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SHORT ADDRESSES
GIVEN AT A
MOTHERS' MEETING





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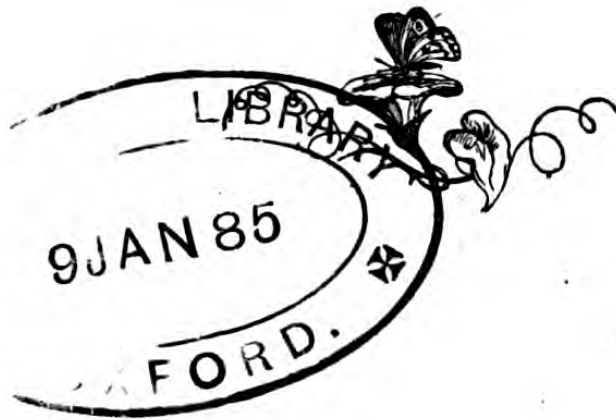
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MOTHERS' MEETING



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TO THE MOTHERS

WHOSE KIND APPRECIATION OF

THESE ADDRESSES

HAS INDUCED ME, IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE WISH OF

OTHER FRIENDS, TO HAVE THEM PUBLISHED.

ALPHA.

think treacle, being sweet and sticky, would suffice; and no doubt you think it better, as I do, that your boys should have nothing to do with beer.

We have been speaking of natural beauties, and the means of seeing them.

For beauty arranged with art, it is easy for you to go sometimes to the Natural History Museum in the University Buildings, admission free, where there are birds and butterflies more beautiful than any that live about here, carefully preserved and arranged.

For beauty produced by art, it is easy for you to go to the Castle Museum, where you will see downstairs rare and beautiful things in china and glass, in gold and precious stones; also, what will be specially interesting to some of you, pieces of old hand-made lace, of delicate and intricate patterns, as they were worn by nobles and dignitaries hundreds of years ago.

You will see a pair of iron gates, three hundred years old, which will not only excite your admiration by the beauty of the working of the garlands of fruits and leaves in hammered iron, but will make you proud to know that they were the work of a Nottingham man.

It is for you to see that your children, who will some of them be Nottingham men some day, shall grow up with a desire to work as well, if not in the same kind of way, as he did.

Up-stairs there are galleries of pictures. These have been changed lately.

There are always pictures that show you the sea, with its blue waters flowing gently over golden sands, or a storm, with the crested waves breaking

in foam, and the boats tossing sorely; pictures that show the Highland heather, till you think you can smell the honey-like scent and hear the hum of the bees; pictures that show the beautiful cathedrals of our own and other countries with wonderful sculpture on the grey stone of the outside. Of the inside there are pictures of high arches, pillars, and dim light, till you almost think you hear the deep tones of the organ pealing through.

There are pictures of sheep with wool so long and soft one wishes to touch it; there are cows so natural that it would be no surprise to see the milkmaid come away with foaming pail.

There are woodland scenes and rivers, dogs, cats, and children, all natural and yet beautified.

II. How can we cultivate beauty so as to have more of it in our surroundings?

Let us think first how we can have more of it in our own homes.

As beauty gives pleasure; we desire, not only for our own sakes but for the sake of those around us—husband and children—to gather as much about us as we can.

It is not always that a pretty thing is more expensive than an ugly one. Both for furniture and dress, it is true that the thing which is best adapted to the use for which it is intended is the most beautiful. Any curves in a chair that weaken the firmness with which it stands take away from its beauty.

It may be a beautiful thing for a lady to go to an evening party in a white dress and thin shoes, knowing that she will tread only on the soft mat of the carriage or the softer carpet of her friends; but to see the same lady in the street in the thin dress

or the thin shoes would be unsuitable and therefore ugly.

It is always ugly—tell this to your girls—to see a girl with waist pinched in by tight lacing, because it is unnatural. Tell them, too, that the statue of the Venus de Medici in Florence, which is considered the perfection of grace and beauty, is twenty-eight inches round the waist.

In the arrangement of colours much may be done to beautify a room.

You may brighten a dark one, with colours light or warm; and take off the bare look of a too light one, with a deep colour like maroon. In getting cushions, covers, or counterpanes, just think whether you want the room warming with scarlet, or lightening with white.

When you have your ceilings and rooms colour-washed, you will find it costs very little if any more to have a tinge of pink or French grey instead of the ordinary bluish whitewash. Some of you have sons or husbands who would be clever enough to stencil a pattern round of a deeper shade of the same colour. This costs less than paper, and is very pretty.

As to the arrangement of colours in dress, the chief thing out of doors is to have nothing conspicuous. Nothing that seems designed to attract attention is beautiful. A warm serviceable woollen dress and strong boots are, for the winter, the perfection of beauty. Still in the house, perhaps, on Sunday your girls may like to add a bright and pretty bow of soft, deep-coloured ribbon, which you will look at with pleasure.

I must not altogether pass over personal beauty.

This is a great gift of God, yet in another way we have ourselves much to do with the making of our own face.

However pretty a face may be, if the constant expression be one of crossness it loses its beauty. However plain a face may be, if there shine through a spirit of kindness and contentment we like to look at it. Quite surely our faces will gradually come to reflect the spirit that is within us.

This makes us think of beauty of character, which is the highest beauty of all.

When we heard of the death of our own Princess Alice, because in kissing her little child she had caught the disease, we all felt that the beauty of her self-forgetful love eclipsed everything else about her to us. We loved her, not as a princess, but as a loving mother.

When we think of Grace Darling we admire her for her courage, and for the way she risked her life to save the poor helpless people on the wreck.

It is unlikely, that it will ever fall to our lot to do a great thing like this ; but we may be quite sure, no one ever did a great thing who was not in the habit of constantly doing all the little ones that came in the way. We all have plenty of little ones :—

“ The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all I ought to ask,
Room to deny myself, a road
To bring me daily nearer God.”

Every time that a selfish or indolent inclination is conquered, every time we give up our own wishes to

gratify others, every time we make a firm stand or duty, we are growing in likeness to that Saviour who so loved us that He gave Himself for us.

Let our efforts and prayers join that we may attain this highest beauty.

“ Be Thou my pattern, make me bear
More of Thy gracious image here,
Then God the judge shall own my name,
Among the followers of the Lamb.”

ON THE SUDDEN DEATH OF THE REV. J. McCALLAN.

IN the week since we last met here, a clergyman, who last Monday was even fuller of life and vigour than many of us, has been called suddenly away from home and friends, from happiness and active work, to his great account.

Many of you will know that I refer to the Rev. J. McCallan. The shock to his bereaved family must have been terrible. Let us all think of them with sympathy and prayer, that they may be comforted by the great Comforter in their deep sorrow.

I know that a month or two ago Mr. McCallan said to a friend that he had never known in his life what it was to have half an hour's illness. God has spared him this pain, and translated him as speedily as the chariots and horses of fire took away Elijah.

Such a sudden removal brings home to us with great force that "in the midst of life we are in death"—and what afterwards?

If any one of us should be called as suddenly, should we through the merits of our Saviour go home happily to our heavenly Father?

If now we saw the Angel of Death in visible form enter this room, should we tremble lest the summons should be for us? Are we prepared to die? Are we prepared to live?

Dying is but the last act of life. Every day by our acts and habits we are either growing better and more heavenly, or we are sinking deeper in sin and selfishness, growing further from Christ and from Heaven.

I wish that each one of you would ask herself, Do I love Christ as my Saviour? Do I serve Him as my King?

These are the questions on which turn not only our happiness in this world, but our happiness eternally.

Christ so loved the world that He lived a life of toil and sorrow, of poverty and hardship, for us. He suffered on the cross that He might say to the thief by His side, and to every one of us when our time comes, "To-day thou shalt be with Me in Paradise."

How often we forget this love! We are busy and anxious, or gay and glad, the things of this world make dim in our minds the eternal enduring ones!

Let us think of the means which God has appointed to help us to grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

I. The reading of His Word.

When we have a letter from a friend, we do not leave it unopened for the dust to collect upon the envelope before we find time to read what it is about. If we are going by railway we do not delay to consult the time table until after we are at the

station. Yet how often we neglect and delay reading in the guide book God has given us.

Do you remember the praises given in the Acts to the Jews of Berea. It says, "They were more noble than those of Thessalonica, in that they searched the Scriptures daily if these things were so."

I know that the busy mothers of families have not time to read much. If you read only one verse in the morning and one at night, and think over them, you will in time get your mind filled with the Scripture.

II. Prayer.

"Ask and ye shall receive, seek and ye shall find." "If ye then being evil know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him."

For temporal things we must ask only if they are in accordance with God's will. He knows best what is really good for us, whilst we only know what we should like.

For spiritual things we may be sure of an answer. "His ear is not heavy that he cannot hear, nor his arm shortened that He cannot save."

III. Attendance on public worship.

When Jesus Christ was on earth He went to the synagogue on the Sabbath day, thus setting us an example.

There are special promises for those who worship together.

"Where two or three are gathered together in My name, there am I in the midst of them."

I know you cannot always leave your homes and your children. God sees your difficulties, and He

knows whether, by trying hard, it is possible for you to overcome them. If you cannot possibly leave without neglecting your duties, then it is His voice debarring you from the privilege.

This is illustrated by Longfellow's "Legend Beautiful" :—

“ ‘ Hadst thou stayed I must have fled,’
That is what the Vision said.

“ In his chamber all alone,
Kneeling on the floor of stone,
Prayed the Monk in deep contrition
For his sins of indecision,
Prayed for greater self-denial
In temptation and in trial ;
It was noonday by the dial
And the Monk was all alone.

“ Suddenly as if it lightened,
An unwonted splendour brightened
All within him, and without him
In that narrow cell of stone ;
And he saw the Blessed Vision
Of our Lord with light Elysian
Like a vesture wrapped about him,
Like a garment round Him thrown.

“ Not as crucified and slain,
Not in agonies of pain,
Not with bleeding hands and feet
Did the Monk his Master see ;
But, as in the village street,
In the house or harvest field,
Halt and lame and blind He healed,
When He walked in Galilee.

“ In an attitude imploring,
Hands upon his bosom crossed,
Wondering, worshipping, adoring,
Knelt the Monk in rapture lost.

Lord, he thought, in heaven that reignest,
Who am I, that thus Thou deignest,
To reveal thyself to me ?
Who am I, that from the centre
Of Thy glory thou should'st enter
This poor cell, my guest to be ?

“ Then amid his exaltation
Loud the convent bell appalling,
From its belfry calling, calling,
Rang through court and corridor
With persistent iteration
He had never heard before.
It was now the appointed hour
When alike in shine or shower,
Winter's cold or summer's heat,
To the convent portals came
All the blind and halt and lame,
All the beggars of the street,
For their daily dole of food
Dealt them by the Brotherhood ;

“ And their Almoner was he
Who upon his bended knee,
Rapt in silent ecstasy
Of divinest self surrender,
Saw the vision and the splendour.
Deep distress and hesitation
Mingled with his adoration ;
Should he go, or should he stay ?
Should he leave the poor to wait
Hungry at the convent gate,
Till the vision passed away ?
Should he slight his radiant guest,
Slight his visitant celestial,
For a crowd of ragged, bestial
Beggars at the convent gate ?
Would the Vision there remain ?
Would the Vision come again ?

“ Then a voice within his breast
Whispered, audible and clear

As if to the outward ear :
 ' Do thy duty ; that is best ;
 Leave unto thy Lord the rest !'
 Straightway to his feet he started,
 And with longing look intent
 On the Blessed Vision bent,
 Slowly from his cell departed,
 Slowly on his errand went

“ At the gate the poor were waiting,
 Looking through the iron grating,
 With that terror in the eye
 That is only seen in those
 Who amid their wants and woes
 Hear the sound of doors that close,
 And of feet that pass them by ;
 Grown familiar with disfavour,
 Grown familiar with the savour
 Of the bread by which men die !
 But to-day, they knew not why,
 Like the gate of Paradise
 Seemed the convent gate to rise,
 Like a sacrament divine
 Seemed to them the bread and wine.
 In his heart the Monk was praying,
 Thinking of the homeless poor,
 What they suffer and endure ;
 What we see not, what we see ;
 And the inward voice was saying :
 ' Whatsoever thing thou doest
 To the least of Mine and lowest,
 That thou doest unto Me !'

“ Unto Me but had the Vision
 Come to him in beggar's clothing,
 Come a mendicant imploring,
 Would he then have knelt adoring,
 Or have listened with derision,
 And have turned away with loathing ?

“ Thus his conscience put the question,
 Full of troublesome suggestion,
 As at length, with hurried pace,
 Towards his cell he turned his face,

And beheld the convent bright
 With a supernatural light,
 Like a luminous cloud expanding
 Over floor and wall and ceiling.

“But he paused with awe-struck feeling
 At the threshold of his door,
 For the Vision still was standing
 As he left it there before,
 When the convent bell appalling,
 From its belfry calling, calling,
 Summoned him to feed the poor.
 Through the long hour intervening
 It had waited his return,
 And he felt his bosom burn,
 Comprehending all the meaning,
 When the blessed Vision said,
 ‘Had’st thou stayed, I must have fled!’”

IV. Partaking of the Communion.

It is Christ’s command to His Apostles, repeated again by St. Paul to the Church, “Do this in remembrance of Me.”

Whilst we do not believe that the bread and the wine undergo any miraculous change, we do believe in a very real presence of Christ in this Sacrament. It is the special memorial of His great love. Our partaking of it is in obedience to His command, and a proof of our faith that He will give us grace “to amend our lives according to His holy Word,” that His body was broken for us, and that “He will preserve us soul and body unto everlasting life.”

Let us, my dear friends, diligently use all these means, which God has appointed to help us to grow better. The more we feel our sins and failings, the more need there is that we should neglect none of these helps, so by God’s grace shall we lead a Christ-like happy life here, with untold blessedness laid up for us hereafter.



THE FISHERIES EXHIBITION.

I DARE say you will all like to hear a little about the Fisheries Exhibition, which was opened a short time ago by the Prince of Wales. I can only tell you of just a few out of the many interesting things that are to be seen there.

There is a market for the sale of fish; some of the fish for sale were quite pretty, with their large size, and bright fresh shining scales. Also they were sold at a cheap price. There are three dining rooms in the building, in which dinners may be had at different prices.

In one room a fish dinner may be had for sixpence. There were so many people in and round this room, that I did not go to try what the dinner was like. Fish of various kinds, that we are not accustomed to look upon as good for food, are carefully cooked and served up. I have brought a book of cheap receipts for cooking fish, which you can lend from one to another. I am anxious to impress upon you the great advantage of fish as an article of food when you can get it cheap. It is more easy of digestion than meat, and the doctors say it gives more food for the brain.

Crabs or shrimps, with lettuce, make a very good salad. Plaice is a very cheap fish. If it is boiled, allowed to get cold, broken into small bits and mixed thoroughly with potatoes or bread crumbs, moistened with a little milk, and browned before the fire, it makes a most nutritious dish.

It is good for all human beings to have variety, and it is worth a little trouble to have some change in your dinners without increasing the expense.

A great many appliances for trying to save the life of men at sea are shown. There are jackets lined with cork, life-buoys, life-boats with hollow spaces blown out with air to keep them floating on very rough seas, and also made chiefly of cork.

There was one very curious experiment which you would have liked to see. There was a large tank of water, some of it being made by machinery to go in rough waves like the sea; by the side was an apparatus which poured oil upon the water, and the waves sank at once to smoothness.

This is said to have been first found out by the fishing ships, which threw overboard the livers and oily parts of the fish, which they found produced a trail of smooth water. The oil-pouring is said to have been tried by several vessels in storms with good results. Therefore we see the old phrase about "pouring oil upon the troubled waters" has its origin in fact.

One of the most interesting things in the exhibition is the boat in which Grace Darling saved the lives of some people from a wrecked ship. If you do not know her history I will tell it to you.

About forty years ago Grace Darling lived, with her father, mother, and brother, on a small island,

where was a lighthouse, of which her father had charge. The island was off the eastern coast of Scotland. One night they were aroused by a fearful storm. As the dim light of the morning dawned greyly, their straining eyes discerned nine people clinging to part of a wrecked ship, over which each wave was breaking. They could not keep their hold much longer. What could the watchers do? The son was away at the herring fishing, and there was only the old man and the young girl who could make any attempt to reach the wreck, over the waves which raged fearfully. The current too was running strongly. Grace and her father looked doubtfully, then seeing the poor perishing figures on the sinking ship, Grace said, "Father, let us go."

With difficulty they launched the life-boat; they put their trust in God, and rowed hard. They reached the wreck safely, and one by one, amidst many perils, all nine were got into the boat, and rowed back to the lighthouse island.

When they got there Grace Darling gave up her own bed to them, and spent her time in nursing and attending to them for two days, when they were recovered and able to go away.

There is also a painting of Grace Darling and her father managing their boat on the stormy sea.

Would you not like to see the picture of so brave a girl?

We may be quite sure that she had been in the habit of thinking first what was best for other people, and only thinking of herself enough to find out the best way of being kind to others.

In another part is the model of a fisherman's

cottage, built in such a way as to let the sunshine come into every room. This would be good for all houses, because the sunshine has a very powerful influence in keeping off disease, and in making all people feel better. Always let as much sunshine into your rooms as you possibly can.

There is the model of a state barge two hundred years old, used sometimes by the Queen. It has much gilding and velvet, and could only float on a broad, deep river.

There are small boats covered with canvas; the canvas cover can be slipped off, and then the boat goes into a small compass and is easily carried.

Several northern nations—America, Norway, Denmark, and Japan—sent specimens of cod-liver oil.

In the Chinese department are two men in the dress of China. They have made tins of preserved fish of various kinds to sell, also baskets of different sorts which are used for fishing in China, and most beautiful specimens of branching coral.

There is in the grounds an island with a Chinese pagoda, lighted by Chinese lanterns.

There is also a pond into which we saw a diver descend, and after some time come back again with sixpence which had been thrown in, and which he had picked out of the mud at the bottom.

This man was entirely covered with a waterproof dress. There was an india-rubber pipe attached to his helmet, one end of which was kept at the top open to the air; this supplied him with breath whilst he was under the water. This diving dress is useful for men who lay the foundations of piers and bridges, for men who try to raise things remaining in the

sunken parts of wrecked vessels, as well as for the men who off the coast of Persia dive for pearls.

In one part are exhibited numerous stuffed and preserved fresh-water fish. I saw several pike or jack from twenty to thirty pounds in weight. The preserving is beautifully done, the shape is exact, and every scale is as bright and shining as when they are just fresh out of the water.

In another part are shown many different ways of taking care of small fish, chiefly salmon, and keeping them from being carried by the current of the river away to the sea.

Scattered about the building in various parts are many beautiful and sweet flowers.

There are two organs, each playing at intervals, and the band of the Grenadier Guards, so there is a combination of everything to please and to instruct.

I will tell you also about four pictures in the Royal Academy. I do not say they are the four best, but they are four that you will find interesting.

There is a portrait of a lady one hundred and one years and three months old. The picture shows no sign of her having yet lost her strength. This is a picture that, because of the age of one of our number, you would like to see.

There is a very touching picture called "The waefu' heart," which is Scotch for woeful heart. It represents a young widow who has brought her children to the same woods, with a silvery stream running through them, in which her husband first asked her to be his bride. You can see in her face the sorrow which darkens all the world for her, whilst the children, though grieving over their dead father, look a little pleased with the trees and brook.

There is a picture of the jury before whom you remember Faithful was tried in "Pilgrim's Progress." Their horrible faces make us quite sure that Faithful will have no chance of acquittal from them. Cruel and repulsive in every feature, they carry—as we all do more or less—their characters written on their faces.

There is another picture from the "Pilgrim's Progress" of the Man of the World looking eagerly after his rake, which is collecting all the rubbish together, and taking no notice at all of the bright prospect over his head.

I might also tell you of a lovely picture of Windsor Castle, in a glow of sunshine and mellowness.

Windsor Castle, you know, is where the Queen often lives. This picture makes us rejoice that the country over which she reigns has such a lovely residence for her, and that amongst the men over whom she reigns there are some who can paint so well. It also reminds us, that for us all are greater beauties of sunset glow, of light and shade, of twinkling river and of trembling leaf, than can be thoroughly represented by any artist whatever.

FRIENDSHIP.

WE will think to-day a little about friendship. I fixed on this subject, because I feel myself that my life is made much happier by the kindness of friends, and this is a pleasure that may be enjoyed by you just as well as by me.

Friendship depends upon the qualities of the people concerned.

It is important that we choose our friends well, and that we try to have ourselves the qualities that will make us good friends to other people.

It is unwise of you to take your next door neighbours as friends just because they are your next door neighbours, until you have had time to see whether they have the qualities that will make them good friends.

It is always right to be kind to every one as far as our abilities will permit, but it is unwise to indulge in companionship which makes us fault-finding, discontented, or lazy.

Let us see in a few texts what the Bible tells us about friendship.

The evils arising from bad friends.

Proverbs xxii. 24. "Make no friendship with an

angry man, and with a furious man thou shalt not go."

Proverbs xxv. 19. "Confidence in an unfaithful man in time of trouble is like a broken tooth, and a foot out of joint."

The qualities of a good friend.

Proverbs xviii. 24. "A man that hath friends must shew himself friendly: there is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother."

Proverbs xxvii. 6. "Faithful are the wounds of a friend." 9. "Ointment and perfume rejoice the heart: so doth the sweetness of a man's friend by hearty counsel." 17. "Iron sharpeneth iron; so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend."

John xv. 14. "Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you."

There is also the beautiful history of the friendship of David and Jonathan, and the pathetic lament of David over the death of his friend.

We should choose friends who are wiser and better than ourselves, looking to the good qualities of the heart, rather than those who flatter us, or who make a great show of their own good qualities.

It is best to try and make real friends of those across whom we are thrown in the arrangements of life; but we cannot do with too many friends, because friendship is not all privilege, it involves some duties too.

I. We ought to be sincere to our friends. Nothing that is not sincere really *is* at all, it only appears to be; but as it is easier to attain to the appearance of a thing than to the reality, there is much insincerity about in the world. Guard against it most carefully.

I will give you an instance of insincerity. A lady whom I know told me that she went with a large party of friends, and made a call upon a gentleman and lady, who asked them to stay all day. They said this was impossible. The lady whom I know heard the gentleman whisper to his wife, "Press them to stay, Pollie, press them to stay—they can't."

Now this was horrible insincerity, and proved the people who could do it to be utterly unworthy of the name of friends.

For myself I think it is sometimes difficult to be both sincere and polite, but if one must be sacrificed, stick to the sincerity.

Real kind feeling will keep you from acting far away from the politeness.

II. We ought to be constant to our friends. It is impossible for any real affection to be very changeable. Mutual memories, as people grow older, are worth a great deal.

Remember, in making new acquaintances it may be that you see their best qualities on the outside. With old friends it may be that you see the faults on the outside, but you know that the good qualities are underneath.

III. We ought to bear with the faults of our friends.

Real friendship should patiently bear with the failings of the friend, and if indeed they become very grave and serious, then they should be mentioned kindly and lovingly to the friend alone, but not on any account talked about to other people. There can be but little love where that is done.

Just think if you had some great physical misfortune come upon you—if your hair turned suddenly

quite white, or your complexion quite yellow, or your teeth quite black—would you not feel it very unkind if your so-called friend went about telling everybody? So it is with moral ugliness.

Weep over the faults of your friends, speak to them lovingly, but do not tell them to all the world.

IV. We should be ready to sacrifice ourselves for our friends.

Love is at the root of all real friendship, as it is at the root of every other good thing in the world.

“ Love took up the harp of life, smote on all its chords with
might,
Smote the chord of self, which, trembling, passed in music
out of sight.”

I will tell you a beautiful Indian legend which illustrates this.

The legend tells how a man, accompanied by his friends, set out to journey to the celestial city, how one by one the friends yielded to temptation, and dropped off, so that the man arrived at his journey's end alone.

When he had enjoyed the delights for some time, the thought of his friends made him so unhappy that he besought permission to go to them. The legend says his presence so comforted them that he stayed, unable to leave them to greater suffering.

As a reward for his great love they were all pardoned, and allowed to return with him to blessedness.

This of course is only a legend. Now I will tell you two beautiful true stories to illustrate the power of friendship.

We read in Grecian history of two friends named

Damon and Pythias. Pythias was condemned to death for some trifling offence. He wished before he died to go home and put his affairs in order, but could only get leave to do so by his friend Damon agreeing to take his place, and to be killed in his stead if he did not return to the time. This Damon willingly undertook to do. The days rolled on and Pythias never came. Preparations were made, and Damon was expecting to die for his friend, when at the last minute he arrived.

Dionysius, who had sentenced him to death, was so touched by their mutual affection that he forgave them both.

The next thing I shall tell you happened in London not very long ago.

There was, in a crowded district in London, a poor little girl about eight years old, who was an orphan, and had to earn her own living. There was a kindly woman who went out cleaning and charing, who felt sorry for the little girl, and occasionally helped her.

One day the child went to see her friend the charwoman, and had the great treat of holding and playing with her little baby. She was feeling very happy in thinking of this as she was walking quietly home along the dirty street, when she saw a crowd of people surrounding two men, who were fighting. She looked and saw that one of the men was the husband of her kind friend the charwoman. She rushed into the fray, thinking she would try to help him; he, not understanding this, gave her a kick, which rendered her insensible. The child was taken by some of the bystanders to the hospital, and after a long time, when consciousness was restored, the

two men were brought to her bedside that she might point out which was the one who injured her. She died refusing to tell.

It is very unlikely to come in the way of any of us to do a great thing like that, but there are many little things that make life happier, that we should be constantly on the look out to do for our friends.

A kind word in trouble, a little help in the nursing of a sick child, a taste of the dinner to an invalid who is not expecting it, go a long way in cheering their hearts, with the assurance of remembrance and sympathy.

“ Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of love,
Make this earth an Eden,
Like to heaven above.”

V. Our own character is influenced by our friends.

We shall be judged by the character of the people with whom we associate, and we shall also be ourselves influenced by their character.

The power of one human being to influence another is very mysterious, but it is very strong.

However honest you may be, if you associate with thieves you become corrupted ; however generous you may be, if you constantly associate with misers you will become penurious ; however truthful you may be, if you constantly associate with liars you will fall into habits of exaggeration and untruth ; however kindly you may be, you will grow hard if you associate with extremely selfish people.

Look at the snow, when it first falls how light and bright it is, but after a few hours the smoke and fog leave their stain upon it, and the unsullied purity is gone for ever.

There is a tale in which a gentle girl named Hilda has a friend who has committed a great sin. Hilda does all she can for her comfort, but will not associate with her, lest she should sully her own purity.

I hardly know if this was right. It is right to hate the sin, but not the sinner. It may be that only He in whom is found no trace of sin can safely meet daily with the sinner.

The most wonderful thing to think of is the word that Christ addresses to all of us. "Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you."

What are the commands of Christ? "This is my commandment, that ye love one another as I have loved you." "Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friend." How would the world be transfigured if we all acted on this, "Love one another."

Many of the trials of this life would be gone at once, and for the rest, remembering who calls Himself our Friend, we would trust in Him and not fear.

Let us, with His help, try each one of us to act in our relations to one another and to Him as becomes those whom He calls His friends.

" Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

" Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of grace is done,
Partner of my throne shall be,
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me!

" Lord, it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint,
Yet I love Thee and adore,
O for grace to love Thee more "



DEATH OF A MEMBER OF THE MOTHERS' MEETING.

THIS is the first time since I have had to do with this meeting that we have lost one of our number by death, and to-day it is impossible to speak on any subject unconnected with our loss.

Till her last illness, indeed, after it had begun, until her strength completely failed, we never missed the face of our friend. Those of you who have been here for more years than I, can still remember her, never absent from her post.

There are some of you who know, better than I can tell you, how happy she was in the thought of approaching death, how she "feared no evil," believing the promises of God, and trusting in the love of her Saviour.

I went to the house, thinking to see her again, only an hour or two after her spirit had taken its departure. It seemed to me that the wrinkles were smoothed away, and the worn look of toil and pain replaced by one of happy calm—almost of triumph.

I believe it is natural to every one to be afraid of death. "The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death."

Many people spend their life in fear and trembling, because the day will come that must end it.

Christ has conquered death, and, if we trust and love Him, He will bring us safely through the dark valley.

This preparation must not be left till the last, unless the whole life is spent under the influence of love and trust in Christ.

How can we suddenly summon up these feelings in face of the most difficult thing of all?

Every act of obedience to Christ is the beginning of the life that will never end, of the life that death cannot destroy, but can only remove to a better place. Every time that any one of us gives up a doubtful pleasure for the sake of Christ, every time that we conquer a bad temper or a feeling of envy, because that is not what Christ would have in His people, there is growing and strengthening in us the life that will last for ever in Heaven, the life of the soul that our Saviour will take safely through the valley of the shadow to an immortality of joy in His presence.

We cannot but sorrow when we are parted from our friends.

Jesus Christ wept at the grave of Lazarus, even though He Himself was going in a few minutes to bring him back to life in this world.

The things we have to comfort us are:—

I. That for the friend we mourn all trouble is over. Pain, sorrow, and sin are left behind.

We see a child at school learning its alphabet, it may be with tears, but we know the pleasure he will get from books in after years will more than make up for the trouble of learning.

So whilst we are in this world we have to learn our lessons, often with tears, lessons of love and trust, of obedience, humility, and purity, but when the lessons are learned we shall be blessed for ever.

Is it not strange and wonderful that one who was so lately with us now knows so much that we cannot even picture?

I will read you some beautiful lines, supposed to be addressed by the departed spirit to sorrowing friends :

“ I shine in the light of God,
His glory stamps my brow,
Through the shadow of death my feet have trod,
I dwell in glory now.

“ I have found the joy of heaven,
I am one of the angel band,
To my head a crown of gold is given
And a harp is in my hand.

“ I have learned the song they sing
Whom Jesus hath set free,
And the pearly walls of heaven still ring
With my new-born melody.

“ No sin, no grief, no pain,
Safe in my happy home,
My doubts all fled, my fears all slain,
My hour of triumph come.”

“ O friends of mortal years,
The trusted and the true,
Ye are walking still in the valley of tears,
But I wait to welcome you.

“ Do I forget? Oh no!
For Memory's golden chain
Shall bind my heart to the hearts below
Till they meet and touch again.

“ Each link is strong and bright,
And love's electric flame
Flows freely down like a river of light
To the world from whence I came.

“ Do you mourn when another star
Shines out from the glittering sky ?
Do you weep when the raging voice of war
And the storms of conflict die ?

“ Then why should your tears run down,
And your hearts be sorely riven,
For another gem in the Saviour's crown,
Another soul in heaven ? ”

Our friends “ who have departed this life in the sure and certain hope of a joyful immortality ” are happy now, at once, in the presence of God.

Jesus Christ said to the thief upon the cross, “ To-day thou shalt be with Me in Paradise.” “ Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive the things God hath prepared for them that love Him.”

II. Let us not forget to be followers of them who through faith and patience now inherit the promises.

Most of us here have some relations in Heaven. By the sense of our loss, we will keep nearer to our Saviour, that we may meet them again where parting is unknown.

Let us have our life as it would be if still under the influence of their presence.

Before we yield to a doubtful pleasure or a lazy feeling, let us think, “ Would my father, or my mother, my sister, or my brother, my son, or daughter, now in heaven, like to see me doing this ? If not, let us give up the pleasure or conquer the laziness.

Above all, we who have so many links with the unseen world cannot lead merely thoughtless lives.

The soul that lives for ever is of more account than the body that perisheth, and, God helping us, we will make it so.

ON THE MANAGEMENT OF CHILDREN.—BABIES.

WE read in ancient history of the Spartans, who were a nation of brave warriors in Greece, that they placed all boy babies out for a night in the cold immediately after they were born. If they did not survive this it was thought that they were too feeble to be worth keeping alive. If they lived through it they were expected to grow up into brave and hardy men, making good soldiers.

Now we want to do better than this.

We want to make all our children strong and hardy, but we think we can do it by taking care of the life God has given to them in accordance with His laws, rather than by trying to snap the slender thread of life before it has had time to strengthen.

Three great requisites for little babies are warmth, cleanliness, fresh air.

I will try to explain to you the reason these are so necessary.

If I could show you a little piece of skin under a microscope, you would see innumerable holes as small as the point of a needle. These are called sweat glands. They are attached to twisted tubes

through which the perspiration comes. It is said that if all these tubes found in the body of a man were pulled straight and joined together the length would be twenty-eight miles. So it is very important they should be in good working order.

The skin of a child is also full of these pores.

The perspiration is coming through always, not only when the child is perceptibly damp and hot, when we say "it is in a perspiration," but also when no dampness is perceptible, and then we call it insensible perspiration.

This is the reason why a chill gives what we call a cold. It checks the perspiration suddenly in the glands, and instead of being thrown off from the body it is thrown back, and the other organs have to do double work to get rid of the carbonic acid which it would have carried off.

This is the great reason of the warmth and cleanliness required by a baby.

Let a baby's clothes be loose, so that there may not be any tightness to stop its little breath.

Whatever you may go without in the way of ornament or embroidery, let the child have flannel underneath that will keep it of a regular warmth, and prevent it from being easily chilled.

Cleanliness is equally essential for keeping open the pores of the skin.

Perspiration blocks up the little holes through which it ought to flow unless it is washed away regularly with soap and water.

I went a short time ago to see a friend who was married last year. I found her watching her nurse, who was undressing and washing her baby. Previously to putting him to bed she told me she was

much perplexed how to treat the child, for one person of experience told her to wash him all over night and morning, and another who was supposed to know equally well told her that so much washing took all the strength out of him.

It struck me that as she was puzzled it was not unlikely that some of you might be puzzled too, but when we remember how the skin is made it is easy to be sure that the washing is good.

Some of the healthiest children I know had two baths a day for a good many years of their life—a warm one at night to cleanse the skin and keep the pores open, a cold one in the morning to brace the body to resist cold and to strengthen the system altogether.

When one of my children was about six months old she went to the South of France, and as I had a French nurse I not unfrequently washed her night and morning myself, to ensure it being properly done. Of course I washed her head all over as well as her face and body. The nurse told me no Frenchwoman would do that, because if a baby had its head washed before it was a year old it was sure to die.

I noticed afterwards that the poor little unwashed babies had all thick caps on, and I am quite sure they were not half as comfortable or as pretty as our little ones, with their well-washed heads and the young hair just beginning to grow.

Fresh air is another great requisite for babies.

When we draw a breath, it is the oxygen in the air we take into our lungs, that colours our blood and keeps life in us.

If you notice the breathing of a baby you will see

that it is very rapid; it takes two breaths to one of yours. In consequence, instead of requiring less air than a grown-up person, it requires as much.

Never think that because a baby is so small it can be well without a great deal of fresh air.

Every time a new breath is drawn in, an old one is exhaled, and this exhaled breath contains carbonic acid gas, which is a deadly poison.

This is why you should never put a hood over the head of the cradle; it keeps the bad air round the child, and prevents the fresh air from coming.

This also is why every room should have some ventilation—a perforated brick, or an open window—that the pure fresh air may come in, bringing life and health.

The question of the baby's food is of great importance.

As long as possible nurse the baby yourself. If you are obliged to feed him as well, give him milk and water slightly sugared from a spoon, or get one of the old-fashioned boat bottles, but do not on any account use the little bottles with long narrow tubes that are so entirely the fashion.

I was told by a clever French physician, and I quite believe it, that a great many babies are killed every year with nothing else than the evil results of these bottles.

It is impossible to keep the long narrow tubes perfectly clean, then the little one gets ill, and medicines seem unable to cure it.

From experience I can say that children who were fed with a spoon or an old-fashioned bottle had fewer ailments than those who had the usual kind of bottle, although most scrupulous care was

taken to have everything perfectly clean, one tube being always kept ready in cold water.

It is very important to be regular as to the time of feeding babies. Once in two hours is often enough.

Never let the child get into the way of having a bottle constantly, and taking a little when it likes. It may save you trouble at the time by keeping the child quiet, but it will bring much more to you afterwards, for the child's digestion will be spoiled, and then it will suffer, cry, and be sleepless.

Never let any one persuade you to give any of the soothing syrups to your babies; they all contain opium or something of that kind, and will make the child heavy and listless, and ruin its chance of growing up strong and healthy.

I have always found that babies fed at regular times went to sleep at regular times, and grew and flourished with no more crying than was necessary to stretch and strengthen their lungs.

It is mistaken affection to give to your children under a year old little tastes of the solid food that you like yourselves. It makes them have more troubles over cutting their teeth, and more liable to have convulsions.

If ever you have time to take your baby out for a walk, the fresh air will do it a great deal of good; but do not, if you can help it, let it go in a perambulator wheeled only by a little brother or sister.

It is so easy for a jerk to injure the tender spine of a young child.

Perfect bodily health is such a great gift, that it is worth many sacrifices to obtain it for our children.

I remember a few lines of poetry by George MacDonald (I wish I remembered more) that you will like to hear :—

“ Where do you come from, baby dear ?
Out of the everywhere into here.

“ Where did you get those eyes of blue ?
Out of the sky as I passed through.

“ Where did you get that little tear ?
I found it waiting when I got here.”

We will, however, try to do all we can to lessen the inevitable tears.

I have said so much about the bodily health of the little ones because God has entrusted mothers with the care of that. We are also entrusted with the charge of their souls.

Directly another little one comes into our care, we know, not only that we must love and cherish it, but that there has come into existence another immortal soul, and its destiny is partly in our hands.

Let us lose no chance of training that soul aright. The Saviour says, “ Suffer little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.”

Consecrate them to Him in baptism, dedicate them daily to Him with prayer for His blessing. It may be that amongst your boys will be some who will benefit the world, as David Livingstone and John Bunyan (both children of poor parents) have done, and that your girls will grow up to the self-denying, holy, loving lives that are the special glory of womanhood.

MANAGEMENT OF OLDER CHILDREN.

I THINK we shall agree that a happy home is one of the greatest blessings in this world.

There can hardly be a perfect home where there are no children, and where there are many it still requires very good management to keep it happy. Quarrels have to be guarded against, obedience has to be enforced, and the resources stretched to provide for large numbers.

You have to work hard to feed and clothe the children, and at the same time to think how best to give them happy lives whilst they are little, how best to fit them for the work in the world that will fall to their lot.

As to their health, all that I said about regular hours for food, plenty of water and fresh air, for little ones, holds good also for the older ones.

Every perfectly healthy, well-taught, well-brought-up child is a real blessing to the country. In the struggle to get on, if other things are not very unequal, strength is sure to win.

I want your children to develop more than usual

strength, goodness, and skill, and so I keep on talking about it.

There are several things necessary for a happy childhood.

Love. It is the love in your heart that makes home a happy place to your children. Try to be always so loving that, whatever may happen to them in their course through the world, they may always know, because they have felt, the reality of pure unselfish love.

They will give you back a love that will be a blessing to you and to them.

You will be amused to hear of a little girl who, one morning being as usual very hungry, and very fond of eggs, had one given to her; she rejected it with scorn as not nearly so good as half one with her mother, and nothing could make her alter her mind.

A medical missionary told me that when he was in China, a lad came one morning to the hospital there who had a most terrible hole in his arm. After he had attended to the wound he inquired what had caused it. The lad replied that his father was very ill, and the priest had said that the only thing that could cure him would be to have a slice cut out of his son's arm, to have it roasted, and to eat it. This had been done, and the sad thing was that the father died notwithstanding. The son never seemed to regret in the least the pain he had suffered nor the sacrifice he had made.

If you are so tired you can hardly keep from scolding, if you feel inclined to shout and speak crossly, still try to keep your temper, that your children may have a good example before their

eyes now, a happy remembrance of you in days to come.

Obedience. The most important habit, and one you can never enforce too soon, is obedience.

Very soon, probably before the child can speak plainly, there will come a conflict between his will and yours. Whatever trouble it may cost, you must not allow him to come off the conqueror. If you do you will have no more peace, and he will be spoiled. If you conquer you will probably have little trouble in enforcing obedience next time, and the child will grow into good habits.

Do not give needless worrying directions, but when you do give an order see that it is carried out.

Never threaten a child with what you do not mean to do. Children are very quick; they will soon find it out, and laugh at or despise you for it.

I have, in passing through the street, heard a mother say to her child, "If you do so and so I will break every bone in your body;" and as I heard I shivered. It would be impossible for such a threat to be carried out, and where can be the love and trust that child should have for his mother?

Never deceive your children in the slightest degree, even for the sake of what you think kindness.

I have heard a mother endeavouring to persuade her child to have a tooth out, saying it would not hurt. Would that child ever believe that mother again do you think?

Say, rather, "It will hurt for a little while, but that is better than continued pain, and you will please mother by bearing bravely the short pull."

Habits of industry should be cultivated. If you find any one thing that a child does specially well

let him turn his particular attention to that one thing. If he is very clever at drawing do not make him a groom.

If he is very fond of horses do not put him to a lace machine.

It is sometimes difficult to know when children are young what abilities they may develop afterwards.

It was stated in the newspaper—though I confess it is very hard to believe—that when Gladstone was at school he, whose financial genius has amazed the world, was stupid at arithmetic.

It is true that Sir Walter Scott, the great novelist, whose books are as pleasant as a breath of scented country air, was looked upon at school as a dunce.

It is true that Andrew Melville, a saintly preacher and great teacher in a Scottish university, was so unpromising as a student that the Rector said to him, "My silly fatherless and motherless boy, it is ill to wit what God will make of thee yet."

So it does not always follow that those who seem to have no gifts will always be without them.

The needs of the world are so varied, that hard and conscientious work is sure to find a sphere for which it is fitted. The specially desirable thing is to do the little things that come to hand so well, that those for whom they are done rest with absolute trust on their performance.

There is a great deal of talk just now about the evils of over-education. I think this arises chiefly where lads are set to a kind of work unsuited to their abilities.

It is so nice to do anything really well, that work in the line of one's abilities is happiness. The power to do anything very well is sure to prove useful.

I read, a great many years ago, in a lecture by a very talented man, a statement to this effect. When he was young he made up his mind that he would do things as well as any one, though he might have to take double trouble in the learning.

The willingness to take double trouble always brings off its possessor victorious.

Children must be trained to be kind to one another.

If one is ill or weak, let the strong ones learn it is their privilege to help the ailing ones. Let the big ones learn to think for the little ones. Teach the boys to help the girls with heavy work, and to behave to them with kindness and consideration.

This is what we mean when we talk of gentlemanliness. I think it is very important for all children to be brought up without beer or wine of any kind. I will not now enter upon the question whether these things are ever desirable for old and ailing people, but they are absolutely unnecessary for healthy children.

Less than the money spent for a glass of beer will buy a glass of milk, which is the best thing possible for children, and which will really nourish them without starting a habit that may lead them into temptation.

So long as the newspapers have to record case after case of the sins people fall into through drink, so long must we feel it wise to put every possible barrier between young people and such a temptation.

The question of amusements for young people is a great one.

The old saying, "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," has a great deal of truth in it.

It is in the nature of young things to play. The

lambs skip and jump, the calves run and toss their heads, a young colt frisks like a wild horse, and a kitten gambols perpetually.

Children have the same tendency, and if we do not find them some good amusement they will find some for themselves, perhaps less suitable.

For boys, cricket, football, collecting moths and butterflies, plants and ferns, or geological specimens, are very good amusements.

If they have an ear for music let them join a choir. The gift of singing is a great one for either boy or girl, and will well repay cultivation.

For girls, sewing, either as a task or an amusement, must be well learned.

A little painting with a cheap colour box is an endless source of pleasure, and singing and collecting plants are as nice for them as for their brothers.

For both, be very careful about their companions, and about the places where, as well as the people with whom, they spend their leisure time.

Books are a great source of amusement as well as instruction, but there is so much to be said about them that I will leave it until another time.

The love in our hearts for our children is but a faint reflection of the love that our heavenly Father has for all of us.

“Like as a Father pitieth His children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him.”

“If ye then being evil know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him.”

ON READING.

CAN you imagine how it would be if we had no books and no newspapers.

Before the year 1442, when printing was invented, there were no books in England except such as were copied in manuscript by the monks in the monasteries, so they were very scarce and very valuable.

For some time they continued rare. Even now in some places may be seen the large Bible chained to the desk on which it rests to keep it safely.

To go back only to the time when the elder ones amongst you were children, books were much dearer and scarcer than they are now, the pictures were not so pretty, and not every child was taught to read.

Reading is so great a power for both good and evil, that I want you to give your attention to the things that your children read. Above all, do not take for granted that because they are reading they are spending their time well.

It all depends on *what* they are reading, and on how they are reading it.

There are some things they should never read at all, because the mere reading will injure.

Do you remember a lad in Nottingham who committed murder, and whose room was found covered with extracts from the Police News and from the lives of notorious robbers? Doubtless he let his mind become familiar with the thought of evil, till he fell into a sin of which he might otherwise not even have thought.

I am told that a great many cheap publications are sold the tendency of which is altogether bad. I do not know enough myself to speak with any authority on this subject, though I would say very emphatically that the time spent in reading bad or indifferent books is worse than wasted.

From the free library you can get any books you require. There is also a free library for children, and from thence you may be quite sure that no unsuitable book will come.

There is a story told of Cobbett, the orator, that when he was a gardener's boy he bought a copy of Dean Swift's "Tale of a Tub" for threepence, began at once to read it, and went on straight through, not remembering to move or even to eat until it was finished. It is probably a different book that would so fascinate each of us, but it is an untold delight to come across the right one, fairy tales, easy books on science explaining the wonders of nature, travels telling the wonders of the sea and of other countries, history telling the wonderful changes in nations, laws, and governments. Poetry and novels will each commend themselves to different tastes.

All children like fairy tales; they exercise their

imagination, and delight them with their wonderful possibilities.

Some of you will get more delight from poetry than from all the rest put together, but as a rule it is better liked by older people than by children. I think most of you would enjoy nearly everything that Tennyson has written, everything that the American poet Longfellow has written, and a great many of the ballads of Wordsworth.

If any of your children show a taste for Shakespeare or Milton, they are the greatest writers in the English language.

John Bright, whom many of you know as an eloquent speaker, says that his style was built upon Milton. In reading any of these you may be quite sure, not only that you are pleasing yourself, but that you are really making yourself wiser, better, and happier.

The lives of great men and of good women are also very interesting: We see people with the same powers, the same failings, the same struggles that we have, and we see how they fought and conquered—for it is only the conquerors whose lives are written.

In the beautiful words of Longfellow—

“ Lives of great men all remind us,
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us,
Footprints on the sands of time;

“ Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

“Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate ;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait.”

It is reported to have been said, “If I may make the ballads of a nation, I do not care who makes the laws.”

As to the reading of novels or tales of any kind, my advice would be that there should not be much of it. It is apt in young people to lead them to care for nothing but tales, and to neglect their actual present duties to dream over impossibilities. This is true of all tales, those in the *Sunday at Home* and *Sunday Magazine* as well as novels. There is no time more thoroughly wasted than that spent in reading one tale after another and learning nothing from any of them.

If you allow your children who go to school to read a tale for a treat in their holidays, they could have none better than any of the romances of Sir Walter Scott.

It is more use to read one book well, so as really to know and remember all about it, than to skim through a great many.

When I remember with what interest you all listened to the history of John Gilpin as I read it to you, it makes me wonder if you might not find it very pleasant to let an elder boy or girl read something like that aloud at night, and I think “father” would be so pleased the child could read so well, that he also would stay at home to listen.

In close connection with reading is listening to lectures, of which we have so many.

The most learning will be acquired by going to a

course twice a week at the University College, but if that is too long there are often single lectures from which a great deal may be learned.

I will conclude by reading to you Tennyson's beautiful ballad about the sick child in the hospital.



ON NURSING.

IT falls to the lot of every one in this life to have some time or other to nurse and care for some invalid. It may be mother or child, husband or brother, and often the recovery of the patient depends even more on careful nursing than on the doctor's medicines.

It is very important then to know how to do everything in the best way, and it is much easier to impress the best way on our minds beforehand than to learn it suddenly amidst hurry and alarm.

Let us think of some one very ill and how to treat him.

I. Carry out with the utmost care every direction given by the doctor.

Do not neglect the most trifling thing, it may prove to be important. It is only by leaving nothing undone that you can be sure that you have no blame to attach to yourself. Never mind if you cannot understand the reason of all the orders. If you did not think the doctor to be wiser than yourself you would not have asked his advice.

A most desirable quality in a nurse is brightness.

It is very hard to bear pain patiently, it is very

hard to bear the languor and depression of illness patiently, and it is a great relief to see some one in the room who looks as though there was still some joy left in the world. So though your heart may be aching try to smile, and to talk of pleasant subjects rather than dreary ones.

Quietness is another important requirement in a sick-room.

Creaking shoes, and a bustling way of going about, perhaps occasionally knocking over a chair, are torture to the irritable nerves of an invalid.

A low quiet voice and a gentle demeanour give a feeling of rest.

It is very seldom wise to allow visitors to an invalid. The small strength is tried with the effort to talk or listen, to tell how it all came on, to hear the expressions of regret, tired even with the excitement of the visit. The air of the room becomes oppressive from the greater number breathing in it, and faintness is very likely to follow.

Fresh air is even more important to an invalid than to a healthy person.

A fire purifies the air of the room. If possible the window should be a little open.

I remember reading in the newspaper, some time after the conclusion of the Franco-Prussian war, a statement as to the comparative number of wounded soldiers who recovered in hospital and those who recovered having no hospital to go to, having their limbs amputated on the battlefield, and no shelter, beyond blankets to wrap themselves in, to keep off the cold and dew and rain. I remember my astonishment to learn that a very much larger number of the exposed men recovered than of those

sheltered in the hospitals. This was owing to the good effects of the pure fresh air, and is a wonderful proof of its power for good.

The most scrupulous cleanliness should be observed in every respect, both as to the person and surroundings of an invalid.

Never allow milk or food to stand uncovered in a sick-room. If possible let the food be kept outside, if not, have it carefully and closely covered over.

There is an art in making poultices of the right consistency and thickness; there is also an art in washing the patient with small fatigue, in changing the sheets skilfully so as not to disturb him.

I hope you are in the habit of sleeping on mattresses rather than on feather beds; they are more healthy always, and in case of illness they are very much the best.

Of course in infectious complaints every precaution has to be redoubled. A great deal of illness might be prevented by more care in guarding against infection.

It is not *necessary* for a child to have scarlet fever or measles, and every person who carelessly spreads the infection is guilty of a great sin.

It may be that one person has the disease mildly, but the one who takes it from him may have it very badly indeed. I remember, when I was myself very young, that one of my Sunday scholars came late, and said in excuse that two of her sisters had the fever, and she stayed to help her mother. I did not know then what I ought to do. I will as far as I can make reparation now by begging you never to let any child who has been in contact with infectious disease go amongst other children.

Plenty of fresh air and an abundant use of disinfectants—carbolic acid or Condy's fluid—are the best means of reducing the fear of infection. An old sheet kept constantly wet with carbolic acid and water and hung before the door is a great safeguard.

Never dread infection for yourself if the risk is in the clear path of duty, but it is never right to do anything that may carry the infection to other people. Think what would be your feelings if in this way you brought death to some bright and happy little friend—and let the dread keep you from the risk.

I confess I have been puzzling as to what you ought to do about the members of your family who go out to work. Their master wants their work, you want their wages, and want them even more for the illness in the house.

Unless you can quite isolate the patient (as to the effectiveness of which the doctor only could judge) it seems to me the only thing is to let the child go to the fever hospital, where every care is taken, where I believe that if it is possible for you to remain and nurse you are allowed to do so, and then the other members of your family can go about as usual.

In nursing people who are in a state of chronic invalidism, it is almost as important as food or medicine to find amusement and occupation for them. This enables them to feel that they have still some small share in the work of the world, that there is something that without them would remain undone. Some people will like to do easy crochet work, some can draw, or carve wood, or net hammocks or fishing nets.

As much occupation as can be borne is a help towards getting well, towards forgetting the weight that presses upon them.

Nursing, almost more than anything else, depends for its good on the spirit in which it is carried out.

You may keep your house clean and scrub your pots and pans to brightness from a sense of duty, but you will only nurse your child or your friend well if your heart is full of love.

That love will teach you patience, gentleness, quietness; it will keep you contented if notwithstanding all your effort you fail to please the patient; it will teach you to think of bright and pleasant things to beguile the weary hours, to combat and repress your own fatigue and sorrow.

In the time of the great war between England and Russia, Florence Nightingale went away from her happy, pretty country home, to nurse the soldiers wounded in the fight. She was under great disadvantages from want of proper medicines, clothes, and food. She struggled against these difficulties, taking very little rest night or day, and she has earned the gratitude not only of those whom she cheered, comforted, and nursed, but of the whole country, for giving such an example of loving cheerful work, of the good that even one hard-working, loving woman, may accomplish.







