

when fevers seem to have prevailed. One fact is, we are less vegetative in our habits than our forefathers, and whatever may be the effect on our adult bodies and minds, let us at least consider those of our children. The racket and wear and tear of the brain, before it is fully grown; may account for a large proportion of the needless mortality which is our disgrace.—Formerly, children lived on from month to month, and from year to year, going through the same daily routine, sleeping in the same bed, fed on the same food—and regularly—and were thereby, more at liberty to profit by the natural change of the seasons, and of human life; their powers were developed in order, and every stage of life was fruitful in turn.—Now, some new nostrum is being daily tried; the little stomach is made a receptacle for every kind of sweets, from the arsenical green to the eye attracting red-lead; the little eyes are dazzled before the glare of gas-lights; and, (but more especially we are in justice bound to add among our neighbours across the line,) the prevalence of perambulators in which the unfortunate victims are propelled backwards through wind and frost, their bodies torpid, their limbs cramped, their lips blue, and countenances dead—all these have an appalling effect on the natural course of things in infantile life.

Again in infancy, the physical frame is liable to fatal mischief from the roving life of the present day; the youth and girl who are continually on the move, may, and usually do, turn out incapable of deep thought or feeling—essentially superficial; but the little one of the family is of weak intellect, or dwarfed, or rickety, or probably is in its grave; the natural place for the little mind is in a permanent home, where there are quiet times and shady places, for the repose of the sensitive little brain when it grows irritable. But it does not follow that the child itself should be quiet, except enough for its own good. It makes the heart ache, to read of children stepping about the house as if they trod on eggs, and speaking in whispers and knowing no games, nor the delight of a shout; the senses must be put early to use, to develop the brain equally: it is only through the sweet and merry entertainment of exercising the eyes on colours, forms and objects, and the ears among natural sounds, and the touch on all substances that come in the way, that the highest health can be attained—the elastic inexhaustible energy, which grows out of an active and well amused mind during its period of abode among the senses.

Scorfula in its various forms, dysentery, and falling away are three of the principal Herods of modern times; these may in most cases be traced to some laxity in the parent's past or present mode of living, chiefly excess in eating and drinking. When stimulants are made a necessary of daily use, when eating is the habit every two or three hours, and exercise neglected, Liver complaints and fevers afflict or carry off the parents, and child after child dies of diarrhoea, inflammatory attacks, or debility induced by poverty of blood, inherited from the parents.—The habitual use of stimulants, *however moderately*, acts upon the system after a certain time, in such a manner, that a wound or sore will be much longer healing in that system, than in an abstemious subject; and the former is more liable to fall a victim to an epidemic than the latter; if therefore the parent's body is in such

a susceptible condition, it stands to reason that the offspring must inherit a large proportion of that susceptibility. We do not refer to those who belong to the class "Intemperate," but a wiser man than the nineteenth century will ever produce long ago told us, that "a continual dropping weareth away stones." We know that among the Indians, the South Sea Islanders, and other tribes, until the barbarities accompanying civilization were introduced among them, an infant was never a helpless appendage, seldom or never afflicted with disease, and the age attained was much longer than at present.

The Miasma, or noxious gas arising from the slow decay of house refuse—vegetable peelings, and general rubbish which accumulates in yards during winter, is another fruitful source of infantine disease. As long as the chains of ice fetter that mass it is harmless; but when the Spring rains drench, the July sun swelters, and spontaneous fermentation is engendered in the 12 x 10 yard, then a pestiferous exhalation is given out, more condensed at night when the dew is falling, and thus forced as it were through every window, which the sleeper within had left open, to admit as he thought the pure air of the Summer evening—an exhalation more inimical to human life than the fabled breath of the Dragon of Wharfedale, or of the monster, who gained our patron saint his notoriety. Hence the consumption, the pulmonary diseases, the febrile debility,—the funeral cortege—"hinc illa lacrymæ!"

In large towns in England there are one or more Health-Inspector's letter boxes, in which a note deposited and calling attention to a nuisance on any premises, meets with immediate attention: and unless remedied within twenty-four hours, the officer of the Corporation takes it in hand to remove the evil, at the expense of the owner, without the personal litigation of the neighbouring sufferers.—(We respectfully submit the idea to the Montreal Sanitary Board.)

The above are a few amongst the most active agents of our Herod.—Regarding the victims as civilians hereafter, we ought all to direct our influence to the encouragement of the supposition that human beings are born to live—it is a disgrace to society when children die *en masse*—it is a sure sign that the laws of nature are somehow violated. It was a maxim of the elder Bonaparte that "dirty linen should be washed at home;" that is the dirt kept out of public view; but when an evil is so palpable it must be brought before the public, for them to understand it, and apply the remedy.

MAN.—"Man," says Sir Thomas Brown, "is a noble animal, splendid in ashes, glorious in the grave; solemnizing natiivities and funerals with equal luster!" Thus spoke one who mocked, while he wept at man's estate, and gracefully tempered the high scoffings of philosophy with the profound compassion of religion. As the sun's proudest moment is the latest, and the forest puts on its brightest robe to die in, so does man summon ostentation to invest the hour of his weakness; and pride survives when power has departed.—H. B. Wallace.

—Many public men consider themselves the pillars of the state, who are more properly the caterpillars of the state, reaching their high position only by crawling.