

PYARI—A SHETCH.

ONE day, a woman brought her child to the Dispensary, wrapped in a filthy cloth. We were very busy, so she had to wait for some time, before we could attend to her. When she undid the cloth, we saw such a pitiful sight. The child a girl was a month old, and was one of two. The other had died, and judging from this baby's appearance, we thought she was dying also; her face was ashy grey. It had never been bathed, nor had the *dhái* taken the trouble even to oil it, as is their custom, at its birth. We had no proper hospital at that time, nor any nurses but we told the mother, if she would bring the child every day to the Dispensary and carefully follow out our instruction, we would do our best. The Doctor did not give the mother very much hope that the child would live. The poor mother was very troubled and anxious. She had lost two children, and this one was her one ewe lamb. She promised to do anything we wanted, if only we would save her baby. After weighing it (it weighed three lbs.), I prepared a feed of milk—one part milk and three parts water, and added Albulactin. With difficulty I managed to get it down. After an hour I gave it a bath, and dressed it in clean warm clothes, first wrapping it in cotton wool. We had no cot, but we had a large round basket, such as the *mális* use to carry plants, and that did duty as a cot. It was fed again in two hours. This treatment of regular feeding was done day after day, and in a few days' time, the pinched, drawn look on its face began to disappear, and gradually it began to take more milk. All the trouble was, that the mother could not nurse it herself, and gave it bazaar milk, whenever it cried, and so the poor little mite was suffering from indigestion. After several days, I weighed it again and it had gained four ounces. The mother was delighted, and began to look more cheerful. She was always very interested in the bathing process, and one day she brought twelve women to witness the child having its bath. Many were the remarks passed, and all complimentary. (I am afraid if the child had not gained those four ounces, the remarks would have been other than complimentary.) The mother proved to be a very apt pupil. I taught her how to prepare the feeds, and she would always insist on calling the drachms of the measure glass "inches"! She continued to bring it every day for three months, and at the end of that time it weighed 8 lbs., and was healthy in every way. Every one got very fond of the baby, and we gave her the name of "Pyári". Her father is one of the wealthiest men in the town, and I thought we should get a good fee from him as a thanksoffering, but I was disgusted when he sent Rs. 4!! I don't think we could have pulled that child round, had not the mother carried out our instructions so faithfully, and one wishes that one could have always the loyal co-operation of young mothers, then infantile mortality would not be so great in India.