be allowed to overrule quality. The rice must be boiled *loose* and in abundance of water—say three pints of water, which you bring up to a rapid boil; put in a pinch of salt, and drop in two tablespoonfuls of rice. As soon as the water comes to a boil again, begin to stir the rice about, *first* with a spoon; when it begins to swell you will require a fork—silver is the best. Let the rice be boiled fully *twenty minutes*, and quickly from first to last; when done strain it through a *colander*, *not* a sieve or strainer—you want to get all the *water* you can from it as *quickly* as possible. Place the colander before the fire, stir the rice with the fork, separating the grains as it were. When nearly dry have a small dish, made warm, and over it a clean doyley; turn the rice on to it, and again spread out the grains with your fork. The doyley will absorb the loose moisture from the rice, which should be beautifully white, soft and loose. Rice cooked in this simple way goes with almost anything, or it can be eaten with sugar and cream, without fruit, &c.

Stimulants are serviceable in these long convalescences, subject, of course, to medical direction, and at all times in moderation. A glass of sherry or Madeira at dinner. The latter is not easy to obtain now, and, in my opinion, it has been too long overlooked for our sick as about the best wine to take. I have seen good results flow from the Rhenish wines, notably hock. As I regard wine from a medicinal point of view, I do not think it should be given without thought any more than drugs are. A wise use of stimulants avoids the necessity for too much food, and in the case before us judicious stimulation is better than cramming. When exercise is out of the question, where is the wisdom of overtasking the digestion?

(*To be continued.*)

A neat bit of proverbial philosophy, said to be of Japanese origin, is, "Be like the tree, which covers with flowers the hand that shakes it."

The noble and the pure are fond of the home of their childhood, and of those who sat with them round its old fireplace. That man is to be distrusted who loves not his brother, and the woman who loves not her sister is, except in rare, peculiar instances, a woman who is not herself beloved.

Wit undirected by benevolence generally falls into personal satire, the keenest instrument of unkindness. It is so easy to laugh at the expense of our friends and neighbours—they furnish such ready materials for our wit—that all the moral forces should be arrayed against the propensity and its earliest indications checked.

ON NURSES AND THEIR WORK.

By Mary Tregarthen.

It was only the other day that the following remark was made to me by a person who knows little concerning Nurses and their work: "When a girl enters a Hospital to become a Nurse, she either grows unusually gentle and tender, or else the life she leads there helps to make her hard and callous."

Now, I differ very much with the latter part of this person's remark. My opinion is, that if a girl who is naturally amiable and good leaves her home, and gives up her will entirely, to spend the best part of her life in Nursing those who are ill, there can be no doubt that, as each year goes by, leaving her more familiarly acquainted with the misery and suffering in this world, she becomes every day more sympathetic, more tender with the patients under her charge, and sweeter and kinder in her manner to all around her. Healthy and well herself, strong and active, in all the glory of her girlhood, she must feel unutterably thankful to God for the precious gift of health which He has bestowed on her, and gladly must she use it in His service, by helping those to whom He has denied this gift, which we all value so greatly.

On the other hand, take a girl who is hard and rough in herself, and who becomes a Nurse from some other motive than the mere love of the work; even then I can but think the very life she leads must tend to make her more womanly, must help her to realize what a deal of good she can do if she only sets about it in the right way, and cause her to lead a thoroughly useful life, very different, probably, to what she would have done had she remained idling her time away at home. The very fact of being a Nurse means leading an unselfish life. Many of us who pass our days in comparative ease and comfort fail to realise what a hard life a Nurse leads. *We* think it a trouble and an exertion to rise every morning at a moderately early hour, whereas a Nurse always has to rise early, winter and summer alike, and immediately her breakfast is over she goes to work in the appointed Ward of the Hospital, and there she labours incessantly until the dinner hour. Two hours off duty is all the rest she has during the course of the day, no matter how tired or weary she may feel. Of course, if she is really ill, that is a different matter altogether; then she goes off duty, and is carefully nursed until she is well enough to resume her work; but continually, day after day, she must feel very worn and fatigued, and still she knows that she must work steadily on, till night comes with its well-earned rest.

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