

Nervous children suffer untold agonies from *fear* when put to bed alone. No tongue can tell the horrors of a lonely room to such children. A little, delicate boy whom his parents were drilling to sleep alone, used to cry violently every night, and his father would come in and whip him. He mistook the pertinacity for obstinacy, and thought it his duty to conquer the child's will. One night he said: "Why do you always scream so when you know you shall be punished?"—"O father, father!" said the little fellow, "I don't mind your whipping me, if you'll only stay with me." That father's eyes were opened from that moment. He saw that a human being cannot be governed by dead rules, like a plant or an animal.

No, mother; before you make up a plan of operation for your baby, look at it, and see what it is, and use your own common sense as to what it needs.

Look at yourself, look at your husband, look at your own physical habits—at his, and ask what is your child likely to be.

A word of caution with regard to not suffering the child to sleep between the parents, is important for many reasons. There is scarcely a man that does not use tobacco, and if a man uses tobacco, there is a constant emanation of it from his person. Now, however he might justify the use of it himself, he can hardly think that stale tobacco effluvium is a healthy agent to be carried into the lungs of a delicate infant. Children of smoking fathers often have their brains and nervous systems entirely impregnated with the poison of nicotine in the helpless age of infancy. A couple came to a country place entirely for the health of their only boy, a feeble infant. The child was pale and sickly, constipated in bowels, and threw up his milk constantly. The parents had but one room, in which they lived with him, and which was every evening blue with tobacco-smoke.—Every evening that helpless little creature took into his lungs as much tobacco as if he had smoked a cigarette. Still more than this—the mother who was nursing that infant did what was equivalent to smoking one cigar every evening—she breathed her husband's smoke. Now, if your baby smokes cigars, you will find by-and-by, when he comes to need brains, that his brain-power will not be found. He will be starty, fitful, morbid, full of nervous kinks and cranks, one of those wretched human beings who live a life like that described by