

ing was of a high character. Men based upon principle and cherishing high ideals are not necessarily lovable. We need not indicate further the growth of their friendship. A year had not passed over their heads before they were married, and bright were the predictions of their future happiness.

(To be continued.)

AN INVALID'S ADVICE TO INVALIDS.

By MEDICUS.



FELLOW-FEELING makes one wondrous kind."

It is, I believe, the immortal Garrick who is the author of that truthful line. An invalid writing for invalids: surely that would be *à propos* enough! And that is precisely what is happening to-night. Strange to say, though I dare say it is only human nature after all, we rarely conceive of the possibility

of a workaday medical man being ill, downright ill, but nevertheless going about his

multitudinous duties all day long, listening patiently to the weary complaints of patients, himself having far more need of a physician than he or she whom he seeks to heal. But such is the case many times and oft. You see that doctors are made of the same mould as other people, and are subject to like infirmities. It is, perhaps, for the good of communities that they possess no prophylactic against the thousand and one ills that flesh is heir to. The man who has himself suffered can the better understand and appreciate suffering in others, and is the less likely to be led astray in his diagnosis. One ounce of personal experience about any complaint is better than a pound of knowledge gleaned at the bedside of patients. If a medical man, for example, has had two attacks of rheumatism fever he might be perfectly justified in going and setting up as a specialist in that dire disorder. The papers I have written on popular medicine that have been most appreciated by my readers have always been those about complaints from which I have suffered—alas! they are numerous enough! Do I mention this because I seek for sympathy? No, indeed; I believe that those who have been real invalids would as a rule rather be spared the additional affliction of condolence. If I have commenced this paper with being personal, it is because I wish you to understand that the hints which follow are written *con amore*, so if they come from the heart they ought to go to the heart; that is all.

"What a deal you have to be thankful for!" This is a reminder we frequently hear administered to the complaining invalid. It acts as a damper for the time being, if nothing else, because the truth of the statement cannot be denied. Yet it sends the out-springing, yearning heart back upon itself, back into the darkness and gloom of its own thoughts, and still, for the life of me, I cannot perceive that

it does an iota of good, but probably the reverse.

"Look around you in the world, my friend," says someone else, "and think of the thousands of poor wretches that are far greater sufferers than you."

No, Mr. Longface, with all due respect to you, we, the invalids, positively refuse to look around us at any such picture. Why should we find pleasure in gloating over the pains or sufferings of other fellow-mortals? Can doing so take the fever heat out of these hands and aching brow? Can it ease a single ache or restore my appetite? Can it help to pass away the long, weary hours of night, or bring sleep to the hard, hot pillows? No, sir; and if you had to occupy this so-called easy chair for a week you would then be able to fully understand the sickening senselessness of your would-be consolatory advice.

But why, Mr. L., do you not be candid with us and speak thus:—

"I would much prefer that while you sat there, you would give me no history of your complaint. It is human nature to look upon the sick as bores, and I would much prefer to imagine you perfectly well, while I stay here and talk to you."

The beauty of such a speech lies in its candour, a rare gift either in the sick room or out of it.

Mostly all invalids who have been any time ill are to some extent nervous—I will not say frightened—about their condition. This should be borne in mind by those who come into daily contact with them. I have often and often known a thoughtless remark, such as "Dear me, how ill you are looking!" have very serious results on the patient's state. Invalids are sensitive—morbidly so, and it is really not to be wondered at. Think of the long dreary nights they have often to pass; nights full of pain and a restlessness that is quite as bad to bear as pain itself. How slowly the lagging hours go by! How distinctly every sound is heard, even the ticking of the clock, the buzzing of a fly, or mouse behind the wainscot! The invalid is even glad when the cocks begin to crow; it must be nearly three o'clock then, and so much of the dismal night is gone. Exhaustion alone, though, will bring sleep, and therefore even exhaustion is welcomed as a friend! Sad, but true.

It is a change when morning comes at last—a change for the better; but after all the poor invalid's day is but one shade less weary than her night.

Now in the few hints I am about to give—as well as an aching head will let me—I will try to generalise as much as I can, for I cannot be individually useful. There are so many different forms of chronic illness.

I. The first thing, then, I would say is this: invalids, especially those who have been some time ailing, are very apt to be too self-engrossed; injuriously so to themselves, indeed. This habit grows upon them till it positively becomes a kind of second nature. But this is not the worst of it, for this actually militates against their chance of getting well. I earnestly entreat, therefore, of every invalid who may read these lines, to battle against this habit from the very commencement of her trouble. Come out of yourself, I say. I will not allow you to think a single useless thought about how you feel to-day, or what you may probably feel like to-morrow. Doing so is all wrong, believe me, and all hurtful. If you are in pain, do what you can under good advice to remove it; but having done what you can, don't let your mind rest on the matter. Remember that when one is ill, the mind looks on all things with a melancholy eye, sees all things dark and dim as through a glass, and that glass is a magnifying glass, too. This is so true, but it is, nevertheless very difficult

to believe while you are ailing. I want to tell you, for your comfort, that nine-tenths of the miseries that chronic invalids suffer are imaginary. Yes, they seem terribly real, I grant you, because the mind makes bugbears of them. Now do you know that different portions of the brain preside over different thoughts and functions? Well, if you go on exercising the imaginative part at the expense of other portions, you will assuredly have it morbidly developed. You will go on from bad to worse, till there is not a hope of a cure. I tell you this not to frighten you, but to warn you. Again, I say, "Come out of yourself."

II. The more quickly you get the day to pass the better. If not in actual pain, you will be able to read, to knit, or to play. Music is a great comfort and solace to the invalid, only she ought to beware of music which stirs the sympathies too much. It is very pleasant, I admit, to sit down by an instrument and let your feelings run away with you, playing melancholy airs perhaps till the tears roll down your cheeks, but this is highly injurious to your welfare.

III. No confirmed invalid should be without a pet of some kind. Have whichever you fancy, but studying the tricks and manners of even a kitten has helped to while away many a long, weary hour in the sick room, and therefore done incalculable good. But there are birds of all kinds that make capital doctors, and are worth any amount of physic—Dr. Bullfinch, for instance, Surgeon Thrush, or Drs. Parrot, Starling, Magpie, and Jackdaw. Probably birds make better pets for the invalid than four-footed animals, because they can always be indoors, while a dog, for example, must have exercise in the open air; but if the owner can herself get out, then there is no better companion in the world than a faithful dog. I should recommend a big one in preference to a small. Big dogs are far more sagacious and infinitely more noble.

IV. *Patience*.—I am doubtful whether I can reasonably preach patience to the invalid or not. When the body is racked with pain or the mind ill at ease, patience is about the last thing you can expect. Yet it is a wonderful virtue; it breeds contentment, and this in its turn breeds hope, and we all know what hope can do. All I can say is cultivate patience, if you really can; it will be its own reward.

V. *Exercise*.—The more exercise the invalid has the better, so long as she can take it with a reasonable degree of pleasure, and without the least fatigue. Never attempt too much at a time. While quietly reclining in the house, or even out of doors in the sunshine, you naturally feel stronger than you are, and may be excused for imagining that a good long walk would do you good. Well, if you are perfectly sure in your own mind that you have the strength to walk, then try it; but if there be something apparently whispering to you not to venture, then do not do so. Everyone in the world possesses this inward monitor that never neglects to warn him what is safe to attempt and what is not safe. It is a kind of additional sense, if I might so term it, placed in our minds for our self-protection. Women have it more largely developed than men, and the lower animals to a far greater extent than human beings. With the latter, indeed, it often takes the place of reason. It is this instinct that causes a giant elephant to test the strength of a bridge with his fore foot before venturing on it, and that causes the horse to fight shy of a leap which, if taken, might possibly result in destruction to himself or his rider. Mind, I do not say that in certain cases it is not right to screw one's courage to the sticking point, and do a thing from which reason tells him good may accrue, but in all cases where there are any doubts about the

benefits to be derived from doing any particular thing, I say by all means obey the instinct—be guided by the warning voice within you. And remember this, too: you yourself know better what you are able to do than any friend can tell you. A friend can only judge of your looks, but you have your feelings to guide you, and they do not err. Forced exercise, then, is worse than useless, it is positively hurtful.

I have known invalids go away for a walk or a drive carrying with them cordials or stimulants to support them by the way. This is more than folly—it is sheer madness, and reckless expenditure of life and strength.

VI. *Food*.—The invalid nearly always errs on the side of taking too much sustenance. The system must be supported, she thinks, and so all day long strong soups, jellies, and every kind of sick diet is kept on being swallowed, and the poor body kept in one constant round of fever. People in the house need far less food than those who are working or walking out of doors all day. Even an invalid ought to have some little appetite before she ventures to eat. She too often forgets the fact that it is not what is swallowed, but what is digested, that goes to build up the strength, and that introducing food into the stomach which already contains undigested matter is ruinous to the constitution of even a person in good health.

VII. *Excitement*.—Excitement of all kinds should be carefully guarded against by the invalid if she regards present comfort and immunity from suffering, and wishes to draw on hopes of future good health. Even pleasurable excitement may do harm if carried anywhere near the boundary of excess. Recreation, on the other hand, never fails to do good. It takes the strain off the frontal lobes of the brain, and induces calmness and comfort to both brain and body. Recreation should therefore be studied in every way possible.

VIII. *Pain*.—We in this world know nothing at all about the mystery of pain. It is meant for some useful purpose, no doubt, but the more we think about it the more we get bewildered. As a medical man I may say, however, that pain is a depressant to the nervous system. Certainly pain is a sentinel that points to the organ or part of the body where mischief is brewing, and it is generally, though not always, equal in extent to the severity of that mischief. We should get rid of pain by all legitimate means; local applications are usually harmless. But as a rule anything taken internally with a view to relieve pain is hurtful in the long run, and may even prove a source of danger. No internal pain-killer should ever be taken unless prescribed by a medical man who knows the whole state of the case.

IX. *Am I catching cold?*—This is a question that an invalid is certain to ask herself very often. No one can be aware of the great value of fresh air to the system, but the puzzle is when one is ill how to take it without the danger of catching cold. The opinions of the medical faculty regarding the *rationale* of catching cold are many and varied, and subject to change. This much, however, has been proved over and over again, and may be considered quite axiomatic, *viz.*, that colds fraught with danger to the system and to life itself are taken from any sudden lowering of the vital heat, however caused. The balance of the circulation is thereby disarranged, and if it be not speedily and effectually restored only harm can result. We are fearfully and wonderfully made. The capillary blood vessels which permeate through every portion of our frame and through every organ of the body are so numerous and of such minute calibre as simply to be uncountable. Well, any particular set of these—say, for example, the capillaries of the lungs or liver—being gorged with blood

means temporary congestion, which may in its turn lead to inflammation. But this is precisely what happens when a delicate person is exposed to a draught or to draughts long enough to produce a chill: the blood is sent away from the surface and engorges some of the more delicate internal organs. Only, mark me, if the body at the time you are exposed to the draught has abundance of heat to spare there will be no bad result from such exposure. This accounts for the fact that people are much more prone to take colds at one time than at another; and so I say the feelings must be consulted; they are the only rational guide we have. If, then, you can really say, "I like this fresh breeze that is blowing on me, it is really doing me good," then in this case there is little or no danger of taking cold; but if the slightest doubt on the matter exists in your mind, then I have only one word of advice for you; it is this—beware.

X. *Rules for avoiding colds*.—You may not be able to obey all these, but do so as nearly as possible. 1. Take the morning bath cold or tepid. 2. Avoid overclothing, which tends so much to debilitate the body. 3. Be as much as possible in the open air all day long. 4. Have the windows of the living rooms wide open as much as possible. 5. Live temperately, and never overload the stomach. 6. Do not get into the habit of taking medicine. 7. Eat only when hungry. 8. Drink only when thirsty. 9. Never sit in a draught. 10. Avoid high winds and draughty streets and street corners. 11. Beware of damp feet and also of damp clothing, and remember that clothes may be dangerously damp from internal perspiration. 12. Beware of wet or damp feet.

XI. *Sleep*.—Nothing predisposes to colds and illnesses of all kinds more than a lowered tone of the nervous system; and the nerves must be weak if good refreshing sleep be not procured every night. The things that militate against the chance of good sleep are among others badly-ventilated rooms, too much bed-clothing, too soft a bed, too warm a room, late suppers, acidity of the stomach, worry of mind, and want of sufficient exercise taken during the day. The rocks ahead that invalids troubled with sleeplessness have to steer clear of or suffer certain shipwreck are cordials, soothing possets, narcotics, and stomachic "nightcaps."

In conclusion, let me say that if this brief paper be not all that my readers could have wished it, I must beg of them to exercise forbearance, and to take the will for the deed, remembering it is an invalid who talks to invalids.

VARIETIES.

AN ELOQUENT PREACHER.

Kirwan, the celebrated preacher, whose eloquence drew together such immense crowds in the churches of Dublin, was so successful in his appeals to the sympathies of those who heard him that the sums which he collected for various charities were quite extraordinary—many among his congregation not only emptying their purses, but stripping themselves of whatever ornaments they had about them. Rings, watches, and even the epaulets of officers have been found on the plate handed round for the collection.

On one occasion while he stood in the pulpit to plead the cause of the orphan school, he was taken suddenly ill; he looked mournfully round, and then merely pointed to the children, who were ranged in the aisle beneath him, and almost fainting, he said—"Feed my lambs," and burst into tears. The simple appeal touched every heart, and the collection on that day exceeded any he had yet made.

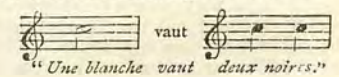
A MUSLIM CUSTOM.—It is a universal custom of the Muslims to write the phrase, "In the name of God, the Compassionate, the Merciful," at the commencement of every book, whatever may be the subject, and to pronounce it on commencing every lawful act of any importance. This they do in imitation of the Koran (every chapter of which except one is thus prefaced), and in accordance with a precept of their Prophet.—*Lane*.

A FAMOUS NORWEGIAN DISH.

A famous dish in Norway—very common at the dinner table—is Stikklespersgrød. It is a jelly made from gooseberries, and is usually flavoured with some kind of jam, generally raspberry or strawberry, and occasionally with the juice of juniper berries. When the latter flavouring is used, however, it spoils the entire jelly to some English palates. It is eaten from a soup-plate, with milk, and is very cool, pleasant, and palatable. The following recipe for Stikklespersgrød is given by Mrs. Olivia M. Stone in her "Norway in June":—"Put four pounds of gooseberries and half a pound of raspberries into a saucepan; let them simmer till the fruit is quite mashed, then strain them through a cloth for jelly. When you have well pressed out all the juice, set it on the fire with half a pound of sugar and six ounces of corn flour or arrowroot; let it simmer till the corn flour is done, which it will be in about ten minutes; then take it off the fire, and pour it into cups or moulds previously dipped in cold water. To be served with cold cream and sugar, or custard. The proportions are one pint of juice to a quarter of a pound of corn flour or arrowroot. Sugar and spice to taste."

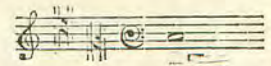
BLACK AND WHITE.

The ordinary French name for what we call a minim is "blanche," *i.e.*, white. In the same way the French call a crotchet "noire." In one of the sanguinary courts held during the French Revolution, David, the painter, and Grétry, the musician, were sitting together *vis-à-vis* to a remarkable-looking negress. David, after making a capital likeness of the black lady, handed it over to Grétry to set to music. The latter returned the portrait to David with the following repartee:—



A MUSICAL SURNAME.

Gade, the Danish composer, seemed destined by fortune for a musical career. The four letters of his name are those which designate the four strings of the violin. His name may also, it has been pointed out by Schumann, be written in one note. This note is A in the treble clef, which becomes G in the tenor, D in the mezzo-soprano, and E in the baritone clefs:—



THE HAPPY TRAVELLER.

A grave discourse, a musing mind, a Willing work or sport,
Do pains assuage, long journeys ease, and Time make seem but short.

—*Old MS.*

ENVIOUS GIRLS.—The envious girl is an enemy to herself, for her mind is always occupied with her own unhappy thoughts.

OPPORTUNITY.

Opportunity flies, O brother,
As the cloud that quick doth pass;
Oh, make use of it: life is precious
If we let it go—alas! *Hafiz.*