

## WHY I LOVE YOU.

By JESSIE M. E. SAXBY.

NOT because the light of morning  
Glow within your kindly eyes,  
And the crimson blush of summer  
Girlish cheek and forehead dyes;  
Not because your smile is glad some,  
Not because your voice can cheer,  
Not because of Friendship's glamour  
Do I love you, Janie dear.

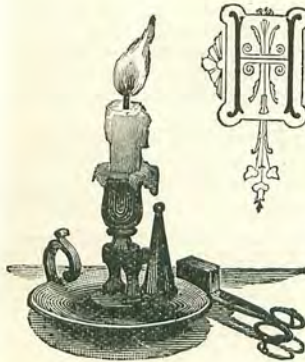
Not because a mystic instinct  
Oped your heart to my demand,  
And the bond which knits you to me  
Is the bond of Fatherland.  
Not because your ardent spirit  
"Hopeth all things," knows not fear;  
Not because of brave endeavour  
Do I love you, Janie dear.

Not because your mind is moulded  
Large and liberal, and your soul,  
Stirred by wise and noble impulse,  
Moves towards a self-less goal.  
Not because your face resembles  
That of a loved, vanished "fere";  
For a higher, better reason  
Do I love you, Janie dear.

True unselfish sister are you;  
All the younger girls and boys  
Are your pride—for ever mindful  
Of their wants, their griefs, their joys.  
As a daughter, fond and faithful,  
Loving duty in the sphere  
Of your home. As Home's good angel  
Do I love you, Janie dear.

## "BETWEEN THE DARK AND THE DAYLIGHT."

By "MEDICUS."



HOW can I thank my numerous readers for their kind and sympathetic letters during or rather after an illness which some months ago threw me off my work? I assure you, girls, it was

very good of you to write and say such nice things. There is nothing in life so sweet to a hard-working author and journalist as sympathy and the thought that his efforts to do a little good in his day and generation are appreciated.

One young lady says that she thought I must have got tired writing for the dear old "G. O. P.," and never could have imagined that I, of all men, could be sick. Well, I attribute the good health I as a rule possess to my habit of being night and day in the open air, in summer's heat and winter's snow, and to the practice of having a cold bath all the year round. Literary work is indeed hard work, especially if one has to keep at it for eight months at a sitting as fast as one can write from early morn till dewy eve. But if it is pleasant work, it cannot be considered toil. If, mind you, one has a public to cater for. The hard-working author gets tired at times; but then, as they say in Scotland, "tired isn't the term day," so we must tire and fall to again. I guess God meant us all to work, else we wouldn't be so happy when pleasantly busy, or feel the time so terribly long when we have nothing better to do than to try to twirl one thumb one way and the other the other; or sit and eat winkles with a pin. We must work in this world, and maybe we shall rest all the better in the next.

By the way, isn't there a text somewhere in the Good Book, which says, "When ye think ye are strong take heed lest ye fall." Whether applied to strength to resist temptation, or to

stand up against sickness, that text is true, and I speak from experience. As to sickness, a man may think and feel he is as strong as an oak, not an ounce of extra fat about him, a "heart of hickory, lungs that could blow a church organ," and muscles made apparently of catgut, watch-springs, and parings off the Atlantic cable, when past sails a microbe or two, so small that five hundred of them can join hands, and go dancing through the eye of a needle, but he notices the strong man and addresses him somewhat as follows:

"Humph!" he begins derisively, "you think yourself a tough and wiry customer, don't you? You go singing in to your breakfast and dinner, and you come smiling out again. You ride against the wind in a railway carriage and sit at your open windows at home. Now come, I'm not a big chap by any means, but I'll have a round with you and chance it."

Then the microbe, or bacillus, or germ, or whatever other nasty little name he is known by, goes for that man, and in a few hours' time the poor fellow thinks he has swallowed a gallon of ice by mistake; his skin is as dry as the head of a drum; his own head feels like a drum that is being hard beaten; his tongue looks like clipping of flannel at fivepence a yard; his eyes are hotter than curried lobster, and all the heat of his body seems to have taken up its abode in his aching brow. He may fight this illness for a while—more fool he. To bed he must go at last, and if for the next fortnight or three weeks after this editors and publishers are waiting and wiring for copy and printing-presses at a stand-still, then I'm not sure that his mental condition isn't as bad as his bodily.

I daresay sickness has its uses however. They called my illness an enforced holiday—I called it a touch of diphtheria. But never mind; sickness makes a man or girl think. We have—none of us—a very strong hold on life, and does not trouble draw us nearer to the source of all consolation?

"O yes, that is true," says the sceptical doctor, "simply because you are sentimental for the time being, through your nerves being below par." There is a deal more in it than that. I am convinced there is. I am and always have been a broad thinker. No mortal man has ever guided me. I would follow no preacher that ever lived were I not guided by

my own judgment; I may have doubted. Who doesn't, if he or she reads the history of the world as it is gradually unfolded to us every morning in our newspapers. But thought here or doubt there, an unseen hour has not let me slip yet. Even summer herself, which is ever opening up for us with one hand new wonders that almost appear miraculous, points with the other hand to the dark curtain we all must pass, and whispers: "Behind the curtain the light shines brightest. Be of good cheer. You will see."

Insomnia, or sleeplessness, is a common accompaniment of illness, even in its convalescent stage. Strangely enough one of my girl readers, who hails from N. Devon, tells me that the beautiful hymn, "O God of Bethel," which I mentioned in my "New Year's Health Sermon," is also a great favourite at her mother's fireside, and often sung there; no doubts 'tween the gloaming and the mirk,\* or, as Longfellow calls it, "The Children's Hour"—

"Between the dark and the daylight,  
When the night is beginning to lower,  
Comes a pause—the day's occupations  
That is known as the children's hour."

Longfellow is one of my favourite poets. His verses have such a sweet simplicity, yet contain thoughts that are both lofty and beautiful. I am willing to let you have Browning and Wagner if you'll give me Longfellow and a guitar. The words of the poet shall inspire my music.

I specially recommend Longfellow and Wordsworth to the invalid or convalescent.

By the way, though, the first line of that poem, "The Children's Hour," is not half so expressive as "'Tween the gloamin' and the mirk."

"Between the dark and the daylight" seems to bring up before the mind's eye that hour, so uneasy to many a weak invalid, that ushers in the early day.

This is all too often a creepy-creepy, uncanny kind of an hour to a convalescent. She may have slept fairly well in the fore part of the night; but she has awakened far, far too soon. The window-blinds are still down, and the grey dawn is beginning to creep

\* Mirk, darkness.

through them. There is no other light in the room, for the night-light has long since gone sputtering out, so hardly anything is visible.

It is cold too, and cheerless. And what a long time it will be before the servants stir and someone comes in with the morning cup of tea or chocolate. Slumber still seals every eye in the house, and she would not dream of depriving anyone of her rest. That would be selfish, she thinks. So will lie and count the weary minutes till grandfather's clock on the staircase grunts out the hour of night.

How she wishes she could only get off to sleep again! She tries and tries, on this side and on that; but all in vain. The very pillow has hardened its heart against her, and the attempt to sleep only sets her brain on fire and whirls her from one disagreeable train of thought to another.

Happy birds begin to sing—if she is a dweller in the quiet, green country—sparrows bicker, cocks crow in the distance, and every sound near or afar tells that God's world is awakening to the joy and gladness of another day.

But she—“Oh, dear! oh, dear!” she says, half aloud. “Will it never, never be morning?”

Now, reader, if this paper of mine does no other good save that of giving a few hints to the convalescent or the weakly, who awake between the dark and the daylight, it will not, I think, be written in vain.

Sleep, you must know, is essential to all of us; but it is life itself to the invalid. The strong can do with probably only five hours, if the work of the day has been performed out of doors. We should also remember that some people can sleep more in three hours than others can in ten, and seven hours of genuine slumber does anyone more good than a dozen if the sleep be indifferent and disturbed by wearying dreams. You see, one cannot sleep healthfully unless blood almost completely departs from the brain, leaving no more in the millions of tiny, hair-like branching blood-

vessels, than is sufficient to carry on a species of organic life.

The most perfect form of sleep we are acquainted with in Nature is probably that into which the trees fall during the winter. Yonder, for example, is a great sycamore nod-nodding in the breeze just outside my wigwam window while I write. It is leafless and bare and unconscious. When summer winds rustled its bonnie branches, and summer sunshine glittered on every leaf, that tree was conscious of a feeling of gentle warmth if nothing else, and had anyone lopped a limb from it, though incapable of feeling pain, the wound would at least have felt cold. But now the tree is wrapped in deepest slumber. It seems dead and yet it is alive, and already budlets are beginning to shoot out on every twig. That is a healthy tree, and its sleep is natural. By-and-by the sap will return, and it will once more awaken.

I have told you of the tiny blood-vessels of the brain. They are elastic as to their walls, and small though they be, they are supplied by nerves still smaller.

*Note this now:* If the tone of the body and nerves is well kept up; if the heart is strong enough on both sides; if sufficient open-air exercise is taken every day; if sufficient food and no more is taken, and if the mind is easy and free from the effects of excitement, then *bad* sleep is a sheer impossibility.

But during illness of some kinds, and especially during convalescence, the body is weak, and the nerves which incite the contraction of those tiny blood-vessels, and are thus the motor force which compels the expulsion of the blood, have greatly lost their power, and so sleep at its best is bad, and therefore fitful.

At that hour of the morning then, between the dark and the daylight, the body is at its weakest, the heart at its feeblest point. It is ebb-tide, and at this time the lamp of life is more apt to flicker and go out than at any other period of the day or night.

And now I stand face to face with the question, how is the fitful sleep of the invalid

or convalescent to be rendered more healthful, and that weary early waking prevented? Manifestly by strengthening the muscles and nerves, and so restoring the balance of nature.

Your doctor may well be trusted with the medicinal treatment of your case, but I want you to remember that your doctor cannot be always with you.

Besides, while drugs that tend to tone the body and elevate the constitution do much good when skilfully administered, narcotics or sleeping draughts are as a rule worse than useless.

Your mainstay is food.

Food that can be easily digested. Food before going to sleep. But *above all*, food that can be taken early in the morning between the dark and the daylight.

This enables the convalescent to get a firmer hold of life; it tones the nerves and restores resiliency to the brain capillaries.

If one has a nurse—well and good; but convalescents seldom have. Therefore—and I wish I could put it in stronger language—the midnight snack or the little early morning meal should invariably be placed near at hand the night before. Have what you like. That is the rule, and I would not even forbid a spoonful or two of wine. But an egg with a morsel of bread and butter, washed down with a mouthful of milk, is excellent. So is milk pudding, blanc-mange, arrowroot, or bovril with toast. The bovril can be kept hot over a night-light.

The food that is tasty is more likely to digest, because it excites the flow of the salivary glands. Contrary to the generally received opinion, a morsel of cheese is sometimes eminently digestible on this very account.

Now having discussed the little meal, resign yourself to rest. You will, nine times out of ten, doze off again, between the dark and the daylight, and awake stronger than when you went to bed.

The title of my next month's Health Sermon will be “Our Servants Ten.”

## MY DAILY ROUND.

### SECOND PRIZE ESSAY (£4 4s.).

It may interest you to hear a little about my work, so I will give you just a short sketch of my work for one day. I am a district-nurse, and live with my aunt in a small cottage in a pretty country parish of about two thousand inhabitants.

Usually I rise at seven, and help with household work until about ten, attending to any patients who are well enough to come to me to have their sores attended to. It is impossible to work just to time, but I always try to be in to dinner about one, and to tea about five o'clock. My first patient to-day was a boy to have a very badly-cut finger dressed. Then a mother with a year-old baby, having an abscess to be dressed.

My first visit was to an old woman very ill of bronchitis. I washed her and made the bed, and also dressed her bad legs, in the meantime getting to know all about the night she had passed, and giving hints as to her food, and anything likely to be a comfort to her.

My next visit was to a poor old man, who, unfortunately, had got a bedsore before I was sent for to attend him. I found him very weak and very weary. So whilst I was washing him, making his bed, and dressing the poor back, we had a chat. I told him of a dear old patient I once went to see in a work-house infirmary. I found him in bed, with his face covered by the sheet; and asking him

why he had his face covered, he said, “Oh, it is nice to feel alone sometimes in this big ward, but God is so good, he is taking away a little at a time to make me glad to go.”

My next patient is a poor little motherless girl of seven, who was badly burnt three months ago; it was a dreadfully bad case, and took me several hours daily. Now she is doing so well, the dressing only took about twenty minutes to-day. Whilst I am preparing the dressing she always cries, but as soon as I begin dressing the wounds she is quite good; and as I put on the last bandage, her face beams with pleasure to think the dressing is over once again. To-day I had to admire a beautiful doll, which some kind friend had sent her.

I always enjoy a little play with the sick children if possible, and indeed many of the children seem to think I go just to amuse them—one little sick boy saying to his mother, when it got to evening and I had not been in to see him, “Mother, isn't nurse coming to play ball with me to-day?”

My next visit was to a poor woman with rheumatic gout. I bandaged her poor painful limbs, and made her as comfortable as possible, and also sent for the doctor, as she was looking worse than when I had seen her the day before. I was also called in to see a neighbour, who had a sore throat.

My next patient was a boy with a carbuncle on his neck; his mother had been dressing it with a slice of raw bacon! It was most inflamed and painful, so I bathed it well with hot water, and applied a water dressing; I also ordered him some cod-liver oil, and was very pleased and surprised when he told me he liked it!

It was now one o'clock, so I was glad to go home to dinner. Almost before I had finished dinner a girl came with a badly-crushed finger. She had been to the doctor the day before, and he sent her to me to have it dressed daily until well.

Then twenty minutes' rest in an easy-chair, with an interesting book. Out again at 2.15 to another part of the parish, where I had a patient, a young girl, who had been in bed a month, and who was delighted to be told she might come down to tea.

My next patient had varicose veins, which I had to bandage; I also gave her sister a lesson in bandaging (part of my work being to teach people to help each other). I was then asked to go and see a neighbour, whom I found in bed with influenza; I did nothing at this house except give a few simple directions. Then off to another part of the parish to see a poor man, an incurable case, who was going to be moved to the workhouse infirmary, some miles away. I washed him, and made him as