Every Christmas Eve the Nurses of St. Thomas's Hospital rise early in the morning to go and buy flowers for decorating the Wards. They go to Covent Garden, so as to procure the freshest flowers for the money; and I think that if any of my readers who are ill, and still blessed with riches, would send a trifle towards defraying the expense of the flowers which have to be bought, they will feel all the happier for what they have done, and Christmas Day will prove and wounded, of which there were a great

FRENCH SOLDIERS IN GERMAN PRISONS. By CANON E. GUERS.

ROM the handsome and attractive book, particularly adaptable for Christmas reading, under the above title, recently issued by Messrs. Dean and Son, 160A, Fleet Street, we have been permitted to extract the following:— "I devoted the evening to visiting the sick



pleasure they have helped to give both to the Nurses and the patients.

PRIDE is as loud a beggar as want, and a great deal more saucy. When you have bought one fine thing, you want ten more, that your appearance may be all of a piece.

all the brighter for them, when they think of the number in Ingolstadt, and before I returned to my lodging I went to see the prisoners' camp. The depôt was situated on the bank of the Danube and in the citadel, of which the interior coutyards, casemates, and towers formed the prison. Some of the men were quartered in wooden huts, and had to sleep almost in the open air. The first cold weather that came made

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