

partiality for oatmeal, haddock, and herring, and in the frugal New England diet of cod-fish and potatoes and pork and beans.

Reserving further consideration of these subjects for future articles, I may briefly recapitulate some of the main points already considered.

*First.* Our bodies and our foods consist of essentially the same kinds of materials.

*Second.* The actually nutritive ingredients of our food may be divided into four classes: protein, fats, carbohydrates, and mineral matters. Leaving water out of account, lean meat, white of egg, casein (curd) of milk, and gluten of wheat consist mainly of protein compounds. Butter and lard are mostly fats. Sugar and starch are carbohydrates.

*Third.* The nutrients of animal foods consist

mainly of protein and fats. Those of the vegetable foods are largely carbohydrates. The fatter kinds of meat and some species of fish, as salmon, shad, and mackerel, contain considerable quantities of fat. The lean kinds of meat and such fish as cod and haddock contain very little fat. Beans, pease, oatmeal, and some other vegetable foods contain considerable quantities of protein.

*Fourth.* The different nutrients have different offices to perform in the nutrition of the body. The demands of different people for nourishment vary with age, sex, occupation, and other conditions of life. Health and pecuniary economy alike require that the diet should contain nutrients proportioned to the wants of the user.

*W. O. Atwater.*

## IF.

IF he had known that when her proud fair face  
Turned from him calm and slow  
Beneath its cold indifference had place  
A passionate, deep woe.

If he had known that when her hand lay still,  
Pulseless so near his own,  
It was because pain's bitter, bitter chill  
Changed her to very stone.

If he had known that she had borne so much  
For sake of the sweet past,  
That mere despair said, "This cold look and  
touch  
Must be the cruel last."

If he had known her eyes so cold and bright,  
Watching the sunset's red,  
Held back within their deeps of purple light  
A storm of tears unshed.

If he had known the keenly barbéd jest  
With such hard lightness thrown  
Cut through the hot proud heart within her  
breast  
Before it pierced his own.

If she had known that when her calm glance  
swept  
Him as she passed him by  
His blood was fire, his pulses madly leapt  
Beneath her careless eye.

If she had known that when he touched her  
hand  
And felt it still and cold  
There closed round his wrung heart the iron  
band  
Of misery untold.

If she had known that when her laughter rang  
In scorn of sweet past days  
His very soul shook with a deadly pang  
Before her light dispraise.

If she had known that every poisoned dart—  
If she had understood  
That each sunk to the depths of his man's heart  
And drew the burning blood.

If she had known that when in the wide west  
The sun sank gold and red  
He whispered bitterly, "'Tis like the rest;  
The warmth and light have fled."

If she had known the longing and the pain,  
If she had only guessed,—  
One look — one word — and she perhaps had  
lain  
Silent upon his breast.

If she had known how oft when their eyes met  
And his so fiercely shone,  
But for man's shame and pride they had been  
wet—  
Ah! if she had but known!

If they had known the wastes lost love must  
cross,—  
The wastes of unlit lands,—  
If they had known what seas of salt tears toss  
Between the barren strands.

If they had known how lost love prays for  
death  
And makes low, ceaseless moan,  
Yet never fails his sad, sweet, wearying  
breath—  
Ah! if they had but known.

*Frances Hodgson Burnett.*