

It was lighted by a rough window, in which were three small panes of glass, dirty and dark, over the door leading into the byre.

On learning that the sufferers were there, the writer, as in duty bound, visited them. To reach the hospital (?) he had to pass a considerable manure heap, piled against one of the gables, and walk over a track or border of mud, made, no doubt, by the feet of the cattle grazing in the field. On lifting the timber latch of the door and entering the building, he saw about five or six low, rough, wooden beds, on each of which was stretched a smallpox victim. All were seriously ill, some in a most dangerous state. An old woman was the sole attendant. She stated that the food was brought during the day by some persons, and laid outside the door. She had to carry it in, often cold, not infrequently soaking wet.

In the centre of the cow-byre, placed against the wooden partition, was a small, worn-out, rusty iron stove, about two feet high and ten inches or so wide. This was all there was to heat the large building. A chimney of sheet iron rose from the stove to the top of the stable, and then ran at right angles. The smoke, instead of ascending the chimney, gushed out into the chamber in a dark, gusty, choking stream scattering soot in showers on the cold, uneven brick floor, and on the beds of the miserable invalids, who hid their faces beneath the scanty bedclothes.

The heroic manner in which this young curate, single handed cleared the chimney, choked with the soot of years, how his feet crashed through the rotted floors, how he ended his escapade with torn garments and bleeding limbs, and the fire ablaze, gives proof of his spirit. We are pleased to learn that "black in feature, ragged in dress, sore in limb, he waited on the chairman of the local authority and told his experiences with emphatic, indignant, but still parliamentary language. After which a speedy improvement took place, and in due time the epidemic died out."

Sir Christopher Nixon, speaking at the luncheon in celebration of the Golden Jubilee of the Mater Misericordiae Hospital, Dublin, last week, said, in reference to the domestic management, "that in every aspect of this phase we recognise the work and capacity for organisation of the great Sisterhood of Mercy, who founded the hospital and obtained from a generous public sufficient funds to maintain it.

And if anyone should ask them what they had done, let them point to this great national institution and say, 'Si monumentum queris, circumspice.' He knew it was distasteful to the Sisters of Mercy to have any public criticism on their work. They belonged to the class that 'do good by stealth and blush to find it fame.' But if ever a class in the community had a right to have those services—services not capable of appraisal—recognised as forming a part of the history of our country for the past fifty years, during which they have afforded an asylum to those stricken by accident and disease, who have relieved suffering and helped to send the breadwinner back to the family, surely those ladies who teach us daily a lesson of the highest type of a Christian life are entitled, he would not say to our praise, but to our reverence and devotion. A number of great women, wisely selected by the congregation of the Sisterhood, have in succession filled the post of Superior to the hospital, and have organised its working in every detail, including the relations between the governing body and the medical board, relations happily one of unbroken memory, for which we may thank the mutual veneration and respect that help to bind both together. He was not permitted to mention names. It was a rule of the Sisterhood that the work that was accomplished was not that of any individual, but of the body of which the individual formed a unit. But he might say this, that it would be an exhibition of weak humanity if he did not point to a name which, during the past thirty years, as Sister Superior of the Hospital, exacted all their respect, gratitude and devotion. They recognised in her the highest traits of the great religious order which she so fittingly represented, and now, in the eve of her life, and the jubilee of her religious profession, they tendered to her their unfeigned respect and devotion, with an earnest hope that she might long be spared to continue her mission of charity."

TRAINED MATERNITY NURSES' ASSOCIATION.

We have to thank the secretary of the Trained Maternity Nurses' Association for interesting information concerning its work, to which we hope to refer at length next week. In the meantime, we have pleasure in announcing a Whist Drive, to be held in aid of the Association, on Wednesday, October 11th, at the Pemberton Institute, 36, St. John's Park, Upper Holloway, N., by kind permission of Mrs. Rowden. There will be prizes and refreshments. Tickets 1s. 6d. each.

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