

## The East Anglian and Malting's Farm Sanatoria at Nayland in Suffolk.

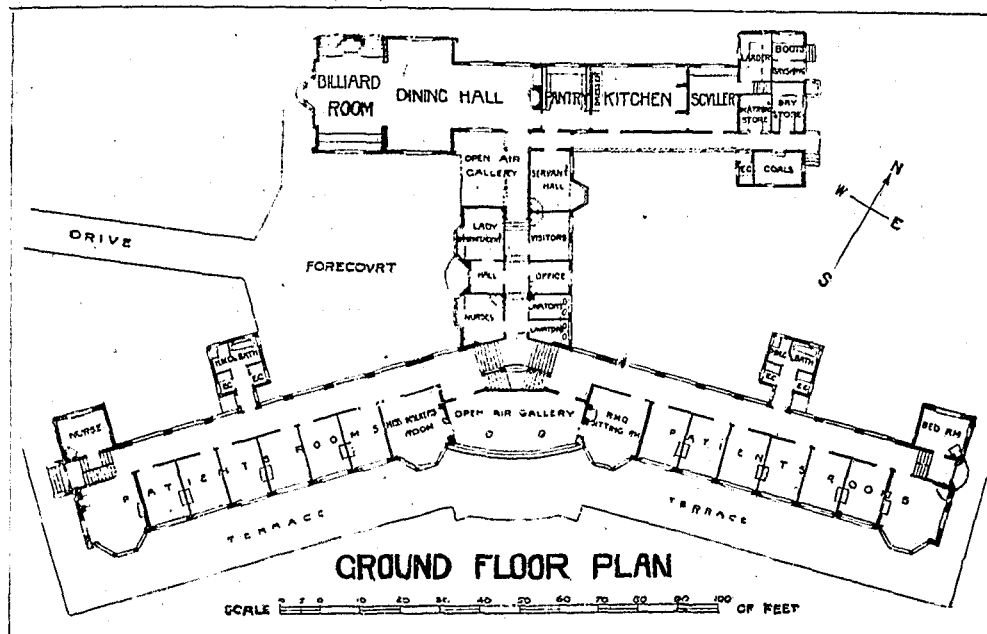
There is a feeling of going out into No Man's Land as one goes eastwards in our island; that, at least, is always my feeling as I set my face to the rising sun. East Anglia is largely the country of the might have beens, the land of things that once were and never will be again.

Long ago, before our peasantry, fired with the lust for pleasure and the lust for gold, fled from God's country, to starve in the towns, the hand of the destroying angel swept

possessors of magnificent old unfilled churches and charming, quaint old houses, of slow-going, slow-thinking sons of the soil—such of them, that is, as remain.

Time has passed them by. Such as the father was, such is the son, and so will his grandson be likewise. Thus were the peasants of old, and "What's good enough for father is good enough for me."

Here, in Constable's country of suns and mists, lie our sanatoria. The two might, in construction, well have been arranged as a study in contrasts. The one a new, spick and span building; the other adapted with quaint contrivances and additions from numberless older ones. It was a clever mind which placed



THE EAST ANGLIAN SANATORIUM.

over East Anglia, not once nor twice, but again and again, with unsparing heaviness, leaving it shorn both of priests and people. And the name of that devastation was The Black Death.

What that may have been is still a matter of discussion. Some say the bubonic plague, others a virulent form of typhus. It is of little moment to us, for it all happened six and seven centuries ago, leaving time enough between then and now for the wiping out of these old scores. Only the slate has never been made clean. As the Suffolk and Norfolk parishes were in the 14th century, when the angel's hand was stayed, so in the main they are at this moment, bare of population, the

the East Anglian and the Malting's Farm Sanatoria on the same ground, to be supplied from the same farm under the same management, thus sharing expenses, and in many cases halving them.

It is difficult to speak of the two buildings or sets of buildings separately. The work of healing carried on there is the same, and whether the patients be of the class which can afford six to eight guineas a week, as in the upper sanatorium, or of those paying 25s to 30s.—the former being women, the latter men—all live under the same benevolent despotism, which in so many cases has led to cure—so far as we are at present qualified to speak of "cure" with certainty in con-

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