

and next week's sticks to to-day's, so that it is no marvel when they sink beneath the accumulation.

I would if I could rivet that paragraph—a Silent Comforter—upon the heart and conscience of every mother. It would be tonic, salve, and sedative combined.

(For the present, your rain-drop or billet, or whatever prefigures the daily duty, is to secure your child's physical health—a matter of double import, *as she is a girl*. I hope to make the emphasized section clearer as we go on.

Hinging directly upon this desideratum, comes the question of DIET.



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