

eighteen beds, were neat, and, like the rest of the place, wonderfully clean. There was little furniture besides the beds. The mattresses of these were stuffed with the long dried leaves that cover the Indian corn cobs, and a very good mattress they make. Over these were thin ones of wool. Scarcely three of the counterpanes were alike, but they were all pinned neatly round as in most English hospitals. Many of them had been made by the old women out of bits of cotton and woollen material. One or two were made of patterns of prints sewn together, and they were very small patterns. Some beds had knitted or crocheted covers which had been given to the Sisters. In one ward were three old women in bed—two because they could not keep warm, the other one was ill; she could only take milk, and not much of that.

All the wards or rooms open on to a beautiful broad verandah. In the middle of the building is the chapel, which does not look bare and cold; in fact, it looks very cheerful and comfortable, and is a long way the best furnished room in the place.

They have a large garden and one or two workshops. In one I saw an old man mending a pair of shoes. Everything that can be done on the premises, and though the old men can only work a very little that little helps. In the cow house was a nice old cow with her calf, and in another stall was last year's calf. There were also some fowls and pigs. All the work of the place, including the care of pigs, poultry, and garden, is done by the sisters. As far as I could make out they have no time off duty, and they certainly never have a holiday. One told me that she had been out recently, but on inquiring where she went I found that it was to the dentist's. They spoke joyfully of being able soon to double their number of inmates, as a new wing is being added to the present building.

I saw no bathrooms, but they are not common here. I was in a nobleman's house the other day, and it possessed neither bathroom nor sanitary convenience.

There is a mendicants' home here to which the destitute may go, but it is not popular. There are always twice as many waiting to come to the Little Sisters as they can take. I have never seen a work-house in England so bare as the Sisterhood; there is nothing anywhere that is not absolutely necessary, not an ornament of any kind except the shrines, some to the Sacred Heart and some to the Virgin, but it would be difficult to find a happier set of people. The Sisters are devoted to their charges, and they in turn almost worship the Sisters.

Sister told me that the English were very good to them.

"Although we have none of their poor they give us so much. They gave us all the fruit and vegetables from their Harvest Festival, and we are Catholics and they are Protestants. Oh! they are very kind and good to us."

When I left the Sisters I did not think of their old people, but of them and their life of self-sacrifice, and of their happiness, with no comforts, in fact with nothing but hard work. Truly "he that loseth his life for My sake shall find it."
M. H.

Professional Review.

The first number of the *British Journal of Tuberculosis*, edited by Dr. T. N. Kelynack, M.R.C.P., has made its appearance, and we hasten to offer our warm congratulations on the issue of a publication so interesting and instructive. There is room for a journal devoted to this special subject and the combination of able editing, a list of distinguished contributors, and the support of the advertising world should ensure the success which the enterprise deserves. It is published quarterly by Messrs. Ballière, Tindall and Cox, 8, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, W.C., at a cost of 1s. 6d. for a single number, or on payment of an annual subscription at the beginning of the year, 5s. post free for that period.

Dealing generally with the tuberculosis problem, in his opening remarks the editor points out that it "is essentially a medico-sociological one. It is not merely a puzzle in pathology, but appeals to all sorts and conditions of men as a question of world-wide importance, touching the deepest interests of humanity. To deal adequately with the intricate entanglements of this universal scourge requires keen mental insight and patient toil. The evil cannot be satisfactorily studied as a definite and well-defined ill, but must be tracked and traced in all the perplexing mazes of its complex causation, and laid bare in each of its manifold associations. Pathology, in its wide revelation of disease in animals and men, has unveiled much of the mystery of tuberculosis. Medicine through the ages has been slowly and laboriously accumulating facts and perfecting clinical methods whereby it might interpret the many and varied manifestations of the disease. Sociology now claims a right to tender evidence and deduce conclusions, and insists that such a malady as tuberculosis must be studied with due regard to human action in relation to natural, social, and economic conditions of life. The magnitude of the problem can scarcely be overrated. In almost all countries and among nearly every people the disease hinders and hampers national progress, and works incalculable domestic misery and individual suffering. Not only is State action imperative for the protection of each country, but international co-operation is essential if such comprehensive and scientifically directed policy is to be adopted as shall make for the extermination of this bane of humanity."

The Special Articles include "A Retrospect," by Professor Clifford Allbutt, Regius Professor of Medicine in the University of Cambridge, and "An Anticipation," by Dr. R. W. Phillip, Physician and Lecturer on Clinical Medicine, Royal Infirmary, Edinburgh.

The former in his most interesting Retrospect sums up the present position as to the hygienic treatment of tuberculosis as follows:—"May I not assume that we have learned that wisdom lies in moderation; that climate has no specific virtues, but that the colder and fresher the air the individual can tolerate, the better will be his appetite and his digestion; that to stuff the stomach without regard to its frequent atony, especially in pyrexia, is only less unwise

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