

The Midwife.

THE MOTHER INSTINCT.

The mother instinct, in which the nursing instinct and the love of the midwife for the babies in her charge have their foundation, finds expression in many ways. Little girls love their dolls, while their brothers dislike and ill-treat them, and still more are they enraptured by the birth of a little brother or sister, because the instinct of every true woman to care for and shield the young, the helpless, the defenceless, tugs at their hearts. For this reason also the nursing of the sick will always remain largely in the hands of women. Here and there men are found who possess the qualities necessary for a good nurse; but the patience, the tenderness, the deftness, the particular form of endurance required of nurses are, as a rule, much more highly developed in women than in men. It would be strange were it otherwise.

The accompanying picture, it will be admitted, is a charming illustration of the love and care which many girls bestow upon any helpless living things which come within their sphere of influence, a characteristic which should always be fostered by their elders, for not only does a love of animals show a

generous, warm-hearted disposition, but the regularity with which their wants must be attended to is excellent discipline, often demanding self-sacrifice, and thought for others. Who can doubt that the subject of the picture will find her vocation in the future in some branch of work in which the mother instinct finds expression? She is cut out for it.



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MOTHERLESS.

said their new friends, and indeed a remembrance of the horrors of the slave track, a remembrance which darkens the life of many an African child, had probably something to do with the cordiality of their welcome, but the mother instinct was there, true, and tender, and strong enough to penetrate the consciousness of these neglected children, benumbed with ill-usage.

Indeed the mother instinct lies enshrined deep in the hearts of girls all the world over of all races and colours. The writer well remembers two little released slave girls being sent by the Government to an African Hospital to be cared for, and badly they needed care. Emaciated, dirty, suffering from ulcers, and with other evidences of neglect, they were far from attractive, yet nothing they could do for them seemed too much to the native nurses in the ward—girls but a few years older than themselves. "Once we were as they are,"

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