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hides the dress, and so is equally valuable to prevent it from new or to hide an old one. The material must be firmly attached. Bury linen, brown holland, or any of the new fancy materials, such as oatmeal cloth. The bands are of rib and a floral, an applied pattern in fine leaves of Turkestan, flaxen cotton or etamine flowers. Plain bands may also be used. The work-apron with a pocket will prove an invaluable item for 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. It is sound in order for an immediate start when taken up again. The actual material of our illustrated apron is blue linen, with outline or cross-stitch embroidery in colored silk or ribbon.

The little girl’s apron with a bib and brittelle, 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 trimming, and three rows of narrow black ribbon velvet all round, which ought also 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 Borrowdale cloth, and such small points of Turkey-red twill laid on, and sewn down with the sewing machine. The little design above is worked with red and blue ingrained cotton. The front resists the mark of old snow, but 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 fold, and folded over nearly half a yard from the top. The strip is sewed 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 crevells. 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 the Neapolitan apron at page 332, vol. II). The lace is an ordinary inexpensive Spanish lace, sewn on with very little stitch.

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 style of work. The material used is a dark blueback; the price about rod, per yard. The ends are fringed, and the unworked end is trimmed in a similar fashion to 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 floss silk, then to 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 stem 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 ground, and red for the outlining, or whatever other shades suit, if great cleverness is exercised in doing it.

The only apron I have left unnoticed is that in the work of huckaback chief style, which has now become so popular, and is so cheaply purchased, that it has passed beyond the ken of our more artistic workers.

HOW TO WASH AND DRESS THE BABY.

By Ruth Lane.

CHAPTER I.

ABOUT LITTLE NURSES.

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

Perhaps there is no place in which the genius of little nurses א 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 experience of three or four assistants, the care of their children, one frequently hears—"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 assist.

The little lassie of eight or nine who is, perhaps, a birthday present, who, whose ambition it is to be called a good nurse, is sometimes quite indifferent to the amount of supervision to which she is subjected all the while baby is on her knees. She chafes at the "shady yawn, a Mist Annie!" He’ll not hurt him, Miss Annie!" He’ll not hurt him, you’re not more careful!" "Put your arm behind his back!" and so on, ad libitum.

At the wildest times the lightest touch 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 wavers ingenuously 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, and likes to see her face close to his, and sister Annie’s hair is delightful to pull and to bury his small fists in. He seize it and tags with all his might, and pretends to trudge on his little nurse-for he has 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 bobs unwillingly and awkwardly off his little baby’s clutches, and her hair, tidily tucked beneath it, offers no such temptation to baby’s covetous fingers as do Miss Annie’s soft flowing hair.

But nurse has perhaps just tilted 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 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 constant copings and countercopings, and she would not hurt the chubby darling to do as he liked. So she sighs in a weary fashion, gives baby a hearty kiss on his dear little distended cheek, and kindly suggests that 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 pretended 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 the household want to be 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 feather.

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 hands are stronger, her nerves are stronger 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 Darlings in the nursery at home. She feels half-sorry, half-hamiliated, and says to herself, “I wish I lived in a cottage where there are no nurses to bother and nag, 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 helplessly, and never are only go bare their masters taught to make themselves useful nor trusted. As a hint both to mothers and children, let the following qualities be looked for in little nurses. These have come under my notice as I have watched them in the streets and parks, from the ordinary overalls of the ordinary who was often toiling for their breather at the wash-tub or in the mill.

Carefulness, patience, unselfishness, endurance, and temper, tenacity of purpose, one, and trustworthiness. Perhaps I should notice the last mentioned quality before all the rest. The mother must believe in its existence when she entrusts her first born the care of a nine-year-old girl or boy. How carefully is the baby held when a baby holds her? How carefully is the baby held, just as a mother holds it. How watchful are those young eyes over
WASH AND DRESS THE BABY.

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, but she has put her hand to the grief of the loving-hearted little mite, who presses her injured fingers to her breast and loses hours of sleep in weeping. I shall not be too severe with her until some day she gets to work and restores the limb as far as possible, and then she sleeps; but even then she sits at intervals if anything could not be done for her.

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 grows up she is destined to become 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 good cheer in the nursery, for she is made free of the nursery, or perhaps to some cottage in the neighborhood, where a little lover has been born. Her attentions are least acceptable to children beyond babyhood. She plagues them a little by wanting to wash and fussy them more freely than her own little one, and in the course of the work and in making them look nice. But she generally coaxes them to submit by offering bribes in the shape of wonderfully get-up dolls, of which she always has a store ready dressed by her nimble little fingers.

Bless the loving little woman! She is not without a little faith, and she feels it is her duty to use her influence for good. She cuts out such qualities in their young people as are daily exercised in the houses of their poorer neighbours.

Children under two have to do with babies are often, I was going to say amusingly, awkward in handling an infant. Better, however, say pitifully 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 come in contact with babies in public. If they consented to kiss them they manifest a strong objection to open-mouthed salutes, and touch the little velvet cheek with a lip that is never quite ready for real hot poker. It is a touch-and-go process, which makes mothers and grown-up nurses smile pityingly at the archditch who does not know how to kiss a baby kindly.

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 a distance she appears to be not much more than a child, and Mother I love her child, and should an accident befal her wooden or waxen darling, she grieves and moans over it, and does not even try to conceal her disappointment, nor make up her mind to put it all on, like a little wounded baby. Itsruptions—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.

One of the two, or three other children who play round the doorstep or seat in a park on which the little nurse sits with her sleeping charge, was, by patience, I do not know whether to yield the pain for this virtue to the boy or girl nurse. Only a few moments ago I noticed a boy patting, kissing, and crowding full of pityful regard, and the lips told of some little trouble. How he persevered in his efforts to pacify the child! He walked up and down, made riddle faces and doll clothes nearest at hand; he even smiled to the bonny round face, while his own looked the picture of happiness. The sound of his breeches 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 exaltation of a new invention for helping the little nurse, which will compare ages, count and exhibit the wee ivories just peeping, and tenderly rub the little gums to help the next one through. And it is not without a bit of individual sympathy, for 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 palate under its bonny head.

Then what beauty they see in their baby's face! You and I might think it a poor skinny, sickly-looking creature, but the little nurse sees a beautiful face, 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 look well.

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 half the time.

I write especially in the hope of attracting the attention of both the mothers 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 exhibit of patience, of love, and of complaining 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 be learning a lesson from them as you pass along the highways in town or country.

The little nurses are unscholastic and brave. Often have I seen one take off the little woolen shawl, which was doing duty as a bonnet on her own person as well as being her baby's, 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 their position as nurses makes the helpless infants intrusted to their care.

They have their pleasures as well as trials. In the warm, summer weather, when the grass is yellow and the flowers bright, there is a lively kick about and sprawl on the ground, enjoying the bustle that is going on around them. But often, when the day was Monetary for active play, not to say bright and cheery, there is a cold wind and the grass is damp. Baby could not be laid down safely, and then their courage and self-sacrificing of the little nurse are called into operation. Then great victories are won over the objection of doing nothing. Little nurses, as a rule, have their reward in the growth, progress, and increasing strength of their babies. What joy and exaltation do they feel when they think of the first time they fed the baby! How proud are they when the wee thing can run alone?

And far beyond even these rewards are the approbation of which are whispered among the sweetly blessing, the loving kiss of a good mother, with whose cares and anxieties their children sympathise, and whose toll 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 matter of course are most dangerous and, therefore, we should not think of them as those 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 the helpless and beautiful children of the nursery. We 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, they look very light forms for earth's race, 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, and the little mother's life is on her shoulders. Thers is the growing "old too soon?" But in the homes of well-to-do parents there is little fear of the children being overburdened, because their while tender ones are "put away to be draw out such qualities in their young people as are daily exercised in the houses of their poorer neighbours."

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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 blood-dyed milk, thick bunches of bread and dripping, a few green apples, and some indiscernible 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

younger. The little nurse thanked me, huddled the baby a little higher on her shoulder, gave her free hand to the toddler next in size, saying, "Come on, George. 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 lost in the distance. 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 week of freedom, I have thought how happy were their parents, and that the little nurse in the story was happy. I have thought of that half-clad, barefooted group, and of the almost awful responsibility of the

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nere 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 the way 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 little nurse and the 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 unskilled nurses who are willing but unskilled to do all they can to help in washing, dressing, or nursing the baby.

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 a pretty town and may 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 medallion 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 was so great an interest, and their warmest sympathies were won as much by the widowed mother as by the tiny 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 Andoveres, and the Edisons, had contributed Harry's townsmen 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 townfellow 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 mother called her to 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 subjected at by a lot of old fogeys, 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 very carefully those which 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.

Then 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 reception, and enjoyed it. She would 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 thought, when her door was closed, "I seem to offend them unwares; 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. If 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 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 suffer 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 fire which had never been granted to Daisy, although Rhoda and Mand allways 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 dancing 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 asked in a muffled voice, "how shall I get out of all these dreadful difficulties? There's Maud—no, not all the Garnetts cling to their money. And I can't go to the old quarters any more; I,—yes, I am ashamed sometimes."

Her head moved restlessly, and her eyes glittered in the firelight. By-and-by the muttering began again; and then both her voice and face grew sober, a certain plaintiveness crept into her tone, and her eyes were quenched, 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 was broken 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 much given to acting up?"

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 had 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 very thing that shall sweep away all that we hold dearest and best; or for the blinding mist that shall hide the old ways-mark's from our sight.

After all, there can be little that is absolutely new in an unselfish life. The question that the bold yeoman asked of Lady Clara Vere De Vere may be answered with a readily yes by every girl in England.

"Are there no beggars at your gate, Nor gossip poor above some hands?"

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.)
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gelids 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 whom the cure of my children is a laborious duty. I think of the time when I was their willing slave by night and by day, and far more frighten'd of the first, in her baby years, than all the terrors of the battle of life. But love is a good teacher—especially maternal love—and it is often said that babies bring knowledge 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 the nurse or the wet-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 yourself a cleanly person and a good temper, which latter finds its outward reflection in a lingering odour of lavender. Even the most weeks' old baby shows a marvellous susceptibility to externals, and it would be difficult to say how soon it begins to imitate, or to mistake in the least degree at what it sees, if that be pleasant.

On the contrary, who has not the slightest idea of what a baby receives from the sound of a harsh voice, or from the expression of a face? I have seen a little creature gasp searchingly at its mother's composure and, if there were no answer save the deep, drawn silence, the baby would seem to lose its dancing light, the pretty mouth forming itself into something like a sorrowful "pet lip," and perhaps a burst of crying has followed. The more intelligent the baby, the more sensitive is it to what sounds and scents call cries.

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 manifest by the absence of all impatience or hastiness of temper, even if you should have a very cross baby to deal with. Pooh, you say! they cannot take care with you. Your cheery song, coo, coo, away the packers from the face of your little charge it all these will do it. But in no case let its cross face be a rebuke to love or care.

Have nothing about you that can possibly hurt the little one. Rings, bracelets, 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 the like things! they cannot tell harm, and may, when put in the baby's face, cause injury to your charge, and to yourself life-long repentance.

Experienced nurses are apt to become frightened and burned 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 all restlessness. 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 from one place to another, 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 the 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 extending 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 that it may change and be changed, than that it should be much ornamented. If it is not too heavy, and hence not cumbersome, and provides the necessary warmth, it is sufficient. In all the clothing of an infant, it is better to err on the side of care and prudence than rashness.

Muslin work—especially if a handkerchief is so ill-advised as to stiffen it in order to make it last—is a great temptation 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 to be worn next to 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 lacy or camisole 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 inside sleeves; and the shirt is handed up to the neck by the baby. 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°; but, as young nurses have not always a thermometer at hand, they should try it with the back of the hand. It will not be wrong if it first coats the tips of the fingers 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 suffrage 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, especially in the winter months.

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 a small towel, or hem, and held above water. The whole body, including the head, should be well soaked 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 the consideration for the delicate skin. The mother should be always "a little hands and creases by gentle pressure—never by rubbing; though the back and limbs may be rubbed the better for a little friction with the hand. The baby likes this, when he is first undress'd and after washing, and enjoys stretching his round limbs on his nurse's knee whilst she gives them a gentle caressing within reach of a touch of a love.

All the creases below the arms, knees, in the dimpled neck, behind the ears, between the thighs and body should be well powdered with talcum, and the chairing or work that 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 book within a very small compass, on sick and other nursing, advises the use of powdered starch for what we call "drying the baby." Considering how much we have heard of the introduction of deleterious ingredients into what are called "violet powders," we must pause to consider the wisdom of this advice. It is of no consequence whether it is artificially coloured or not, but it is of the greatest importance that it should be pure and harmless.

The cleansing of the baby's skin must never be neglected if the baby's skin has been kept clean by the nurse. If sponging is requisite, the pull is also absolutely necessary.

The baby 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 moistened with a bit of pure lard or a little olive oil. This softens the crust, and it will generally come off during washing; but great care must be taken not to make use of any violence to remove it. The simple application of sand, and some cleansing 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 against will enjoy the water, equally needs the watchful eye of the nurse. She should never be left in the bath for a moment.

A very little water and a very short time is sufficient to drown an infant before now, during the most serious absence of the nurse.

In fastening the clothes, use as few pins as possible, and let the little baby-wear 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 room should not be warm 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, 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 this body. Can you, then, be too careful with what you do for it; or too prayerful and watchful over yourself in order that...
THE DIFFICULTIES OF A YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER.

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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 baby and a young nurse is here to undress and dress it, the latter should put away the articles that are done with, empty and dry the bath, and expose night clothes and towels, which, if possible, to the open air.

Never be in a hurry to wrap 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 told the mother that a 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 four nights and the other for days; then this airing will 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 example of order, and, though our clumsy beds cannot be hung out in like manner, we may give them the benefit of frequent exposure to air and light.

Better a 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 some instructions on "How to Nurse the Baby." (To be concluded.)

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

By Dora Howe.

So your friend is to arrive this evening, the Madge?" said Mr. Colville, one morning in June, as they sat at breakfast. "Miss Dohabella—let me see, what is her name?"

"Dorothy, papa; Dorothy Snow," answered her. "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 scion, she left school before I did, and we have never since met, but she tells me her mother was very happy, and I thought her very clever, but then I think schoolgirls always exaggerate the good qualities of their teachers, which are my mother.

"H'm, glad she's nice-looking," said Tom, complacently, with a glance at the pier-glass, as he brushed his collar and the delicately white shirt he had to make sure they were as arranged as they should be. Tom was at that age when, though exceedingly boyish in many ways, he still felt very much of a man about him.

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 endeavor 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, could she not.

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

"No; of course, you must say Miss Snow, unless she is very young. 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, and, though a correspondence had been kept up, they had not seen one another since the old days at school, and there would be large and of useful as Dorothy's forthcoming 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 immovable duties which devolved upon the mistress of the Colville household.

The morning after Dorothy's arrival, Margaret, with some little excitement, asked if she would go out 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 cook.

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 her merriest times were spent by the two girls in the kitchen.

One morning, as Margaret was tiring on her large apron and rolling up her sleeves preparatory to a plunge in the flour tub, Dorothy betook herself to the kitchen and, still with her cheerful air, came out into the air in the garden. "I want to see you to-morrow. I've got a friend who is coming to supper to-night."

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

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

"Oh, then, do let me make some delicacies for supper for Dorothy. You need not look so alarmed, I can make a few dishes beautifully. Now, if you will consent, you shall have the loveliest jelly you ever saw, and, while we are at it, may we have a very tasty one of the Mayonnaise sauce, that do happen to have any very cheap claret in the house? That at tod, a bottle will do."

"No, if we have not, but Betty shall go and get a bottle; or stay, perhaps, as she is a kettletaster, she might not like the currant, so we will go ourselves as our 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. Would you not like a salad with mayonnaise sauce also? I feel competent for that; even mamma praises my mayonnaise sauce!"

"That will do very well, with a dish of very good fool, I think there will be enough. We do not usually make much difference for the Treants."

After the salad was 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 know how to make this jelly; it is so nice and cheap with it," said Dorothy, as she uncorked the bottle of wine. "See now, I simply put into my earthenware pot 1 oz. of gelatine, a fourth-pint jar of red currant jelly, the rind and juice of one lemon, 1 lb. of sugar, and stir it. They are to simmer gently for one hour. The jelly is ready when it boils 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 have it."

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

"Should it think it was nice indeed!"

Dorothy exclaimed. "At home, when we want it specially good, we put in a small cupful of brandy and a little bit of lemon curd, and then it is turned. And when we pour it over some cream, sweetened and flavoured with almonds or anything we choose. But it is quite good enough for ordinary occasions without these expensive additions."

"For 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 pour it over the salad till just before supper. You have to put the yolks of an egg into a basin, so (chop them up), and then add the yolks 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 an instructive habit of the 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 not turning out very well, I fear, 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 a good-cooling place you have a splendid dreams and, then, and 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 mush. 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. This sauce was put plentiful, Margaret had used a little corn flour instead. Allowing a pint of milk to the same measure of pulped fruit, she put to boil, then mixed the curd with (in the proportion of one 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 had tasted it, and made a very face at the sourness.

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

"It doesn't make such a quantity," Margaret replied, as she added more, and it is simply unseatable 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.

CHAPTER III. AND LAST.

LITTLE NURSES UNDER TRAINING.

By RUTH LAND.

It is 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—meaning the physical hindrances—we mean 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 understanding what is alike her duty and her privilege. She can leave her bottle-fed baby, and it is so 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 artificial 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 important thing, to nurse an infant, if it can be continued for the first few, or even three, months of baby’s life.

A mother who deserts the name delights in self-sacrifice for the sake of her child is not, 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 overfed 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 baby’s 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 sleep as from opiate. 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 clothes were cold and who 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 the baby will be happening both to my Mary and the child in the night. There is no wire guard before the fire, and, moreover, there is always, with the little thing on her knee, she gets so overpowered with sleep that she nods forward, and it is a mercy that she has waked up so often instead of letting it die. I fear burning herself in 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, underdrawn, and requires no comment. Surely it points out the necessity of training girls in the management of young children, and of self-denial 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 cleaned—skilled, and then rinsed with cold water, in which a feeding-bottle and nipple should also be left until again required. Milk should be that of one cow, and perfectly sweet and fresh. The least sworiness will disorder an infant’s stomach, cause pain and indigestion, and make the nurse restless.

Two parts new milk and one of warm water, sweetened with a little leaf sugar, is in about the right proportion for infants of a few weeks old. Pears’ and boiled fruit should also be added to baby’s diet. 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 injurious 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 is, the shorter 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 out of their bed and out of his rule during the day time. At night let baby cry out and he will, and if the rest is—as it always ought to be—natural, and not produced by the use of any stimulant 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 rinse a sleeping baby.” I think most mothers and nurses would say the same of a sleeping baby, if you can possibly help it.” But, if baby is taught to eat and to sleep regularly, the nurse or mother will find that the meal should be punctual too. The little mouth must not be obliged 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, it is then a sure sign that the baby is crying because he has been deprived of 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 all who passed. 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, and she found 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, and she found it was a picture of health and good temper, and indoors the child remained for several days.

The next day nurse thought she would extend her walks, and try once more to take a constitutional in the garden with her grandson. But it was useless. The little infant was crying, and the poor child’s finery was his torment, and the crying was caused by the stiffness of the boots, with the satin laces and stiff button that edged the hoof was 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 mouth food 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 health of 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, and they merely bring them in on a cold day. No matter how cold it is—no matter if the piercing wind compels the grownup person to draw her shawl more closely around her, baby is sent out, and out in the open air. It is not a little older is allowed to run bare-headed and bare-naked. Or the mother will stand in the open doorway, with her infant in arms, while the cold wind blows.

“They think it hardens them,” said a good, old nurse to me, as she shook her head, pityingly. “It may answer with the grown-up, but it is not 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 do 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 time have I followed a little child's back have I tied on, and many a little shawl have I pinned across the bare chest so thoughtlessly exposed. Mothers have said, 'What! have you 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 shopping elsewhere?"

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 many children's nurses who dare to point out to them the thoughtlessness without the smallest intention of harming their tender nurseries.

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, not the legs, of the baby within reach of her own body. Never let a baby be kept in continual motion when it manifests no desire to move about.

The best advice to medical nurses that I can never let a baby be quiet. Even the morbid fret of a few days old is kept in a perpetual jog of lying on the knee, or it is rocked or swayed back and forth indefinitely.

A many nurse trains a baby to be restless by rocking it to sleep instead of allowing it to be peacefully up, and putting into its "cozy" position, a very desirable position.

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

Shut the baby up 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 something firm to lay the head on 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 this An Arnold, I would like to mention. 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 furniture. Let the nurse with the old and feeble.

The next is to be taught to take 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 with contempt 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 of a little bottle. That was hanging down her index finger, or whatever place it was, for that was her "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 be afraid to speak the truth, and be frightened into falsehood 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, mixing the use of either or both, has been punished for some trifling matter, has feared to tell of an accident to a child whilst in her charge, from dread of consequences to herself. I have, an injured child not only irritable but easily excited; if attended to at the time, has caused hopeless lameness, or even idiocy, through the terrified silence of the young nurse. In my training classes I always 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 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 without a special permission, which it only necessary to give 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 today's paper. A neighbour goes into a house; takes a child and her own from her nurse. She has pinned her shawl with a large larding-needle, which somehow penetrates, and is buried in, the child's breast. The mother cannot get it out; it causes great and emergency. The nurse, having changed the child's clothes, uses chloroform, and fails also, for the needle has pierced the baby's lungs, and death occurs a few hours later.

The second case was scalped 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 coolness that comes 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 number of accidents that take place; children being scalped to death 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 hot floor. I have known life lost by the upsetting of a cup of scalding tea on an infant's breast when it was sitting up the lap of a mother who idled 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 and carelessness can endangers 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 mother or against leaving over some rid, helpless, and selfish. We should show them what to do, then leave them to carry out our lessons. Exercise wholehearted supervision, but take the kind of the idea that we are constantly watching, or ever 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.