

## Reflections.

### FROM A BOARD ROOM MIRROR.

In the good old days philanthropists, such as John Howard, Samuel Wilberforce, Elizabeth Fry, and others, earned their right to the title by personal service and self-denial for the causes they espoused. What would they say to the forms which "charity" takes at the present day, when sensational advertising is too often substituted for private charity, when the public feel they are doing a righteous deed in attending a Sunday cinematograph show because the profits are given to a hospital, when we help to raise a memorial to a dead Prince by means of a fancy dress ball, and when *John Bull* announces that "the London Hospital Fund Committee . . . have not only commenced to gamble themselves, but have canvassed many of the publicans in London and got them to join in." Customers take part in the lottery by giving the barmaid their money for the number they have drawn in connection with a card which has 50 hidden discs, representing a revenue of about 36s.; the prize is a fountain pen, valued at under 2s., and our contemporary wishes to know "how comes it that this gamble is winked at, while persons playing penny nap in their favourite pub are raided by the police, and heavily fined for gambling on licensed premises?"

Does the cause of charity really profit by such devices? We doubt it, as the genuine philanthropist is horrified by them, and promptly buttons up his pockets.

The Duchess of Hamilton and Brandon has consented to lay the Foundation Stone of the new Nurses' Home for 75 nurses of the London Homœopathic Hospital, opposite the Hospital in Great Ormond Street, W.C., on Tuesday, May 23rd next, at 2 o'clock. The Board of Management are appealing for £8,000 to complete the building of the Home. Donations may be sent to the Secretary, Mr. Edward A. Attwood, at the Hospital, Great Ormond Street, W.C.

A Provincial Sessional Meeting of the Royal Sanitary Institute will be held at Colchester on April 21st and 22nd, when an interesting programme has been arranged. At the Town Hall at 7.30 p.m. on the 21st inst. a discussion on "The Control of Pulmonary Tuberculosis" will be opened by Walter F. Corfield, Esq., M.B., B.S., D.P.H., Medical Officer of Health, Colchester.

Lieut.-Col. Sir Joseph Fayer, R.A.M.C., at present stationed at Hong Kong in charge of the Military Hospital, has been appointed Superintendent of the Edinburgh Royal Infirmary from a list of 32 candidates. Sir Joseph is the son of the first baronet, who was Residency surgeon at Lucknow during the Mutiny. He entered the R.A.M.C. in 1886, taking first place in the competitive examination. He has had a large experience of hospital and administrative work in India and in London.

## Easter Day in an English Hospital.

"And the gladsome Easter sunlight  
Supersedes the Lenten gloom,  
Bursts upon the ears the tidings,  
'Christ is risen from the tomb.'"

Another Lent is nearly over; and we shall soon be joining in glad Alleluias, for Easter Day draws nigh, and the thought of the Risen Christ fills our hearts with joy and gladness. Some of us, nay, most of us, have had our Gethsemane of loneliness and bereavement at some time or other in our lives; some, it may be, have but recently passed through great sorrow, and whose hearts are still "longing for the touch of a vanished hand, and the sound of a voice that is still." May Jesus of Bethany comfort such, and may the brightness of Easter—greatest of all our festivals—fill all our hearts and minds with the blessed thought of Resurrection, of Re-union, and—Home—in the land where misunderstandings and estrangements are no more, where death and separation are unknown, and where "God, *Himself*, shall wipe all tears from our eyes."

And while I write to wish you all a happy Eastertide, memory takes me back to an Easter I spent, as a very young "pro," in an English hospital, and specially do I remember one of the patients at that time, a very interesting young woman, who, but for intemperance, would certainly have become famous in her profession. She had been, for some time, in ——'s Opera Company, and had the most beautiful voice I have ever heard, a pure contralto, and must have possessed great personal charms before the ravages made by drink and other excesses had left indelible traces on her once beautiful face. She was some weeks in hospital, but owing to her broken-down condition, there was from the first little hope of recovery. An attack of pneumonia had left one lung very weak; delirium tremens, more than once; a serious accident when under the influence of alcohol—all had left their mark. She was brought to the hospital by her mother, with whom she lived "now and then," generally when "down on her luck." After a bad bout of drinking, she would find her way to her mother's humble little lodging, and, in spite of all, the great mother-love never failed her; Nita was always received with open arms, and the largest share of the frugal meals and scanty bed-coverings was given to the girl who had nearly broken her mother's heart. And Nita, directly she recovered, was always off again, back to the footlights, for "sing she *must*!" And now "cruel Fate" or kind Providence, had brought her, after all her wanderings, through success, and failure, joy and misery, poverty and degradation, and great suffering, to the comfort and cleanliness of a beautiful ward in a London hospital. To this fitful and feverish life, rest had come at last, and during that Lent of many years ago, Nita was to learn her last lessons. She was a rather difficult patient, a curious mixture of mirth and sadness, of refinement and vulgarity. Sometimes she would

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