

# Hints on the Care of the Little Girl's Complexion

# How Successfully to Treat the Various Blemishes That Threaten to Mar the Child's Skin.

THE prettiest of golden curls and the biggest of blue eyes and the most bewitching of ways are all marred if Miss Goldenlocks has that malady so common to little ladies—blemishes of the skin. So many are afflicted in this way that one often wonders why the term "a baby complexion" is applied as a compliment. To be sure it is the baby who has the freshness of skin when it is not marred, but the woman of 20 nowadays has a skin that is groomed by all the methods which modern hygienic science teaches, while her little daughter often goes uncare for in this respect.

It is so easy to correct the fault in almost any child that it seems a pity that mothers should not take the little pains needed to give the child a veritable "baby complexion." Occasionally a child is so seriously afflicted with some disease of the blood that the skin trouble can be reached only by the patient attention of a physician, and it may be long before his best efforts can get at the root of the matter; but if she is a reasonably healthy young person you can give her the poisons and cream skin that is hers by right.

First of all, pimples on the child's face are more from internal than from external causes, and need corresponding treatment. When a woman complains of pimples, ten to one they are the result of blackheads, clogged pores, and can be banished by scrubbing and anointing. To be sure, the general condition of the bodily organs affects these pimples, but there must be external care into the bargain. But with a child the matter is different. The baby skin does not form blackheads as easily as yours, but the blood and stomach really cause an eruption, and this eruption must be treated through them.

Rich food is often the cause of a fine rash appearing on the face and spreading until it covers the face. At the first symptom of this, look to the little one's diet. If she has the habit of eating pastry, deny her that luxury, even though it is hard to do it. Cut down the candy supply—perhaps it will be necessary to take it away altogether for a while. Keep rich meats from her and let her have little butter. She should eat cereals, vegetables and fruits, with some of the less rich meats—pooultry and fish will tide over the time.

On the other hand, a rash may come from impoverished blood. This condition results from the child's having too little that is rich and nourishing, instead of too much. If she has been living on very light diet and the rash appears, try something more hearty for a while. Never greasy meat; but eggs, milk, soups that are not greasy, and rare beef.

A general rule for the child's diet is this: Give her varied food, appetizing food and the food she craves. It is all nonsense to think that all sweets are harmful. Every young, old and young needs a certain amount of sweet food. This should come in the form of dessert after lunch and dinner, with an occasional candy treat in between. But avoid the continual eating of candy. Every system craves some acid, too; salad should be given if it is made with pure vinegar, but the habit some children have of frequently sucking cheap store pickles should be stopped in the bud.

Keep your little daughter in ignorance of the charms of coffee and tea. They may be harmless to you, but they will not be to her. Many cases of extreme sallowness in young cheeks that ought to be charmingly pink are due to nothing but the regular custom of drinking one or both of these beverages. There is no doubt of the delights of both of them, and children soon learn to crave



OUT OF DOOR EXERCISE IS NECESSARY

them with an abnormal appetite. The wise mother distinguishes between the cravings that are natural and wholesome and those that lead to dire results. For the child whose food does not nourish her well and whose face is either pale or pimply in consequence, a glass of milk at bedtime is worth its weight in gold. The milk will digest more rapidly if it is warmed, and will lead to a sweet sleep. If you are nervous, sleepless mother, the sooner you take to this habit yourself the better.

The old-fashioned sulphur and molasses dose for impure blood, while by no means

pleasant, is one that will never become obsolete, for it has already to its credit too many cases of skins healed by its magic. The prescription for mixing is this: Two teaspoonful sulphur precipitated from which the lumps have been rubbed, and six teaspoonful molasses. Stir thoroughly. Give the child half a teaspoonful of the remedy the first thing in the morning and repeat the dose at bedtime. Keep this up for half a week, omit for half a week, repeat for half a week.

Sometimes the child's stomach becomes sour, as the expression goes, from one of

those accidents which the most careful mother cannot ward off. An indulgent friend may have overloaded the stomach with fruit or candy. The most moral youngster may have eaten a whole ham or a large pot. Extreme heat or cold cause the most wholesome meal to disagree. When stomach trouble and an eruption of the skin arises in some such way, add a few drops of lime water to the glass of milk and give the little one a charcoal tablet after each meal.

Sometimes a very young stomach adopts an unwholesome habit of eating. I once knew a perfectly healthy child who could not eat red raspberries without the most violent

attack of indigestion as a punishment. In a case like this, do not force the matter; merely wait. That little one had a wise mother who kept red raspberries out of her reach for a year or two, and in the end she overgrew the weakness and now enjoys the fruit.

Rosy cheeks belong by right to every child. When they are lacking and there is no illness, the cause is almost sure to be lack of outdoor exercise. Let the little people romp in the fresh air. It is the only rouge they need. Their color will attend to itself if it is given this opportunity. Do not be afraid of the cold weather unless your child has some constitutional weakness which unfit her for the life that sturdy boys and girls lead. Dress her warmly, then send her out to play.

If the face and lips chap in the winter chills, apply a little vasoline, or a little ointment over night. Two ounces almond oil, one ounce white wax, one ounce spermaceti, one ounce benzoated lard, one-quarter ounce camphor gum. Dissolve the camphor gum in the oil, add the lard, the other ingredients and melt all together. Beat until creamy and cold. This should be applied after the face is thoroughly washed with warm water and castile soap.

When the pimples come from an impure blood, use the following cream while you are giving internal treatments of sulphur and molasses or some other purifier. Two ounces almond oil, one ounce spermaceti, one ounce white wax, one ounce benzoated lard, one ounce olive oil. Melt the ingredients and beat until cold and creamy. Apply at night and the pimples will dry away if the blood is put in order at the same time.

Teach your little daughter to wash her face properly and see to it that she follows your instructions faithfully. Until

she is old enough to take care of her complexion as well as you can, do it for her, no matter how busy you are.

At night the face should be washed with warm water and castile soap and scrubbed with a towel until it glows. Take care, however, not to irritate the tender skin which will not stand as violent scrubbing as yours will. Do not make a practice of applying any cream; the above receipts are useful in special cases, but otherwise the less the young skin knows of anything but soap and water the better. In the morning only cold water should be used. This will close the pores of the skin and keep it from becoming tender and chapping. Children have a great way of wiping their faces only half dry. Do not permit this. Unless the face is thoroughly dried, it will chafe.

If your young beauty is marred by a mass of freckles, give time a chance. Many a freckled youngster has a beautiful skin in later years. Freckles almost invariably disappear to some extent if not entirely, after the practice of putting cold water over the face in the morning. Freckles that come hurriedly at the beckoning of the sun, you may use some simple remedy, but never apply one of the drastic bleaches to a child's face. If you want to prevent freckles, that is your own affair, but it is brutal to treat a child in this manner. The following prescription is quite powerful enough, and if it or some other as harmless does not accomplish the desired result, leave the freckles to work out their own salvation: One ounce lemon juice, one-half dram sugar, one-quarter dram powdered borax; bottle and keep for a few days, applying now and then.

The practice of putting cold water over children's faces in the winter should be indulged in only the coldest days. If it is done frequently, the eyes may suffer. Never let your little lady wear a dotted veil.

KATHERINE MORTON.

## Suggestions for the Household

PLANKED sirloin steak is said to be delicious. The steak is fastened to a cedar board, exactly like a shad, and baked or broiled. It should be cooked rather longer than when broiled in the usual way. Squeeze the juice of a lemon over the steak and sprinkle with a little salt, or parsley, or better still, spread with maitre d'hotel butter just before serving.

Good Housekeeping gives these directions for preserving green or wax beans. Soak the beans for a few hours in cold water or parboil them slightly. Cut them in long, thin slices, and pack in large jars with generous layers of salt between the layers. When a jar is full, cover with a cloth and put on a weight plate to keep the beans in the brine. They should keep perfectly until spring.

In an artist's country home, where the built-in idea prevails even to the candlesticks, the picture frames are unique. They are set into the walls and the glass opens like a little door, so that the picture may be changed or opened to the air. Several sizes and shapes of frames are provided, and by a judicious use of mats, almost any picture may be made to fit.

Order is a beautiful thing in the house, but as a writer in a recent magazine points out, it is not always understood properly. She says: "The order that makes for restfulness and for comfort is not a sterile order, but one that is agreeable. Furniture is made to be used and books are made to be read. If the disarranging

of a room or the misplacing of a book upsets the order something is wrong, and that something is the crowded condition. Get rid of the superfluous. Most rooms have too many pieces of furniture, and all rooms have too many things."

Happy is the woman who has shaken off the tyranny of "things." More clothes, more social obligations, more housekeeping, more furniture, more bric-a-brac than is necessary to happiness; all these things are "things" and interfere with life. Mrs. Browning describes in "Aurora Leigh" as being the business of a woman's life to painfully embroider, for a man to stumble over and say "D-n the stool."

Egg bread is one of the most famous of old-time Southern dishes. A Blue Grass recipe is as follows: One quart of white cornmeal, which must be scalded with a little boiling water. To this add a little salt, the yolks of three eggs, a cupful of milk, a tablespoonful of lard, and a tablespoonful of melted butter. Last of all, add the well-beaten whites of two eggs. Bake nearly an hour in a moderate oven.

How seldom one finds a perfectly baked tomato. As a rule the vegetable is scooped out to the very skin and crammed with a few crumbs of meat, and then a little tomato left. The stuffing becomes a hard, soggy mass impossible to enjoy. Peel the tomatoes or not, as preferred, make a hole in the center of each, and fill with a dressing made with bread crumbs, salt, pepper, butter and a little sugar. Bake a long time.

## Home Thoughts: Opportunities

THINGS WHICH ELUDE PREOCCUPIED MINDS—LOSSES THAT WILL NOT BE SUMMED UP.

"I had spoken then. If I had only summoned courage and been true to what I had said, I might have been as he was ready to listen." How many of us can recall hours of intense self-accusation when too late we have realized that opportunity had been given us and we had failed to grasp it!

It is a bewildering condition, this recognition of our failure to see what we might have attained and yet never made an effort to reach; this fair and un hindered opening through which we might have found admittance to places we had yearned wistfully behind the barriers of shyness or ignorance or lack of comprehension; the help we might have given, the help we might have obtained, and yet we let it pass away and it will never return. It comes but once!

Could we by supernatural insight know what we have missed in these blind times of self-absorbed stupidity, we would stand aghast at our own failures. Mothers are especially prone to this form of error. With the most of us there are after, unfortunately in failing to see the tokens of a gentle introspective mood—so often striking the dying heat of a boy's ill-humor or resentment, and absolutely putting his better impulse to flight—when patient silence would have been like dew upon the fire in his young heart. The hour could have been made one of golden confidence and a rare opportunity to forge a closer link between the mother and her child.

We do not wait on opportunity; we strive to make arbitrary times for ourselves, in which to bring about the desired things after which our hearts yearn. Many a loving and, in the best sense, hearted woman has absolutely staved every hope of gaining influence or giving aid to her children, by continuous inopportune demands to be heard, and by irritating perseverance in order to convince. Just as a quiet hour arrives and a husband throws off the trammels of his business or his professional work, and sits in contented silence beside his wife, there are hundreds—would it be truer to say thousands—of women, who take that time to bring up some waiting domestic problem or propose some uncertain and perhaps distasteful question. The blessed chance for a possible confidence on his part—the not unlikely touch of love-like tenderness that their happy attitude almost suggests—are brushed away as if by a rough wind. Oh, if wives could get even a feeble glimpse of the value of what they thus throw away.

So seldom in this work-a-day, restless, absorbing life of ours do these happy intervals arrive, that they are like delicious lulls in a storm; they are like places of refreshment where heart and soul shall grow strong and renew the youth and ardor of love. Fostered and shielded from interruption, such hours draw heart to heart and leave a peace that is indeed a precious thing to cherish. It is into this rare time of rest or rest-intentioned but mistaken wife force one of the many perplexities of the family economy, and, just as her husband perhaps stretches out his hand to cover her in an old-time habit of care, says: "Now that we are alone, John, I want to talk to you about Robert's going to college."

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chance to get his uninterrupted attention. What he had counted an opportunity for settling a family doubt—anything from the purchase of a new rug to the character of their daughter's last suit—was in truth a God-given interlude—a time in which to make home dear through peace, and give more fervent by the sense of rest and refreshment. The sequel is read in lonely evenings and quick departures, after the dinner hour is passed, for the club or some place of amusement. It would not be a flattering summary if we could learn how very many men are afraid to be alone with their wives, lest some unpleasant discussion should arise. It would be a lesson well learned if we could realize how priceless are these intervals of quiet companionship and how few and far between they become if misused or neglected.

"Some other time," is the child's ready and constant answer to too indulgent parents, who urge but do not demand the use of opportunities either for their own improvement or for bestowing pleasure or courtesy upon others. Selfishness and indifference feed to repletion on this universal food, and the mature men and women shrink both morally and intellectually because they are thus deprived. Let them get the idea impressed upon them in the same way that they learn the dread of other injuries and once understanding that opportunities do not return, and they will gradually become eager not to lose what they cannot regain. It will become as natural to them as other habits of self-preservation.

The unwillingness to relinquish any previous plan—or to discommode themselves for the sake of showing respect or bestowing pleasure either upon aged or unattractive people—is one of the very evident defects in the young people and children of our day, and it has both a direct and indirect influence upon them for evil. They lose many a friend and forfeit many a kindly word of commendation, both of which might have had much beneficial power in their future lives, and also they check the most noble and chivalric feelings of which human nature is capable.

We lose so many golden opportunities while we sit idly wishing for those which will never be granted to us. Those dreams of ours which keep us, as it were, spell-bound, sitting gazing afar, hoping to see them materialize on the far horizon, seldom come to life or draw near to us. We rarely anticipate our largest and most valuable chances for good either for others or ourselves.

"Act, act in the living present," is the watchword of those who live with alert nerves and eager hands ready to perceive and grasp the slightest hint of hidden treasure by the way. Much waiting, long-deferred hope benumb many of us; only one goal comes within our impaired vision; only one aim is visible; corners at our hands, beside us, perhaps under our very roof, are voiceless opportunities impinging us by mute signs not to pass them by.

We are in theory ready to be martyrs in some heroic cause, yet are not interested in the malmed or perverted or crooked natures whom we strive either to ignore or forget, and count an hour given to sweeten or cheer or modify these unfortunate, as wholly lost. Hidden away in every human breast there are germs of good which men do not know how to develop; only one aim is visible; corners at our hands, beside us, perhaps under our very roof, are voiceless opportunities impinging us by mute signs not to pass them by.

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There is an unsuspected need for our best endeavors. When we think of what has been withheld from them by lowly birth and imperfect education, and remember what they have to work out for themselves in our behalf as well as for their own protection and advancement, that mistress of a household who never finds opportunity for noble work within her own doors, must have small perception of her power and the lack of education, that mistress of a household who never finds opportunity for noble work within her own doors, must have small perception of her power and the lack of education, that mistress of a household who never finds opportunity for noble work within her own doors, must have small perception of her power and the lack of education.

It were better for them as men and for us as a nation if they were kept on sentimental duty, watching for such opportunity as shall challenge them at this, the gate of their future. Knowledge, strength, and what they seldom think of, power to make home and the world happier and more lovely, call loudly and give readily the counterclaim which ought to give them admittance. "Quit you like men" is the secret password, and they do not comprehend its meaning nor recognize the signature of the "Great Captain." Let us teach them that life is so short and opportunity so large and free, and stir them and ourselves not to let it slip.

pendant earrings in old-fashioned silver and gold with odd settings of gems, and the antique shops are also setting forth their quaintest offerings in earrings. If the rage for costumes of certain periods should continue jewelryers predict that the pendant earrings, much bejeweled, may return, but as the appearance of very few women is improved by the use of the long pendants, they are not likely to become highly popular.

The imitation gems have reached such a stage of perfection that some of the new screw earrings in single imitation pearls which can be bought as low as \$5 a pair are really very effective, and can be hardly detected from the real, save by those who are posted in gems.

The Tide of Love.

Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

As ocean clasps the yielding shore  
My love would hold me near;  
I watch beside the heart's high tide  
For rising of the sea,  
As one who waits for treasure ships  
To bear across the sea,  
I will be true to my dear lips  
Alone can bring to me.

In on the tide of love  
Come to my victory,  
All in the pride of love,  
Banner unfurled,  
Thou art my glory,  
Come to me speedily,  
As misting rain to greet the sun,  
I am the mate for thee,  
World of my world!

As night the tired earth enfolds  
And lulls with soft caress,  
My love would share thy every care  
And comfort thy distress,  
As misting rain to greet the sun,  
I am the mate for thee,  
World of my world!

On the dawn-tide of love  
Come to my victory,  
All in the pride of love,  
Banner unfurled,  
Thou art my glory,  
Come to me speedily,  
As misting rain to greet the sun,  
I am the mate for thee,  
World of my world!

## Savory Meats for a Family of Two

THE quantity of food which provides enough for a family of two, or two and the maid, is a problem that ever vexes the soul of the bride new to marketing. Before she learns the value of the unknown quantity, her days and nights are troubled by the length of her bills and the sum of her "left-overs."

She has heard of dining well on small means, but that is one of the arts not included in her education. If she consults these scriptures of the culinary art known as cookbooks, she finds that few of them even hint at the number of hungry persons any given receipt will feed.

One persevering young bride found at last a cook-book which would tell her just a cooking-school teacher willing to form a class for young wives seeking just such knowledge. She learned to begin with the possibilities of a little roast of beef. She first had a talk with her butcher about the unknown quantities. The order for three pounds of any kind of meat was to mean three pounds, a few ounces over or under not to count. More than half a pound over the quantity ordered was never to be sent. The result was a noticeable shrinkage in the meat sold at supper.

Then she ordered a prime cut of porterhouse for a roast; quantity, three pounds. The bones taken out were sent home for the stock pot. The long end of the roast was cut off and corned for two or three days.

When carefully trimmed and skewered, the better piece of meat was put in a very hot frying-pan and browned quickly on every side, so that the juices would not escape. The meat was then put on the rack in the roasting-pan and cooked a quarter of an hour in a hot oven, without the aid of any liquid. A cupful of boiling water, containing a lump of butter the size of a walnut, was then turned over it. The pan was covered and the meat roasted half an hour longer. If lacking in fat, a piece of suet was laid on the top. The beef should now be cooked rare. If liked well done, it may be roasted 15 minutes longer.

The pan there should be a little fat and a rich brown sediment. After the meat is laid on a hot dish, add to this sediment a teaspoonful of flour well mixed with two tablespoonfuls of water and a half cupful of cream, whipped with a little boiling water, season with salt, pepper and a few drops of kitchen bouquet.

For the second day's dinner, heat the roast through in a moderate oven. It must not be cooked longer or it will be tough. With this the young cook learned to serve a delicious horseradish sauce, which was found most appetizing either hot or cold. When the sauce was to be hot, it was made from three tablespoonfuls of horseradish grated fine, a teaspoonful of sugar, and one each of salt and cider vinegar or lemon juice. If a very pleasant sauce is liked, a half teaspoonful of dry mustard may be mixed with the horseradish. To this mixture add two tablespoonfuls of water. Bring to a boil, and just before taking from the fire add the beaten yolks of two eggs to thicken it. When the sauce was served cold with cold meat, the horseradish, salt and vinegar were mixed, and just before serving four tablespoonfuls of cream, whipped until very firm, were added.

Deviled meat in the chafandish was much liked by the master of the house. The cooking-school formula was an ounce of butter, a teaspoonful each of vinegar and Worcestershire sauce, one-fourth teaspoonful of made mustard and a pinch of cayenne. These were well blended, cats were made in the meat and the sauce rubbed into them. A little butter was heated in the chafandish and the meat laid in it until very hot. Turn while cooking. Rare meat, either beef or lamb, is best for this.

An occasional curry varied the menu.

## True Deliverance of the Soul

Count Tolstoy Declares in Actual Practice It is Clear and Simple.

(This article, republished from the New York Independent, is from a letter by Tolstoy written to a friend who had asked his aid in solving the deeper problems of living and thinking.)

WAS very glad to hear from you, but felt very sorry when I learned of your useless, senseless mode of life, as you put it, and of your illness.

The first, a life with which he that leads it is not satisfied, is worst of all. We are not responsible for sickness, and, therefore, the wise man is he that believes in God can bear it calmly. But we must not waste our life at random, and wherever we are, under all circumstances, we do so that for which we live. We use up—that is, to perfect ourselves, draw nearer to God ("Be perfect even as your Father in Heaven"), to try to be judicious and lovable in everything. And if we do not do this, it is very sad.

It is not only possible to perfect ourselves and to draw nearer to God at all times and everywhere, but it is not even difficult to do it. Some think that to accomplish this it is necessary to undertake something, to arrange something. This is not true; it is but necessary to abstain from doing that which you consider wrong, and which life will shape itself one way or the other; and if you will abstain from doing that which you consider wrong, then you will surely do good, because a healthy man cannot remain idle.

I advise you to do the same, my dear friend: restrain yourself, do not quarrel, do not try to make a display of yourself, do not do that for which you live. Let the water fall anywhere save on the wheel, and the wheel will work for your good and for the good of mankind. God is love and man is love. And if man will but refuse to give himself to temptations and to desires which force him to waste his life for nothing, love will appear and will perform in him the work of God.

It is always very painful to me to think that there are people, like yourself, suf-

fering from lack of knowledge, from doubt and error, while the truth is so clear and simple and known to me, not only theoretically, but also practically—that is, I have for a long time lived by this truth, and after the most terrible doubts and just despair as you are experiencing, I live by this truth calmly and joyously.

Life is the deliverance of the soul—the spiritual, self-existing essence from the body, by means of simultaneous or gradual suicide—that is, by deviating from performing the will of God; or, by doing all in his power, cannot cease to be what it must be according to God's will, and no matter how much it would resist, it will be compelled to do as God demands of it; only it will do it with resistance and suffering. The second, the true deliverance, consists of an ever greater and greater performance of God's will, and of the ever closer and closer approach and similarity to him.

The deliverance of the soul according to God's will, producing the whole work of life, is attained but through love and through the exaltation of love.

Love means the destruction of the obstacles which separate our personality from other personalities. The more we love, making and all other things broader, grows our own personality. Love toward all, to the source of life, to God, destroys all obstacles of personality and unites us with God.

Human life lies in the yearning after this ideal and in the approach toward it. There is no other life. And this approach is possible infinity, and in this approach lies the life of the soul.

Yours truly,  
Tolstoy.

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