

saving. It is a sad and a terrible thing for a man to lose faith in men. No matter how bad you may be, and your associates may be, keep, for God's sake, and your own, a fast hold on your faith in men. Believe that somewhere there are better men than you know, or than you yourself are.

And the loss of faith in moral principle, is, perhaps, more mischievous than even the loss of faith in men. When a man confuses all moral distinctions, and says, "This world is one vast scene of chance, and he is the best fellow that, in the general scramble can, by skill, or by strength of arm, manage to come out ahead, and it is not worth while for me to hinder my success by looking after special principles," he is past all help.

Woe be to that man who has lost faith in

principle, who has lost faith in men, and, above all, who has lost faith in women! If I see or hear a man that speaks insulting words of women, my heart sighs at the thought that he had a mother whose memory he insults. I feel toward every such man as the Scripture urges us to feel toward the Devil himself. Resist him! Flee from him!

These things come not all at once. They come much sooner in some than in others. They are resisted to a degree by many, but are triumphed over by but few. And the remedy consists in humbly recognizing our danger, and guarding against it in every possible way, making use of such means as God in his providence has placed within our reach for protection against these evils by which we are of necessity beset in this life.

Kitty Howard's Journal.—No. VII.

EDITED BY MRS. ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

NOVEMBER 18.—I have made the law of my household absolute truth, and I really do feel as though I grew stronger and nobler every day, only from the resolute enforcement of this principle. We are all so fresh and open to each other, so devoid of all suspicion and jealousy, that I feel very proud and happy.

To-day I called upon some of our neighbors, and was quite surprised to have my opinion asked upon several questions, for Kitty seems to herself rather weak. I told Tom so, and he said with tears in his eyes,

"Why, Balm, I begin to see that even a pretty woman may be very wise. I am sure you have taught me a great deal, and I am a better man and a better lawyer, because of my dear little wife."

I did not tell Tom what Mrs. Brown told of her and her husband's quarrels, for I looked upon that as Mrs. Brown's secret, which I had no right to betray. I told her she either did or did not love her husband. If she did love him, it was weak and wicked to be cross and quarrelsome with him, and thus keep the house gloomy and miserable. If she did not love him, I told her it was disgraceful to quarrel with any body that we do not love. I told her I was weak enough, and bad-tempered sometimes, but I owned up to it always, and never, never scolded and fretted, which was the very meanest thing in the world for a woman to do.

Mrs. Brown sniffed a good deal, but there is no help for her; if she hadn't poor Brown to find fault with she would find somebody else. Her little, lean, cross children make me sick, and I came home full of conceit and happiness, and David and Paul had to take some kisses; and then I took a bath, and so washed Mrs. Brown out of my mind and out of my body, and combed my hair, and put a rose on the side of my head.

I ought to say that I have two or three white hairs come just on the organ of kindness. I do not feel in the least bad about this. I think it rather pretty than otherwise. I have no ugly puckers about my mouth and nose, and as I talk right out square and plain, and never fret, I do not believe I ever shall have any *mean* marks come. Tom laughed when I told him so, and said he was sure "my lines would fall in pleasant places." As soon as I took the pun I laughed too.

20.—I have been obliged to change our servant, for with all my care and teaching she could not learn to be neat and orderly. For the last three months I have been employing a girl from the country, whom I took by the way of experiment. She could give me no reference, I concluded to take her notwithstanding. She had a brisk, orderly, tidy way which pleased me greatly, and I was congratulating myself upon

such a treasure, when Mrs. Brown called and advised me to dismiss Harriet forthwith: "She was a perfect thief."

It seems Harriet had lived in the family of Mrs. Jones, a cousin to Mrs. Brown, and had been dismissed therefrom for thieving. I was shocked and troubled to hear this, and having found such good service, almost wished Mrs. Brown had minded her own affairs and let mine alone—but then poor, dear Tom works hard and has not any money to lose, and I sat some time after Mrs. Brown went out, considering the best course to be pursued. I heard a faint knock at the door, and was surprised when Harriet answered my "come in," with a face white as the paper on which I am writing, and trembling from head to foot. I bade her sit down, and gave her a glass of water. It was some little while before she could speak.

Seeing Hannah and the children distressed and curious to know what it all meant, I sent them to run and play in the yard while I should have an explanation with Harriet. When we were alone she said in a low voice, and still trembling,

"I know, Madam, what Mrs. Brown called to tell you. It is all true, I did steal from her cousin."

This candor pleased me, and I said "Are you willing to tell me what you took away, Harriet?"

"Yes, Ma'am; I took some ribbon, a pair of stockings, and pocket handkerchief."

"This is very bad; did you take any thing else?"

"I took tea, and coffee, and sugar; but she only knew about the other things."

"O Harriet! I fear you are a bad, dangerous girl in a family. I am very sorry, indeed, for you; where will it all end?"

I said this very warmly, and Harriet cried almost aloud. At length she swallowed down her excitement and was able to reply.

"If you turn me away, Mrs. Howard, nobody will take me, and I do not know what will become of me. I do not think I should ever steal from you, for you are kind and good to me, and willing to teach me."

"But, Harriet, what makes you steal at all? You must know that it is wrong to live in a family and to take their pay, and then rob them!"

She was silent awhile, and then answered slowly in this way:

"I do not think I ever thought of it in that way before. Ladies have so much, and we poor girls work hard and have so little, that somehow

it did not seem very bad, unless we were found out."

"But it is bad; dishonest, and bad in every way, Harriet, to deceive and cheat those who trust you."

"Yes, Ma'am. I have been learning to see it in that way, since I have worked in your house; but I never thought about it in this way till I lived here."

The tears really come into my eyes at hearing this, and I sat silent awhile, thinking out, as best I could, the merits of the case, and what I ought to do. At length I said very slowly, something like this:

"Harriet, I am very sorry for you, and am willing to help you retrieve yourself, if you will aid me."

The color rushed back to her face, and with a long drawn breath she thanked me, and I proceeded.

"Now, Harriet, in spite of all that I have heard about you, and you have confessed also, I will not discharge you from my service. I will keep you and treat you with *entire confidence*. I shall not watch you, nor put things out of your way—on the contrary, you shall be treated in every respect as a good, well-intentioned girl ought to be treated. Will you stay with me on these conditions?"

"O Ma'am," she answered, "You will be the saving of a poor weak girl! I will not disappoint your goodness."

Before I knew what she would do, she dropped on her knees before me and kissed truly the hem of my garment. It is now three months since this event, and no allusion in any way has ever been made to it, and never did a housekeeper find more faithful or more dutiful service. She is indeed a treasure in the house, careful not to waste any thing, and exact in the smallest article that goes to the wash. She is affectionate also, and stays at home, and reads when other girls in the neighborhood are idling and gossiping.

The necessity of looking after the moral well-being of my family, and the desire to make Tom's money tell as well as possible in the house, have quite deepened my own character, I find. Sometimes I think the poor little Kitty, who used to burst into tears at such trifles, and who was so fond of being petted and even admired, is quite lost, and in her place is growing Mrs. Howard, a little grave, very thoughtful for others, and very tender and unselfish. Tom calls me Balm all the time now, and it conveys a sweet, tender meaning to my heart.

24.—I think I have not recorded the fact that "Kitty Howard's first baby" has gone on, and numbers three. A dear little girl of two months, quite the nicest, most perfect piece of flesh and blood that ever was seen; so I think, and no others ought to see nothing lovelier than their own children; she makes my pretty nursery like a fairy spot. Hannab, my treasure of a little maid, is never weary of admiring and looking after Rachel, as we call her, in honor of Tom's mother. Paul examined her mouth lately, and finding no teeth there turned away with some contempt and said:

"I don't think she's much of a baby, that can't bite."

At which David laughed in quite an old-fashioned, patronizing way. The latter asks me a great many questions as to the advent of Rachel, which I do not meet with any foolish subtleties or falsehoods, but tell him plainly that when he is a little older I will tell him all about it, which I shall do.

DEC. 15.—Poor Jane has lost her child, a feeble, sickly thing it was, and made so by bad management. I went to the funeral, and wept a great deal more than its mother did, for I thought it would kill me to have David or Paul die, so I wept for my own imaginary sorrow and not for the dead child. I noticed Jane looked very nice in her black dress, and she held a beautiful lace handkerchief to her eyes with immortelles in India ink for a border. I sat in her room and helped her to dress. Now, I never do talk or worry my foolish brain because a woman has a taste for painting her face or dyeing her hair. It looks false and foolish to me, an evidence of lack of culture, but I never talk or cavil about it; still I confess when I saw Jane apply rouge to her poor pale cheeks to-day, I put out my hand and exclaimed, "Dear Jane, don't." It seemed such a heartless mockery at such a time, that I was shocked. At which Jane shrugged her shoulders, and said, "I wish you would let me alone, Kitty," and so I did.

I did not take the children to see their dead cousin, but I told them that he had gone away to heaven. I am sure the sight of the dead produces too deep and too gloomy impressions in the mind of a child. When David said quite naturally to me,

"What makes you cry, Mamma, when dear cousin has gone to heaven?" I felt how imperfect and shallow our views of immortality are, and how much less they govern the understanding than they are calculated to do.

After the funeral was over Jane laid down

upon the sofa, and for awhile looked quite sad, and her husband also. I ventured to say to Jane that I hoped she would soon be again a mother, to take up her attention, and prevent her from brooding over her loss, and her poor husband said quite warmly, that "a child would be a great comfort to him, and somehow he should feel as if he had some object in life, with a family of children to look after."

Jane shrugged her shoulders, a sort of French way she has of indicating annoyance, and then seeing me very earnest, and tears in my eyes, exclaimed,

"Kitty, you are the most old-fashioned, foolish little thing I ever saw in my life," and she added some remarks that seemed to me very worldly and wicked, coming from a married woman. Then she turned over on the sofa and took up a novel to read.

Tom and his brother went out together, and soon after my husband took me home, saying a wife like Jane was a curse to any man. I told him that she seemed somehow to be a great deal stronger than I was; whereat Tom said "she was strong in badness—had no human heart, and no conscience whatever, and if his brother took to bad ways it would be Jane's fault." At which I told him Jane was not his keeper, and a man must be a man in spite of all the women in the world.

THE MARCH OF IMPROVEMENT.—The Ophthalmoscope, with which we are able to examine, with the greatest accuracy, the minutest structure of the human eye. The Laryngoscope, with which we can see a large portion of the internal organs of respiration, and witness, with perfect certainty, the delicate movements of the chords, and ascertain the exact locality of disease, and make our applications with mathematical certainty. The Sphygmograph, with which we trace, with perfect accuracy, every pulse wave from the human heart. The Æsthesiometer, with which we register, with perfect certainty, the changes of sensibility in every portion of the delicate and sensitive nervous system. These, and a thousand other improvements, I might abduce, as an evidence of the onward march of our profession, and a proof of the necessity of constant study.—*Dr. Dalton.*

GIVE your horse chaff mixed with corn or beans, and do not give the latter alone, because it makes him chew his food more and digest it better.