

HOUSEHOLD.

For Amateur Nurses.

(Amy S. Woods, in 'Illustrated Temperance Monthly'.)

Need I begin by saying, 'Be cheerful?' A cheerful face is a capital tonic; so cultivate cheerfulness, even when you do not feel it.

Let your dress be cheerful, too; not black, unless you have a white apron and collar and cuffs to relieve it. Nothing is nicer for a sick room than a plainly-made grey-alcapa pink or blue cotton, not so stiffly starched as to crackle. No rustling petticoats, jingling bangles, squeaky shoes, or hanging sleeve-frills are permissible. Do not neglect yourself or your daily rest, bath, and exercise, especially in the case of a long illness; it is no kindness to one patient to turn yourself into another. Be quiet but decided in your movements; exaggerated quietness as manifested in walking on tip-toe and speaking in agitated whispers is almost as trying to irritable nerves as the noisy nurse, who is a disgrace to her womanhood.

Never discuss the condition of your patient before him, and do not keep worrying him with tender inquiries as to his feelings. If an invalid can feed himself avoid watching him during meals; to some natures constant supervision amounts to actual torture.

Be very methodical and punctual. Give medicine, and food, and have poultices, etc., ready at the very moment at which they are due. Ask the doctor whether he wishes the patient to be awakened during the night for medicine, or food, or change of applications; in some cases sleep is everything.

If you have to take the temperature or count the pulse of your invalid, do so at stated times. Be very accurate in all your observations, and write down the result of them. Do not trust to your memory, however good.

Cultivate intelligent observation, noting every change, however unimportant it may appear to you. The expression of the face in sleep, restlessness, twitching of the muscles, flushing or paleness, are important symptoms in some cases.

Keep very strictly to the prescribed diet. Never make any changes in it on your own responsibility. Invalids frequently express a desire for unlawful dainties, and you must be prepared to resist them. The trained nurse who allowed a typhoid patient to eat a lump of beefsteak certainly deserved her dismissal from the institution to which she belonged.

At the same time, try to vary the diet as much as possible. It is wonderful how many different flavorings can be given to beef tea. If raw beef tea or meat juice is ordered, give it in a glass which will hide the color of it.

Serve every meal as daintily as possible, and avoid giving too much at once. Let your tray-cloth be spotless, silver and glass shining, and no dripping from cup or spoon. A table-napkin will be appreciated, and tucked under the tray will preclude the discomfort of crumbs in the bed.

When poultices or hot fomentations are ordered let them be really hot, not tepid. Test them with your elbow if you are afraid of scalding your patient. In making poultices heat both basin and spoon with boiling water, then with fresh water mix your poultice rapidly, spread it evenly, and carry it covered to the bedside. Flannels for hot fomentations should have the boiling water poured over them, wring them in a towel, and carry them in it to the patient.

In removing the plaster from a blister do it very gently, so as not to break the skin. When poisons are used keep the bottles quite apart from all medicines.

When using hot-water bottles be careful not to burn the invalid; in cases of unconsciousness or paralysis always place a fold of flannel between the bottle and the skin. If ice-bags are needed, replenish them when necessary; a bag of lukewarm water is not calculated to benefit your patient. In the same way, if you are using cold applications, keep the rags or cloths wet and cool. Sometimes a continuous supply of lotion is needed. This can be managed by suspending a jar near the patient, from which a skein of wool or cotton will carry the lotion in drops

to the cloth. Protect the undersheet with a piece of mackintosh.

I have spoken of the need for absolute cleanliness in the sick-room, but it is quite as imperative in the case of the patient.

A trained nurse will sponge a helpless patient all over every day, unless she has orders to the contrary. The amateur nurse does not, because she thinks the patient would not like it, which is a very selfish way of looking at it. We can all understand that the impurities thrown off from the skin are greater in sickness than in health, and, therefore, must be removed. The sponging can be done a little at a time, drying carefully and thoroughly, and taking care the invalid does not catch cold. A clean night-dress may then be put on—(every invalid should have one for night and one for day wear)—the hair brushed, and all made spick-and-span for the doctor's visit. Try to do all this quickly and handily, so as not to tire your patient.

Family Discipline in the Old Parsonage.

(By Sarah F. Abbott.)

'How did your mother, such a frail, delicate-looking little woman, ever bring up a family of eleven children and live to be over eighty years old?' asked a tired mother one day. 'What was the secret of her discipline?'

'If discipline means punishment, I am afraid we had very little discipline,' I replied. There were almost no punishments as such in that big household. My father used to say 'Never threaten a child.' The only time that he ever whipped one of us was in the fulfilment of a threat, and he always regretted that, as circumstances so modified the affair that it would not have been necessary but for the threat. Mother never whipped one of us. Her hardest punishments that I remember were separating us from each other for a given time; sending one to the garret and another to her own room, even with her book or work, was usually severe enough.

But there was a safeguard in the surroundings of ministers' families in those olden times that does not enter into the daily life of ministers' children now. A farm of thirty acres was connected with the parsonage—a large house—and above all there was a great garret. An attic of a modern house could claim no relationship to the immense garrets of early days. There were four large windows, and it was warmed sufficiently, even in winter, by its huge chimney. That garret was in itself an education. It was a gymnasium, a work-shop, a manufactory, a royal playground. Would that every parsonage had its like to-day! The brothers had their tools in one corner, and each made a trunk for himself, almost unaided. In these boxes, neatly covered with leather and lettered with brass nails, they proudly carried their worldly provisions of clothing and books when they went to school.

Almost everything on the farm belonged to some one of us and when it was sold sometime the owner had the money to lay aside toward an education. Every member of the family had an interest in James's lambs, David and Sally, and their numerous progeny. John's steers were the delight of us all, and especially when they were yoked to a small sled of the boys' manufacture, and drew us girls to 'the store' for the family supplies. Sometimes a neighbor gave one of us a pet lamb or a motherless calf to bring up.

We were never at a loss for wholesome, hilarious recreation. If stormy days came and the boys grew too boisterous, a sweet, quiet voice would be heard at the stairs, 'Papa, is there anything you would like to have these boys do?' Then father would come down from the study and take in the situation at a glance. He was always very tactful.

'James, if it should be a good day to-morrow we shall want to have some corn taken to the mill, and perhaps you can wait and bring it back. Can you and John and Percy get enough shelled to-day for a good grist? You may each lay out a pile by your shellers, and I will come up by and by, and see how you get along.'

'Can I go to mill with James? Can I go, too?' And soon the hand shellers in the garret were making happy music instead of noisy rainy-day commotion.

For the six girls, besides the allotted household work, there was always the patchwork for our own quilts and the knitting stint and the walks and the drives and the reading aloud that filled our vacation times full. If Satan only found mischief for idle hands to do, he must have looked elsewhere for his helpers.

If things went wrong and clouds arose, 'Sing, girls, sing!' mother would say, and her own sweet voice would begin some favorite song till all would join spontaneously.

If the little ones disagreed, and one struck another, mother had a novel expedient which did not need frequent repetition. There was a large, red chest in a lower bedroom intended to hold the family bedding. It had become so convenient a receptacle for a variety of articles that father used to call it the 'Omnium gatherum et mix-up-em.' Mother would take the offender there and say, 'You could not know how it hurt,' and the hand would be made to strike the hard surface. 'It does not hurt the chest,' she would say, 'and you can always strike here when you want to strike.'

The only other bugbear that I ever knew in the house was a long closet under the stairs where side saddles were kept. I have heard some of the older members of the family speak of short imprisonments there, but it was never my misfortune to try it. One Sabbath a strange minister exchanged with father. Little Percy happened to have strayed into the room where Mr. W— was looking over his sermon. Evidently little Percy tried to entertain him with some baby gambols not in keeping with the minister's mood. He took him upon his knee and after very solemn admonitions asked him if he knew what became of naughty children who played on God's holy Sabbath Day. 'eth, thir, if they are very vely naughty they are shut up in the saddle closet.' Our parents never believed in dark closets or in putting children to bed without their supper.

The farm in itself was not a paying investment. I have heard my father say that it was a bill of expense till his own sons were old enough to act in turn as foreman. But as an educator for his boys and a never-failing employment that was varied and interesting, it paid well, and we certainly are the richer for sweet and wholesome memories of busy childhood days.—Living Epistle.

Chicken Loaf.—Boil a chicken in a very little water until the meat can readily be picked from the bone; mince it finely, return to the kettle in which it was cooked, season with salt and pepper, add two table-spoons of butter and mix well. Butter a square mold, cover the bottom with slices of hard boiled eggs, add the chicken and cover over with a weight.

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Publishers, Montreal.

THE 'NORTHERN MESSENGER' is printed and published every week at the 'Witness' Building, at the corner of Craig and St. Peter streets, in the city of Montreal, by John Redpath Dougall and Frederick Eugene Dougall, both of Montreal.

All business communications should be addressed 'John Dougall & Son, and all letters to the editor should be addressed Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'