

especially in cases of sickness. The temple of this god was in Athens, and it had only recently been excavated. It was really nothing more nor less than a Hospital, where people went to get their diseases diagnosed and cured. This, like the other Greek temples or Hospitals, had three indispensable things—a shrine, a large apartment in which the patients slept or walked about, and a spring of clear water, known as the holy well. From the very earliest times the people were always careful to choose for their temples very healthy places—as a rule, some far away inner valley, where there was a pleasant grove of trees and plenty of pure water. Miss Harrison went on to describe the method of treatment which the patients underwent, and the manner in which they were really made to dream, and thus came to believe so thoroughly in the powers of the dream god Æsculapius. In the first place a patient had to leave his home and most of his friends, and go away into some quiet valley—to put it in modern language, he would have a complete change of environment. He found everything quiet and tranquil, and he was shown all the offerings made by former patients in thankfulness for the good they had received from the dream god. He would have a long conversation with a priest, who by this means discovered what the patient's ailment was, and after a burnt offering on the altar he went to bed. It was not at all wonderful, under the circumstances, that he had a dream. There were some who would not conform to the rules as to diet, and we were told that the gods wisely refused to visit them in the night. The dream from which the patient derived so much benefit was supposed to come during the ceremony of lying-in in the temple. There were, however, some heavy sleepers who could not dream, and these were allowed to have a friend to dream for them, or for a small sum they could hire a professional dreamer. In some instances there was no doubt the priests dressed up in fantastic garments, and appeared before the patients, who were thus led to believe they saw visions. If, however, the patients derived benefits from the dreams, or fancied dreams, there was perhaps no harm in practising a little deception. They must bear in mind that those were days of strong superstition. After the dreams, practical remedies were applied, and many of the remedies of Æsculapius were the same as would be given by modern Doctors in similar disorders. Sometimes even the Doctors went to Æsculapius for advice, and there was an instance of a Doctor offering as a token of his gratitude a stone set of his surgical instruments. Miss Harrison then gave an interesting description of a number of stone offerings placed in the temple by patients.

### THE DOLL SHOW.

WE hope next week, when the accounts will be made up, to be able to give in detail the financial results of this highly successful exhibition, held at the Children's Hospital, Great Ormond Street, Bloomsbury, which reflects every credit upon the energetic foundress, Miss Philippa Hicks. We cannot, however, refrain from giving the following charming little address, spoken by the veteran actress, Mrs. Keeley, and written by Mr. J. Ashby-Sterry:—

You asked me here to come and see your Show—  
I thought I'd done with Dolls some years ago!  
I've given up the dolls of childhood's age,  
And said good-bye to puppets of the stage!

I've done with skipping-ropes, and hoops, and toys,  
With all the simple sport of girls and boys;  
And as for hoops, I scarcely one have seen  
Since those extensive days of crinoline!  
Some toys remain! But disillusion comes  
With sawdust stuffing and with broken drums!

And yet I count my warmest friends among  
The bright, the merry, and the laughing young.  
The children's laughter does me good; and I  
Have made their grannies laugh in days gone by!  
Their grandchildren repay me with their glee,  
And make me feel Eighteen at Eighty-three.  
So here I stand, the Children's Advocate,  
To plead their cause in Eighteen Eighty-eight!

We talk of children's happiness; but who  
Can picture half the sorrow they go through?  
Pain's hard for *us* to bear—'tis doubly so  
For those poor tiny mites, who do not know  
Why they should suffer, as they listless lie,  
To dream and ponder of the reason why.  
And so I thought just now. I chanced to stray  
Within a Ward not very far away:  
A well-warmed, homish room—so clean and light,  
So cheerful, quiet, flower-decked, and bright.

In one snug corner, in a cot, I note,  
Propped up by pillows—in a scarlet coat—  
A little girl, who ne'er for many a day  
Has had a hope, or thought, or strength for play.  
Though pain now slumbers, she is ill and weak—  
Too feeble e'en to move, or laugh, or speak:  
A pair of little wasted hands still keep  
In close embrace a well-worn woolly sheep.  
A sweet, sad smile half flickers o'er her face,  
And in those big grey eyes you'll clearly trace  
The sorrow that this little one has seen—  
The weariness her little life has been!  
Those eyes could better plead, in silent grief,  
Than I, who for our Children hold a brief!

I plead for them, I beg you each to bring  
A tiny feather for our big New Wing:  
Let each one use his thought, his means, his might,  
To aid us in our new successful flight!

I crave for them your sympathy untold,  
Your love, your help, your pity—and your gold!  
The last I'm bound to have, for, you must know,  
I played *Jack Sheppard* many years ago!  
I've not forgot his impudence, his dash—  
His rare persuasive power when seeking cash!  
Stand and deliver—sovereigns, fifties, fives—  
We want *your* money, for we want *their* lives!

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