hides the dress, and so is equally valuable to protect a new or to hide an old one. The material may be unbleached Barnsley linen, brown holland, or any of the new fancy materials, such as oatmeal cloth. The bands are of blue linen, with an *appliquéd* pattern in vine leaves of Turkey-red cotton or crétonne flowers. Plain bands may also be used. The work-apron with a pocket will prove an immense comfort to those who do much needlework or knitting, as not only does it hold the balls of yarn, the cotton, scissors and needles, but the work itself can be safely put away in it, to be found in order for an immediate start when taken up again. The material of our illustrated apron is blue linen, with outline or cross-stitch embroidery in coloured ingrain cottons.

The little girl's apron with a bib and *brételles*, or shoulder straps, is a very pretty and stylish pattern, the back being especially effective. Any material, from muslin to silk, may be used, the pattern given being made of muslin, with a muslin and lace frilling, and three rows of narrow black ribbon velvet all round, which of course requires to be taken off when the apron is washed. The young lady's house-apron is perhaps the most useful and practical of all. It is made of workhouse or Bolton sheeting, and has bands of Turkey-red twill laid on, and sewn down with the sewing machine. The little design above is worked with red and blue ingrain cotton. The front resembles that of the little girl's, but the shoulder straps cross behind instead of coming down straight to the belt. The Roman apron is the newest of all that we have illustrated. It is made of fine unbleached linen, or it may be of pure white. It is cut lengthwise, and is about one yard and a half long, and folded over nearly half a yard from the top. The strings are sewn in under the fold three inches from the edge on each side. The decoration consists of two rows of embroidery, which may be done in drawn-work, cross-stitch, or even in crewels. The ends are fringed and then knotted evenly, and the sides are hemmed up. The width of the apron is three-quarters of a yard.

The next apron is also called a Roman apron, although not doubled over at the top. It is made of black silk, and is twenty-four inches long by twenty wide. The length is increased by the addition of the trimming and lace to over three-fourths of a yard. The trimming consists of strips of red, blue, or white linen, worked in a border design of cross-stitch with ingrain cotton (see design for a Neapolitan apron at page 332, vol. ii.). The lace is an ordinary inexpensive Spanish lace, sewn on with very little fulness.

The small design at fig. 1 is intended to give an idea of the new darned work, which has been revived from the seventeenth century styles of embroidery. The material used is huckaback; the price about 10d. per yard. The ends are fringed, and the unworked end is turned over, like the usual Roman apron, the lower part alone being worked. The design chosen is a conventional pomegranate, from a series of designs lately published, which are copies of ancient needlework. The pattern is traced, and worked first in outline stitch in blue filoselle, which should be split to three strands only. The background is then put in by darning from every one of the double threads which appear on the surface of the huckaback. The square is, of course, traced first to keep it even in working. The colours chosen may be all blue, blue in two shades, yellow for the grounding, and red for the outlining, or even a mixture of tints, if great cleverness be exercised in doing it.

The only apron I have left unnoticed is that in the well-known handkerchief style, which has now become so common, and is so cheaply purchased, that it has passed beyond the ken of our more artistic workers.

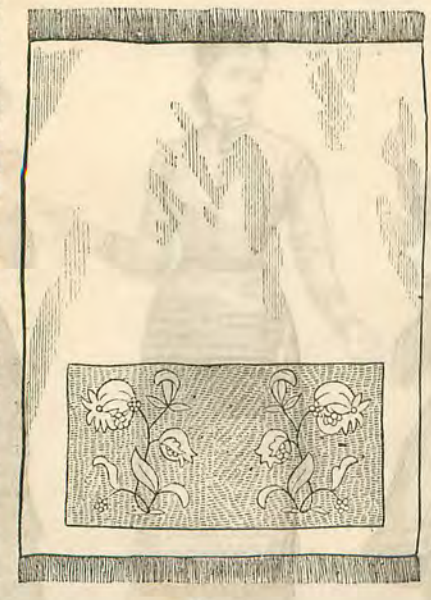

FIG. 1.

## HOW TO WASH AND DRESS THE BABY.

By RUTH LAMB.

### CHAPTER I.

#### ABOUT LITTLE NURSES.

BEFORE I enter upon the main subject of these chapters I should like to devote a portion of them to a very large class of helpful-handed little people. I mean young nurses. This class includes both boys and girls. Had it not been for this fact, I might perhaps call these youngsters "Little Mothers." But I see, almost daily, such pleasant pictures of small boy-nurses in the exercise of their vocation, that the class must be understood to include them also, if fairly treated.

Perhaps there is no place in which the genus "little nurse" can be studied in all its varieties and to greater advantage than in our public parks. On every fine morning especially, it is to be met with at almost every turn, and of nearly all ages above that of the actual baby in charge.

In the houses of well-to-do people, where there are experienced nurses to assist mothers in the care of their children, or sometimes—alas that it should be so!—to take the entire charge of them during infancy, the elder little people of the family generally have to beg to be allowed to "take baby."

The little lassie of eight or nine who is, perhaps, a baby worshipper, and whose ambition it is to be called a good nurse, is sometimes quite indignant at the amount of supervision to which she is subjected all the while baby is on her knee. She chafes at the continual charges, "Mind you don't hurt him, Miss Annie!" "He'll be off your knee if you're not more careful!" "Put your arm behind his back!" and so on, *ad libitum*.

At the same time the vigilant eyes of nurse are so perpetually turned in the direction of her amateur assistant, that any sense of responsibility in that quarter is utterly destroyed, and Miss Annie herself waxes indignant under this persistent and irritating espionage.

True, the elder child's young arms lack the strength and dexterity of nurse's practised ones; but baby, if well, does not object to Annie's rather awkward mode of handling him. He likes to see her young, fresh laughing face close to his, and sister Annie's hair is delightful to pull and to bury his small fists in. He seizes it and tugs with all his might, and so retaliates on his little nurse for having poked and tickled him into a fit of laughter, in which she joins as heartily. His real nurse's head-gear is much less attractive, her prim cap being carefully and necessarily kept out of baby's clutches, and her hair, tidily tucked beneath it, offers no such temptation to baby's roving fingers as do Miss Annie's soft flowing curls.

But nurse has perhaps just tidied Miss Annie for dinner, and the ruffled hair is an additional grievance. "You should not let baby pull your hair so," she says, in a tone of reproof. "I shall have it all to curl up again before you go downstairs."

It seems a pity to disturb such a delightful game, when baby brother and little sister are so innocently happy. But Annie is tired of such constant looking after, tired of the continual nagging and cautioning, and she would not hurt the chubby darling for all the world. So she sighs in a weary fashion, gives baby a hearty kiss on his dear little distended mouth, evading another grab at her curls as she does so, and resigns herself anew into the hands of nurse, who grumbles a good deal at having to put her to rights a second time.

Annie's mind is considerably exercised on the subject of nursing and of her assumed helplessness in comparison with the scores of little nurses whom she sees in sole charge of babies. None of the tiny creatures appear to come to any harm in consequence of the trust reposed in mere children by poor mothers who have no choice but to do this, if their household work is to be completed in anything like a reasonable time. She wonders why poor people's children may be trusted to do all sorts of things for and with babies; whereas she is looked after, watched and cautioned at every turn, just as if her little brother were made of egg-shell china, and she had made up her mind to break him with a touch.

Miss Annie looks at her round strong arms, very different from those of some little nurses she sees out of doors; she knows that her limbs are stronger, because she has good health, and is better fed and looked after than they are; she has the will to be useful, and she loves, with all the warmth of her young heart, the helpless darling in the nursery at home.

She feels half-angry, half-humiliated, and says to herself, "I wish I lived in a cottage where there are no nurses to bother and fidget, then mamma would be glad to let me have baby and take him out whenever I liked."

There are plenty of children like our "Miss Annie," who grow up comparatively helpless, but who are only so because they are neither taught how to make themselves useful nor trusted. As a hint both to mothers and children, let me point out a few of the valuable qualities which I have seen developed in little nurses. These have come under my notice as I have watched them in the streets and parks, far beyond the overseeing eye of the mother who was often toiling for their bread at the wash-tub or in the mill.

Carefulness, patience, unselfishness, endurance, good temper, tender love for the little one, and trustworthiness. Perhaps I should notice the last mentioned quality before all the rest. The mother must believe in its existence when she trusts her infant to the care of a nine year old girl or boy. How seldom does the child fail her! How carefully is the baby held, just as a mother holds it! How watchful are those young eyes over

the one, two, or three other children who play round the doorstep or near a seat in the park on which the little nurse sits with her sleeping charge.

As to patience, I do not know whether to yield the palm for this virtue to the boy or girl nurse. Only a few mornings ago I noticed a boy patting, petting, kissing, and comforting a baby whose tearful eyes and pouting lips told of some little trouble. How he persevered in his efforts to pacify the child! He walked up and down, made droll faces and droller noises, until at last he won back a smile to the bonny round face, while his own looked the picture of happiness. The sound of a hearty kiss was the last thing I heard as I turned out of the park.

If you want to know whether these little nurses are interested in their charges, seat yourself near a couple of them and listen to their conversation. You can have a book in your hand, which will put them quite at their ease, though you need not read it.

One will perhaps tell, with anxious face, of some narrow escape that *her* baby has had through getting cold when he had measles. The other will speak with exultation of a new frock which mother is making for hers. They will compare ages, count and exhibit the wee ivories just peeping, and tenderly rub the little gums to help the next one through. And is not that small nurse a proud individual if *her* baby, being the same age as the other, or perhaps a little younger, has actually cut a tooth or two more, or has a less bald pate under its woollen hood.

Then what beauty they see in *their* baby's face! You and I might think it a poor skinny, elfish-looking creature, but the little nurse does not. Love gives beauty, and the helpless thing is perfectly lovely in the eyes of its young guardian. You will hear all sorts of admiring epithets showered upon it if you listen.

You know the little nurse's arms ache, and you wonder how she goes on holding it, hour after hour, without a word of complaint. Many a mother would think she had done a great thing had she held her child for half the time.

I write especially in the hope of attracting the thoughtful attention of the girls who will be the mothers of the next generation.

If you, dear girls, who read this paper will look around you, you will see many an exhibition of those fine qualities of patience and uncomplaining endurance amongst the little nurses in whom I feel a deep interest. Conscience will, perhaps, tell you that, untaught, ignorant, as many of them are, you might yet learn many a lesson from them as you pass along the highways in town or country.

The little nurses are unselfish and brave. Often have I seen one take off the little woollen shawl, which was doing duty as a bonnet on her own person as well as being her only out-door covering, and wind it round the baby lest the cold wind should reach him.

Fancy, too, the temptations that have to be resisted. Do you not think those two bright lads would like a game at marbles, as well as their neighbours who are unfettered by baby or perambulator? Of course they would, and, depend on it, the faithful nurses, whether girls or boys, fight and bravely win a hard battle when they turn from ball, skipping-rope, hoop, or marbles, and remain the spectators of games in which they long to join, because they will not neglect the helpless infants intrusted to their care.

They have their pleasures as well as trials. In the warm, summer weather, when the grass is dry and the sun shining, the little ones will kick about and sprawl on the ground, enjoying the bustle that is going on around them. But often, when the day would be glorious for active play, and the sky is bright and clear, there is a cold wind and the grass is damp. Baby could not be laid down safely, and then the courage and self-denial of the little nurse are called into operation. Then great victories are won of which the world knows nothing.

Little nurses, as a rule, have their reward in the growth, progress, and increasing strength of their babies. What joy and exultation do the first tottering steps cause to their guardians! How proud are they when the wee thing can run alone!

And far beyond even these rewards are the approving smile and word, the whispered blessing, the loving kiss of a good mother, with whose cares and anxieties their children sympathise, and whose toil their young hands have lightened.

There are such animals as crabby, impatient little nurses. I *have* seen such that could scold and even strike the helpless and unfortunate babies with which they had to do. But, thank God! there are few instances of this kind and so many of the opposite.

There are mothers, too, who are apt, probably because they do not think about it, to speak lightly or not at all of their children's services. They take their loving labours as a matter of course, and hardly care to cheer and encourage them on the path of duty. So the children gradually become indifferent, and look upon that as an irksome task which should be a pleasure. But it is not with such as these that I am specially dealing in this paper. I wish to picture, as I so often see them manifested, those high and noble qualities which are drawn out in the characters of children by the very fact of trusting them.

We cannot help contrasting the helpful children of the cottage and the streets with those who do nothing, simply because they have so many people to care for them that they are neither called on to think for themselves nor for others. Watched, waited on, thought for in everything, they grow up helpless, because they have never been exercised in self-reliance; and selfish, because they have not been taught the blessedness of giving, or giving up anything for the sake of others.

There is one sad drawback in the case of little nurses who are trusted too much and too early. They seem almost weighed down with family cares whilst they are but children. Theirs is the growing "old too soon." But in the homes of well-to-do parents there is little fear of the children being overburdened, whilst it would surely be worth their while to draw out such qualities in their young people as are daily exercised in the houses of their poorer neighbours.

Children who never have to do with babies are often, I was going to say amusingly, awkward in handling an infant. Better, however, say pitiably awkward; because it is a pity that the "future mothers" of our race should have no training in this most important part of woman's work. Boys of this class usually consider it *infra dig.* to notice babies in public. If they condescend to kiss them they manifest a strong objection to open-mouthed salutes, and touch the little velvet cheek with their lips much as they might approach a red-hot poker. It is a touch-and-go process, which makes mothers and grown-up nurses smile pityingly at the urchin who does not know how delightful is a genuine baby kiss.

Happily there are lots of little mothers "to the manner born" in every station of life. I fancy I see one of these as I write. From her very infancy she loves her doll as a true mother loves her child, and should an accident befall her wooden or waxen darling, she grieves and moans over it, not as a broken toy, but a wounded baby. Its eruptions—of sawdust—cause her all the anxiety incident to measles. Her tears are real tears, and it is of no use to intimate that the broken arm, over which she is weeping causes Dolly no pain.

A matter-of-fact child laughs contemptuously at the idea of a doll being able to feel, and points to the wooden fragments as proof of her being in the right. She means well, doubtless, but her calm indifference only adds to the grief of the loving-hearted little mite, who presses her injured darling to her breast and loses hours of sleep in weeping.

There is neither rest nor comfort for her until somebody sets to work and restores the limb as far as possible, and then she sleeps; but even then she sobs at intervals as if the trouble could not be forgotten.

As the little mother grows older she wins everybody's admiration by the "handy" way in which she nurses a real baby, and when she has shot up into a slender slip of a lass, as tall as her own mother, she is a greater infant-worshipper than ever. She bestows a perfect wealth of love on the wee things, and the younger they are the better she likes them; because they want the most care and nursing.

If the little mother is missing from her own home circle, her mamma sends a message of inquiry to the nearest friend's house, where she is made free of the nursery, or perhaps to some cottage in the neighbourhood, where a nice clean baby is to be found. Perhaps her attentions are least acceptable to children beyond babyhood. She plagues them a little by wanting to wash and tidy them more frequently than they like, because she is so fond of the work and delights in making them look nice. But she generally coaxes them to submit by offering bribes in the shape of wonderfully got-up dolls, of which she always has a store ready, dressed by her nimble young fingers.

Bless the loving little woman! She is not without a reasonable liking for school work, and loves reading as well as most. But her great charm is her delightful motherliness, even as a child, a quality which is, I fear, insufficiently cultivated at home, and never thought of at all in schools, or supposed to have any place in the so-called "Higher Education of Women."

Yet, when I see these sweet feminine qualities in the lassie, I often think to myself that if I were a youth—*a good one, mind*—I should watch the growing into womanhood of such a "little mother" as I have described. I should value the development of these heaven-bestowed womanly instincts as something more precious than any amount of certificates won for Latin or advanced mathematical knowledge. And though I might have a choice between such a little damsel as I have described and a feminine senior wrangler, I would do my best to win the little mother as the mistress of my future home.

Just another picture of little nurses and I will finish. Some years ago I was in the Peel Park Museum, Salford, and was much edified at the sight of a number of these small people standing before the cases of gaily-plumaged, stuffed birds. They were spelling out the names and repeating them to such of their companions as were above baby age, thus doing their best to improve their minds as well as care for their bodies. I felt rather *put out* when a policeman conducted them to the door and told them, not unkindly, to "Go play in the park," probably for fear the clatter of their clogs should offend the ears of some well-dressed grown-up folk in the museum. The longing, lingering looks they cast behind them quite spoiled my enjoyment, and I felt sorry that in this "People's Museum" well-behaved poor children should have been sent out, because their feet were clogged instead of shod, and necessarily made a clatter on the floors.

I went out almost immediately, and as I drew near the entrance gates I met a picnic party coming into the park—a little girl nurse,

with a disproportionately large baby in her arms, and quite a train of attendant youngsters, who were evidently going to have "a day out." They were nearly all barefooted, and their clothing was poor and scanty, though the baby was well bundled up in all sorts of odds and ends of garments.

There was a provision basket, containing a bottle of blueish-tinted milk, thick hunches of bread and dripping, a few green apples, and some indescribable scraps of other food. The party did not live in the immediate neighbourhood, as was evident, for the young leader glanced around in some bewilderment and then said to me, "Please will you tell me the way to the swings?"

I directed her to the girls' playground, adding, "There were plenty of swings at liberty a few minutes since."

This information gave new vigour to the youngsters. The little nurse thanked me, hitched the baby a little higher on her shoulder, gave her free hand to the toddler next in size, saying, "Come on, Georgie. The lady says there's plenty of swings ready for us."

Away went the bare feet pattering over the hard gravel path, and this humble picnic party was soon lost to my view. With all my heart I wished them a happy day, a safe return, and a good rest for the little nurse in charge when the evening shadows should begin to fall.

Many a time since then, when I have seen over-indulged, helpless girls satiated with too many pleasures, almost wishing they had a want, and not knowing how to spend their time and use their strong limbs, I have thought of that half-clad, barefooted group, and of the almost awful responsibility of the mere child who was charged with the safe conduct of the rest.

When I began this chapter I did not intend to let little nurses occupy so much space, but they came before my mind's eye in such crowds, and I have long felt such a deep motherly interest in them as a class, that I have permitted them to push the baby itself out of sight for a time.

Yet I am truly anxious to interest both mothers and girls in this most important subject—namely, whatever concerns the care of the comfort and well-being of the baby. I am going to write out some simple instructions for its management, which I hope may be of use to young nurses who are willing but unskilful, and who are therefore afraid to offer help in washing, dressing, or nursing the baby.

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# THAT AGGRAVATING SCHOOL GIRL.

By the Author of "Wild Kathleen."

## CHAPTER XXXII.

### A MEDAL AFTER ALL, AND SOMETHING MORE.

HELEN AS SHE USED TO BE.

THE little town of Merton, with its beautiful old church, its sparkling river, and flourishing schools, is as pretty a town as any to be found within thirty miles of the Metropolis. The only wonder is, as Mr. and Mrs. Bell remarked when they first saw it, that it is so little known. However, it was so little known a few years ago that the one little rustic, unpretending inn, the "George and Dragon," was, as a rule, quite sufficient to supply all the accommodation demanded by the better class of travellers.

Just on the outskirts of Merton stood the jasmine-covered cottage of the Rowes, and just beyond the outskirts of Merton, on the other side, were the house and grounds of the friends with whom Josephine and Rosa Bell had stayed when they first made acquaintance with Mrs. Rowe. The little estate rented now by the Bells was in the same neighbourhood, and a certain fine afternoon in August all these homes were in a state of great commotion.

No doubt the reader remembers a certain afternoon during the past Easter holidays, when Helen Edison was sorely distressed by hearing from her father that he had not the power to obtain the Royal Humane Society's medal for Harry Rowe. It may be also remembered, although Helen was too grieved to pay any attention to that at the time, that her father softened the intimation as much as he could by writing his opinion that nevertheless something should be done for the little hero. As the weeks had passed on what this something should be had gradually taken a definite form. General and Mrs. Edison had travelled to Merton expressly to visit the family in whose welfare their only child took so great an interest, and their warmest sympathies were won as much by the widowed mother as by her manly little son, who shrank so modestly from the praises showered upon him for his deed.

From the Rowes' cottage the Edisons had driven to the Bells' place to see Miss Rowe and Josephine, and while there a long conversation had been held of high interest to Helen's wishes and Harry Rowe's future life.

Mr. and Mrs. Bell had so warmly agreed that something should be done for the boy that General Edison had fairly been wrought up to nearly the pitch of enthusiasm desired by his daughter, and before he left Merton Lodge he declared that he would not rest until he had secured for Harry some advantage more substantial than a bit of ribbon or a medal.

"But I don't think Helen will be quite satisfied without the medal," said Mrs. Edison, smiling.

"Perhaps she would like to present him with one herself," was the laughing answer.

As matters turned out, Nelly was not put to this trouble, and at the same time her desire as to a medal was fulfilled. The visits paid to the Rowes' cottage by the Bells, their friends the Andersons, and the Edisons, suddenly aroused Harry's townsfolk to the consciousness that he had performed a noteworthy action, that it would be well, for their own credit's sake, to take some notice of.

The first idea of some town magnate, as ignorant on that point as Helen and Miss Rowe, had been to obtain for his young townsfellow a medal decorated with the well-known letters "R.H.S." When he found that was impossible he exclaimed magnificently—

"Then the town of Merton shall give a medal itself."

"The town of Merton shall give a medal itself," echoed all his hearers in chorus, and with three cheers for the genius who had hit upon such a capital idea.

"And the town of Merton is a jolly little town, and deserves a pat on the back for its good sense," announced Nelly when her father called at Crofton House to tell her this piece of news.

"And the town of Merton is a most ridiculous little town," announced General Edison, "and my ridiculous young daughter deserves to be put in the corner for praising it, and for using the word 'jolly.' But, to reserve that matter for future grave consideration, let me give you the remainder of my budget of news, for my return train leaves in half-an-hour, and you will not have heard the quarter of what I have to tell. The giving of the medal, ornamented with the arms of the important town of Merton, is to be followed by a dinner, to be given to Mrs. Rowe and her son at the grand one-storey high hotel, the 'George and Dragon.' I tried to beg the poor child off that ordeal——"

"Oh! papa!"

"Ay. 'Oh papa,' indeed. A child not eleven years old, and a shy child too, to have to sit up to be stared at, and speechified at by a lot of old fog—well, a lot of kind-hearted, but unreasonable individuals. But there, you are as bad

of the looks bestowed upon herself and her companion. Mr. Alderstone began to talk to her, and, quite naturally and easily, she found herself carrying on a conversation. He seemed to choose the very topics that interested her most; sorrow, and shyness, and loneliness were all forgotten for the time, and she followed him into the realms of thought and fancy.

It was the happiest evening that she had ever spent in her uncle's house. But the pleasure soon came to an end, and Mr. Alderstone rose to depart.

"Good night," he said, with genuine kindness; "I shall send you that little book of mine, and hope to meet you again."

As he turned away, she suddenly encountered Maud's angry face, and came out of her dream.

"That girl is not fit for society," she heard Maud mutter to Gertrude; and Rhoda's "Good night" was a degree colder than usual. Poor Daisy went upstairs to her room, conscious that they had spoiled her recollection of past enjoyment. She could not recall her evening with pleasure now; they had cast a cloud upon the brightness, and made her feel like an ill-behaved child.

"I suppose they never will like me," she thought, when her door was closed. "I seem to offend them unawares; it is all very hard and disagreeable. Evidently they don't wish to see me happy!"

And just for five minutes Daisy almost believed herself to be a miserable girl, who had no business to be in the world at all. But she soon began to think more sensibly, and to remember that she had a place in that world which must be filled. It depended upon herself whether it was filled worthily or unworthily; and some of Aunt Cecily's sayings found their way back into her mind. "Don't let the spirit take all the strength out of the body," she used to say. "I know that heart-ache generally does turn to head-ache; but we should give the head as much rest as we can."

To sit up late in a cold room, and nurse one's wrongs, is a great unkindness to one's physical frame. Daisy found herself getting chilly and faint, and sharp pains began to dart through her temples. Common sense prevailed over depression; she went to bed with all speed, and sleep soon came to "knit up the ravelled sleeve of care," and undo all the ill that an unquiet mind had wrought.

But if she could have looked inside a certain room that was not far from her own, she would have seen that there were crosses far heavier to bear than hers.

After darkness and slumber had settled down on all the other chambers in Dr. Garnett's house, Gertrude Sandon lay pondering and planning, her busy head resting on her hand.

There was a fire in Gertrude's room; a luxury that had never been granted to Daisy, although Rhoda and Maud always went to bed by a cheerful blaze in cold weather. The young guest had fixed her gaze upon the glowing embers, and the mask that she had worn all day was now quite laid aside. You would hardly have recognised the girl's face, as she lay and watched the red light and the falling ashes; her expression was utterly changed; all the sparkling vivacity was gone.

Once or twice her lips moved, and sighs and broken sentences escaped them. Despite her worldliness, Gertrude was a mere girl in years, over-young to bear the full weight of the burdens that she had made for her own shoulders.

"What shall I do?" she muttered; "how shall I get out of all these dreadful difficulties? There's Maud—no, no; all the Garnetts cling to their money. And I can't go to the old quarters any more; I—yes, I am ashamed sometimes. I wish——"

Her head moved restlessly, and her eyes glittered in the firelight. By-and-bye the muttering began again; and then both her voice and face grew softer. A certain plaintiveness crept into her tone, and her lips quivered, although she shed no tears.

"It might have been all different if my father had lived. Poor father, dying far away in India—how sad it was! And my mother is so fragile and weakly that she never has been, nor can be, a guide. But some girls would have acted differently; I think that little pale-faced Daisy would. Is she really good and simple, or merely an actress? I believe she is real; the shams generally expose themselves somehow. That Mr. Alderstone is a shrewd man, and he liked her. Nobody would ever like me if all were known; and if things go on——"

The bright, restless eyes closed at last just as the fire was dying out. Without a prayer, without a thought of One who is a very present help in trouble, Gertrude Sandon laid down her tired head, and slept soundly till late in the morning.

There are girls who murmur at the peaceful routine of home, and cry out that the romance of life is long delayed. Gertrude Sandon had seen a great deal of so-called romance, and had known many forms of excitement; yet few of her simple-minded sisters would, I think, have envied her dreams that night.

It is a perilous thing to complain when our path lies through green pastures, and beside the waters of comfort. We know not what we ask when we desire change, and plead for a break in the monotony of our course. We may be praying for the tempest that shall sweep away all that we hold dearest and best; or for the blinding mist that shall hide the old way-marks from our sight.

After all, there can be little that is tedious in an unselfish life. The question that the bold yeoman asked of Lady Clara Vere de Vere may be answered with a ready yea by every girl in England.

"Are there no beggars at your gates,
Nor any poor about your lands?"

The very quietest nook in the civilised world contains ample materials for work—work that may win the Master's smile, and bring contentment to the worker's heart.

(*To be continued.*)

# HOW TO WASH AND DRESS THE BABY.

By Ruth Lamb.

## CHAPTER II.

### LITTLE MOTHERS AT WORK.

PERHAPS someone who reads the title of this paper may be inclined to inquire, "Why do you write *the baby*, as if there were but one baby instead of millions in the world?"

Ah! every mother knows why; and every loving-hearted young nurse knows why. "My baby," says the young mother, "is *the baby* of all the world." And "our baby" is the same to the members of the household, if they are of the right sort.

Knowing, as I do, how many mothers of all ages, as well as their daughters, come to the pages of The Girl's Own Paper, or apply to its editor, for information on all sorts of domestic subjects, I am most anxious to be of use both to them and their young folk. I feel especial sympathy for those who, until they became mothers, never had anything to do with the practical management of little children. Members of large families pick up their experience quite naturally amongst the little brothers and sisters, and the children of the elder ones furnish in turn a baby school for girl aunts. But where a girl is placed as I was (the latest-born and only survivor of a small family, whose only opportunity of nursing was with a borrowed baby, if there happened to be one in a neighbour's house) she is not likely to be very skilful in the manage- of a first arrival, at any rate, when she becomes a wife and mother.

Shall I ever forget my own awkwardness under such circumstances; my utter ignorance of the thousand little ways of making a baby comfortable; my yearning love towards the pink-faced girlie, and matronly pride in the possession of this living treasure, which an empire's wealth would not have sufficed to purchase?

Mingled with such thoughts was a lamentable sense of my own insufficiency and inability to discharge fitly the sacred trust which the possession of the helpless babe entailed upon me. And, as I lay in weakness, and saw skilful hands occupied about my little one and knew my deficiencies, even as regarded the care of its tender frame, other solemn thoughts crossed my mind about the living immortal soul of which that was only the covering.

"Lo! children are an heritage of the Lord," says the inspired Psalmist, and this baby girl was, then, the first instalment which He had given to me. How comforting was the sweet thought that followed: "He who has bestowed will also teach me to treasure His gift and to nurse this child for Him!" I felt then, as I do still after many years, that if there is one human being who, more than another, needs to be instant in prayer, it is surely the mother to whom such a sacred charge is entrusted.

I smile sometimes when I look at the tall

girls who call me mother, and who now, in the way of stature, look down on me, yet who run with willing feet in my service, and to save mine a needless step. I smile because I think of the time when I was their willing slave by night and by day, and far more frightened of the first, in her baby years, than all my children put together have ever been of me. But love is a good teacher—especially maternal love—and it is often said that babies bring *that* into the world with them, or they would never be cared for as they are.

I am not going to write directions suitable for the first few weeks of an infant's life. During that early period it is usually under the care of an experienced or professional nurse. Even in the poorest of homes, when the parents' means are so small that the mother cannot afford to pay for the constant attendance of such a person, there is always some kindly neighbour who, without fee or reward, undertakes to wash and dress the baby.

My first advice shall be as to the preparation of the nurse for her work. Take to it in yourself a cleanly person and a good temper, which latter finds its outward reflection in a bright, cheerful countenance. Even the few weeks' old baby shows a marvellous susceptibility to externals, and it would be difficult to say how soon it begins to imitate, or to manifest pleasure at what it sees, if that be pleasant.

On the contrary, who has not noticed the shock which a baby receives from the sound of a harsh voice, or the sight of a sullen, angry face? I have seen a little creature gaze searchingly at its mother's countenance and, if there were no answering smile, the dear eyes have seemed to lose their dancing light, the pretty mouth has formed itself into a sorrowful "pet lip," and perhaps a burst of crying has followed. The more intelligent the infant the more sensitive is it to what some would call trifles.

So, dear nurses, go to your care of the baby as to a real labour of love, and let the love shine in your faces, be heard in the ring of your voices, and be manifested by the absence of all impatience or hastiness of temper, even if you should have a *very cross* baby to deal with. Poor wee things! they cannot tell their troubles, and depend on it, if the baby is "fractious" it has some good reason for it, though you may not be able to find it out. So let your bright face, your endearing words, your cheery song, coax away the puckers from the face of your little charge if all these will do it. But in no case let its cross face be a reflection of your own.

Have nothing about you that can possibly hurt the little one. Rings, brooches, watch-chains, floating ribbons, and ornaments of all kinds are needless and out of place when you are busy with baby Let your hair be smooth and tidy. Examine your dress to see that no stray pin has been stuck on the belt or waist, and that your sleeves are tucked up and fastened so that you neither get them wet nor have them loose and flapping about in baby's face.

Put on a wide flannel apron, of which every nurse should have two—"one to wash the other"—then you will always have a clean one for present use.

Be calm and patient about your work, neither hurrying nor occupying too much time over the washing and dressing business. Handle the little one very tenderly. Even if your work be one of necessity rather than of inclination, let the infant's helplessness plead with you; for remember, a little impatience, a sudden jerk of those delicate limbs, might cause injury to your charge, and to yourself life-long repentance.

Inexperienced nurses are apt to become frightened and flurried if a baby cries, kicks, and screams. But, if the little one is in a passion, there is all the more need for the nurse to be calm, and to oppose patience and firmness to its struggles and clamour. Keep thoroughly master of yourself, dear young nurse, and you will manage baby all the more easily.

Have every requisite ready to your hands before you begin, and let each article of clothing be so placed as to come in its proper turn; so that there may be no rummaging amongst garments, or running about to seek something that ought to be close at your side when wanted. Such neglect tries baby's patience, exposes him to the risk of cold, and you to blame for your want of system and forethought.

Mind that baby, when undressed or in the bath, is not exposed to a draught of cold air. You may guard against this by extemporising a screen in the shape of a clothes'-horse with a sheet or quilt thrown over it.

Here I would say a few words about the clothing of infants. It, as well as the bedding, should combine lightness with warmth. It is of far more importance that it should be plentiful in quantity, and good in quality, so as to secure cleanliness by frequent changes and comfort in the use, than very elaborate in workmanship or much ornamented.

If much trimming is used, by all means let it be in the shape of soft cambric frills or narrow torchon lace.

Muslin work—especially if a laundress is so ill-advised as to stiffen it in order to *make it set well*—is a great cause of irritation to an infant's tender neck and arms.

A good nurse will pass her finger round the bands and along the seams of all clothing that is likely to come in contact with the child's skin. If she finds any roughness or sharp points, she rubs them before putting on the garment.

This is not the place to enumerate the articles which compose an infant's wardrobe; but I should like to mention one. The little lawn or cambric shirts worn during the first few weeks are usually made open in the front, from top to bottom. I have always used and recommended a shirt made of one width of the linen, with a single seam at the side, but open on the shoulders, on each of which it fastens with a small linen button and loop. It is slipped over the head so easily; there is no twisting of arms to get them into sleeves; it is quickly fastened, and, when on, it keeps its place and looks pretty, which is more than can be said of the old-fashioned open article, with its useless laps and generally untidy effect.

As a baby should not only be washed, but have a bath every morning, the vessel used should be large enough to hold it comfortably, but rather shallow. The temperature of the water should be about 90 deg.; but, as young nurses have not always a thermometer at hand, they should try it with the back of the hand, or, as I have seen some old nurses do, with the tip of the tongue. The whole hand is not a safe test, especially if it be one accustomed to work, as the skin becomes hardened and can bear much greater heat or cold than it would be safe to use for an infant's bath.

I have read some terrible cases of suffering, and even loss of life, which have been caused by the carelessness of young nurses in not ascertaining that the water was of a proper temperature before putting in the child.

Soap of a non-irritating quality and a soft sponge must be used. If the infant is quite young, the left hand must be placed below its neck, so as to support the head above water. The whole body, including the head, should be well soaped and then gently sponged, care being taken to rinse well all the little folds and creases, so that nothing impure or irritating may be retained there. Soft, half-worn towels of nursery diaper are the best to dry with, and this should be tenderly done with due consideration for the delicate skin. The moisture should be absorbed from all bends and creases by gentle pressure—never by rubbing; though the back and limbs will be all the better for a little friction with the hand. Baby likes this when he is first undressed and after washing, and enjoys stretching his round limbs on his nurse's knee whilst she gives them a gentle chafing within reach of the warmth of a fire.

All the creases below the arms, knees, in the dimpled neck, behind the ears, between the thighs and body should be well powdered to prevent the chafing of the skin, and this ought to be done after every change of clothing or sponging, by night or day. A very able and experienced medical man, who has written a valuable work, within a very small compass, on sick and other nursing, advises the use of powdered starch for what we call *puffing* the baby.

Considering how much we have heard of the introduction of deleterious ingredients into what are called "violet powders," we must recognise the wisdom of this advice. It is of no consequence whether the powder is perfumed or not, but it is of the greatest importance that it should be pure and harmless. The powdering must never be neglected if baby's skin has been damped, so whenever sponging is requisite, the puff is also absolutely necessary.

One occasionally sees the scalp of an infant covered or patched with an unsightly crust. This is usually the result of insufficient or careless washing. At the first sign of it, the spot should be anointed with a bit of pure lard or a little olive oil. This will soften the crust, and it will generally come off during washing; but great care must be taken not to use any degree of violence to remove it. The simple application named and persistent cleanliness are the proper remedies both to take it away and prevent its recurrence.

A quite young baby needs, as I have already said, the supporting hand of the nurse to keep the head above water. An older infant that can sit up strongly and has learned to kick about in and enjoy the water, equally needs the watchful eye of the nurse, and should never be *left* in the bath for a moment.

A very little water and a very short time have proved sufficient to drown an infant before now, during the momentary absence of the nurse.

In fastening the clothes, use as few pins as possible, and let the pins be well-made safety pins. Wherever strings, buttons, and loops, or a stitch can be used instead, by all means substitute one of these. Always have a needle and thread beside you during the dressing process.

A second bath at night is not necessary, only light sponging on the nurse's knee. The head should not be wetted in the evening, and after the morning bath the hair should be gently but thoroughly dried, and brushed with a very soft brush. Warm or tepid water is necessary during the first two or three years of a child's life, perhaps even longer in the cases of delicate children.

It is astonishing how very soon infants may be taught habits of cleanliness and regularity in taking food and rest. These things depend, almost wholly, on the care and attention bestowed by those who have the charge of them. Remember, dear mothers and young nurses, that it is from *you*, who are always about it, that the little one receives its first and most durable impressions, whether for good or evil, and as regards both mind and body. Can you, then, be too careful with respect to what you do for it; or too prayerful and watchful over yourself in order that

from you it may receive nothing but what is good?

After the bath a baby is generally ready for its food, and the meal is pretty certain to be followed by its morning sleep. If the mother nurses her infant herself and a young helper has washed and dressed it, the latter should put away the articles that are done with, empty and dry the bath, and expose night clothes and towels, if possible to the open air. Never be in a hurry to wrap up clothing or cover up beds. Let them have plenty of fresh air, or at least as much as you can possibly give them. I ought to have said the moment baby is taken out of his cot, the bed should be shaken up and all the bedding spread out and thus exposed. It is an excellent plan to have two sets of sheets in use, one for nights and the other for days; then this airing can be well carried out.

Often, when travelling in Switzerland, I have been struck with the carefulness of the people in airing their beds. As you pass through a village in the early morning, if you look from the windows of the diligence, you will see the beds, which are small, light, and much more portable than ours, hanging from every casement. They are turned over and exposed for hours to the fresh air and light, a process which must tend greatly to their purification and to the health of those who use them.

By all means imitate as far as possible this excellent example, and, though our cumbrous beds cannot be hung out in like manner, we may give them the benefit of frequent exposure to air and light.

Baby's little bed or mattress, from its small size, has a better chance than any other, so let him have the full advantage of this.

In my next chapter I shall try to give simple instructions on "How to Nurse the Baby."

(*To be concluded.*)

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## THE DIFFICULTIES OF A YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER, AND HOW SHE OVERCAME THEM.

By Dora Hope.

"So your friend is to arrive to-day, is she, Madge?" said Mr. Colville, one morning in June, as they sat at breakfast. "Miss—Miss Dolabella—let me see, *what* is her name?"

"Dorothy, papa; Dorothy Snow."

"Sweet thing in names, certainly," remarked Tom. "I say, Madge, what is she like?"

"Well, I have not seen her for more than two years, as, being my senior, she left school before I did, and we have never met since. But I used to admire her immensely; she was very tall and very dark and handsome, and I thought her very clever, but then I think schoolgirls always exaggerate the good qualities of their friends."

"H'm, glad she's nice-looking," said Tom, complacently, with a glance at the pier-glass, as he fingered his collar and tie delicately with his finger tips, to make sure they were arranged as they should be. Tom was at that age when, though exceedingly boyish in many ways, he still felt himself very much grown up and manly. He began to feel an interest in the cut of his coat, and displayed even anxiety about the shape of his hats.

"Oh, my dear boy, she will very soon *crush* you if you evince any admiration, I'm quite sure," cried Margaret, laughing. "Do is so splendidly strong and tall, she could pick you up in her finger and thumb, almost."

"May we call her Do, too, Madge?" asked Dick.

"No; of course, you must say Miss Snow,' unless she tells you you need not. She used to be so teased about her name at school, they always used to call her 'Do Snow,' but I beg you won't do that."

The meeting between the friends was hearty and warm, for, though a correspondence had been kept up, they had not seen one another since the old days at school, and there would be large arrears of talk to make up during Dorothy's fortnight's visit.

Margaret knew quite well that her friend's home was a more luxurious one than her own. With plenty of servants it was not likely that she would take any part in household matters herself, and Margaret could not help wondering what she would think of the innumerable duties which devolved upon the mistress of the Colville household.

The morning after Dorothy's arrival, Margaret, with some little hesitation, asked if she would excuse her for half an hour, and having no idea of attempting to hide anything of the sort, explained that she usually made the pastry herself instead of trusting it to a not very efficient maid.

To her surprise, Dorothy begged to be allowed to come and help, or at any rate look on, for her mother had lately taken up the idea of her learning all about cooking and cleaning, and so, having been "learning hard" lately, she would be delighted to continue her education.

Of course Margaret was only too pleased, and so it happened that some of their merriest times were spent by the two girls in the kitchen.

One morning, as Margaret was tying on her large apron and rolling up her sleeves preparatory to a plunge in the flour tub, Dorothy bethought her of certain items of cookery in which she considered herself proficient.

"Did you not say, Margery, that the Trents are coming to supper to-night?" asked she.

"Yes, they are," replied Margaret, "I want you to see Mrs. Trent, she is such a good friend to me."

"Oh, then, do let me make some delicacies for supper," cried Dorothy. "You need not look so alarmed, I can make a select few dishes *beautifully*. Now, if you will consent, you shall have the loveliest jelly you ever tasted, which will cost a mere nothing. Do you happen to have any very cheap claret in the house? That at 10d. a bottle will do."

"No, I fear we have not, but Betsy shall go and get a bottle; or stay, perhaps, as she is a teetotaler, she might not like the errand, so we will go ourselves as my pastry will not be required."

"But we must provide something else for supper besides. One jelly is hardly enough."

"No, hardly. Let me see, there will be the cold lamb and mint sauce——"

"Will you not have a salad with mayonnaise sauce also? I feel competent for that; even mamma praises my mayonnaise sauce!"

"That will do very nicely, and, with a dish of gooseberry fool, I think there will be enough. We do not usually make much difference for the Trents."

After their purchases were made the girls set to work at their cooking, Dorothy having borrowed one of Margaret's aprons and pairs of sleeves.

"Now, look here, Margery, you ought to learn how to make this jelly; it is so nice and cheap withal," said Dorothy, as she uncorked the bottle of wine. "See now, I simply put into my earthenware pot 1 oz. of gelatine, a fourpenny jar of red currant jelly, the rind and juice of one lemon, ¾ lb. of loaf sugar, and the claret. They are to simmer gently till the gelatine is melted, and then boil for five minutes. That is the whole process. Now I strain it into this mould, which has been standing in cold water meanwhile, and there you are."

"That is an easily-made jelly, certainly," said Margaret, admiringly; "and I must say it looks nice, too."

"I should think it was nice indeed!" Dorothy exclaimed. "At home, when we want it specially good, we put in a small cupful of brandy also. And when the jelly is turned out we pour round it some cream, sweetened and flavoured with almond or anything we choose. But it is quite good enough for ordinary occasions without these expensive adjuncts."

"Now for the mayonnaise sauce, Do. But would it not be better to leave the making of that till nearer the time?"

"Oh, no, it will not matter; of course, we will not pour it over the salad till just before supper. You have to put the yolk of an egg into a basin, *so* (oh dear, how difficult it is to separate the yolk and white!) also a little white pepper and salt, and a quarter teaspoonful of mustard. Then you mix them well together."

"How much salad oil shall you allow?" asked Margaret, looking on with much interest.

"I believe tastes differ about that, but I have been instructed that ¼ pint is about right. It must not be put in all at once, you observe, but just very slowly, drop by drop, stirring all the time with a wooden spoon, until about half of it is used. Next, I put in the least little drop of vinegar, Tarragon and the ordinary kind mixed, and then go on very slowly adding the remainder of the oil. There, this is turning out very well, as smooth as cream, and yet not oily-looking. Now it ought to have a teaspoonful of whipped cream added, but perhaps town milk does not yield cream?"

"Yes, it does, more or less," answered Margaret, fetching a basin from the pantry. "Betsy always puts it to stand when it comes in, and though the cream is not as thick as it might be, still we should not fancy our tea and coffee without it. Why, how clever you are, Do; and you pretended to be *such* an ignoramus."

"So I am; I have very nearly come to the end of my cooking capabilities already, and I know simply nothing of the management of a house. Now we must put this sauce in the very coolest place you have till it is wanted, and then, please, let me watch you make the gooseberry fool."

Margaret began by putting the green gooseberries into a jar with a little water, and a good deal of sugar.

This was set in a saucepan of boiling water, which was let boil till the fruit was soft enough to mash. After being reduced to a pulp, it was worked through a colander into a basin. Next some cold milk and cream should have been added, but, as the latter was not plentiful, Margaret used a little corn flour instead. Allowing a pint of milk to the same measure of pulp, she put it on to boil, then mixed the corn flour (in the proportion of one teaspoonful to each pint of milk) in a cup of cold milk, and added it to the rest in the saucepan. After boiling, it was slowly stirred into the fruit. Margaret then tasted it, and made a wry face at the sourness.

"What, sour after all that sugar?" exclaimed Dorothy.

"Yes, it does take such a quantity," Margaret replied, as she added more, "and it is simply uneatable if you stint the sugar. Now you have seen the whole mystery of gooseberry fool, so, when I have told Betsy to be sure and put plenty of sugar to the mint sauce,

# HOW TO NURSE THE BABY.

By Ruth Lamb.

## CHAPTER III. AND LAST.

LITTLE NURSES UNDER TRAINING.

In commencing this chapter I should like to offer a few earnest words of advice to young mothers about feeding their infants. It is too much the modern custom to bring up children by hand, as it is called, even when there is nothing to prevent the mother from nursing—I mean no physical hindrance—where youth, health, and strength are all present, and an abundant supply of that nutriment which, being Nature's provision for the sustenance of the child, must also be the best.

Yet it often happens that a mother's indolence, selfishness, and a determination not to give up visiting and pleasure-seeking at all hours, are just what stand in the way of her undertaking what is alike her duty and her privilege. She can leave her bottle-fed baby, and it is so very easy to lay it down in its cot with the tube of the feeding-bottle in its mouth, while she goes about her work or her amusement, as the case may be.

Now, I believe all medical men agree that no artifical food can possibly be so good for an infant as its mother's milk, provided it is there, and there is no physical hindrance, such as disease or extreme weakness, to prevent her from nursing; also, that a child thus nourished has a far better prospect of life and health than one brought up by hand—that if the nursing cannot be prolonged, still it is an immense advantage, both to mother and infant, if it can but be continued for the first few, or even three, months of baby's life.

A mother who deserves the name delights in self-sacrifice for the sake of her children, and notably during their helpless days. The pages of God's word abundantly testify that good and holy women of old, however exalted their station, nursed their own children. To you, then, dear young mothers, I would say, follow their examples. Do for your children what Nature's laws—which are God's laws—point out as the right thing, and, though you may have to stay at home sometimes when inclination tempts you abroad, you will not regret it in the long run. You will be rewarded in the better health of your children, and in the approving voice of conscience, which will whisper. "At any rate I have done my part." My second piece of advice is, if possible, take the charge of your infant at night. It is undoubtedly best for the little one to sleep in a separate bed at night. It is less liable to be disturbed, or to disturb you, and there is no risk of its being injured or overlaid under such circumstances. But, whether you nurse it or feed by hand, have baby's cot beside your own bed.

This was always my own practice, even though I had most excellent and trustworthy nurses—Christian women, who did their duty as in the sight of God. But I always felt the happier for knowing that my helpless darling was within arm's length of me during the night.

Mothers are instinctively wakeful, and the lightest movement, the least sound, will generally suffice to rouse their attention, while a young nurse will, equally naturally, sleep heavily on, or perhaps be as cross when waked from slumber as the baby itself.

I shall not soon forget a conversation which I once had with a loving-hearted woman whose daughter, a mere girl, was in a situation as nurse to a quite young baby.

It was the first; the parents were young people who had been accustomed to great indulgence in their homes before their marriage, and were not at all prepared for self-sacrifice at the outset. The young mother would not nurse her baby, and the father declined to be disturbed by having it in the same room at night.

The girl-mother was much out in the day time, so that the girl-nurse — an extremely loving though inexperienced one—had the child on her hands the day through. She and another young servant constituted the working part of the household, so that when the baby was at rest the nurse's hands were always busy, especially in the evening, when master was at home. He often brought in a friend or two who stayed late, and when the tired girls went to their beds, in all probability the infant, whose cot was in the same room, would wake from his first sleep and postpone theirs, sometimes for hours.

The good woman who gave me the above particulars told me, with tears in her eyes, that her daughter's health was suffering terribly from the weight of responsibility and want of rest. "But what troubles me worst of all," said she, "is the fear that something will be happening both to my Mary and the child in the night. There is no wire guard before the fire, and, as the girl sits there, with the little thing on her knee, she gets so overpowered with sleep that she nods forward, and it's a mercy that she has waked up so often instead of letting it fall, or falling herself into the fire. The missis has always been promising to buy a guard; but she has never done it. I wonder how *she* can sleep; for I often lose my rest thinking of *her* baby and my poor, tired girl."

This picture is, if anything, under drawn, and requires no comment. Surely it points out the necessity for the systematic training of girls in the management of young children, and of self-devotion and self-denial in those who assume the sacred responsibility of motherhood.

If a baby be from necessity reared by hand, three things are essential; extreme cleanliness as regards every vessel used to contain food, suitability of the food itself, and regularity in administering it.

The vessels should be cleansed—scalded, and then rinsed with cold water, in which a feeding-bottle and mouthpiece should also be left until again required. Milk should be that of one cow, and perfectly sweet and fresh. The least sourness will disorder an infant's stomach, cause pain to it, and trouble to its nurse.

Two parts new milk and one of warm water, sweetened with a little loaf sugar, is in about the right proportion for infants of a few weeks old, pure cow's milk being too rich. It is not advisable to name any other food, as one infant will thrive upon a kind which would not suit another.

Experience is the only reliable test for individual cases; but it cannot be too widely known that every species of food made from grain is unsuited to the digestive organs of quite young infants. Nature indicates the right food. If we cannot have that, we should imitate it as closely as possible. The younger the baby the shorter should be the interval from one feeding time to another.

The medical writer already alluded to is so earnest on the subject of regular feeding, that he even advises mothers to wake their babies rather than break this rule during the day time. At night let baby sleep on if he will; and if the rest is—as it always ought to be—natural, and not produced by the use of any kind of opiate, it will do both him and his mother a world of good, even should it be considerably prolonged.

There is an old proverb, "Never rouse a sleeping lion," and I think most mothers and nurses would say "Never rouse a sleeping baby, if you can possibly help it." But, if baby is taught to eat and to sleep regularly, the nurse or mother who administers the meal should be punctual too. The little man must not be grieved or have his temper tried by having to wait for it longer than he ought.

When it is known that he cannot be crying for food, it is a most foolish practice to force it upon him as a remedy for every grievance. Crying is the baby's only language, and by it he tells, not merely that he is hungry, but that something is causing pain or, at least, discomfort. If the cause be external and connected with its clothing, try to find it out. A pin, a tightened string, a stiff trimming chafing the skin, are all enough to give pain; or an article of clothing may require changing. See to these things, and if no external cause can be discovered, a slight internal pain may often be removed by the application of a warm flannel to the stomach and to the little feet, if these are cold.

I remember a dear baby, that used to weep and wail most miserably whenever it was taken out of doors. Its nurse was quite in despair, for the child's persistent crying attracted the attention of the passers-by. Indoors it was a picture of health and good temper, and indoors the child remained for several days.

The nurse thought she would try again, but only in the garden; so, instead of the elaborately embroidered cloak and satin hood which were used when she took her walks abroad, she wrapped him in a shawl, slipped a little woollen hood over his downy pate, and went out. No tears this time! The little creature enjoyed the sunshine, laughed, crowed, and at last fell asleep, and was brought in to rest in his cot.

The next day nurse thought she would extend her walk, and try once more to take a smiling baby to see his grandmother. But it was useless. Then she found out that the poor child's finery was his torment, and that the crying was caused by the scrubbiness of the cap with the satin loops and stiff border that edged the hood worn on full-dress occasions.

There is one practice, not uncommon in poor homes, to which I cannot help giving the name of cruel. Yet I have seen many a mother do it, as well as little nurses who knew no better. It is that of giving the mouthpiece and tube of a feeding-bottle to a baby, and allowing it to suck nothing but air for an unlimited time by way of keeping it quiet. Need I say that such a practice is both unkind and injurious to the child?

Another great mistake is often made by well-meaning and loving mothers. They think their infants cannot be too much out of doors, provided the weather is fine. No matter how cold it is—no matter if the piercing wind compels the grown up person to draw her shawl more closely around her, baby is sent out, often insufficiently wrapped, and the child a little older is allowed to run about bare-headed and bare-necked. Or the mother will stand in the open doorway, with her infant in arms, equally unprotected from the cold.

"They think it hardens them," said a good, old nurse to me, as she shook her head, pityingly. "It may answer with those that are strong enough to stand it, but it hardens many a one into its coffin!"

Consider, dear mothers! If the cutting

wind makes you shrink, what must it be to your tender baby? Many a time as I have passed along the streets have I ventured to remonstrate with careless or ignorant mothers; many a little bonnet that was hanging down a child's back have I tied on, and many a little shawl have I pinned across the bare chest so thoughtlessly exposed. Mothers have smiled when I have ventured to suggest that it was not wise to leave a baby asleep in its perambulator outside a shop door with its face to a cutting north wind whilst they were making purchases within.

Such hints have always been taken in good part; but these practices are so common, and one can appeal personally to so few of the myriads of mothers and nurses who do these thoughtless things without the smallest intention of harming their tender nurslings.

I should like to offer a few suggestions for the training of a little nurse. When first allowed to hold a baby let the small practitioner sit on the floor, or on a hassock or cushion. Teach her to support the head or the back, should the baby be old enough to sit up, with an encircling arm. Never let a baby be kept in continual motion when it manifests no desire to move about.

There are some old, professional nurses that can never let a baby be quiet. Even the mite of a few days old is kept in a perpetual jog if lying on the knee, or it is rocked or swayed backwards and forwards continually.

Many a nurse trains a baby to be restless by rocking it to sleep instead of allowing it to lie peacefully when up, and putting it into its cot awake from the very first.

Such a nurse entails much needless trouble on the mother, or the younger person who succeeds her in the care of the child.

Should baby fall asleep on the knee, do not keep it there, but lay it gently in its little bed, and tuck the clothes not too tightly round it, but just firmly enough for it to have a feeling of a still protecting arm should it be partially roused by the operation.

A child nurse is always unwilling to part with a sleeping baby. It is to her a triumph to have "got it to sleep her own self," and a hardship to part with it. She must therefore be taught that it is for baby's good.

Another lesson for a little nurse is this. Always leave baby in a safe place. Not on chair, sofa, or table edge, from which it will be almost sure to roll off; but in its cot, or on the floor, at a safe distance from the fire. The infant of a few months old is all the better for a roll on the rug or carpet, and gets its first notion of locomotion in that position. "Pop it on the floor," says the old nurse, "and nobody can knock it's seat over, or take its bed from under it."

The young nurse should be taught to come with clean face, hands, and clothing, and tidy hair, if she is to be allowed to do anything for the baby. Also that cross tempers, angry words, and disobedience to orders will be looked upon as disqualifications for such an important office. She must be told, in simple words, what will be hurtful to her young charge, whether at home or abroad, and warned to avoid it. *Told*, I say, *not rated or lectured; spoken to lovingly, trustfully, encouragingly; instructed in all the matters already mentioned as important, advised and advised with;* for nothing charms a "little mother" more than consulting her about, say, a new article of clothing for her precious charge.

There should be perfect confidence between the mother and her young deputy, as, indeed, there ought always to be between parents and children. But the little nurse may not be a child, and she must be encouraged to frankness and truthfulness by kind words, by telling her the reason why certain directions are given, and by appealing, not to fear of punishment for neglect, but to her love for the infant and her interest in its well-being.

Many a little nurse who has been accustomed to scolding and threats of punishment, or has, perhaps, suffered punishment for some trifling matter, has feared to tell of an accident to a child whilst in her charge, from dread of consequences to herself. Thus, an injury, which might have been promptly cured if attended to at the time, has caused hopeless lameness, or even idiotcy, through the terrified silence of the young nurse. In training one we should make her understand the vast importance of instantly reporting any accident to her charge, should she unfortunately be the cause or the witness of one.

The active child, whose small hands are ever "on the grab" at everything within reach, and the little toddler who is so fond of trying its newly-found feet, require a nurse to have eyes all round; that is, to exercise incessant watchfulness. The young nurse must be taught never to leave her charge within reach of anything hurtful. It is only necessary to glance for a single week into the columns of a newspaper, and we shall find that mothers need this warning as much as little nurses.

Take two samples from one column of to-day's paper. A neighbour goes into a house; takes a child, eighteen months old, on her knee. She has pinned her shawl with a large darning-needle, which somehow penetrates, and is buried in, the child's breast. The mother cannot get it out; the surgeon uses chloroform, and fails also, for the needle has pierced the dear babe's lungs, and death ensues a few hours later.

The second child was scalded to death through pulling a pot of boiling tea over its head and face. Numbers lose their lives in a similar manner. Many are drowned, because the mothers leave little toddling things behind when they go to hang out their clothes. The child goes to the tub to dabble, overbalances itself, goes head first into the water, and is found dead. Tied to a chair, out of reach of harm, the child might have cried, but its life would have been safe.

Most mothers would be horrified to see the total of deaths which every year result from leaving children "just for a minute or two" within reach of a boiling kettle, an unguarded fire, a teapot on the hob, hot water on the table, or a tub of suds on the floor. I have known life lost by the upsetting of a cup of scalding tea on an infant's breast when it was sitting on the lap of a mother who idolised her child.

So let this be a principal lesson to a little nurse—*that she is to give her whole attention to her charge.* Show her how neglect may endanger life. Tell her of accidents that have happened, and warn her how she may preserve baby from such by her loving care.

And when the infant is old enough, give *it* lessons in going up and downstairs on all-fours, and set the young nurse to watch its practice of this accomplishment. Warn *both* against leaning, ever so lightly, over banisters. I have cause to speak strongly on this subject, for one of my own children, at seven years old, went head first from the second floor of a large house down into the entrance-hall. She was saved almost miraculously from death and permanent injury, by being dashed from side to side between the banisters, the checks thus received breaking the directness of the fall.

Some people say, "Keep scissors entirely out of a child's way." I say, "Teach the child to clip as soon as it can hold a pair—but do not let them be sharp ones—and always under supervision!" This will furnish much amusement; only put the scissors away when the child cannot be watched, or it will infallibly operate on its budding curls or its pinafore, or perhaps something more valuable still.

Never allow a baby to be long without a glance to see that it is safe, even when in bed. Mothers have listened and thought the baby still asleep. Cases have come under my own knowledge of infants strangled through ineffectual struggles amongst bed-clothes, or through passing the head between the brass bars of a cot. Never use or allow the use of opiates, except ordered by a doctor.

Always warn a nurse against giving a child's arm or wrist a sudden jerk, which may dislocate a limb.

It is not often necessary to teach a young nurse how to amuse a baby; for a cheerful, lively, loving child is often much more fertile in resources than a grown-up person, and children learn one from another very quickly.

In these chapters, though lengthened beyond my original intention, I have only been able to glance at portions of the subject as regards the training of "Little Nurses," and have left many things wholly unnoticed which I should like to name. But if these papers should prove useful to mothers themselves, or induce them to give more attention to the training of their children in duties so essentially womanly, they will not have been written in vain. Necessity compels poor, overworked mothers to trust mere children with their baby brothers and sisters. Necessity compels the young creatures, in turn, to exercise many talents and qualities which in the children of richer parents often lie dormant for want of something to rouse them into life and make them fructify.

The fruits I have already named—patience, endurance, trustworthiness, unselfishness, and tender love for the helpless—are great and noble ones, though they are often found on very feeble human plants, and flourishing in apparently unlikely places.

Mothers who, in the good providence of God, are so placed that they can preserve their children from over much care and give them abundant leisure for play and enjoyment, should take heed lest, by over indulgence and by making their path too smooth, they foster opposite qualities, and render them idle, helpless, and selfish. We should show them what to do, then leave them to carry out our lessons. Exercise wholesome supervision, but do not give the idea that we are constantly watching, or farewell all sense of responsibility and self-reliance.

In this, as in other duties, we must stir up the gifts that are already in our children, and give them such training as will daily render them more valuable.

And, if we choose to do so, we may draw their attention to many examples, such as I have endeavoured to picture in my first chapter, and show them how they may be both warned and instructed by the doings of very humble little nurses.