

and sympathy, and love, or not at all. And all prisons and penal systems which void kindness and Christianity, are but a mere heartless means of building a wall between the good and the bad, for the sake of saving the good and leaving the bad to their destruction.

We need to reform society, not simply by denouncing it, but by carrying to it specimens of what Christian development will enable a man to attain. When wickedness is supposed to be good, when it has become popular, and has come to be looked upon with favor, so that men are in doubt whether it is evil or good, there is a duty of condemning it, and making people understand that it is wickedness; but in respect to all things that men admit to be wicked, there is do need of denunciation. Yet, there are many reformers whose whole stock consists in denouncing, criticising, fault finding. They undertake to overcome evil with evil. They bring vitriol to vitriol, and fire to fire. They make it their business to search for things that are unlovely and wrong. They go through society perpetually looking for the rotten spots, and carrying a

morsel of carrion in their fingers to show every body. Nothing is worse than this attempting to purge the sores of society by for ever bringing rottenness to rottenness, wrong to wrong, unloveliness to unloveliness. So Christ did not reform the world. Love makes the best physician. Hatred is unwise. It is the least used and longest neglected bolt in the great treasure house of God's wrath. It is the final and only alternative when He uses it. But love is the great divinely appointed remedy. Love ministers patience. It is love that enables God to bear with men through their long evolution and development. Love cures all the sores that spring from constitutional depravities of men. Love is the most essential element which has been revealed to the world, and is indispensable to the child, to man, to society, and to ages. And no one is fit to call himself a disciple of Christ who does not know how to make love stronger than any other feeling, and how, out of it, as out of the bosom of a mother, to minister those recuperative influences by which wickedness shall be changed to goodness.

Kitty Howard's Journal,—No. VIII.

EDITED BY MRS. ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

DEC. 18, 18**.—This evening, when the children come to confession and prayer, I observed that David was trying to keep his feet in the folds of his nightgown, as if even the cold from the carpet was disagreeable to him. He is very sensitive, sound in health, but not robust. I smiled at his desire to make himself comfortable, and asked if he was cold. "Yes, mama; it is cold as Greenland," he replied, showing that he can make a practical use of his little store of knowledge.

"But, my dear, you ought not to dread the cold. Little boys should dip their feet into the cold-water bath and not mind it; they should be so brave that they would run around the house barefoot rather than complain of the cold."

Instantly the child gathered up the folds of his woolen gown, and darted out of doors; he made the circle of the house, and returned to my knee with glowing eyes and cheeks, and his soft white feet like the red rose. He will never shiver at the cold again, and, as he never for-

gets a lesson, this will help him to a resolute spirit—a readiness to brunt the worst. I am sure that we mothers train our children in such a way that they are made weak and cowardly by the means.

MEM.—Not to shrug my shoulders, and talk about the cold and wet, but to ignore the weather altogether, and be bright and cheerful in spite of the worst.

20TH.—The children are talking a great deal about the Christmas tree, and Santa Claus. Hannah and Harriet are much in consultation, and even David and Paul have an air of mystery. We are making preparations for Christmas eve, and as I do not visit a great deal, I have some fears of a failure. When I said this to Tom, the dear, darling, best of husbands, said, parting my hair from my forehead, and kissing the silver threads,

"My pretty Balm must go to the City and the Opera and Theater. She must have a week of dissipation just as soon as the Christmas tree

is inaugurated, for she is too good, too careful, and will grow self-distrustful and nervous."

While we were talking in this tender conjugal manner, who should walk into the parlor but Sister Jane! I am sure she had a cold welcome from us both, but Jane is not to be baffled by any ordinary rebuff. She drawled out a few words about the cold and began to untie her beautiful furs—(though I ought to say here, that I do not like furs, do not covet them, and think they are unhealthy unless one is going on a long, cold journey, or likely to be greatly exposed.) Well, Jane took off her hat and furs, and turning to me said, with the utmost assurance,

"Kitty, I have come to stay a week with you. I'm dreadfully lonesome and do not know what to do with myself, especially as etiquette will not allow me to entertain during the holidays, and I in black."

My first impulse was to say, "No, I can not receive you, Jane," but I knew she would stay in spite of me, and so I said, rather ungraciously, "I will have the fire lighted in the guest room immediately."

"There's a dear little Kitty—such a nice little pussy-cat you have for a wife, Tom."

Tom fairly frightened me. He walked directly up to Jane and asked,

"Mrs. Howard, are you speaking of my wife, Mrs. Katherine Howard, in that impertinent way?"

"Bless me, Tom Howard, what ails you?" she asked, staring at him and adjusting her crape collar at the same time.

She did look hateful; but people can not expose family difficulties. Bad as they may be, and suffer as we may, it is bad taste to talk about them, and nobody can, or will sympathize with the aggrieved party. People like gossip and scandal, and very few persons care to know the truth. All this went like lightning through my poor brain, and I felt that my noble, impulsive Tom would be the loser in any contest with Sister Jane. Accordingly I cut the matter short by saying,

"Dear Tom, this is a poor thing for you to be troubled with. Jane, I shall not allow you to treat me with this impertinence. If you persist in it at any time, my guest room will not be for your use."

"Bless the two turtle doves! Quite a sensational speech, Kitty. Dave, come here! how you *do* grow!" This from Jane, drawingly.

But David did not go to her, on the contrary he eyed her with threatening brow, suspicious in his heart that his mother had been ill-used,

though his dear young brain was unable to comprehend the merits of the case. I felt that Tom and I were placed in a false position by the cool impudence of Jane, and that a looker-on would most likely side with her, so utterly impossible is it to be understood in these family matters.

MEM.—I wonder if a heart is not very much in the way in these modern days. It seems to me the women are turning the world topsy-turvy.

21.—George Howard seems very greatly distressed and broken down since the death of his child. He plays chess with Tom in the evening, while I sit with my book or needle, and Jane pounds away upon the piano. To-night she was playing opera airs with all her might, which Tom never likes to hear in the parlor, because he says they are better played by professional people, and at home he prefers songs and ballads, as having more of true sentiment.

Well, as I was saying, Jane sat beating the keys as if she owed them a spite, when all at once George sprang from his chair and fairly screamed out,

"For G—d's sake stop that noise, you'll drive me mad!"

Tom soothed him, and prevailed upon him to go out and walk, and Jane sauntered toward the stove, pulling her lace handkerchief through her fingers, holding it in one hand and pulling it with the other, and with her head on one side, and looking out of the corners of her eyes, muttered,

"Pretty life I have of it! sullen, cross, cross, all the time."

I sat silent awhile, and then I said,

"Jane, it seems to me if you love your husband you would find some kind, and comforting word for him, now that his nerves are in this bad state."

"Oh, it's of no use talking with such an old-fashioned thing as you are, Kitty. George ought to comfort me, not I him. He ought to be a man, and take me out to ride, and try to please me as he did before we were married," and Jane folded her arms tightly, and looked very cross.

"But George is sick, Jane; he seems out of sorts in every way. He really needs to be kindly cared for. A sick man can not do as a well man can."

"There is no need of his being sick. What's the use of moping around and being miserable about what can not be helped. George is not in the least like his brother."

"That is pretty true, Jane; nobody can be like Tom: so thoughtful, so noble, so good!" and I went on in quite a panegyric upon him, till I saw Jane sneer, and toss her head with contempt, and that made me think I was not taking the best method to appease her, but she began in another vein herself,

"Kitty Howard, I would n't be such a little fool of a wife as you are for any thing in this world. I do not believe your thoughts ever go beyond your husband's whiskers, and your baby's bib."

"You are nearly right there, Jane; I do not go far beyond that, I confess. And we are all very happy and content in our small way; though indeed I study some, and am now reading Buckle, and Corrine in French besides."

"It's all very tiresome. I should think Tom would go to Europe."

"Why so? he is needed at home, and is every day rising in his profession; and, Jane, he has been talked about for Judge." I colored up to the eyes under this little boast, for I had no right to tell of what Tom tells me in confidence.

"There, Kitty, you are always boasting about Tom, or David, or some of the rest of the brood. I wish I had any thing to be proud of!"

"You do tell the truth, Jane; but you do not tell it pleasantly. I *am* full of conceit about my family, and, indeed, I think it compares very advantageously with those that I see. Tom says that he should not be half the man that he is if it were not for me. There now, I will stop, for I only get deeper and deeper into the very fault you spoke of." And I did put my hand over my lips, for a hundred things in the praise of Tom and the children seemed ready to dance off my tongue.

"George never talks with me as Tom talks with you, and if I speak of one of the latest novels, or murders, or suicides he does not open his mouth, but puts his hands into his pockets and tramps across the room, looking like one of those daddy-long-legs, as we used to call them in childhood."

I laughed in spite of myself, but replied, "It seems to me the subjects you name are not of a very cheerful character. George used to be very much like Tom, only a little less."

"George was well enough before he married, but since we differ upon a great many subjects, such as society and having children. He would like a house full of them! I think it's an awful bore and confinement, and would eat rattlesnakes sooner than have them."

"Oh Jane, Jane! you are all wrong. You

had no right to marry if such is your feeling. You commit a great crime. Indeed, Jane, you ruin your own soul and ruin George, and all for what? You are not happy, your husband is not happy, and, in the sight of God, I think it all seems very wicked."

Jane laughed in a most disagreeable manner, and began to hum a tune, and then, seeing that I said nothing further, she exclaimed, "Oh, Kitty, it *is* refreshing to see such a *verdant* in these days as you are!"

It was nearly midnight when the two brothers came in, and I noticed George seated himself by the side of Jane and said a few words in a low voice, to which she replied,

"I don't care that about it (snapping her fingers); you may swear and welcome, so far as I am concerned!"

"Come, Sister Kitty," said George, taking my hand, "sing for me that ballad of Ellen Percy, which seems just made for your voice," and I sang it, George and Tom leaning over the piano. Jane sat biting her nails by the fire, and when I ceased, she remarked, "I hate such lacadaisical things," and then I, in a fit of spirits, gave "All the blue bonnets are over the border," and George looked much cheered, and even Jane grew better pleased.

Did n't Tom and I talk after they went to their room! and did n't we plume ourselves upon our happiness! but Tom was very sorrowful for his brother, and said, upon the whole, he was glad Jane was here through the holidays, since it had induced George to come, and I promised him I would be very patient and good and let nothing fret me. But notwithstanding all I can do, the house is not cheerful. Jane bites her nails with discontent, and George is moody, and the children are not gay. I feel as if I carried the whole household on on my own back.

MEM.—I wonder if we would not live to be as old as Methuselah, if we could always live with those who are congenial to us!

22.—I sat helping Harriet stone the raisins for the cake and pudding to day, when David came and stood by me, and after a little spell of silence said,

"I wish Aunt Jane would go to Heaven after little Cousin, she does not seem to be very bright here."

"It seems to me, darling, that the bright, beautiful ones are the ones to go to Heaven."

"I don't know about that, mama; little Cousin was awful cross and so is Aunt Jane; and old Mr. Grinder who went there was cross and old,

and snapped at Hannah and me when we looked into his garden through the fence, and all the people who go to Heaven seem to be just as well there—but catch me on that road! no, I don't want to see any such people."

It is clear that David's theology is more radical than lucid. Of course I laughed, and tried to say something, but had to tell him that we would talk again on the subject, and see if he quite understood what was meant by Heaven.

23, 18**.—George distresses us all. He has made a confidant of Tom about his business, which is in a ruinous condition, and he seems utterly cast down and disheartened. I try to be cheerful, but the sight of his sad, hopeless face disheartens me greatly. Jane knows that he is embarrassed in every way, and yet shows no sympathy, nor any willingness to economise, and thus help him out of his difficulties. George is not so much of a man as Tom, that is plain to be seen; and this helplessness on his part, gives me a very curious feeling toward him. I feel like a mother toward him, and try to plan for him, and try to soothe him just as I think I should do for David and Paul, if they were big boys and troubled.

My bright, strong, handsome baby, Rachel, is a great comfort to George, and he said this morning if he had a child like this, he would have something to live for.

A BATH HEATED BY A VOLCANO.—In some of the volcanic districts of Hawaii, the larger island of the group, there are caves and ponds filled with warm water, maintained at a temperature of from 80° to 100° Fahrenheit by the ceaseless action of subterranean fires. The underground pools are the warmest. Nothing can be at once more strange and delightful than a bath in one of these warm caves. Guides conduct you a hundred yards or more through a tortuous channel in the lava rock, the outlet, at no immensely remote period, of a river of molten fire. A murky light flares from torches of the kukui nut, borne by vociferous attendants. The floor of the cave slopes rapidly downward, and the heat increases at every step. You fancy yourself on the road to Tartarus, and the impression is heightened when the cave, enlarging, discloses a pond that steams like a very witch's cauldron. The natives stick their torches in the crevices of the lava rock; you try the temperature of the water with your hand, and find it so exceedingly warm that you hesitate to enter it; but in a trice half a dozen

Hawaiians have doffed their kapa robes, and plunged in, making the pool send up dense clouds of vapor which obscure the torchlight. You think of Dante and the spirits in the nether circles; but the swimmer's cries of delight suggest the "Paradiso" rather than "Inferno," and in a moment, willing to test either sensation for the sake of experience, you are in with the rest, floating, diving, and inhaling the volcanic steam. You detect in it, or think you detect, a slightly sulphurous and infernal odor. What a novel sensation, to have your bath heated by a volcano? No other bathing establishment that I know is managed upon so large a scale as this, or kept from generation to generation in such perfect order. You leave it thoroughly suppled and steamed, and ready, as the boys say, "to travel like a steam-engine" when you renew your journey.—*Dr. Coan.*

THE COLOSSAL ELEPHANT.—A novel guest recently arrived at the Central Park of New York—a colossal elephant named Andra, nearly twelve feet in height, and weighing eighteen thousand pounds. She is but thirty-eight years old, and has a prospect of growing taller until fifty, at which age elephants attain their full stature. Even now, however, Andra is the tallest of her species that has been seen in the United States, although elephants sometimes grow to a height of fourteen feet. This huge animal consumes twenty-five four-pound loaves of bread daily, together with three hundred pounds of oats and half that number of pounds of hay. She drinks twenty pails of water in the morning, and the same quantity each evening. As we were looking at Andra following her keeper in the meadow in front of the arsenal, and halting occasionally to eat a little grass, two sturdy-looking females, who were evidently new-comers from the Emerald Isle, and were gazing for the first time on an elephant, stopped near us, when one exclaimed to her companion, "D'ye see the craythur nibblin' up the grass with his tail?"—*Appleton's Journal.*

SLEPT HIMSELF OUT.—An extraordinary instance of the power of sleep on the animal economy occurred the other day. A man, who was a great sleeper, was thought by his family to be lying too long, and upon going to his room they found nothing in bed but his night-cap. From certain circumstances connected with physiology a medical gentleman gave it as his opinion that he had slept himself out.