

portioned, strong and active as a young colt, with flesh unusually firm, and a pair of lungs that utterly defy my vocabulary. I couldn't say to that mother in plain terms: "There is nothing the matter with your baby; all this fuss and worry is directly traceable to mismanagement." The temptation to blurt out this truth was great; but I have found, after many mistakes, that if one desires to accomplish any real good in this world, we must go to work in all cases very gently. This infant was beautifully dressed in nanook and valenciennes, richly embroidered flannels, and all that sort of thing; and was as faultlessly tidy and sweet as loving hands could make it. Notwithstanding all these advantages of dress and social position, this ungrateful baby would cry. I lifted the little one's elaborately-trimmed skirts, and what should meet my eyes but a "pinning blanket" (an article of infant's wardrobe I had supposed entirely obsolete) so fastened and doubly fastened that the poor child could not get a leg out to save its life.

"What are you doing?" my companion inquired, in wonder.

"Unpinning this thing," I answered. "Just look here! you have pinned this blanket so short that your baby hasn't room to stretch its limbs,"

For a moment or more baby stopped crying, and kicked right and left with an evident relish for this description of leg liberty, and then commenced again.

"It isn't that," said my companion, with a sigh.

A cambric skirt covered the above mentioned relic of barbarism, and both these affairs were made with waists, or bands, and fastened with three pins. It seems as incomprehensible to me now as it did the day I made the discovery, that an ordinarily intelligent woman even should not know that an infant's apparel should always be loosely put on; and here was the child of an usually well informed and intellectual woman, actually gasping for breath on account of compression caused by tight bands. As I removed the pins the child gradually ceased screaming, and as I removed the last one such a grunt of relief as came from this baby's lips I never heard before or since. I rubbed his little back and sides, all creased with the wretched compressor, and the darling actually cooed with delight.

"There," said the mother; "that's just the way he acts when I give him his bath. I was telling his father this morning that I didn't believe he would ever cry if I could always keep him in the tub or undressed. Some way he seems to hate to be dressed, and he always screams to the top of his voice just as soon as I begin to put on his clothes."

Now it took me some time to make that mother understand that she did not give her child as much credit for instinct even as her husband gave his Newfoundland pup about the same age: that the baby knew that his liberty of the bath was all he was likely to get, and resisted naturally the idea of such terrible physical bondage. I kept on with the soothing manipulations, and was very soon rewarded by seeing the blue eyes close, and after an exceedingly short space of time my charge was asleep.

"If you don't move just so, you'll waken him," said the mother, in a whisper.

"Hum, hum, sh, sh, there, there," she commenced, coming close to my side.

I took no notice of her "hums" and "shs" and "theres," but laid him gently on the bed, and not a sound was heard from that quarter for three long hours.

"Now," said my friend, making sure that the baby was not likely to waken, "I must have my bowl of tea. Shall I order a cup for you?"

"Tea!" I repeated after her, wonderingly; "what for?"

"Oh!" she answered, "I couldn't nurse my baby without it. Tea braces me up and keeps me going. I shouldn't be good for anything without my bowl of tea three or four times a day."

"If you want to undermine your own health beyond all power of restoration," I couldn't help saying; "if you want to see your child grow up a brainless, fidgety nobody, keep on swilling tea and you will surely accomplish your purpose."

"Why, for mercy's sake!" was all the astonished woman could gasp, and then continued timidly: "if I didn't drink something I shouldn't have food enough for my baby, and tea seems to give me strength. The nurse who was with me the first six weeks after baby was born used to *make* me drink it."

On this point again I found my friend entirely uninformed, with no more conception of the effect of tea upon the nervous system than her baby. I have had occasion a great many times to find fault with the work of certain monthly nurses; but I never felt so much like anathematizing the whole army of professionals as at this particular time. I found upon inquiry that this one had not only dosed her patient with tea, but had really laid the foundation for all the misery she was experiencing.

The proper person, possessing a proper knowledge of her business, arrived at by thorough education, could have so instructed this teachable and intelligent woman in the details of babydom that a mistake would have been next to impossible. This nurse has also insisted upon constantly holding the child, scarcely letting it out of her arms, asleep or awake; cuddling it close at night, and passing it over to the