

### Diabolism.

In the memorable farewell address of Professor Osler to his American colleagues he speaks of uncharitableness in the following strong words:—

The most widespread, the most pernicious of all vices, equal in its disastrous effects to impurity, much more disastrous often than intemperance, because destructive of all mental and moral nobility, as are the others of bodily health, is uncharitableness—the most prevalent of modern sins, peculiarly apt to beset all of us, and the chief enemy to concord in our ranks. Oftentimes it is a thoughtless evil, a sort of tic or trick, an unconscious habit of mind and tongue which gradually takes possession of us. No sooner is a man's name mentioned than something slighting is said of him, or a story is repeated which is to his disadvantage, or the involuntary plight of a brother is ridiculed, or even his character is traduced. In chronic and malign offenders literally "with every word a reputation dies." The work of a school is disparaged, or the character of the work in a laboratory is belittled; or it may be only the faint praise that damns, not the generous meed from a full and thankful heart. We have lost our fine sense of the tragic element in this vice, and of its debasing influence on the character. It is interesting that Christ and the Apostles lashed it more unsparingly than any other. Who is there among us who does not require every day to lay to heart that counsel of perfection: "Judge not according to the appearance, but judge righteous judgment." One of the apostles of our profession, Sir Thomas Browne, has this great thought on the question.

"While thou so hotly disclaimest the devil, be not guilty of diabolism. Fall not into one name with that unclean spirit, nor act his nature who thou so much abhorrest; that is, to accuse, calumniate, backbite, whisper, detract, or sinistrously interpret others. Degenerous depravities, and narrow-minded vices! not only below St. Paul's noble Christian, but Aristotle's gentleman. Trust not with some that the Epistle of St. James is apocryphal, and so read with less fear that stabbing truth, that in company with this vice thy religion is in vain. Moses broke the tables without breaking of the law; but where charity is broke the law itself is shattered, which cannot be whole without love, which is the fulfilling of it. Look humbly upon thy virtues; and though thou art rich in some, yet think thyself poor and naked without that crowning grace, which thinketh not, which envieth not, which beareth, hopeth, believeth, and endureth all things. With these sure graces, while busy tongues are crying out for a drop of cold water, mutes may be in happiness, and sing the Trisagion in heaven."

### The Hospital World.

#### THE BIRMINGHAM AND MIDLAND HOSPITAL FOR WOMEN.

One of the supreme blessings which has resulted from electric traction is the possibility of building hospitals in the open, and thus giving to sick people the first necessity of human life—pure air. There is now no excuse for building new hospitals for the treatment of the sick, other than accidents, in densely populated districts. The very first matters to consider in hospital construction are site and soil—secure an elevated site on gravel soil; be sure the blessed ozonized breezes can play pranks all around; and then build away to your heart's content. Meanwhile, don't forget to induce the municipality of the city the hospital designs to serve to run its trams close by.

"Much too far away," croaked the conservative, when it was first proposed to erect the new Birmingham Women's Hospital at Sparkhill, but although the hospital has only been opened since September, the advantages to the patients are apparent. As I came gradually out of the smoke-laden city into the beautiful open country, and turning up a country lane, came upon the new hospital, planted down in the American fashion close to the side walk, unenclosed by walls or rail, I was buffeted by delicious fresh air, and greatly admired the long distance view so prettily wooded and rural.

The administrative block of the hospital, facing Showell Green Lane, is built in a style I greatly admire, after the simple Georgian manner, constructed of beautiful red brick without much ornamentation, with innumerable square-paned windows framed in white.

Once inside the hospital, suffice to call it a little "gem"; in the opinion of the severely serious person to whom utility, combined with ugliness, is the breath of life, it would be described as "a pretty toy." Anyway, Woman, *her* mark, was written all over it—in the beauty of harmonious colouring, and in all the cunning little arrangements for comfort and carrying out the work. To the left of the entrance hall, just where it should be, is the Matron's office, a tasteful, yet business-like place. Spacious corridors to right and left lead to the Nurses' Home and the domestic offices, and through glass doors in the centre one passes to the rear and into the wards.

The Nurses' Home is a beautifully arranged place, charming bay-windowed sitting-room, refectory, and study, and on the first floor numbers of dainty little bedrooms. The corridors were tiled with rose colour, and the walls coloured hedgesparrow blue, relieved with white. Matron's apartments are placed in the centre of the first floor, and to reach them one must place unworthy feet on quite the most dazzling polished teak stairway, which shone

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