

LULLABY.

Hush! my darling, little dear,
 Fold thy pretty eyes to sleep,
 Holy angels hovering near
 Watch and ward around thee keep.
 Sleep, sleep, baby sleep.

Angels watch while mothers sleep;
 Mothers once, but angels now;
 Angels watch when mothers weep,
 Dropping tears on baby brow.
 Sleep, sleep, baby sleep.

I remember, as I sit with my baby in my lap, many old rhymes which seem very pretty to me now that I am a mother, and which I used to think little of. Watt's Cradle Hymn is tender, and soothing, especially the first two stanzas, and there are many lovely poems written by women, which I shall read, for I am growing quite thoughtful since baby came. I used to hum over Lady Bothwell's lullaby, and think it pretty, but now it gives me the heartache.

"By low, my babe,
 Lie still and sleep,
 It grieves me sair
 To see thee weep.
 By low, by low."

JUNE 14.—I will not have a cradle to addle the brains of my baby, and I think I shall do very well without one. I wash him, I rub his back, which begins to have ridges of fat; I make him stretch, and laugh; make him draw himself up by my fingers. See that his flesh is wholesome, without a spot or blemish (MEX. He has never shown signs of the "red goom"), and dress him in fresh, plain loose clothes; next, I give him, of course, a few extra shakes and kisses, and lay him down on the pillows, where the light will shine equally upon both eyes, and there leave him to kick up his little legs and amuse himself.

MEX.—People must not expect to be carried through the world; they must carry themselves. My boy must begin early to find the way to his legs and back.

Another thing. I undress baby at night, have him very sweet, and nice, and warm, and b——y full; and then I fold his little hands together, and say "God bless the baby." Then I put him, with kisses, into his crib, and go out and leave him in the dark. Of course, I steal back on tip-toe, to see what he is about, and there the darling little loblolly lies with his bright eyes wide open, no doubt wondering what it all means. Well, he must learn to get out of darkness. He

begins to "goo, goo." He is very bright, I am sure! inclined to be precocious. Mercy, me! what if he should get hydro—no, it is not phobia; well, water on the brain! I'll examine that subject in our Medical Dictionary.

JUNE 15.—Last night, when Tom had read my journal, as he does every night, he came to me and kissed me on the forehead without speaking, and I saw he had tears in his eyes. I think Tom and I both grow more thoughtful.

JUNE 20.—Baby has never seen a cross, discontented look, nor has he heard a harsh voice. He looks very intently in my eyes now, when I talk to him, and chirrup. His face is not one of these fat, unmeaning ones, that we generally see, but grows defined and clear. I give him every morning a spoonful of cold water, and he likes it; he must be teetotal. I will never let him have any thing that may create a false appetite.

21.—Last night our good, kind old-fashioned neighbor called to see me. She looked around my room, where I sat sewing, and Tom reading "The Tempest" to me, because he thought Maranda very lovely, and a little like me, and seeing no cradle, she asked "Where is baby?" "Oh, he has been in bed this half hour!" I replied. "He goes at sundown, lies down with the lamb, and rises with the lark!"

"Let me see him!"

"Certainly," I replied, delighted to show my handsome baby, and we went up stairs taking a light; and there he was, wide awake, all the clothes kicked off, and his night dress tight under his feet! "That will never do, my boy! I shall shorten your clothes at once."

"You don't mean me to understand that you put this child to bed alone in the dark, wide awake?" she cried.

"Yes, I do; and I think it will save him a great deal of trouble, as well as myself."

She stooped over the crib and kissed him with a grim kind of pity for his sufferings, and turned away in silence. As we went down stairs, she said,

"You bathe him in cold water, and put him away in the dark at two months old! You're a cruel woman, for all you're so mighty soft-spoken!"

I flushed up red in the face, but was too polite to say a word. When she sat down by the center table, she said to Tom very solemnly,

"I have been the mother of eight as fine children as ever was born," and she pursed up her mouth, and rolled her eyes to the ceiling. "I