

Let Me See Inside.

BY M. JOSEPHINE BASSETT.

THERE'S a fair little boy, with a wonder-
ing look,
Who is curiously scanning a ponderous book,
Strangely bound, quaintly marked, and its
leaves edged with gold.
From his gaze two strong clasps did the con-
tents withhold;
For awhile he's content, yet he's not satisfied;
And so, restless, he said, "Let me see the in-
side."
Then the clasps were unloosed, and before him
was spread
Hieroglyphical pictures, and, bowing his head,
Long and closely he scanned them, and looked
them all through.
He could not understand them; and, tired with
the view,
He vainly endeavored his sorrow to hide,
As he plaintively said, "Let me see the inside!"
Then the various pictures to him were ex-
plained.
Yet he still was not satisfied; still he com-
plained
That "The inside I see not; in vain I have
tried,
To know why it is that I can't see inside!"
Then a student of nature, a white-haired old
seer,
Who had earnestly studied on, year after year,
To discover the wonderful secrets of earth,
And had stored his deep mind with great knowl-
edge of worth,
Said, "Thou art not alone, boy, in knowledge
defied,
For all men vainly try thus to see the inside.
Many years have I studied to search out the
plan
That Nature has kept so long secret to man.
I have tried to discover the nature, and cause
Of the mental, the moral, the physical laws.
I have traced all the planets, though viewless
their ways,
And determined their orbits exactly, in days.

I have studied the chemical elements, too;
And yet all I have learned, is just what they
do;
I've not found *why* the union of these should
take place!
Ab! the knowledge of principle, 'tis a plain
case,
Dame Nature to mortals will never confide.
And until she relents, we can n'er see inside."

Kitty Howard's Journal.

II.

EDITED BY MRS. ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

JUNE 30.—Four little children came in to
look at baby, each in their clean pina-
fores, with hair slicked back and faces shining
from soap suds. Little dears, I was so glad to
show them his pretty feet, and delicate ears, and
see him look at them as babies will look at
children, when they notice nothing else. I
observed the little folks were rather disposed to
crowd and see which should get nearest. Henry
Olney examined him with great attention, and
with a solemn face, and then asked me:

"Do you think you can take care of him in a
way to please God?" "I shall try, my dear."

"Because I think my mother did not with
our baby, and He took her back again. As he
has just come from Heaven, I wish your baby
could tell me how he left my little sister," and
he opened his great eyes, and stretched down
his cheeks to keep from crying. I put his dear
head on my shoulder and comforted him.

All the children kissed baby, and as soon as
they were gone I took a sponge and washed his
face and feet and head, for poor little Sallie
Green had a sore upon her lips. I do not like to
have baby kissed, but there is no help for it.

MEM.—I see no reason why children should
have these eruptions about the face. They are
very unwholesome looking.

JULY 20.—Baby (he must have a name), has
the sweetest skin that ever was, so fair, and
clear, and wholesome. Every morning before
I put him into his cold bath, I give him a spoon-
ful of cold water, and he already grabs at the
spoon. Not a drop of castor oil; not a drop of
tea, or cordial of any kind since the exodus of
nurse. Oh, the darling little lollipop! has no
torments now, and his appetite is excellent!
He goes in the loveliest way, and sticks up his
head and feet when I lay him down, trying to

got up again. Oh, you ambitious youngster! you'll have to help yourself, I shall not help you; never think your mother is going to boost you through the world.

23.—Have been teased and fretted by good old nurse, who declares I am looking pale and thin, and ought to take *ale* or a glass of hot toddy before going to sleep. Then in came Mrs. Brown, who said the same, and said I should never be able to nurse baby without something warm and comforting!

I was really glad to get rid of them without giving offense, and I find I am such a savage little body, growing so resolute, that I should not be surprised if I became one of the "strong-minded." When I told this to Tom, he looked quizzical, but said I was in the right; he said he was glad I did not believe in cradles, as he was afraid I should make him rock it, I was getting to be such an Amazon. This is certain, if my beautiful boy ever becomes that revolting monster in the world, called a drunkard, he shall never have it to say that he took the appetite from his mother's milk. No, never. I will give him no unholy and unwholesome secretion.

I was thinking of this very deeply, and thinking how foolish and weak I am in many ways, but in this I shall be strong; in this I am solemnly conscientious, and, thinking of it, the tears came into my eyes, and fell on dear baby's cheek as he slept in my arms, which Tom saw, and he put by the law paper, on which he was writing, and came and kissed off the tears from baby's face; and when I told him what I was thinking about, he told me I was a good and wise little darling. I am glad he thinks so.

28.—Walked in the garden, and saw baby noticed every thing; observed his dear eyes followed a butterfly. How long will it be before he learns the meaning of Psyche! Ah me! I must study more, there is so much to teach a child.

Dressed in white and put roses in my hair, and when Tom came to dinner he was so delighted. He called me "such a perfect household divinity, and said I was prettier than ever." This, of course, was very foolish, but it pleased foolish me.

MEM.—To pay attention to my looks, as I know I did before I was married, I am ashamed to see I have been careless.

30.—When Tom came home to dinner to-day he was very mysterious. He took baby in his arms, and fumbling in his pocket, he brought out a little package. I knelt on the footstool

and looked to see what it all meant. Behold! he had brought home a pretty silver rattle, with coral stem, and bells. Then he opened baby's right hand; he was so careless, he was on the point of putting it into his left hand. Oh, men are such stupid creatures! If left to Tom he would be sure to make him a left-handed boy. I am just as sure of it, and I told him so, and helped him to open his right hand. Tom laughed awfully loud when I scolded him about the left hand, and said if he should try all his life long he would not be as wise about babies as little mother.

MEM.—He will call me little, and I don't put about it now, for it pleases him, and doesn't matter.

Well we got the rattle into baby's right hand, and what does he do! Of course he tried to get it into his mouth, and he couldn't. Then he kicked and doubled himself up the wrong way; next he bumped it on his forehead, and that made him *glare* his poor dear eyes, for he does not know what it means to be hurt; then he scratched his cheek, and then he was all abroad. Legs and arms went in all directions, and he shook the bells without knowing it, and screamed as he never did before, since nurse went away.

Oh dear! there was a time. "Young man, if that is the way you treat your father when he tries to please you, I am done," cried Tom, and he stopped up his ears. I pulled his hands down, and told him it served him just right for being foolish.

"Foolish!" he repeated, "how foolish, little wife?"

I stopped baby's mouth in the natural way, and then answered very solemnly: "I do not believe in corals."

"Why, I thought babies never got their teeth without corals, and I should be sorry to have ours grow up without any."

"Oh! what a silly Tom! I do not believe in tepids. I do not believe in cradles. I do not believe in corals; and I do not believe in left hands and squint eyes. What a mercy, Tom, that baby's eyes are all right. How we should feel to have him grow up for an omen!"

"For an omen, dear?" and I am sure Tom was laughing inside, for his eyes laughed in spite of his sober mouth.

"Yes, an ill omen, Tom. Of course, you know that if a person goes out in the morning, and meets one who squints with his eyes, he will have bad luck all day."

Oh dear, dear! Tom laughed so loud it was a

thing to hear, and baby stopped to go and laugh, and I laughed too. Then I took the silver rattle and hung it up, as an awful warning to Tom not to buy any thing foolish again.

AUG. 12.—My birthday, and to-night my star, the bright star Lyra, is in the zenith at 9 o'clock, just as in the hour of my birth. Oh! every day of my life I grow so happy. Other people I suppose are happy, but not in my way. I think it takes more to make me happy, in one way, than it takes to make others so; for while most of people must have a great deal of fine dress and company, I do not require these, and yet I am fond of soft, pretty dresses, and seeing grand shows, but can do without them. Birds and flowers, sunshine, kind hearts, and pleasant faces are quite enough for me.

I told Tom, as we sat talking, that I thought for a wife it was just as well to have a silly one like me, as to have a great-minded woman, and Tom had tears in his eyes when he kissed my forehead, and said I was a great deal wiser than I knew.

Then I told him that what pleased me seemed to be entirely from God, and not the world, and seemed holy and pure; but, sometimes, dear Tom, I fear you may grow rusty and dull in the eyes of other people, from being so much with poor, silly me. You must have company more after your own mind; with more learning, and more ideas than I have, Tom. "I shall grow jealous?" No, indeed. Never. You may *admire*, but you will *love* nobody better than little wife. I am sure of it, and Tom took me right in his arms, and kissed me and said, "No, never, never, dear Kitty." And so my birthday passed, so happy! Oh, so happy!

14.—Last night Mr. Brown came to play a game of chess with Tom. I was a little disappointed, for Tom was reading Othello aloud while I was knitting on my pretty worsted shawl, white, with a rose-colored border, and he had just got to that passage where Iago describes a pretty nice woman, nothing out of the common way, I thought, and then made that impudent conclusion:

"She were a wight, if such a wight there were
To suckle fools, and chronicle small beer,"

when there was a ring at the door, and Mr. Brown popped in his head just in time to hear me say: "If ever women suckled fool, his mother did." and Mr. Brown asked,

"Who are you talking about?"

"A gentleman who lived somewhere in the Levant," answered Tom, without a smile, and

Mr. Brown then proposed chess, and then he presented some fine cigars. Now Tom does smoke! I may as well own up to it, and he looks so happy with a cigar in his mouth, that I have not the heart to say one word against it. All I say is:

"Never smoke near the baby, Tom, for I do not think it well for him. He likes the smell of a rose as well as I do, but that is a *natural* taste. If he learns to like the smell of tobacco, it is an acquired taste, and all acquired tastes are to be distrusted."

Then Tom held up both hands and declared that I "was a philosopher in petticoats; that Solomon was nothing to me; that Solon could not hold a candle to me," and a great deal of other wit and fun of the kind; but he never *does* smoke where baby is, nor comes near him till he washes away all the aromas of tobacco.

I looked on, that I may learn the game. I know all the moves, and am playing *soitaire*, that I may be able to teach my boy chess. Every *man* ought to play a good game, and I shall have baby begin as soon as he is three or four years old.

15.—I sat on a bench in the garden to-day, when Jeannie Grey came in, and a servant brought her baby for her, to sit with me awhile. I told Bridget to bring us fruit and cream and biscuit, so we sat together several hours, and talked just as we used to talk when we were schoolgirls. The first thing Jeannie said was:

"Your baby will surely take cold; nothing on but his thin dress, and nothing on his head! Good Lord! my child would not live a week, if exposed in that way. But what a great white baby yours is, and only one week older than mine. Just see my delicate little blossom!"

Then she took off an embroidered cap lined with silk, and at least forty or fifty yards of fine narrow ribbon made into bows, all round the face and neck; then she took off a merino cloak, heavily embroidered, and lined and quilted, and under this was a thin flannel blanket bound with ribbon.

"Mercy! mercy!" I cried, "you keep the child too warm. Oh! a great deal too warm. It will never get used to the air. You keep it weak and make it sickly."

"She takes after me, Kitty, and I am very delicate."

Such a miserable looking baby Jeannie has! So thin and lank—no roundness, and such dull eyes. My baby acted like a little tiger in trying to grab at it. Jeannie was always one of these dependent, helpless kind of girls that men

seem to admire so much. She told me her "baby had just been able to live and that was all. Castor oil and manna and paragoric were such comforts to mothers. They seem to fatten your child."

"No, indeed," I cried, "mine never takes any thing of the kind, nothing but cold water, and his natural food."

"Bless my heart! you was always strong, inclined to be robust, I should say; but I have hardly ever been able to walk or even ride much; I have a very fragile constitution."

I grew so muddled hearing her talk, that I felt half ashamed of my good health; but it passed off, and I was thankful for not being so delicate, and replied,

"That is very unfortunate; now I ride horse-back every morning with Tom, and never take cold. And baby never has had the *smuffles* since nurse went away, and I began to bathe him in cold water."

"Cold water!" she ejaculated; "well, it would kill my child. She can only be sponged with the greatest care, and then we are afraid she will take cold!"

I gave baby to Bridget, and took the poor little flimsy child in my arms. It felt just like a rag, and looked so old and weakened, I really wanted to put it to my breast, but remembering I could not allow any one to nurse my baby, I did not. Jeannie was quite astonished to see how quiet her child lay in my arms.

"I never saw any thing like it! She frets, frets, all the time with me. You are just like a poultice to her."

I did not like to be called a poultice I own, and when I afterward repeated the word to Tom, he said it was "a *truth poorly expressed*," or something of the sort, for I was "just like a great heap of soothing syrup, and ought to be named *Balm*."

"I wish you would nurse baby," cried Jeannie, "and see how she would act!"

"Act!" I never saw or thought that a child could be so greedy. I verily believe that they drug it so much that it is kept half starved, and then the mother, being of Pharaoh's lean kind, is not fit to nurture a child. She made me think of skimmed milk, and looks so blue and thin-skinned, that she worried me. Oh! I am sure people are very foolish to admire these die-away women. Somehow, after she and her baby were gone, I felt so uneasy that I had to go and take another cold bath before I was right again.

THE FRUITS OF ELECTRICITY—Magnetic currents.

The Heart and its Diseases.

BY E. P. MILLER, M. D.

THE human heart! What an important office it fills in the daily duties of life; how wondrously it performs its function; what an influence it exerts upon the health, hopes, and happiness of mankind! For beauty of form, for complication of structure, for variety of action, it may be superseded by other organs, but none are more essential to our existence.

In size it ranks neither among the largest, nor the smallest organs of the body, but may be classed as intermediate. It is said that in each individual the heart is about the size of the closed hand, and its weight varies with its size, ranging in adults from eight to nine ounces. Its location is somewhat central as regards the more important part of the body.

No other organ is so constantly at work, so unremitting in its duties; none performs so large an amount of labor during each minute of life. Its work begins with the first stages of existence; it propels the mother's blood through the little body sometimes before that mother is conscious of the new life she nourishes. This little throbbing, pulsating organ commencing its labor thus early, works on unceasingly through all the days and months and years of life. Morning and evening, at noon and midnight it toils on, seeking no rest, asking neither slumber nor repose. The moment it fails to perform its office, strength and consciousness are lost, and life itself must soon depart.

The amount of labor which the human heart performs during an ordinary life-time is truly wonderful. The average number of contractions or pulsations is about seventy per minute, making four thousand and two hundred each hour; one hundred thousand and eight hundred in a single day, thirty-six million seven hundred and ninety-two thousand in a year, and during a life-time of eighty years the number of pulsations amounts to the enormous sum of two billion, nine hundred and forty-three million, three hundred and sixty thousand.

It has been estimated that the average quantity of blood in adults is about twenty-eight pounds, being one-fifth the weight of the entire body, or about two gallons by measure, and that this entire quantity passes through the heart once in two and one-half minutes. At this estimate the blood is circulated at the rate of forty-seven gallons, or six hundred and sixty pounds per hour; eleven hundred and twenty-eight gallons, or fifteen thousand eight hundred