

my own children, my friend's children, and the children of my parish, from having any thing to do with theaters as they exist among us. I take the simple ground that since the world began the nature of the theater has been such as to do more hurt than good. I say, on practical grounds, that I think familiarity with the theater will do you harm.

All places of resort, of whatever name, are to be measured and judged by this rule: "Evil communications corrupt good manners." And if you find yourself in the presence of things that tend to lower the feelings and destroy the integrity of the mind, you should absent yourself from them, because it is dangerous to be in the presence of evil.

It is objected that it is not always possible to get away from evil. Remember, then, that when you do not submit to evil, when you set your mind against it, and when you put yourself in an attitude to correct it, it will do you no harm, though you are in the midst of it. If you refuse to laugh, if you refuse to indorse the tale, if you refuse to join in the conviviality if you are found faithful though you are among the faithless, then, so far from being harmed you will be benefited; so far from being brought down by evil, you will be lifted out of the sphere of its influence. You will be a reformer, under such circumstances, and God will take care of you.

## Kitty Howard's Journal.

No. IV.

EDITED BY MRS. ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

**O**CT. 31.—I do not think after one is married they ever can be so thoughtless and selfish as they are before marriage. It seems perfectly natural for a girl to tease her lover and put on coquettish airs, but she can not treat a husband in that way. Somehow I do not think it true or modest. Indeed, there is great comfort in being perfectly honest with one human being in the world, and to know that that one will never misunderstand you. I was not frank with Tom in preparing for the christening of David, and I think he has watched me with more penetration since that time; but he will never detect me in another trick. no, never!

To-day I called upon several of the neighbors, and talked all the time about baby, with episodes, now and then, about Tom.

**M**EM.—Will try to avoid this in future, and be interested in other people.

**N**OV. 1.—A warm, pleasant day for the season. Sister Jane came with her baby to pass the day with me, as her husband has gone to Washington. Noticed Jane begins to contract her brows, and talks in such an old woman way, with no brightness at all.

We two sat in the hall up stairs, where the sun came in nearly as warm as summer, and my few plants look lovely. Jane's baby is almost a month older than mine, and I should think it handsome but for David; and it was funny enough to see the two children creep races along

the hall. Jane and I sat at the head of the stairs to watch them. They crept several times across, laughing, and slapping down their chubby hands, and showing their red lips and tongues and just four bits of pearl; now and then going on their feet and hands, looking awfully like two terrapins, when at last they both made a dive for the stairs. We sat on the third step, and of the two little manikins came, hot and fast. My David stopped in good time, and laid hold of Willie's clothes to keep him from falling, for he was going right down the stairs, and, if no one had been there, would have tumbled heels over head, and most likely have broken his neck, or have stirred his poor brains all up to a jelly, and for ever after have suffered from confusion of ideas, if he had not died of water in the head.

Now, what a difference there must be in two children, when one is able to foresee and avoid danger, and the other is not! Tom said David was more cautious, but I insisted he was in every way more bright, and Tom in the soberest manner replied, "Every crow thinks her own young the whitest." I did not take at first, and when I did I was not pleased. Goodness! I should not wonder if I became bad tempered, from thinking all the time about little things.

I went straight to the library after the thought entered my mind, and took down the Life of Elizabeth Fry, and picked out my prettiest book mark, and began to read. There

— "This book was because I remembered  
a large family of children, and yet  
me to do so much else in the world.

"Was me?" I cried out when Tom came  
glad to find me reading, "what a dif-  
ference between poor little me and Elizabeth  
tell me little, for I am little in the  
world," and the tears came to my eyes.

"I do not need to be as great and wise as  
the Fry; but you are very great, and  
I true in your own little sphere, pretty

as Tom. I can admire greatness, though  
I cannot have it."

"I am proud of that word, though I could not  
say it came into my head.

"I have marriage and the care of a family  
at a beautiful school, and we learn so  
fast we should never learn in any other  
place. I get out of ourselves, with so many  
of wholesome thoughts, that we grow  
wiser without knowing it.

2.—The air is still warm and pleasant,  
and I have had such a sweet, solemn expec-  
tation that I will write it down, although I can  
not say what that came into my heart.

For part David (I begin to like the solid,  
strong boy) to sleep at noon without first undress-  
ing and sponging him nicely, so that not a  
single hair shall distress him; then I curl his  
hair over my fingers, and, to own up, I  
bring him and me the comfort of nursing him,  
but as just a silly, weak word, and does  
not do the thing well at all.

"Drink, pretty creature, drink!"

But not the word! Lady Macbeth  
said and out like a woman, and she is a  
bad as she is:

"I have given suck, and know  
how 'tis to love the babe that milks me!"

Some are squeamish just where there is  
nothing to be so.

When all was done, I laid him in his  
bed and left him to sleep. Presently I saw a  
thin, elderly woman coming up the walk,  
opened the door for her myself, and took  
her to my room, and gave her a seat near the  
fire. She did not seem at ease at first, for she  
was asking about as if in search of something,  
and she said:

"I'll think it mighty strange, dear, when  
I see what I came for!"

"You must tell me, and then we shall see,

"I've walked more than two miles just to  
look upon your baby; for people tell me he is  
just the handsomest child that ever was born."

"Come and see!" I said leading her into the  
room where he was sleeping, for I do not let  
him sleep where there is a fire.

I threw aside the laced screen, and just then  
David opened his eyes, and flashed out such a  
bright, happy look, his cheeks red with health,  
and his flesh so hard and white, and his two feet  
both up, and, to tell the truth, he kicks awfully  
if he is not taken up as soon as he wakes, that  
he did look nearest to the way I think the  
cherubs look to any thing I have ever seen.

"Oh, you handsome child! you handsome  
child!" she exclaimed, and then she folded her  
dear old hands, and made such a beautiful  
prayer for him, that I never in all my life heard  
any minister pray half as well.

I hugged her right in my two arms, and  
kissed her thin old cheek, and took off her bon-  
net, and made her have a cup of tea, and told  
her I could not love her enough for asking God  
to bless my baby. And so we had a nice time  
together. She told me David was the finest  
child she ever saw, "not even excepting my lit-  
tle grand-child" she said, "which died two  
years ago. A lovely baby but motherless, and  
now that his father has taken to bad ways, it is  
better that he is gone."

"But you are lonely without the little dog,"  
I said.

"Very lonely, dear; but somehow, when I go  
to sleep I see his little golden head close to my  
pillow, and that comforts me."

Dec. 6.—Tom is anxious to see David run  
alone. I tell him there is no need of hurrying,  
that it is better for him to creep some time yet,  
for he is so ambitious that he is all the time  
battling with chairs and tables, trying to get up,  
and then down he goes with a great bump, and  
such a scream; it is enough to wake the Seven  
Sleepers. I think myself he cries from baffled  
ambition, more than from bruise, but he tries  
it again manfully. Sometimes he gets hold of  
the leg of the table, and stands up, and all at  
once he will twist round, and down he goes,  
just like a spread eagle! Such a look of amaze-  
ment! such a look of being ill-used, as he puts  
on! Then he pokes up his head and looks at me  
quite forlorn; then he kicks one heel, and then  
the other; then doubles himself up the wrong  
way, and gives one scream! Finding it of no  
use, seeing that I only smile at him, and do not  
pity him, he rolls himself over, and tries it  
again. I have an idea that children are made

helpless, and cowardly, and spoonyish, by too much help, and too much pity.

DEC. 10.—David keeps time with his pretty mouth when I sing to him. I am trying to cultivate his taste for art, and I find he does really notice pictures. He will take a book out of my hand and stare his great eyes down at it, and then glance sideways at me; then slap his hands down on the book, and rock his little fat shoulders, and laugh and scream; and next, would tare out the leaves with excitement, if I did not prevent. He is very fond of flowers, but has no regard for their safety, for he grabs at them fearfully. This morning I had a lovely rose geranium in full bloom, and to show its beauty to better advantage, I had placed it upon a little mat on the carpet, when I was called out for a moment to see about the dinner. Coming back, what a sight presented itself!

David had tipped the pot over; he had broken the plant all in pieces, and filled his mouth with the dirt! Such a pair of hands! such a face! I rushed forward with a cry, and to own the honest truth, I was just on the point of giving him a slap; but I stayed myself in good time. I picked up the broken leaves, crying, "Oh, darling, darling! how naughty it is!" and then I put down my head and made believe cry. David looked at my eyes, and pulled my hands down from my face, and then he really put up his little lip and began to grieve. I showed him the plant, and expressed my regret all the time, and I think he understood me.

JAN. 5.—Every day I stand a pot of flowers upon the mat in the place of my unlucky geranium, and I take David to look at it, and then if he attempts to touch it, I say "Ah! ah! no, no!" very softly, and he is learning to respect them. Already he creeps up to the plant, and looks at it most demurely, and then he sniffs up his funny nose, and pretends to smell of them!

Gracious me! What a deal of work is required to raise a child, any way; and now I begin to see why the world is so bad—and miserable, and weak, and wicked.

Tom is looking over my shoulder, and laughing. I don't care, Tom. The reason is because we women do not give ourselves up half enough to the care of our children. We do not teach them patience, and obedience, and courage, and truth!

"Kitty, Kitty, you are wiser than all the statesmen and philosophers in the world. You are equal to Portia and Cornelia in spirit; you have struck upon the great, vital, solemn truth in the world, that what it most needs, is mothers."

This was from Tom! and then I told him I did not know how I learned the thought, unless it was one taught me by baby, which Tom thought it was, and then all at once he had his eyes full of tears, and called me "Balm."

JAN. 26.—Every day David goes out in the air—even if stormy, he goes, and winks his pretty eyes in the snow. I do not wrap him up much—a knitted woolen cap, a warm coat, and long buskins going above his knees; perfectly warm he is made, but no bundling around the throat. Indeed he is left quite free there, and I am sure he will escape croup and sore throat by this method. David likes to be out, and when brought in begins to rebel and scream lustily, but he will soon learn that he must yield to a will stronger and wiser than his own, and he must learn that he can not fight his way through the world, that all the strength he expends in mere fight is so much dead loss.

Now, I think I ought to own up, somewhat about myself. Several times I have felt really angry at some of David's little tantrums, and have shook him, I am afraid, rather hard, to bring him to terms. Do not think I have ever given him a blow; no, indeed, I am not so bad as all that, but I have felt down-right cross, and have looked so, I am sure. This has taught me to study to govern myself; to be calm, and loving, and tender to the poor young soul that has to learn the usages of the world. I have rather plumed myself upon my good temper, but I am afraid it was good because I had no cross to bear—nothing to try it. I am a little vain, and Tom says pretty women always are, and it makes them more engaging—well, being pretty and every body praising me, and saying some thing sweet to me, I felt buoyant and happy and wished to make every body happy around me. But now that I must not wish, nor expect so much praise, and have the house to see to and baby to train, and Tom to please, I feel a certain weight upon me, which I never felt before, and several times I have found myself irritable and have spoken sharply to Bridget; and even did not smile when dear good Tom came in, till he kissed my forehead, and said, "Little mother, grows grave!" Then he took me out, and he talked to me, and I went to see some beautiful works of art, and when it was evening Tom coaxed me to go to bed early, and he sat by me and read aloud, Tennyson's "Godiva," and I dropped to sleep, with his dear voice like a lullaby.

MEM.—Tom likes to read about noble women and I like to hear of them. It seems so beautiful.

al to know of such, and to feel that though one may be weak, and faulty, like poor foolish me, there have been those of nobler make. To think of Lady Russell and what she was to her husband, and how little I am to Tom!

MARCH 22.—I have been a little ill, Tom says caused by being too much in earnest, and thinking all the time how to make David a steadfast, true man. He made me laugh by waking me out of a sound sleep, and telling me that I lifted up my hand and said,

“Remember, David, ‘Odin’s belt is always buckled;’” just as though he was a grown man.

So, Tom has taken David and me a little journey to see Grandma. Such a blessing grandparents are! I have been cuddled, and petted, and warmed, and toasted like a great baby.

This morning, Jane and her baby came to see us. Willie runs alone and is awfully cross, and so is Jane, as to that. She does not like to take care of her child, but likes to coil up on the sofa and read novels. She dresses splendidly, and talks about her dress a great deal, and she thinks me, she says, “so old fashioned.”

David was creeping on the carpet when Willie was brought in. The children were glad to see each other, but when David saw his cousin going about on two feet, instead of creeping

upon all fours, the amazement in his baby face was wondrous to behold. He watched him steadily. He never smiled, nor made any motion whatever, but sat in the middle of the floor silent and attent. All at once he lifted himself up on his hands and feet, and tried to take an upright posture, but he rolled over and laid spread out, quite crest-fallen. I ran to him, but the royal child would not let me help him, only lifting himself to a sitting posture, with such a sober face, as if his dear brain was trying to study out a very difficult case.

Presently he crept to the side of a chair, and rested his eyes solemnly upon Willie, then all at once he ran into my arms, with a laugh and joyous scream. Oh, the kingly biped! The proud, ambitious youngster! He shows a spirit after his mother’s own heart. Self reliant, brave, a little audacious, every inch a man. Now that baby has found his feet, I feel as if half my work is done. As if David had really taken himself under his own care.

MARCH 30.—David is not quite an angel, I am happy to say, but a strong, somewhat willful, very loving-hearted child. Since he found his feet, he is more self-willed and resolute than I had thought to find him, but Tom says he is all right, a splendid young hero, started fair and square in the world.

---

## Thoughts from the Sick Room.

BY MRS. FRANCES DANA GAGE.

FOR more than a year I have been confined to my room, having it constantly enjoined upon me to keep quiet, to think little, act little, and render myself as easy and happy as possible. I have endeavored to obey these instructions, and having no particular interest of my own, like other idle, useless people, I have relieved the tedious monotony of the wearying hours by looking into and busying myself with the affairs of my neighbors.

One who lives in New York may see and know many things without an effort, and without an effort I have been interested and encouraged and made hopeful for the “coming woman,” and I would fain jot down for the readers of *THE HERALD OF HEALTH* a few thoughts that may, perchance, fall like seed upon good ground, taking root for the future in some weary soul fainting by the wayside, crying for help and finding none.

Much, oh, very much, is spoken and written of the worthlessness of the women of New York! much of their heartlessness, their entire devotion to dress, fashion, and display, and much, very much, needs to be said and said severely. But will not the readers of New York dailies, weeklies, and monthlies, come to the conclusion that there are no earnest, sensible, intelligent women in this great city? Is it not better to tell of goodness than of badness? Will it not create a desire in young minds to be dressy and showy, and silly and idle, if told hourly that “it is all the fashion”—the only road leading to so-called respectable gentility?

But to my sight-seeing! From my window I have the pleasure of looking out over a vegetable garden of two or three acres, shut in on the east, west, and north by four-story buildings, but receiving the full, hearty warmth of sunshine from the south. Every inch of this