

"QUEEN BABY AND HER WANTS."

By Mrs. ORMAN COOPER, Author of "We Wives," etc.



PART I.

Her Clothes.—Perhaps there is no subject more fascinating to the ordinary woman than that of baby-clothes! Of course "the new woman" finds no charm therein. I am not writing for that modern production, only for those sweet, womanly souls who have the instincts of motherhood implanted in them. To such—whether she be mother, sister, cousin, or aunt—those wee, dainty garments which we fashion for "the trailing clouds of glory," that come "out of the nowhere into the here," are a wonderful source of pleasure. The tiny frills and tucks, the delicate laces, the fine-drawn work, the invisible hems, are

each dwelt on with a kind of awe. So much love is tucked into each fold, so much pleasure run into each gusset.

Now in this paper I shall try to recommend only those things which I have personally found most convenient. There may be many other garments thought necessary by some. But I am an old-fashioned woman in most ways, and have tried no new-fangled notions. My one aim has been to have garments that will not try the temper of my babies too much, that will give the minimum of weight with the maximum of warmth, and that will make my treasures look

like little bundles of daintiness, purity, and comfort.

I will begin by saying that the outfit for babies is generally too large. The tiny queen—who when she comes rules the household with a rod of iron—needs at first a very moderate *trousseau*. She will require, at the most, four nightgowns, four day-gowns, or monthly robes, four long flannel petticoats, four flannel binders, four little vests, or six wee shirts, two or three robes, twelve dribblers, or bibs, three dozen diapers, six pilches, and several soft fleecy shawls and flannel squares.

We will begin at the very beginning, as we would dress Queen Baby on her natal day.

The Binders.—These may be made of strips of soft flannel, with raw edges. They should be about six inches in depth, and the

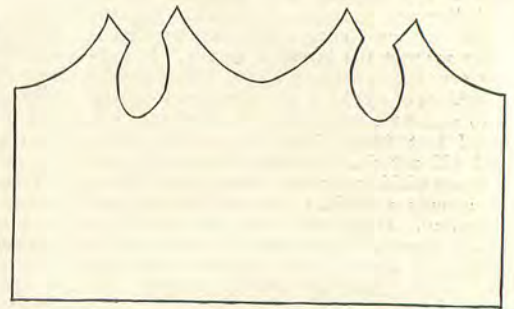
full width of ordinary flannel. Do not hem them, they are softer without it, and the nurse can double them if necessary when putting on. Every woman should realise that binders are used for warmth, not for support. So many old nurses put the roller on as tightly as possible "to support the spine." It should do nothing of the sort. The binder is to keep baby from catching cold in stomach or chest. There should not at first be any way of fastening, save with needle and thread. (Pins, even safety ones, should never be tolerated.) After awhile some soft linen buttons at the proper place, and neatly-worked buttonholes at one end will be a comfort.

Over this binder I should advise a soft wool vest, instead of the ordinary linen shirt. It should not be hand-knit. Nothing but a machine can produce web of sufficient gossamer-make to suit our little queen's tender skin. At the shops they can be bought for 1s. 1d. apiece.

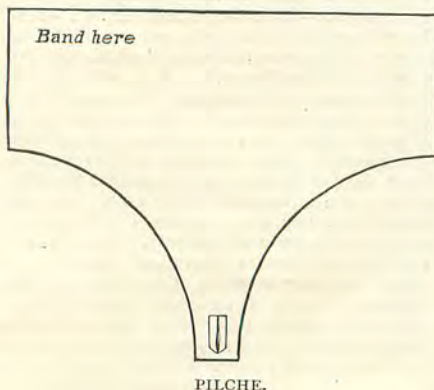
If the shirt is thought to look nicer, let it be made of soft pongee silk instead of linen. Why torture a helpless infant with starch and cotton lace. The silk may have a tiny frill of Valenciennes sewn on at the armholes. This will not rub and fray the wee arms; and can be washed out in one's hand-basin. These silk shirts look very dainty, wash like a rag, and wear well.

The flannel pilche is our baby's next garment. It holds the diaper in place. I have found that ordinary fine birdseye squares that are sold, are not so nice for the wee one as hygroscopic or swansdown ones. These are very cleanly and absorbent besides being delightfully thick and warm. They cost about 7d. each.

The pilche itself is made in three different ways. Some women use only a simple square of flannel, held together with a safety pin. I



SHAPE OF PETTICOAT BODICE.



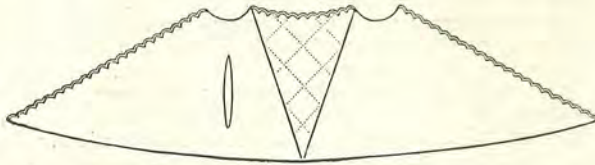
prefer one yard of flannel, folded corner-wise and split in two. The edges I bind together with silk ribbon and full the top into a band of calico two inches wide. Sometimes the inner point is bound separately and only attached to the outer one by the band. But, whichever way it is made, the pilche should be of double flannel. A thin tape must be run through the band and should pass through a loop sewn at the point. This point is drawn up between the little feet and keeps all this part of baby's costume neatly together.

We now come to a garment which is very pleasant to make and admits of much decoration if we wish, viz., the barrow or flannel petticoat.

Choose a soft, white, Saxony flannel as fine as possible. It will take nine yards for the necessary four petticoats. But as these are worn day and night a less number would not

do. They will cost about 3s. apiece, including silk, etc.

Join together one width and a half of the flannel and hem all round with fine herringbone. The length should be twenty-seven inches long. This is the skirt. For the bodice take a strip of flannel from the end of the roll about seven inches deep. Mitre the two ends, and fold in three. Armholes are hollowed at the two folds. At the back, quilt on a diamond of extra flannel to cover the delicate lungs. Under one arm cut a slit and buttonhole it thickly with silk. Now take a coin and mark out all round the upper part of the strip in scallops. Or better still, get a couple of yards of Briggs' edging and iron off the pattern. Buttonhole each scallop with white silk and put a dot of the same embroidery in each round. Bind the armhole with sarcenet ribbon and cross each with a strap of the same.



BODICE FOR FLANNEL BARROW.

The way to put on this barrow is as follows. The baby is laid on the quilted back, her arms brought through the holes, one point (fitted with a piece of ribbon) is drawn through the slit under the right arm, and brought to meet the other in front. Here it is tied.

By this arrangement the petticoat (which of course is pleated on to the bodice and bound neatly in place) falls in a double pleat over the little toes, and needs no strings sewn on it.

Except when Queen Baby is going to wear a robe, immediately on the top of this barrow comes the gown. It is well, however, to have two white petticoats at least. For those we need four and a half yards of Nainsook muslin or very fine long cloth, and three yards of narrow lace for edging the bodice. Divide your material in two equal parts, and take off a strip from the end of each ten inches wide. These strips are for the two little bodices and must be cut as diagram. Allow an inch hem at either end of the bodice and make a tiny one round the neck. It and the armholes should be trimmed with lace put on slightly full.

The skirts will measure thirty-three inches in length. This includes a two-inch hem and two and a half in tucks. It must be fulled on to the bodice, through the false hem of which a narrow draw-string is passed.

I have recommended neat lace instead of embroidery in this paper, as it is so much softer and falls in more artistic folds than any cut work can do. Besides the starched points and whirligigs in Madeira work are apt to irritate a baby's neck and arms. But, of course, if preferred embroidery can always be substituted for lace.

Now we are come to the daintiest part of our wee maiden's first *trousseau*. In elaboration it will in no way compare with the white robe she may don some future day—for these tiny gowns cannot be too simple in make. They should owe their fascination to the

delicate sewing and fine materials employed on them.

My little queen has eight of these garments. But six are usually sufficient. Four of them, those worn at night, are made from eight yards of fine cambric. They are thirty-two inches long and two breadths wide. Fold each length down the centre and cut out as shown in the diagram. The pieces left in shaping will cut sleeves ten and a half inches long. Cuffs are included in this measurement, and are simply the ends hemmed, bordered with Cash's narrowest frilling, and turned back. They are cut in one piece. For these little monthly gowns I always make a breastplate of tiny tucks covering the bosom. Each one is feather-stitched with fine crochet cotton. Our queen, at this period of her existence, is better without dribblers, so this thickness on the chest is welcome. A band—also thickly feather-stitched—meets these tucks at the

waist, viz., six inches from the neck. It is finished with long sash ends of the cambric. These keep the dress in position when tied in a bow, and the frock is finished with a frill and a draw-string at the neck.

Baby's daygowns are made of Nainsook or striped cambric sometimes. Mine are always fashioned from the deep tucked cambric one buys by the yard. It has generally groups of three tiny tucks with spaces between which I fill with one inch Valenciennes. It is made long enough for the skirt (thirty-six inches), but the bodice, cut after the pattern given above, must be cut from plain cambric. Then, round the neck put a frill of the antique Valenciennes—or better still—of pillow hand-made lace or Maltese, and fill up to a point at the waist with the same. This makes a charming soft frame for the tiny face, and gives the shoulders a sturdy square look. The sleeves are ornamented with the same lace as the "plastron," and, if wished, the skirt may be lengthened with an edging slightly wider.

My readers must understand that these last garments do not pretend to the grandeur of robes. But Queen Baby seldom wears anything more elaborate during the first month of her existence. I have never made a genuine "robe," spelt in capitals if one trusts nurse's pronunciation, so I cannot tell how to frame its intricate ornamentation. I should advise such being bought. They can be procured from 5s. to £5 5s.

Queen Baby is nearly ready. But our little monarch's head needs a crown. Give it a soft, fleecy shawl, crocheted by granny's patient fingers, I advise you. It is more cosy than even the flannel silk-mitred squares one so often sees. By-the-bye, we have forgotten booties and monkey jackets, and if baby comes in the winter she will need both. I cannot knit, so I can only advise my readers on two points concerning these woollies. Let them be pure white and never put up with crochet work in them. These latter are frauds. They look well until introduced to the hand-basin. Then they harden and stretch in the most exasperating way. Whereas, plain knitted booties will wear and wash to the end. There are three articles required by Queen Baby every day that I would not advise an amateur to meddle with.

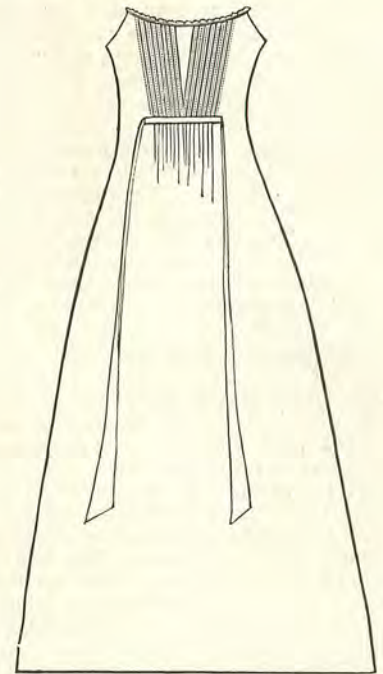
One is dribblers. They are so inexpensive

to buy and so troublesome to make. I have found silk ones far more satisfactory than the usual padded things; they can be bought for 4s. the half dozen and are made of soft Surah and trimmed with fine torchon. They can be rinsed out in baby's bath, and require neither starching nor ironing, so one needs to invest in fewer at a time. Baby's neck can never be frayed with them, and the creamy tint they eventually acquire is beautiful compared to the yellow hue of badly-made-up cambric.

In fact in these days of cheap silk that word may be interpolated wherever I have put cotton. For shirtees and dribblers I would recommend nothing else.

I mentioned three things as "taboo" to an amateur. The two last are cap and cloak. Even the most dainty of untrained fingers cannot turn out millinery equal to what can be bought at any good shop. So I would advise these to be left alone; only premising they should both be made of washing silk, trimmed (if possible) with thick silk cord and real lace.

I am afraid the editor of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER will frown if I lengthen this paper much further. But at least I must ask for space just to talk about Queen Baby's bed. Of course all kinds of handsome ones can be bought ready trimmed. I will just tell you how to prepare a dainty inexpensive nest for the birdie.



Get an ordinary wicker cradle; it will cost about 3s. 6d. Take off the canes destined to hedge in the tiny head. We shall not need them. Enamel it with Aspinall's ivory white. Get a carpenter to make an ordinary stand of inch square slater's laths. Let the two ends form separate X shape supports and lay the cradle therein. Screw on tiny rollers at each foot. Tie wicker and wood together with ivory ribbons, line the basket with ivory silk, edge it with a frill of soft lace, and you have the daintiest cradle for next to nothing. Of course this way of making baby's bed equal in height with mother's does away with rockers. "And a good thing too," as Dr. Pye Chevasse would say in his learned treatises on this subject.

(To be continued.)

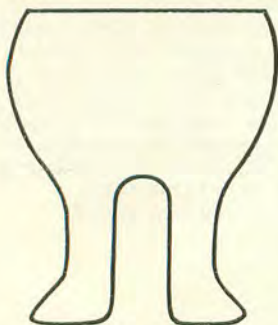
QUEEN BABY AND HER NEEDS.

By LINA ORMAN COOPER, Author of "We Wives," etc.

PART II.

SHORT CLOTHES.

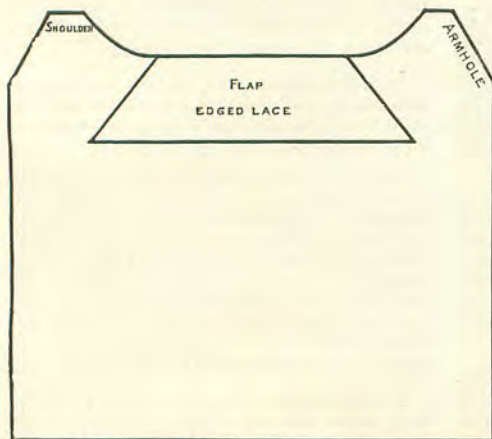
"BLESSED is the babe that is born in the spring, for she shall be short-coated in the summer," is a favourite beatitude with mothers. They think an infant must take cold if translated from long robes into "scutty" garments,



WOOLLEN DRAWERS.

except in the dog-days. Now, I have had December, May, and July babies. They were "shortened" respectively on an east-windy Easter Monday, a wet August morning, and a foggy November day. They never, any of them, caught cold in consequence. Of course if you curtail petticoats, cut off long sleeves, and open neck-bands at the same time, pneumonias and influenzas and congestions must follow. Common sense guides us here as well as in other instances. But, if the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER will follow my suggestions, I think they need not fear frost or snow or rain for their tender, wee nestlings.

To begin with. Baby must not as yet discard her flannel binder. Those large enough for the first three months should now be discarded for strips of flannel half a yard wide. Buttons and holes may be substituted for needles and thread now, and will not try the tiny queen's patience. Measure the size of her white fat body, and sew linen buttons at the exact spot. Then work three buttonholes at the other end, and baby will bless her mother. Over the binder still draw a soft woven or knitted Shetland vest. Then, if you wish it, a little soft silk chemise.



CHEMISE.

I give a pattern of this garment, and it should be trimmed with Valenciennes lace. Do not put any sleeves into this or any other of the under-garments. However small you may make them, they cause much misery and discomfort, "rucking" under the arm-pits and fraying the tender skin. As they are useless for warmth—indeed often impeding circulation—abjure them completely, I advise. Soft frills of lace are all that is necessary for beauty. Even these should not reach beyond the curve of the arm-hole.

I do not generally use the chemise at all. But, right over the dainty vest, button a high double-flannel quilted bodice. This is the easiest thing to make. Turn in both edges all round, tack together carefully, and machine with fine silk. A line of feather-stitching adds to the look of these flannel bodices, which should take the place of all usually used linen stays or stiffened belts. Baby will feel like a bundle of soft wool if she wears these bodices, instead of being starched and stiffened like a little board.

Three linen buttons should be sewn on the left hand, and three corresponding holes worked in silk, on the right.

To this bodice our queen's flannel-petticoats will be attached, either by tacking or (a better way) by sewing six buttons on it, and making five or six reversed button-holes in the band of the tiny skirt.

If the flannel bodice, which, like the white knight's pudding, is my own invention, with a foundation of experience instead of blotting-paper, is cut according to the diagram, all the delicate part of queen baby's chest will be covered. The cavity of the lungs, both back and front, and the bronchial tubes, and the sensitive spot on the spine, will have a breast-plate over them, and be impervious to chills. I have found this bodice of inestimable value. Winter and summer my babies wear it, reducing, or adding to, other garments according to weather.

The flannel-petticoat itself uses up two plain widths of narrow flannel, or one and a half width of wide. Be sure you ruthlessly tear off every bit of the enticing pink selvedge. It looks anything but pretty when herring-boned down the seams and showing through

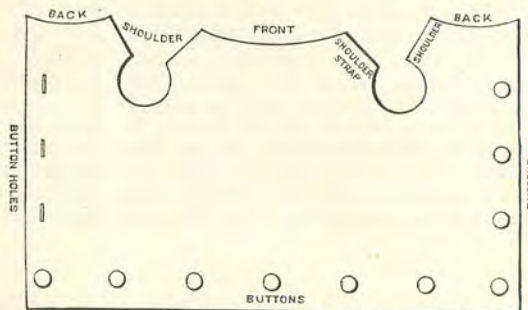
the fine woven wool. The petticoat should be fourteen inches long, so you must add enough to allow for a wide hem and a tuck. After feather-stitching both of these, lay a half-penny on the hem and pencil scallops all round. Work each in button-hole stitch with thick white crewel-silk, increasing the length of stitch at the points. Satin-work a tiny spray of foliage in each circle, and you have a dainty, comfortable garment.

Finish by pleating into a straight, inch-wide band of calico. In this, as said above, button-holes are ready for attaching to bodice.

Queen baby is now thoroughly cased in wool, and we may allow her the one bit of cotton in her clothing, *i.e.*, a white petticoat.

This should be of the simplest make, and, as it is nice to have this well starched, it should be made of fine long-cloth.

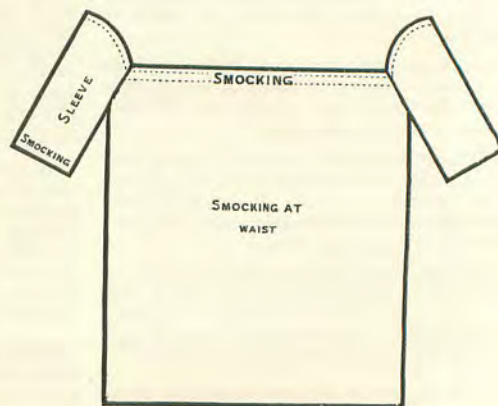
Tear off a nine-inch strip of the calico, and cut according to diagram. You will notice



BODICE.

the neck is slightly hollowed both back and front, and the shoulders joined by a wee seam. Turn up a half inch hem at the bottom through which a narrow tape will pass. It is a good plan to make tiny eyelet-holes for the drawstring instead of leaving the ends open. They look so much neater. Now face the neck curve with a cross-piece of cloth and put another tape through that. Hem the armholes and trim all round with Valenciennes. The skirt will take two straight widths of Horrocks. It should be fifteen inches long, with a wide hem and a few tucks to beautify it. For the best petticoats a strip of rather wide Valenciennes or Torchon lace may be added. Now gather this wide skirt carefully, gauge it, and divide accurately into four. Pin on to the bodice and oversew it strongly and evenly. Lumps of gathers are unsightly and apt to bruise the tender waist of our princess.

For short frocks, there are only three admissible fabrics. I put them in order of merit. Silk, wool, cambric. There is nothing so dainty, or so really economical as the first-named. It gives almost everlasting wear. Does not shrink like flannel, and keeps clean longer than cambric. Each short frock costs about 4s. if made in washing silk. About 3s. 6d. in white winsey, and from 3s. to any



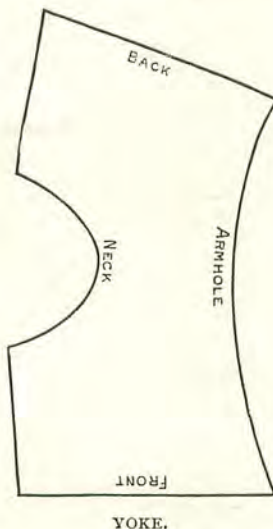
FROCK.

amount if made of cambric and trimmed with lace. Silk is very warm; quite as warm as wool, and before I close this paper, I will tell you how to laundress both in your hand-basin. Cotton frocks must go to Mrs. Jones or the steam laundry. For the silk dress you will need two and a half yards of Pongee or Surah. Cut according to diagram, and neatly sew in the sleeves. The garment will be like a Chinaman's blouse, utterly shapeless. But do not despair. Turn down rather a wide piece to form a neck frill, and gather finely. Make about an inch of these shirrings. Then draw up to the size of baby's neck and strengthen with a tape hemmed on behind. The sleeves have the edges done in the same way, and a soft fall of wide Valenciennes, narrowed a bit at the bend of the elbow, drapes over the dimpled arm. It is wonderful how becoming this sleeve is, and it does not offend even the lovers of extreme simplicity. The waist line may be left undefined, or a row of shirrings about an inch wide looks neat and natty. At waist and neck sew on two pearl buttons opposite each other and make loops of silk to attach the same. A wide hem daintily feather-stitched completes this little frock.

If baby's mother can smock so much the better will baby look. Instead of the gathers put equal depths of elastic honeycomb, and no prettier decoration could be found.

I have found that white winsey is a most delightful woollen material for use in the nursery. It costs from 1s. 8d. a yard, and can only be got from Aberdeen. Or nun's veiling is a splendidly cool stuff and wears well. Gathers or pleats of wool round our baby queen's neck would be clumsy, so these frocks must be made with a yoke. Cut it all in one (I give a pattern), and avoid seams on the shoulder. Line with soft cambric. Hem each end and fasten with buttons and holes.

Take one and a half width of materials and join, leaving a placket-hole right in the centre of the back, and two slits for sleeves. Now honeycomb the centre breadth until you have a piece of smocking about three inches square, and the two backs in proportion. Put these into the yoke, hemming the cambric lining over so as to finish neatly.



The sleeves are a long square if there be such a thing; the under-side slightly hollowed, the wrists deeply smocked; gather or smock them into place. This is a very nice uncommon little gown. A bib always covers the bosom of an infant's frock, but the smocking placed beneath the yoke shows off to the best effect.

For cambric frocks, the ready tucked stuff (as recommended for monthly robes) is very

satisfactory. The skirt needs nothing then but gathering into the bodice. This should be trimmed with a deep frill of Edelweiss at neck and elbows. Or, if preferred, a plastron of pillow lace, as described in a former chapter, can be readily fixed.

These are three ways of making up three different materials. All of them are easily made, easily washed, and easily replaced. Pinafores are some of the daintiest additions to our queen's wardrobe. For morning wear, ordinary pin-head diaper or lustre is usual. They should never measure less than twenty-three inches. The simplest is cut as per diagram. A straight piece of the material, edged with lace, made to fall over the top line, forms a frill and shoulder-piece at once. No waist-line, and a single draw-string.

More elaborate pinafores can be made from fine cambric, or hail-stone muslin. Run three tiny tucks above the hem, which is edged with real lace. For the top feather-stitch some lace insertion, and gather above it narrower lace to match. Another pattern gathers the front under a band of insertion, and adds broad sash ends of cambric.

An almost endless variety of changes can be rung on the above lines. But a mother should always remember that fine material and delicate sewing, are far more fit for the garb of our home rulers, than any amount of ornament. A baby's garments are so continually in and out of the wash-tub, that elaboration of detail is most unwise.

I must give my formula for washing the dainty "Liberty silk" smocks I have recommended. Squeeze, and souse gently in soap-suds and warm water. Do not rub. Rinse out (if pure white) in slightly blued water, in which a teaspoonful of diluted gum-arabic (proportions, one ounce to a pint of water, kept ready in a well-corked bottle) has been put. This will take away from the wispy look of all washed silk, and give the slight stiffness observable in newly-bought stuff. Iron on the right side, whilst still wet, over a fold of muslin or fine handkerchief. Pull the smocking into shape, and air well. The above will keep our baby queen in continually freshened clothes.

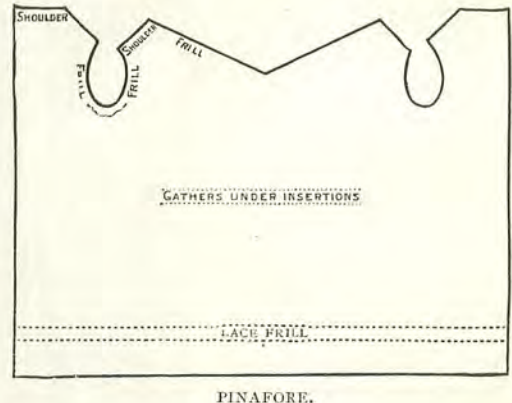
Her woollen frocks (if such be preferred) must be soaked for an hour in warm water, to which some soap-jelly has been added and a spoonful of liquid ammonia. Cover the pan carefully, and be sure every inch of material is soured, or it will shrink. Rinse, and dry in a cool windy place, not in the sun or too close to a fire. Iron whilst still damp. Winsey or flannel treated thus will never shrink or lose its colour until it be in rags!

I must not omit to mention pelisses and bonnets. The latter should always be bought. Untrained milliners fail here. But the pelisse can be made at home. I have one that has given everlasting wear. It is made from white Aberdeen sheeting, at 4s. a yard, and looks like extra good woollen serge. I will not give diagrams for this, as patterns are always being improved upon, and can be bought for 6d. One thing only I would advise, have double or triple capes made separately; then, according to weather, queen baby can wear either one, two, or three thicknesses over her little shoulders. Each one should be finished on the wrong side with silk galloon, and have wide woollen lace gathered round it. Even in summer one such cape is often necessary, especially to a carriage child. It is easily carried, so there is no excuse for baby ever getting a chill.

Now, if you have followed my directions so far, you will have samples of suitable short clothes for the tiny monarch. Of binders you will need three, of woollen bodices two, flannel petticoats four, white petticoats six, of silk

dresses four, of woollen ones four, of cambric ones six, of pinafores ten, of vests four, and of chemises, if worn, six. With this, the list of her wardrobe is complete.

We still have foot-gear to consider. I was once asked, "—, dear, do your children wear shoes and stockings in Ireland?" To which I gravely answered—ignoring the implied reproach—"Sometimes, dear aunt." But, I must confess, that whether I am in England or Ireland, my babies never wear them! As long as woollen booties are desirable, queen baby possesses the softest,



whitest, daintiest of foot-coverings. But as soon as she pulls those off, I let her go bare-foot. I will not compress those dainty, pink, shell-like toes into cardboard and leather. So, until baby can walk, she pounds on lap and knee and carpet and cushion, with rosy soft heels and soles. Her tiny toes curl up for her constant amusement, and are her best plaything. As soon would I encase a kitten's tail in a sheath, as bind up those delicate, strong, sturdy little ankles in buttons and laces. Of course I have to apologise, and constantly, for the bare ten toes. But baby would miss many kisses bestowed on those dear little "puds" if shoes were worn, and we should lose some of her prettiest tricks. If the plan of letting our wee queen go bare-foot is considered a "catch-cold" one, buy Pinet's dainty little shoes. They are square-toed, and made of the softest leather. They are made in half sizes, and can be bought in white or bronze or black. Socks then should be always white, and changed every day. They can easily be rinsed out in mother's hand-basin, and so kept sweet and clean.

Whether queen baby wears hosen and its appurtenances or not, she should be provided with thick knitted drawers for going out in. The diagram will show how they should be made, to cover thighs, knees, calves, ankles, and toes. I draw mine over booties and pilche, tying them round the rolypoly waist with wide ribbon. Like an Esquimaux the baby looks when she is thus rigged up, and there is no fear of a chill to the child even in the coldest of weather.

Opinions differ as to whether a veil be a comfort or not. My daughter settles the matter by refusing to wear one. And she is right! God's fresh air blowing on the soft round cheek may roughen it a bit, but vinolia is a splendid emollient, and the wind brings roses there as well. It may cause the bright eyes to water occasionally, but it also throws golden dust from "sleepy winks" bag into them.

Crown the queen's head with a bonnet. Cover her serene highness with wool from neck to toe, but let the royal little face be free to the winds of heaven. Then send her forth without fear. She will not catch cold.

(To be continued.)

QUEEN BABY AND HER WANTS.

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PART III.

IN HEALTH.

THERE is no more beautiful sight than a perfectly healthy child—the flushed rosy little face with its sunny smiles; the firm, rounded arms and sturdy, well-moulded legs. The life and vivacity and restlessness, the pure enjoyment in living and eating and sleeping and kicking. Who has not, at some time, taken such a baby in their arms and thanked God for setting just such little children in our midst?

Yet how seldom do we come across an infant that "Never cries"—in other words, one that is in sound condition? In order that a few more may swell the daily list, I write this paper on the management of Queen Baby in health.

Whenever a new birdie flies into the home nest, God speaks solemnly to the mother. "Take this child and nurse it for Me," He says. How few of us obey Him! We just hand the precious charge over to a hireling and pass on the duty. Sometimes death claims the mother. Then still comes the command to Queen Baby's nearest relative—be she sister, aunt, cousin, or sponsor—"Take this child and nurse it for Me." Some people think all wisdom comes with maternity. We mothers know that what we know has to be learnt patiently and laboriously. As one who has passed through this school and learnt its lessons herself, I would like to help all women who have this task of training an infant given to them.

In order to keep Queen Baby in health, we need five things—punctuality, cleanliness, fresh air,



suitable food, warmth. That wee creature is of the most delicate mechanism. A very small thing will put everything out of gear. So it is necessary, first of all, to be punctual in our dealings with her. Baby should—as far as possible—be fed, bathed, put to sleep, etc., by the clock. This will ensure happiness between whiles.

It is unnecessary for me to say that Nature provides the best food for her. But so often our little Queen has to be fostered and hand-fed. In these cases plenty of milk-and-water is the secret of growth and health. Every three hours let baby have a bottle of half and half, slightly sweetened with sugar. I am dealing with a healthy child now, so I will not advise peptonised or humanised milk. Most children are able to thrive on the cow; if not, goat's milk is easier of digestion and less expensive than the above preparations. When the little creature is six months old, a meal of Neave's, or Mellin's, or Benger's farinaceous foods may be given once a day. Gradually increase these meals until she can eat bread and butter from the hand. Then vary the *menus*. Remember that uniformity is required in feeding a young infant; but variety is necessary in catering for a child. The infant becomes a child when she has her eight front teeth. But also remember—an aphorism is easy to carry in mind—it is always better to underfeed than to overfeed. My twelvemonth-old babies have always been allowed fresh ripe fruit, bread-and-milk, sago, rice, and farola. They have never suffered from pains nor from costiveness. I give one diet table for Queen Baby when she has completed her first year.

7.30 A.M. A slice of stale bread with a breakfast-cupful of new milk.

11 A.M. A cup of bread and milk.

1.30 P.M. One egg beaten up and baked into a custard with a cupful of milk. A couple of rusks.

4 P.M. Arrowroot-biscuit and milk.

7 P.M. A breakfast-cupful of prepared food—Neave's or Benger's.

Nothing between that and the breakfast at 7 A.M.

Of course changes should be rung on the above table.

So much for feeding.

Now for bathing. A very young infant may be given a tepid bath morning and night. The morning one is all that is wise for an older child. When we take our Baby Queen from the hands of the monthly nurse, I think it would be wise to learn from her how to hold the loose, "wobbly" limbs and helpless head. I have found a square of flannel laid at the bottom of the nursery basin a great help. It prevents "slithering." The weak spine must rest on the strong wrist and palm of our left

hand. The round head just fits into the hollow of our elbow. The water must be warm at first, gradually reducing the temperature. A cold douche is cruelty itself, and shocks the sensitive mite most unnecessarily. Dry baby quickly in warm soft towels. Then with a bit of sponge attached to a holder (this can be bought for sixpence) wash out the mouth gently. Our Queen will enjoy the cool soft process, and all fear of thrush is prevented.

Careful selection of suitable powder is necessary. White precipitated fullers-earth—sold in sixpenny boxes—is harmless and soothing. Dust every crease and fold of the fat flesh. It will prevent all excoriation. Now robe Queen Baby in the garments recommended in a former paper. Feed her and put her to sleep, either indoors or out. Personally, I always let my babies sleep outside. They are as comfortable in their little carriages as in a cradle, and so many extra hours of fresh air are secured. Of course this necessitates a maid of some sort to be on the watch. But mothers and sisters can so often work and write near the open window, close to the perambulator, that this "waste of time," as I have heard it called, can generally be prevented.

Children require fresh air and sunshine as much as plants and flowers do. As the latter are colourless and imperfect if excluded from direct sunshine, so children kept in close, unventilated dark rooms, are pale and feeble. From a month old—before that, a terrible autocrat named Mrs. Gamp reigns supreme—a baby should be out all day, except in KEEN EAST WIND OR FOG. Frost and cold will only brace a child, provided she be sufficiently warmly clothed. This she will be, if my former directions are carried out. "Soft weather" is a beautifier; at least, so we think in Ireland, and baby is protected from occasional showers by the hood of her carriage.

In order to keep our bonnie baby in health, I should say it is a necessity for the person who is really responsible for her, never to relegate her to any one else at night. It is tiring, of course it is, to be waked up occasionally by an imperious call from the monarch in her cradle. It is much more tiring, aye, and heart-breaking too, to find that baby has been "fretty" all night, and that the morning light shows some illness has twelve hours' start of us. Then there may be many nights of wretched, anxious, watchfulness, until perhaps "Ole Lukloy's" twin brother steps in and lulls baby into an eternal sleep. It is at night that feverish symptoms first show themselves, or restlessness tells us that something is wrong. On the other hand, if baby has been slightly cross and "difficile" all day, a

calm slumber will show the watcher that it is not from illness she cried and refused to keep quiet. Besides, who that has ever known the sweetness of baby helplessness, the clinging of soft hands, the dependent feel of the round arms, and has watched the "morning glory" brighten on the tiny face when baby comes out of sleepy-land, would ever do without it?

How can we expect a stranger to take the frequent calls on her attention at night, as patiently as mother, or auntie, or siss will? They will sometimes let the cry go on, or slap the groping hands, or smother the wakeful bright eyes in blankets. Why! even we are sometimes tempted to do so. Yet those eyes may be trained to close up of themselves if they do wake, those hands may be taught to be quiet. Crying may soon be shown to be useless. But it can only be done by patient, unselfish, watchful love. We shall not violently rock the restless brain into temporary oblivion and thus lay the seeds of future trouble. We shall see that baby is comfortable and dry and warm. Above all, we shall teach our little Queen that the first secret of ruling is self-government. It is wonderful how soon even a baby can be taught what is naughty and what is good; what is "nasty" and what is "nice." But I believe it requires a trained intelligence, a cultivated knowledge, to keep her really in health. That is why I repeat the mother, or she who stands in the mother's place, should be head nurse always. If it be urged that such a duty leaves no time for recreation, or exercise, or self-culture, I say that all such may be found in the performance of it. There is nothing so amusing as intercourse with a child; nothing so tiring as tossing or amusing it; nothing that teaches us patience and humility, and love and gentleness more than daily tendence of one such little person. Besides, in these days, a bicycle can give baby's guardian more healthful exercise in ten minutes than formerly could be taken in a hour, and books can be studied in the hours when a healthy child is sleeping.

Let each would-be care-taker ask Manoah's question, reverently and humbly, "How shall we order the child, and how shall we do unto him?" (Judges xiii. 12.) The necessary wisdom and strength will be given. For God has promised and He is faithful. Then, indeed, it will be "well" with the child, in sickness or in health, in death or in life. And, in the last day we shall not be ashamed to say, "Behold, I and the children whom Thou hast given unto me"—for we shall be like Samson's mother: all that has been commanded us we have observed.

(To be continued.)

GIRLS AT WORK.



IN these days of culture and refinement, it has long been a standing puzzle to me why all our middle-class girls, who find themselves obliged to

earn their living, appear to see no opening or prospect beyond that of the overcrowded teaching profession, the almost unattainable companionship, or that pitfall to the inexperienced, hospital nursing life.

This inevitable trio is, to the mind of the average girl, "genteel;" therefore, no matter how uncongenial the work, or how unsuitable to the special talent, which, hidden or developed, we all possess, our girls crowd themselves "thick and fast" into an already overstocked market.

What is the result? The governess's pupils are badly taught, the employer is dissatisfied, the profession is ruined for the really efficient instructor, and the governess goes about lamenting the want of consideration and gratitude she receives, the stupidity of her pupils, and the hopelessness of trying to instil knowledge into the minds of the young. Few realise how different a thing it is to possess knowledge and to be able to transmit it.

Now the companion, who has expected to

find life a bed of roses, discovers that it is not so very agreeable to be a white slave to a member of her own sex, to wash and exercise the dogs, take up lost stitches in knitting, and endless other petty jobs, including—last but not least—that of playing the part of chronic second fiddle, an unpleasant instrument, as all can testify who have tried it.

To turn to the nursing profession. Its romantic side, to give up one's life to the sick, and to bring a fellow-being comfort through the dark valley of the shadow of death, is no doubt beautiful, but its practical side to a probationer, whose whole soul is not in her profession, is wont to wear an aspect of grim reality: scrubbing floors, polishing taps, making beds, handing round food and acting willing slave to the professed nurses—all these

MY BOUDOIR.

By LADY BLOOMFIELD.

I WAS struck the other day by the thought how seldom in these restless days of activity and locomotion we ever give ourselves time to examine and ponder over the numerous objects of interest and works of art contained in even one moderately-sized room. When year after year we visit the wonderful loan collections which are exhibited in London and gathered from all parts of the country, they give us an idea of the wealth of this favoured little island; but are we ever mindful of and sufficiently thankful to that merciful Providence which has protected us from the terrible wars and disasters which have ravaged foreign countries, sacked the towns, and destroyed so much that was valuable and interesting.

As my eye wanders round my own boudoir I think it may not be otherwise than interesting to note some of the objects of art it contains. I will therefore begin with the chimney-piece, which is surmounted by an excellent portrait by Lilley of Benjamin Lord Bloomfield, G.C.B. and G.C.H. He was born on the 17th April, 1768, entered the Royal Artillery when he was only thirteen. George III. went to Woolwich to see the cadets, and was struck by Benjamin Bloomfield being such a little boy. His Majesty asked whether the authorities intended making that little fellow an officer. Benjamin, making a low bow, said, "None more ready to serve your Majesty," and his after-life proved the truth of this assertion, for surely there never lived a more faithful, loyal subject. He was one of the first officers appointed to the Royal Artillery when it was first formed. He commanded a battery at the battle of Vinegar Hill in 1798, and was favourably noticed by Lord Lake. Soon after he was appointed Equerry and Clerk Marshal to the Prince-Regent, afterwards George IV., and then private secretary and Privy Purse, which offices he held till 1823, when he was appointed Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary at the Court of Bernadotte King of Sweden, which post he occupied for nine years, and after his return home he subse-

quently was appointed commandant at Woolwich. He died beloved and respected on the 17th of August, 1846. (See life of Benjamin Lord Bloomfield).

Lord Bloomfield's portrait is surrounded by some good specimens of Majolica. This ware, though the production of the 15th century, was supposed to owe its origin to the Moorish pottery introduced into Italy about the 12th century. Plates or bacini of apparently Moorish patterns are found encrusted in the walls of the most ancient churches of Pisa and other towns in Italy. It derived its name of Majolica from Majorca, where the pottery was most excellent.

To date from 1300, the art assumed a more decorative character under the Malatesta in the Duchy of Urbino. It required a free and fresh hand to paint on the moist glaze, as there was no possibility of retouching; this, with the accidents incidental to the fusing of the glaze with the colours, accounts for any inaccuracies in the drawing.

The art attained its greatest perfection in 1540, and this may be considered as the first period of Majolica. The prismatic glaze of the Gubbio ware has never been surpassed, and this manufacture owes its celebrity to Giorgio Andrioli, better known as Maestro Giorgio. He used the golden, yellow, and ruby red, and his pieces have a marvellous iridescence.

Xanto of Robigo flourished at Urbino from 1518 to 1537, and he is the last artist upon whose works we find the yellow iridescent and ruby red, the madre perla rubiata, which latter colour was lost towards 1550. From 1560 the decline of the art was rapid. (See Mariotti's *History of Pottery*).

The next object of interest is a fine bust of Alexander von Humboldt by Professor Rauch of Berlin, the celebrated sculptor, and his last work, as he finished it shortly before his death. I knew Humboldt intimately. Among the savants of his period he took the lead, and geologists, geographers, statisticians, ethnologists, metaphysicians and philologists all

looked to him as their teacher. He was born in Berlin on the 14th of September, 1769, and died there on the 6th of May, 1859.

With a view to the study of geology Humboldt first determined to travel. In 1797 he went to Naples, and in 1799 he visited America. In June 1802 he climbed Chimborazo to a height greater than any that had till then been reached, a feat he was fond of alluding to. I have also frequently heard him speak of having assisted at the trial of Warren Hastings, and hearing a debate in the House of Commons in which Burke, Pitt, and Fox took part. His memory was wonderful. He was very short in stature. A small-made man, with an exceedingly sharp, intelligent and satirical countenance, but I never heard him speak unkindly of anyone, and he was always willing to use his influence in forwarding the interests of those he considered worthy of his protection.

Two medallions in marble, the gift of the Empress Frederick, of herself and her excellent husband, when Crown Prince and Princess of Prussia, are interesting and excellent likenesses. We were at Berlin at the time of their marriage, and assisted at all the *fêtes* which took place on that occasion. A marble bust of John Arthur Douglas Lord Bloomfield by Marochetti was a good likeness, but inferior to the bust of Humboldt as a work of art.

In 1846 I bought a pretty collection of old Vienna china at Cologne representing a ballet. The costumes are remarkable, and many years later my nephew found a book in the British Museum which represents the Gallery of Versailles, in which there is a print of this identical ballet, which was danced by Marie Antoinette at the marriage of her brother Joseph II. The names of the other archdukes and archduchesses who took part in it are also mentioned, giving the china a great historical interest. Another fine group of old Dresden China was left to me by H.R.H. the Duchess of Gloucester, and a large bottle of very fine blue enamel was taken at the loot of the king's palace at Pekin.

QUEEN BABY AND HER WANTS.

By MRS. ORMAN COOPER, Author of "We Wives," etc.

PART IV.
IN SICKNESS.

IT is a significant fact, that in beginning this article on the sicknesses of little children, I have opened a fresh packet of manuscript papers! It is so easy to keep a baby in health. It takes only an intelligent working out of a few rules. But, once let delicacy or disease invade the nursery, and many, many things are needed.

We all know that "mother's room" is the one to which all sick children are carried. It should be like the chamber called "Peace" in the *Pilgrim's Progress*. It should stand close beside the highway road of daily duties; but its windows should look towards the sun-rising. To that room will be brought Queen Baby in sickness. In that room will be fought the battle between the angels of life and death. Maybe, from that room our little ones may go to the better homeland prepared for them.

That none of my readers may be like Rachel, "weeping for her children and refusing

to be comforted," because some ignorance has allowed the angel of death to cross the threshold, or some carelessness has bidden him "Come," I write this chapter.

If a baby in health is a beautiful sight, what can I say for a baby in sickness? Beautiful still, but like a fair landscape over which a shadow is drawn. Eyes may be too bright, cheeks too crimson, intelligence too keen, brain too active. Life hangs out many a danger signal; but we are sometimes blind. We cannot see.

I should say that croup, dysentery, convulsions and thrush are essentially the ailments of infancy; whooping cough, colds, measles and diphtheria of childhood.

We will begin with that terrible scourge croup. It often begins at twelve months old—sometimes before. I told you in a former paper not to let Queen Baby out in an east wind, and to always let her sleep beside your own bed. This was because croup is more frequent when an east wind prevails, and that it requires more prompt measures than any other disease. Going to bed, the child may

seem to be labouring only under a slight cold; but, in the middle of the night, a peculiar ringing, barking cough comes on. Then, unless the mother has remedies at hand or delays to send for assistance, the little sufferer will soon go from her.

Never try to treat a case of croup unaided by medical advice; but always have an ounce bottle of ipecacuanha wine in the house or a bottle of spongia pilules. I am a clergyman's wife, and have saved two children's lives by a prompt administration of the above. The one thing is to produce vomiting.

An equable, moist temperature and atmosphere should be kept up in the room, and flannels always worn next the skin by a croupy subject.

A bronchitis kettle should be kept steaming near baby's crib. Lacking that, one can be improvised out of an ordinary watering pot with a long nozzle. Put it to boil on a stove drawn near to the tent, perhaps, ordered by the doctor, and keep the steam streaming near the wee one's mouth. Wring towels out of boiling water and spread them on the back

of chairs. Moisture is urgently needed to soften the hard mucous that threatens to suffocate our tiny queen. Have hot sponges ready to apply to the throbbing throat, and you have done all you can to fight this terribly strong foe.

Convulsions is another deadly childish disease. They may come from several causes. The most prolific are overfeeding and teething.

There is nothing more terrible to see than a case of convulsions. The purple look of the tiny face, the incessant workings of its limbs, the turning in of thumbs and toes, the low sob with which each fit terminates.

In order to be prepared for this possible illness, Queen Baby's caretaker should always have a bottle of castor oil in the house. There is, at present, a prevalent fashion of decrying the usefulness of this oil. A modern mother will dose an infant with almost anything but this. Yet in olden days numbers of families were "fed" on it—as I heard a famous child-doctor say—and they grew fat and thrived amazingly. Personally—though somewhat of a homeopath—I have found it the most useful medicine in my home dispensary. It never does harm. It is wonderfully soothing, and Queen Baby never objects to it. Other aperients may check the appearance of eruptions. This never does. It is tasteless and odourless. Nausea comes from its being given when in too thick a condition. To obviate this always melt and warm the oil over a stove or before the fire. When thin enough to drink administer a teaspoonful of it plain. Don't float it on milk, or coffee, or lemon-juice, or hot water. It only makes the dose larger. Everyone can manage to retain a small quantity when a large one might be rejected. But to return to the treatment of convulsions from overfeeding.

Prepare a hot bath—98° to 100°. Put the back of your hand or your elbow into it, unless you wish to scald the baby. When they are able to bear the heat, the wee thing should be immersed and a wet cold sponge applied to the top of the round head. For ten minutes she should be kept in this bath in front of a warm fire; then taken out, castor oil administered, and rolled in hot dry blankets. Generally the tiny patient will fall asleep and awake much better. If not, the treatment must be repeated. I have seen a baby boy fall out of one convulsion into another for nearly thirty-six hours. I have heard the attendants say, "It would be a mercy if he were taken," and I have had the happiness of receiving back the baby from even those gates of death. So never despair. Whilst there's life there's hope. Patience and perseverance may win the day.

To avoid convulsions, put the girlie on a plain milk-and-water diet. See that her bottles and feeding-vessels and drinking-cups are clean. And be careful that costiveness does not become habitual.

Convulsions from teething may be known from the flushed cheeks and burning mouth. Pursue much the same treatment, but get the gums lanced. A prompt use of the knife has often arrested a bad case of convulsive fits.

In a former paper I have told you how to avoid thrush. But sometimes improper feeding may cover the tiny Queen's mouth with the round white specks even when strict cleanliness has been observed. This is not a fatal disorder. It is generally cured by putting a powder of borax and honey on the tongue and smearing it on the parts affected.

Dysentery is a frequent and deadly disease amongst infants. Like nearly all these childish complaints it comes from improper feeding. How carefully then should the preparation of Queen Baby's food be looked after. Dysentery is simply a neglected diarrhoea. It is heartrending to attend a bad case of this. The writhing, screaming, and

vomiting, the pitiful agonised look, the rapid wasting and exhaustion. Surely any trouble is not too much to be taken if it will avert such suffering from one of these little ones.

Milk.—Boiled milk is the only permissible food when once dysenteric symptoms have shown themselves. Give it in small quantities. If a tablespoonful of the milk is rejected give a dessertspoonful. If that cannot be retained give a teaspoonful at a time. Let it be repeated every quarter of an hour. Remember your part in the treatment is limited to thus keeping up the little patient's strength. The doctor will give opium to soothe the pain, mercury and chalk to stop the motions, and any other medicine that may be required. This disease demands prompt and the most skilful of medical aid. We mothers must put our hands on our mouths and step into the background.

Eczema is one of the ailments of infancy in which Queen Baby's prime minister may do much. It generally comes from want of care in washing her. It may be left in her by Mrs. Gamp.

Taken in time, this is a curable disease. Neglected, it may continue for years. Homoeopathy seems to treat it more successfully than any other method. An oatmeal or bran-bath is very soothing to the sufferer. Soak either of these in water until the bath is thoroughly impregnated, then pour the satiny slimy liquid into the nursery basin and immerse baby. Remember water—pure water—terribly aggravates eczema. Keep porous woolies next the delicate skin, and be careful of diet. Little medicine is wanted. No soap should be used, and great care should be taken not to spread the disease in washing. Cod liver oil is a sovereign remedy when eczema comes from poverty of blood.

I am only writing here about the diseases of Queen Baby; so I do not enter into the treatment of childhood's complaints. There is nothing more pitiful than sickness in an infant. She can only express her wants and necessities by a cry. It is not an easily-understood one; it requires a listening ear. To a mother the cry of her baby is as expressive as the notes of the gamut. Remember that in extreme cases of dangerous illness tears are rarely if ever seen. When "a tempest of tears" comes in a severe illness we may take heart. As Bonar says, "These tears that heal and bless" are always a sign of amendment. Perhaps the saddest thing to see in a dying child is the mute pathetic patience with which pain and weariness is borne. I have stood beside the sick-bed of one of my children, and have seen that look on the tiny face. I have hushed her to sleep on my bosom whilst the little brow has grown calmer and calmer. Then through the "beautiful gate" of death, dark only to our inexperienced eyes, she has gone without a cry. Again, I have held another to my breast, expecting nothing but the same ending, when a sudden cry has told us that through the beautiful gate of life, with its lilywork of hope and gold of love, the baby has been given back for a while.

"It is well" with both children. For the one who from mother's room, in the rosy flush of a summer's morning, went to be with the Saviour, and with the other who is still set in our midst to be tended and trained for life here.

I have been very careful in this article not to trench on the physician's preserves. It is madness for a woman to be always quacking children. But there are many small ailments, too trivial to be brought under a busy doctor's notice, that we can treat ourselves. Pain and suffering may be much mitigated by a little knowledge. For instance, Queen Baby is slightly feverish. We do not like to remain inactive. Give her, then, one pillule of aconite, crushed, and put dry on her tongue. It will

lower the temperature at once. She has a slight pain. It is caused by flatulence. Either half a teaspoonful of dillwater, or one drop of peppermint in a spoonful of water will cure her. She is restless and uneasy. One drop of the tincture of chamomilla in a little water will act like a charm. Her mouth is hot and dry. A teaspoonful or sip of pure cold water will refresh her. She is slightly costive. A tablespoonful of fluid magnesia in her bottle will be tasteless yet efficient, or a slice of bread spread thickly with honey is often sufficient, or a pinch of brown Barbados sugar (dissolved) is safe.

Some babies suffer much from habitual constipation, and we do not like to feed them on castor oil. But rubbing back and stomach with warm olive oil involves only a little trouble, and often gives relief. If everything else fails, as a course, Hunyadi Janos Water may unhesitatingly be given twice or three times a week. It has a slightly saline taste, and baby gets to love it, and it never loses its effect. "Snuffles" indicates that a little vaseline should be rubbed on the bridge of the nose. For a cold on the chest, St. John's liniment (made of equal parts of turpentine and lime-water) is a creamy, nice cure.

Well for Queen Baby that she lives in this civilised nineteenth century. I have in my possession an old recipe-book belonging to an ancient ancestor. Just to show how "advanced" we are in simple *materia medica*, I copy a few prescriptions meant to meet the wants of Queen Baby in sickness in those far-off days.

I. "A mixture for a verie younge child for a griping.

"Take cinnamon water one spoonfull; pure water six spoonfull; pearl powder two scuple; tincture of castor fifteen drops; sugar one drachme; powder of rhubarb five grains. Mix together and give the child every third hour."

Poor child!

II. "An infailible plaister to backen a swelling on a child's bodie.

"Two oz. frankincense; two oz. bees wax; two oz. white rosin; four oz. red lead; one pint best oile. To be simmered in a earthen pipkin and stirred with an oak stick."

III. "To cure a violent purging.

"Take a large slice of bread and toast it. Chop an handfull of spare mint and strew thickly over it; then wet it with vinegar; graite a nutmeg over that and sew it between two cloaths and put it hot to the stomach with the nutmeg next to it.

IV. "A wonderful cure for a baby's flux is, forty graines of Hippo, and steep in half a pint of cold brandy for forty-eight hours. Give a tablespoonfull going to bed, and be sure to shake the bottle!"

Fancy an infant swallowing the above amount of even shaken cold brandy!

I wish I could copy the various recipes in which blue vitriol, peach stones (crushed), rhubarb, snails, red worms (crushed and fried) are recommended as ingredients. But I must be content with giving "an infailible cure for the bite of a mad dog for man or childe."

"A large handfull of the leaves of rue, nine cloves of garlic well pounded. These boiled in a quart of porter very slow until reduced to a pint. Squeeze the liquer off and add a nagin of tar. Let three tablespoonfull be given, fasting for three successive mornings, with as much of the filings of pewter as will lie on a tenpeny. The latter may be given in a little jam to a Christian child; if to a animal, in a little butter. Give it as soon after the bite as possible; at least, before nine days."

Do not my great-grandmother's prescriptions make you thankful for the simple remedies I recommend for Queen Baby? Truly "the gifts of healing" are daily becoming more spread abroad.

To all I have written in these papers I would add one solemn word. We must remember we are training for eternity. Just as the soul is God's, so our children's bodies are His, too. They are made in His image. They have been redeemed at a big price. So we must take every care of them. Developing, tutoring, training, schooling and clothing.

"In sickness and in health" rearing them for Him.

Our times are in God's hands; but, if our little ones finish their life-work whilst still little ones, it will not be their cleverness, or beauty, or health, we shall think of. Our one comfort in that dark hour will be that they are not afraid to go to Him who still calls the

little children to Himself. Let us see to it that this corner of our home-vineyard is not neglected.

And we have a glorious reward promised us. Remember that in the person of every little child we see Him who has said, "Inasmuch as ye do it unto the least of these, My brethren, ye do it unto Me."

THE WHITE ROSE OF THE MOUNTAIN.

By ANNE BEALE, Author of "The Queen o' the May," "Seven Years for Rachel," etc.

CHAPTER XXXI.

WHEN Clare reached her own room and had bolted herself in, her over-wrought feelings gave way, and a flood of tears proved that she was grieved for having offended her aunt. She soon dried them, feeling angry with herself for shedding them, when she considered the heartless selfishness of her for whom they fell. The more she thought over the unnatural harshness of the Countess's conduct, the more disgusted she became, and the more reconciled she felt to her own share in the proceedings. As far as self was concerned, she knew she should be happier with her mother and sister than with her aunt, but still she regretted leaving one who had been kind to her, in the perfect solitude of her own luxury, which, though affording every merely personal comfort, could give no real happiness. Not that she imagined her aunt to be a person who would deeply regret any loss that merely concerned her feelings, if she could reconcile it to her pride. This she would, doubtless, manage to do in the present instance, by throwing the blame upon her niece, and charging her with ingratitude. She asked herself whether she could make any further effort to reinstate herself in her aunt's favour, but every feeling of her soul revolted from the attempt. She could not, would not, stoop to one who had acted as she had done.

Whilst Clare sat and thought, and thought over her past conduct and its consequences, the principal sensation she experienced was that of joy—joy at the prospect of living for ever with those she could love and esteem, and who would, in return love, if they could not esteem, her. She indulged for some time in this pleasant dream, but, as is the case in all visions, there was a sudden change, or rather a shadow passed over the brightness of the sunshine she was picturing. It was a shade, and a gloomy one, from the changing and uncertain orb of love. Even as the shadow of the wandering moon will sometimes come between us and the constant sun, to obscure his brightness, so did this shadow eclipse for a moment the happiness of Clare. She must bid farewell for ever to Lord Hastings; and in this period of uncertainty he presented himself to her mind dearer, far dearer, than he had ever been before. Yet she had declared to her aunt that those friends were worthless who would value her merely for her

position in society and supposed fortune; and she had thought so then, but how fluctuating is the tide of human sentiment. Now she deeply regretted that he, the only person whose opinion or regard she had cared for, for some time past, would be estranged from her, by the very circumstances in which she gloried. He might think unkindly of her, too, which was worse than all—he might hear of her as an ungrateful, unfeeling girl, and without knowing the true reasons for her conduct, might add her to those worthless characters of whom she had often heard him speak with disgust. And she had no means of undeceiving him. Besides, were he to see her conduct in its real light, she would be as far removed from him as ever, since the poor, fatherless child of the Mrs. Llewellyn of Craigyvellyn and sister of the Welsh harpist, would be soon forgotten by the noble Earl of Hastings. It was cruel, she thought, that it must be so, and her heart felt a bitter pang, when she figured to herself the distance that now lay between the proud nobleman and the humble Clare Llewellyn.

She would have died rather than that anyone should know why those slow, creeping, languid, but melancholy tears overflowed her brilliant eyes. She would have suffered ten thousand deaths rather than that the Earl of Hastings should ever know their source; yet they flowed for him. They were to be the first and last. She dashed them from her eyes, and drew herself up in maiden dignity and pride, as Clare Llewellyn was wont to do.

"Have I not found a mother and sisters, and shall I care to lose one who is, perhaps, scarcely my friend?" she said.

Oh, what resolutions does the breast of woman undergo! and who knows, who can see, what that poor solitary hiding-place of the feelings and affections so often encloses?

Again Clare was aroused by a tap at the door, and the voice of Louise. She said she could not admit her.

"A note from Miladi, Mademoiselle," said Louise.

Clare half unclosed the door, took the note, and said she would ring for Louise when she required her services. The note was short and explicit. It said—

"The Countess Sforza's carriage and servants will be at Miss Llewellyn's service whenever she wishes to leave Bath. The Countess is too much indis-

posed to see Miss Llewellyn before her departure."

Clare tore the note in small pieces with a smile of contempt, and scattered them over the room; then she rang the bell. Louise appeared.

"Louise," she said, "I shall be obliged if you would assist me to pack up some of my clothes—I intend leaving this house to-night."

Louise looked astonishment; but Clare was decided. Under her directions, Louise packed up her boxes, all of which Clare, in the fulness of her excitement, would fain have left behind her; for she hated the idea of carrying away things that had been given her by her aunt; but she must have necessary apparel. Her ball dresses, and such-like attire, however, she left in their wardrobes. Her jewels, with the exception of such trinkets as had been presented by her friends, she gave into Louise's care, with directions to remit them to her aunt when she was gone. Her money she knew she would want, and she, therefore, collected every farthing she possessed.

The packing was performed in a few hours. She then told Louise to order the carriage to be ready at daybreak, to convey her as far as Bristol, from whence she was resolved to proceed alone. She did not wish to asperse her aunt's character by leaving her house in a manner unsuitable to her niece, but further than this, she would accept no benefit at her hands. She then wrote a few brief lines of cold leave-taking, respectfully worded, but nothing more, which she gave to Louise.

The poor girl was in tears. She did not know what to make of these proceedings. Clare had been ever very kind to her, but had never made her a confidante; therefore, she dared not, even on the present occasion, be inquisitive. She could only entreat to be made of service, but received a gentle but firm assurance that she could be of none further than to assist her young lady in packing.

Clare did not sleep or even lie down that night. At eight o'clock the next morning, she found herself in an hotel at Bristol. No persuasions that the faithful coachman could urge would induce her to retain the carriage. He took and paid her passage, saw her on board a steamer, committed her with a handsome fee to the care of the captain, and left her for the first time in her life, alone, and wholly abandoned to her own resources.

(To be continued.)

QUEEN BABY AND HER TRAINING.

By MRS. ORMAN COOPER, Author of "We Wives," etc.

PART V.



AFTER reading over the proofs of my former articles on "Queen Baby and her Wants," I have come to the conclusion that they are rather like the play of *Hamlet*, with the part of *Hamlet* left out. I have told the readers of *THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER* how to tend the little one in sickness and health, and how to keep the soft white body warm and cosy. But I have said nothing about the *Ego* of which that beautiful body is the envelope, or of how far deadlier diseases than those of lungs and heart and brain may overwhelm our home ruler. I should like to close this short series with a little advice about the moral training of Queen Baby. Now, many people think that all necessary skill and wisdom in dealing with our children comes with the wonderful fact of motherhood? The persons who thus talk are not parents themselves. Nor, generally, are they guardians of these "under-folk." We know, all too well, that the lessons we have to learn are only learned with much patience and care. Manoh and his wife were wiser than the present generation. Their cry to the secret one was, "How shall we order the child, and what shall we do unto him?" The answer comes home to every woman-reader of this magazine. "Of all that I said unto the woman let her beware. All that I commanded her to do, let her observe." It is to you and me, dear sisters, the little ones are given. We have to train them during the first formative seven years of their lives. To each one of us has been said, "Take this child and nurse it for me."

In dealing then with the moral nature of Queen Baby, we must be quite clear in our own mind as to what we wish her to be. How carefully we train a ci-devant clergyman in theology. How we give technical teaching to the engineer. How we provide a classical education for the would-be governess. A modern one for the commercial career! Just as carefully—just as thoroughly, we ought, if we wish our children to be "servants of the Lord Jesus Christ" to have that object always before us. Even from their infancy.

Very early indeed Queen Baby will try to get her own way in everything. But never let passion win what common sense and principle forbids. If a thing is bad for her, it is bad for her. A storm of tears will not hurt the little royal one, and she will soon learn that no tempest will loosen the "No, darling," of her guardian. We do not want the exuberance of self-will to mar the shape of the sapling we are planting for the Lord. Baby will be happier in the long run if she early recognises the voice of love saying, "This is the way, walk ye in it."

Almost as she learns to sit up, our queen can learn to obey. "Don't her" as little as you possibly can. But when necessary do not be afraid of enforcing obedience. Some day, perhaps, baby's life may depend on this habit rightly formed. How good when mother's or auntie's word is enough to make nauseous medicines be taken without rebellion, or a hot poultice be fixed without protest. I have seen a little girl, when every drop of nourishment was torture to an ulcerated diphtheritic throat,

take the cup unhesitatingly from a loving firm hand. But that habit of unquestioning obedience had not been formed in the sick room. It had grown from babyhood and been nurtured carefully with tears. But ah! the comfort it was when the little one stood before the dark curtain of death! No one knows until they have themselves stood with an obedient child in that dark shadow. The last lesson had been given Noreen only two days before the grey wing of sickness lay over her heart. A disregard of mother's injunctions led to the little one being left in a room by herself. I can see again the white sun-bonneted head at the distant window from the raspberry patch in which I am again working. I can see the door open and a pink frocked figure run into a pair of outstretched arms. I can hear the sweet voice saying with a sob, "I'll never be disobedient again." And then I think with regret and longing of that need of discipline. But Noreen was being trained for time. We did not know she stood on the threshold of eternity. If we had known I do not think we would have dared to do otherwise.

Both the lessons of obedience and submission can be learned by Queen Baby even before she can talk. She may also be taught how to serve when once she can walk. An eighteen months' old child can fetch slippers or gloves or handkerchiefs for another. She can put away a toy or book for herself. I am not theorising in these matters. I am only giving a few hints from downright experience.

Truthfulness is another beauty we would deck our darlings with. Here I would deprecate any attempt at frightening or terrifying a child. Fear is the soil in which falsehood first germinates. And oh! how we need the spectacles of Hans Andersen's wise woman, to see what is an innocent exercise of the imaginative faculty and what is the "lie" proper! Only this morning a young mother remarked to me, "I always tell my children that what is not quite right is all wrong," a well-defined aphorism! but containing a deadly germ. No such hard-and-fast rule should rightly be ours. Every individual case must be decided on its own merits. I do not think children are untruthful by nature. They are made so by environment and example. "Let the woman beware" and the baby will follow.

Perhaps the lessons our baby queen can learn are comprised in the four mentioned. The older girl monarch will need to master many others. But we cannot trench on her province yet.

Mrs. Fry has said, in one of her books, that the bad weather in England is responsible for many of the ills to which her children are subject. If this be true of the foggy atmosphere of Albion, how much more true is it of the environment we give the souls of our babies. The sunshine of love should permeate every corner and fibre of our little girl's life. Tenderness, coaxing, petting (not spoiling), all these help the *Ego* in our tiny queen's body to grow vigorous and healthy. Never be afraid of loving too much. Baby will thrive in such an atmosphere and the fruit of the spirit will ripen in it. May I carry some of the physical hints I have given in former articles into the spiritual life of our beloved charges? Well then, every morning whilst washing the little queen, pray that God may keep her absolutely pure and clean. Whilst drawing on the white robes of infancy, remember to ask that the garments of righteousness may be hers. Whilst rocking her to sleep, add

a petition that she may always rest in the Lord. Whilst giving thanks for health, pray that the beauty of holiness and comeliness of the Lord her God may be her crown. Whilst tending her in sickness! remember that it does not matter, really, what happens to the body. But that the soul is all-important in the life to come.

And now a word of comfort for those who have clothed their little queens hygienically, fed them sensibly, tended them carefully, reared them wisely both bodily and spiritually, and yet who have had to give them back to God for awhile.

Has our care been thrown away? Nay! it has but made the little ones more "Meet for the inheritance of the saints in light." And how we cherish the thought that not one hour of preventible pain was Queen Baby's whilst in our charge. Not one unnecessary tear, not one rigor of cold or spasm or ache, except what we could not foresee. She is more fit "to play in the streets of the city thereof" (Zech. viii. 5) than she would have been if neglected down here. More full of keen enjoyment. The baby is ours, either here or there. As Mrs. Browning has beautifully put it:—

"God lends not: but gives to the end
As He loves to the end. If it seem
That He draws back a gift, comprehend
'Tis to add to it rather, amend
And finish it up to your dream—

Or keep—as a mother will toys
Too costly, though given by herself
Till the room shall be stiller from noise
And the owners more fit for such joys,
Kept over their heads on the shelf."

And I think all guardians of Queen Baby will respond with a heart-throb to the words—

"Well done of God, to halve the lot
And give her all the sweetness.
To us, the empty home and cot—
To her, the Heaven's completeness."

We would give good things and do well for the bairnies—God can give and do better.

In ending this series of articles, I must just remind you of two cases from the Bible in which children disappointed the expectations of their guardians. In one instance for the worse. In another for the better. Eve called her boy "Cain," and yet he was not "The man gotten from the Lord." The mother of Jabez named her baby "Giving Pain," because she bare him with sorrow. Yet he grew to be more honourable than all his brethren. Instead of pain, he has given an object-lesson of faith for three thousand years.

So we have our hopes and fears about the "trailing clouds of glory as they come" out of the nowhere into the here. They can best be realised and met by careful, prayerful culture of the person inside the clothes and inside the body. We do right in asking for wisdom to train the little ones. We should also buy the gold of experience from others, and lay up the eye-salve of advice. A little knowledge may be a dangerous thing in earthly things. The want of a little knowledge is a still more serious thing concerning the soul. I would conclude with repeating the promise so ungrudgingly given—"If any lack wisdom let him ask of God who giveth liberally and upbraideth not."