

## HOUSEHOLD.

## I Wish Some of Them Lived Near Me.

A young housekeeper who has been managing a home of her own for four or five years has been very much interested in the letters that have been published in this column from young women who are looking for some work to do, and the burden of her wail is the sentence that I have chosen for my heading. 'I wish some of them lived near me. I think I could help them, and they could help me; that is, if they are not too proud to work.'

She tells me of some of the troubles she has had in finding people to do different kinds of work for her, and gives some advice which is so good and sensible that I am going to share it with you. Read it, girls, and see whether you need any of her words.

'I have any quantity of work,' she writes, 'and enough money to pay for its being done, if only I could have it well done. I know at least a dozen housekeepers who would gladly pay good wages to any one who would come and do satisfactory work in their homes. There are young women here who would come and do the work, and do it pretty well, all but one thing; they will not wait on the table, but want to sit at table with the family. Now, when there are several in the family, one must wait upon them; and, if I hire someone to help in the housework, that is part of the work I want done, and done properly; for it is as much a part of the work as getting the meals ready. No one should feel above one's work, and surely a girl is just as much a servant in a man's office writing his letters, and cleaning his typewriter, and tending his office, as she would be in his home, cooking his meals, tending the house, and waiting on the table. Any work may be made honorable by the one who does it. . . The dressmakers we have charge two prices, and do not do their work well. Last week I wanted a dress ripped up and cleaned. I took it to a young woman who needed the money, I know. It came home very much cut in the seams, all the threads in it, and washed, but not pressed. If some one would take up that kind of work; I know there would be plenty to do and good pay, if there was good work.'

'There is another place open for the right sort of woman. A woman wishes to go away, for a day's shopping in the city, or for pleasure, and can't take her children. A nice, honest, Christian girl or woman, who can go into that home and do the work of the day, the same as the mother would do it, take care of the children, get the meals on time, and, in fact, take charge, without taking away a single bit of gossip, such a girl would be overrun with customers, if her prices were reasonable.'

'In this part of the country we don't need any one to do some new thing, but to take hold and learn to do some homely thing well. I would advise any girl to associate with others who do the same work as herself, and form a union; then she will take a pride in her work, and study to improve in it. The carpenter's Son, and the tent-maker were not ashamed to work with their hands, and why should we be?'

'I had a good education at a young ladies' school, and also a course at a business college; but, if I had to earn my living I would take in washing, because that is what I know how to do and like to do. I'd try to go about it in a business-like way, and charge a living-price, and the same to all. If the work got too much for me, I'd get good women to work for me by the day. I'd work up my business all the time and advertise. I'd study all the best methods for washing different kinds of material. No one would fear to send me flannels, blankets, lace curtains, dainty handkerchiefs, or fine dresses; for I'd make it my business to give satisfaction. I'd buy coal in the summer, and soap and starch by wholesale, and rainwater is as free as air; so I'd give my mind to my business, and I know I'd succeed.'

M. E. M.'

And I think she would succeed, in that or any other kind of work, she would undertake, don't you? And I think you know why she would succeed.

Now, girls, a good many of you have been writing to me about work that you can do

near home, and I do not know how many of you have asked me for those circulars about Mexican drawn-work, and about flower culture and many other things; and here is this woman; who lives perhaps in your own town, who has plenty of work to be done and is glad to pay for it; and you perhaps will not do it, because you are too proud; or perhaps you have been doing it, and have not done it well. Take her advice, and learn to do some homely thing well. Whether this woman lives in your town or not, probably there are others, and there is work enough to be done in almost any town, and money to pay for it, too, if it is done well and for reasonable prices. Think how much pleasure you might give and get by helping to make some other home happy in any of the ways she has mentioned. Do not despise any one of these methods, and do not say this advice is not for you, unless you are sure of it. Look about you and do the next thing, and 'whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.'—Mrs. F. E. Clark, in 'C. E. World.'

## To the Hospital.

(By Harkley Harker, in New York Weekly.)

'Don't take me to the hospital!' 'Why not, my poor child?' my wife asked, 'Because,' faltered the weary little thing, 'it's dreadful to be sent to the great, lonely, strange hospital.'

'You are quite mistaken, Maggie,' my wife resumed, reassuringly.

—Maggie was a sort of companion to my children, a nurse girl, yet small and delicate, to whom we had all become very much attached, in the time she had been in my house.

'It is a clean place, a place where you will have the very best of care and medical attendance, and where you will fare a thousand times better than you possibly could here in our house and in this little hall bedroom.'

So they persuaded the suffering girl to agree to what was best for her. She was tenderly removed in our own carriage, and is doing well. The ladies of my house have frequently been down to see Maggie, taking delicacies for her sick condition. I myself took pains to bespeak the special attention of the surgeon-in-chief, though that was wholly unnecessary, in fact, for had Maggie been the veriest stranger from the streets she would have been served just as faithfully by the physicians and nurses in the hospital. My little daughter has just come in to tell me how 'sweet, and clean and bright,' Maggie's cot looked, as she and mamma saw her an hour ago.

And, papa, Maggie said, 'thank God for the hospitals.' She is so glad she went there.'

Now, all this is true; yet there is no denying the dread and shrinking that would come over you and me at the thought of going to the hospital. Home is the place of all places, so the heart craves, in which to be sick. The bare, white walls, the vast edifice, of wings on wings, the rows of beds, the mechanical movements of trained attendants, the loneliness, these we fear. Lonely people go to hospitals, the friendless, the homeless and the solitary.

But what a mistake we make, too! Hundreds of the wealthy and the famous go to the hospital for the better treatment. The man in the bed at your side may be a millionaire. The woman on your right will be visited to-morrow, perhaps, by people in rich attire, her family, who come to bring her flowers. You must know that the hospital has the very best medical skill at its command. The circumstances also afford a silence and absolute rest, a trained watch over the invalid, diet regulated to perfection; instantaneous attention to unfavorable symptoms, and ministry of medicines with utmost precision, giving the best possible results—all in a way that the richest home would find it well-nigh impossible to effect.

If practice makes perfect, what perfection ought to be obtained in a great hospital where thousands of patients pass under the eyes of the physicians. The most difficult thing in the healing art is to know just what is the matter with the patient. Identical symptoms, in fact, often stand for a score of different maladies which may be working in you. Only the closest observation, and for some time, in severe and complicated cases, can scent and track to its

lair the mischief that is killing you. Nothing is so deceptive as pain; it is a very fox, a snake; it hides and dodges. Now, the hospital nurse studies you, moment-by-moment, day and night. The young physicians have everything at stake in finding you out. The array of facts about your case is collected, by so many persons, that, if there is any such thing as knowing what disease you have, it will be known in the hospital.

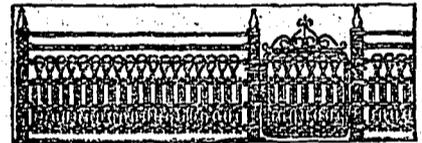
Every appliance of surgery is at hand; costly beds, and what not. Things that you could not afford unless you were rich, and which it would not be worth your while to buy and own, so soon as you have done with them, are all at command. Every attention is given to ventilation and sunlight, and to the covering of your couch, lest you be too warm or too cool; it is impossible to over-state the armament for good of a first-class hospital in these days.

You would be surprised, if you never yet visited a hospital, to see how many loving hands work for it. Good ladies bring flowers. Other Christian hearts bring delicately prepared food. The clergyman is always a frequent visitor; kind voices come to sing on the Sabbath-day, and hold simple tranquillizing worship, the sounds floating as softly as an angel's overture through the echoing halls and chambers. Readers come with books of diversion, and take their places at some cot-side, telling the story of interest. The nurse knows how to entertain you with cheerfulness, and many a story from the outer world's day's doings.

Hundreds die at home from poor care and scant attention, who might live if they had gone to the kind, skilful, public institution. A prejudice kept them away. But it is pleasant to record that the popular prejudice is yielding. The people are becoming wiser. An intelligent appreciation of the hospital is abroad to-day. The institutions themselves are improving; better buildings are rising. Ere long the scattered hospital doors, which open to the sick in every city, will reproduce the healing of him who went about doing good, and healing all manner of sick folk.'

God bless the hospital!

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