirit of that worship had been exchanged for a hollow, though picturesque ritual.

The preservation of the temple with its mysterious statue of Minerva and its sacred relics, its band of virgin priestesses and the undying flame on its altar, was one of the few serious things of which Rome was now solicitous. For purity, the Eternal City had long ceased to care.

During the first year or two after his appointment, Phylas, with all his astuteness, had found his position difficult, but at the date at which the events which we are seeking to describe were happening, little was remembered by the Romans of the circumstances under which he had been made pontiff. He had behaved, it must be admitted, with dignity and tact, while in devotion to his sacred duties few had surpassed him. Stories of his consuming passion for gold, indeed, were current both in the mouths of the dwellers in the palaces which fringed the Appian Way, or nestled among the leafy groves of the Palatine, and were repeated by the riff-raff which haunted the many-storeyed tenements and low drinking-shops of the Subura.

To such gossip, which occasionally reached his ears, he gave little heed. A few banquets could at any time procure the favour of the great; a handful of largesse would always bring the mob to its knees. Phylas's only danger was lest some emperor, more profane, if possible, than his predecessors might, on some pretext or other, lay hands on his treasure, and evict him from his luxurious apartments which adjoined the sacred temple.

There was no fear of such sacrilege at present, for Phylas added to his more tangible

possessions the full favour of Claudius and Agrippina.

As he stood at the head of the marble steps, Phylas noted the appearance of Æmilius Fonteius and the appointments of his retinue with the satisfaction of one who loved wealth and the power which it brings. His face, however, revealed nothing, except perhaps that the shiftiness to which reference has been made became for a moment peculiarly noticeable as his eyes rested on the costly purple cushions of the litter with their golden fringe.

He greeted the soldier in the portico of the temple with stately courtesy, and stooping down, kissed the forehead of the little maiden. Then taking her hand, he repeated in grave and measured tones the words which had been used by pontiffs before him for many centuries.

"I take this maiden to be a priestess of Vesta, that she may perform the sacred rites for the welfare of the Roman people."

Æmilia thus passed from out of the loving care and protection of her father into the service of the goddess. Though but a child, she felt that a great change had come to her, and although she could not grasp the full meaning of this dedication of her life to a goddess, she associated it instinctively with the idea of separation from her father whom she passionately loved. Clinging to him she burst into tears and implored him to take her home again.

"Father, dear, dear father," sobbed the little mite, "take me away from here or stay with me! You must not leave me alone. I cannot bear it. Why do you look so sad? Are you going to leave me now? What have I done? Have I been very naughty?"

The grief of the strong man was too deep for words, and down either cheek ran the tears wrung from him by the child's pleading, which affected even the cynical and luxurious pontiff.

Æmilius lifted his darling in his arms, and as he did so, she put her hands round his neck, and drawing his head down to her own she again repeated the questions.

"What have I done, father? I tried to be

good, and you have always told me that I was your own dear little girl. Why did you say that if you were going to send me away from you? Why do you not speak? See, you are weeping also. If you do not want me to stay here, take me back with you. We were so happy together, you and I." And the child ceased her sobs for a moment as if this last appeal were unanswerable.

"My darling, I am not bringing you here because I do not love you, but because I love you so much. I must go away and fight for the Emperor against his enemies, and then who would take care of you? Here you will have kind friends, and then when I return I shall often come and see you."

"But will you come each night and give me your kisses as you know you have always done?"

Here the pontiff interposed considerably, for the question was almost heart-breaking in its simple pathos.

"You will find here, Æmilia, those who wish to be your sisters. Will you not let them give you your evening kiss while your father is at the war? Come with me, and let us try and find them."

It was a new idea, and it diverted the child's mind. She looked up at the priest, then at her father, and then back again at Phylas, letting her gaze linger on his face as if confidence was coming to her.

"I think it must be pleasant to have sisters. Are you sure they will be good to me?"

"I am quite sure," said Æmilius.

"Then I shall not greatly mind your going away for a little time. Promise me you will come back very soon."

"I promise. May the gods help me to keep this vow!"

And then the brave man, going forth to danger and perhaps death, parted from his little one, and as he went down the steps or the temple, the few stragglers of the great crowd which had seen him enter hushed their comments, for they saw that his shoulders were bowed, and his features lined and furrowed by a great sorrow.

(To be continued.)



1895.

By "MEDICUS."

A YEAR older! Yes, we are all a year older. As soon as the last stroke of twelve rings out the old year, it has chimed in the new—the King is dead, long live the King—and the first day of January may be looked upon as a kind of universal birthday.

A year older! A year better? I most sincerely hope so.

A year older! A year nearer to death? Ah, but a year nearer to Heaven, we trust, ay, and believe, yes, dare to believe. What care we for death if there is a sun shining beyond yonder that can cast a glory even over the grave? Yet life is a precious gift if we but use it well, and if we so live that we can

possess ourselves of a reasonable amount of health, and therefore a reasonable amount of happiness. But someone may ask "Is it in one's power to live so as to secure these two great blessings?" I believe I may safely reply, that it is in the power of most of us so to rule our lives, as to make our very existence a plea. Sure, not only to ourselves, but to those with whom we come in contact.

This year of 1894, while you read this article is already waning fast away, and soon the first morning of 1895 will dawn upon us. Now is the time for retrospect, but it is also the time for making good resolutions. I trust every reader of mine has many happy memories

to recall; I trust too that she has many a bright hope for the year that is to come.

It has been said over and over again that "good resolutions are only made to be broken." This is not strictly true, and there is no reason in the world why it should be so. If resolutions for the improvement of our lives were always bound to be broken, it would be a poor look-out for most of us. But I am certain that this is very far from being the case, and certain too that thousands can date newness of life and length of happy days from good resolutions made at the commencement of the year.

Why should one be more willing and more

determined to reform her or his life about this time, than at any other period of the year? There are many reasons for this. As I said above we are all a year nearer to death and the grave, we cannot help thinking and wondering whither time is hurrying us. We cannot forget either we have been guilty, during the past twelve months, of many a sin of omission as well as commission. Ah, many and many was the chance of doing good that we let slip, and many a harsh word we spoke, and unkind look we gave that we are now sorry for. This sorrow helps to chasten our hearts and serves to sanctify the melancholy that is inseparable from the dying year. Besides, you know, it was at this sweet sad season that—

“While humble shepherds watched their flocks
On Bethlehem’s plains by night,
An angel sent from Heav’n appear’d
And filled the plains with light.”

And that light, since then, has spread from east to west, and has penetrated into the darkest lands and into the darkest hearts as well, bringing with it the calm and peacefulness that can triumph over death itself. Is it wrong then to believe that, just at this season of the year, we may receive help to keep the good resolutions we make? I am old-fashioned enough to think such belief is right instead of wrong. It is concerning Christmas-time that the greatest William the world ever saw speaks as follows—

“Some say that ever ’gainst that season comes,
Wherein our Saviour’s birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawn singeth all night long;
And then, they say, no spirit dare to stir abroad;
The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,
No fairy tales, nor witch hath power to charm
So hallow’d and so gracious is the time.

Well, there is a bit of heathen mythology mixed up with these lines, beautiful though they be, yet no man need apologise for making a quotation from Shakespeare.

Now, having read so far, it is just possible that some of my older girls may say, “Why, ‘Medicus’ is moralising! what right has he to preach us a sort of a sermon? His business is with the bodies, not with the minds of his readers.”

Well, then, I shall cease to moralise, at the same time you must let me tell you that the mental and the physical are so intimately blended as it were in this world, that no doctor can afford to lose sight of the one while treating the other.

And so if this article of mine be but a “sort of a sermon,” I am sure that many who read it—being sensible, thinking girls, as all girls are and must be who study their “G. O. P.”—will forgive me if in proof of what I have just stated concerning the intimate relation betwixt mind and body, I draw their attention to what is called “The New Science.” Oh, I assure you, I mean to be very brief, and after that I will give you some really helpful and practical advice to enable you to live more happy and healthful during the year 1895.

The new science is called the psycho-physical, because it relates to both mind and body, and under the management of a celebrated scientist the United States Government have started or endowed a college to inquire into it.

Space forbids me to enter minutely into the tenets thereof. In fact it would be wrong to say that, strictly speaking, there were any

tenets, for the school will accept nothing as fact that cannot be proved as clearly as that twice two are four. But it is very wonderful to learn that unpleasant mental emotions create injurious chemical products in the body which hurt or poison it, while pleasant and cheerful feelings, such as hope or happiness, create products that are physically healthful. And that these products—this is strange—can be detected in the perspiration by the aid of chemicals. By putting a drop of perspiration from the brow of one suffering from guilt into a little pure distilled water, and adding thereto a drop or two of selenic acid, the solution becomes pink, and it would become a different colour if the individual were influenced by jealousy, fear, cheerfulness or benevolence.

But the science doesn’t stop here; the learned professor tells us that thoughts of all kinds engender physical changes in the structure of the brain, that bad thoughts build up brain matter which lead to evil ideas, and good thoughts quite the contrary. Cheerful thinking makes a happy disposition, and indulgence in melancholy has an opposite effect. Do you begin to see the drift of the argument, reader? Just as a cyclist may have the muscles of the lower limbs developed, or a rower those of the arms and chest to a much greater extent than those of other parts of the body, so if we indulge our minds in gloomy or evil thoughts shall we develop that portion of the brain which presides over these at the expense of other portions of it that govern good and kindly thoughts and wishes, so that in such a case, from a physical standpoint, the evil is bound to predominate.

And the new science takes advantage of these facts, and very practically, too. Just listen.

Professor Gates takes for example “the case of a man who is unhappy and depressed, discouraged with life; who has lost ambition, and walks the streets stoop-shouldered and with a slouching gait. The psycho-physicist can take such a person, and within six weeks transform him to such an extent that every friend of his will notice the difference. The alteration will be accomplished without communicating to the individual any suggestions as to desirable improvements in his gait or outward aspect. He will simply be put through a course of mental lessons. To begin with he will be taught to rehearse for one hour each day all the pleasurable memories he can summon up. He will deliberately devote more time to cheerful and agreeable thoughts. By this means more blood and nourishment will be directed to those parts of the brain which produce such pleasant ideas. Correspondingly, the parts that give birth to unpleasant feelings and recollections will be deprived of nutrition, and at length will become atrophied. Following this plan, the man is transformed from a victim of melancholy and despair into a happy citizen, a joy to himself and to others.”

But I would not trouble my readers with talk about this new science if I could not assure them that very good and exceedingly practical results can be obtained from simple rules connected therewith. For we can build our own minds or brains without the assistance of anyone. Believe this then, our thinking organs undergo continual change, and even in old age it is not too late to rebuild them.

You want—I’m sure you do—to be kindly-disposed, happy, and cheerful, so as to be beloved by your friends and respected by all who know you. Here is how you are to proceed. Devote an hour each day to calling up pleasant ideas and memories. Make this a regular psychic exercise, just as swinging dumb-bells is a physical one. Call up the finer feelings of benevolence and unselfishness, and think kindly of even your enemies, making allowance for their short-comings, and in your

mind granting them free pardon for any fancied ill they may have done you. Gradually increase the time each day devoted to such thoughts. Take a spell at such thinking, as a sailor would say, whenever you have time, only be regular day by day, so that step by step you may go in the right direction. If you do so, the change for the better in your thoughts and actions, even in a month or six weeks will be surprising. Cells or brain matter for good thinking will have been developed, while that production of evil will have shrunk.

Now I wish some of my readers to try this plan—to give it a good trial, and to keep a diary, and jot down impressions when still fresh. But during the time you use this psychic tonic, I pray you also to attend to bodily exercise as well; to get plenty of fresh air also; not to neglect the skin, avoid fatigue and only think of things that are pleasant.

I have one more remark to make. They call this a new science; but is there anything new under the sun? Was not the same advice vouchsafed to us by Him who spoke as never man spake; hence the science should specially commend itself to believers of all denominations. It goes hand in hand with the Book.

And now, girls, I’m going to give you a few words of purely physical advice, that I know will do you good if you will only be guided thereby.

Why, Miss S—, how bright your eyes are! And you won’t be nineteen till next May! Well, I want your eyes to be just as bright and bonnie as they are now, when you are ninety. Nineteen from ninety leaves seventy-one, doesn’t it? Think of living for over seventy years from now! And why not, I wonder. Parrots live till over ninety if well taken care of, principally, I think, because they are of such a happy and humorous disposition. And why should not you? You wouldn’t like to live to be old and ugly? Nonsense, lassie, it doesn’t follow that because one is old one need be ugly.

Seventy years! Why, people will be flying in the air many tens of years before then. Such fun! As you skim along over the trees and the telegraph poles, pausing or hovering now and then to listen to the larks singing, or trying a “lilt” yourself, you will remember with some degree of amusement the games of your earlier years. How could you have imagined there was any fun running about spider-like on a tennis lawn, or crawling, club in hand along a golf links. Mind, I am not joking or funning, for nobody can tell what wonders the very near future may not have in store for us.

Now, there is no mode of conveying knowledge more successful, I think, than that of apt illustration from the things we see around us every day of our lives. I have for example but to stretch out my hand here and pluck one of the large leaves of the wild white convolvulus that embowers the verandah of my wigwam with sheets of sweet green foliage, I ask you to look at it between you and the light, and mark its venation, and as you do so, in a very few words I can describe to you the system of veins and arteries in your own body from the time the great vessels leave the heart, till they end in the very tiniest capillaries. Sir Benjamin Ward Richardson is a past-master at this simple sort of comparative symbolism, if I am right in calling it so. And at Grindelwald last August he was peculiarly happy, I thought, in a speech he made. He said that in his view, the way to “make the most of life” was to try to be healthy in body and mind. He put the health of the body first, not because he considered it of the greater importance, but because it led the way naturally to the consideration of the subtler, or diviner part, the mind. He once knew an engineer who had charge of a large stationary

engine, which had been at work for about ninety years, and had had eight masters, seven of whom had died or become disabled. "Very strange," said the engineer, "that an engine should last so much longer than a man." But the engine was equable in its work, it never ran loose, it was bright as a new pin, true in its vocation, clean in every point, was served with the simplest food of its kind, had its furnace tubes kept clear, and drank nothing but water. So it lived on, while its masters died—a striking lesson. Presuming human beings are born of good and wholesome constitution, they are, except for accidental destructive agencies, in a fair way to live five times their maturity, that is, five times twenty-one years, the natural term of the anatomical life, namely, one hundred and five years, a term few reach, but which is attainable as a matter of experience, and so attainable, as a matter of natural law, that the majority of men and women would attain it if they lived properly. No person is well and happy who is pained at the sight of useful success in others, or who would rather dwell on the failures than rejoice in the progressive career of other men. Communion with man and nature lifts the mind above the jealous maunderings of the wayward, contributing new hope and new impulse to those who feel that they are making the most of life.

You see therefore that Sir Benjamin gives you the hope of living fifteen years longer than I modestly computed the possible term of your mortal career. I am afraid, however, that when you are one hundred years of age, you won't care to fly much more; you'll settle down and look at younger folks upon the wing.

Never mind, a long and happy life is worth trying for. How shall you begin? and when?

I answer the last question first. Begin at once. But how? Well, seeing how very defective as a rule the human memory is, I should say, begin by keeping a note-book or diary, in which you can not only enter your good resolutions as regards the care of your health, but mark day by day and week by week how these are kept, and how you progress.

Secondly, I must not be considered selfish if, writing for THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER as I do, I say, make up your mind to take this every week or every month. By so doing you will have your "Medicus" constantly beside you to advise. Moreover, if you have back numbers, you could not do better than consult these occasionally.

Thirdly, study and make notes upon clothing for health. As the time goes on, I trust to give you many hints concerning this, and on every other subject concerning your well-being. Here I have only room to say that if you indulge in the sin of tight-lacing and therefore displace important internal organs, you may never expect to be one hundred and five, nor ninety either. I am not running down the corset. I only say that it should be a support, but never a death-dealing ligature.

In this uncertain climate—as I have often said before—it is well to wear light under-clothing always. But it must be all wool. Remember what the old Scotch wife said as she fingered a bit of cloth in the draper's shop. "A' 'oo', manie?"

"A' 'oo'?" was the manie's reply. "Oh, ay, a' 'oo'!"

Boots and shoes ought to be soft as to uppers, and therefore easy to the feet; but the soles should be moderately strong.

If you want beautifully twisted ankles and a gait like a rheumatic old crane, wear very high heels.

The stockings soft and free from wrinkles. All clothing should be warm but *not heavy*.

Fourthly, about food. I have explained to you over and over again that unless the food is sufficiently masticated and detained long enough in the mouth to be mingled with the saliva, it will not be properly digested. This is why I want you to cultivate the habit of eating slowly; one who does so never overeats. Pray remember that a good digestion lies at the very root of good health and happiness. If the stomach is out of order, so is the liver, and the brain is quick to sympathise with both.

Eat slowly, therefore, and do not drink too

much fluid with meals; avoid also all kinds of stimulants, whether fluid or in powder, sauces and cayenne. They may help an old lame dog of a fellow who has no coat to his stomach over a stile, but you don't want them; and their action on you would be to cause an artificial appetite. You would eat, therefore, when not hungry, and dyspepsia would be the result.

Even a slight attack of indigestion is capable of making you cross or gloomy, of causing you a restless night. Indigestion ages people sooner than anything; it whitens the hair; it causes decay in the teeth, and parades the wrinkles in serried ranks around your eyes and across your brow before you reach the age of thirty.

Moreover indigestion causes dryness of skin, and makes one thin and weakened.

Fifthly, you cannot expect to live to be ninety unless you attend to cleanliness of yourself and all your surroundings. The skin must do its duty, and it won't and can't without the daily bath.

Sixthly, sleep and exercise. Unless you have the latter you need not expect the former. Let it be regular, day after day, and be pleasant and agreeable.

Live all you can in the fresh air, and sleep in a well-ventilated room.

Avoid hurry.

Avoid worry.

Cultivate a happy disposition, so shall you live long and live in health, and when death comes at last, as come it must to all, your last moments will be as free from pain as those of a tired child falling asleep.

There is no death! What seems so is transition:—

"This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life Elysian
Whose portal we call death."

Good-bye again then, girls. May one of the happiest years of your lives be the one before us—

1895.

ITALIAN METHODS OF COOKING EGGS.

AMONGST the many valuable cookery-books with which housekeepers are supplied nowadays, Maria Gironci's translation of Italian recipes holds a deservedly high place, novelty being greatly needed in the average British menu. The following recipes for savoury dishes, culled from this instructive work, may therefore prove useful to those who do not number it among their culinary literature.

EGGS ALLA LUCCHESI.—Fry one sliced onion nearly brown in oil, or butter, add half a pint of milk, and six hard-boiled eggs, cut into halves, and stew over a slow fire for three or four minutes. Then stir in two well-beaten yolks of egg, a dessertspoonful of chopped parsley, an ounce of grated cheese, a pinch of cinnamon, and pepper and salt to taste. Stir over a slow fire for six or eight minutes; squeeze a little lemon juice over, and serve hot.

EGGS ALLA PROVENZALE.—Fry one small chopped onion, and two well scalded, and sliced mushrooms, in two ounces of boiling butter or lard. When nearly browned, add half a pint of stock, with a dessertspoonful of flour dissolved in it, half a tumbler of white wine, and a pinch of mixed spice. Stew over a very slow fire for about twenty minutes, then add six hard-boiled eggs, the yolks left whole, and the whites cut into quarters, warm through, and serve very hot on buttered toast.

EGGS ALLA ROMAGNOLA.—Melt two ounces of butter, stir in one ounce of flour, add one pint of milk, and stir over a slow fire until nearly boiling. Pass through a wire sieve, and replace in pan with four yolks well beaten, one dessertspoonful of powdered sugar and a teaspoonful of grated nutmeg. Stir over a slow fire until nearly boiling. Have ready on a dish four hard-boiled eggs cut into quarters, and pour the mixture over.

EGGS ALLA CONTADINA.—Pour four ounces of melted butter into a baking dish, and add six slices of bread, thickly sprinkled with grated cheese. Over each slice break carefully one egg, with pepper, salt, and nutmeg to taste. Put in a very slow oven, and when the eggs are set, serve upon the same dish, and garnish with fried parsley.

EGGS ALLA GIARDINIERA.—Chop finely half a small lettuce, one small onion, two or three pieces of the white part of a stick of celery, half a small cucumber, and half a bunch each of parsley, basil, thyme, rosemary and marjoram, and fry in four ounces of boiling lard or butter for ten or twelve minutes, stirring the pan constantly. Add one pint of milk, with pepper and salt to taste, and stew over a very slow fire for about half an hour. Stir in six whisked eggs, and cook for five or six minutes.

EGG BALLS.—Chop finely four hard-boiled eggs, add one dessertspoonful of chopped parsley, one ounce of grated cheese, two ounces of bread-crumbs, and pepper and salt to taste; mix well with two well-beaten yolks of egg, form into balls, dip in beaten egg and bread-crumbs, and fry brown in boiling butter, or lard.

EGGS ALLA GENOESE.—Fry two small sliced onions until nearly brown. Add one tablespoonful of flour, dissolved in one pint of milk, and pepper and salt to taste. Stir over a slow fire for six or eight minutes, then add six well-beaten eggs, stir again over slow fire for a few minutes, and serve very hot on buttered toast.

EGGS ALLA FIORENTINA.—Cut six hard-boiled eggs into halves, remove the yolks, and pound them in a mortar with a teaspoonful of finely chopped parsley, and another of thyme, the crumb of half a roll soaked in vinegar, and strained, one teaspoonful of powdered sugar, half a teaspoonful of powdered cinnamon, and pepper and salt to taste. Fill the twelve halves with the mixture, mix the remainder with three tablespoonfuls of white vinegar, one of powdered sugar, two of milk, and one teaspoonful of mustard. Arrange the eggs tastefully on a dish, place watercress or a little lettuce round, and pour sauce over. This makes a nice supper dish. G. C.