

AUTHOR'S NOTE.

Not long ago I went to a prayer meeting in one of the churches of our city. The aged minister told in simple words the sad story of his work among the afflicted. Of all the sad things described, the most impressive was the hard road that faced the Consumptive. And this in a rich religious city! Based in part on the facts the minister furnished, the following story, "The Bride of Death," is none too tragic for the sore necessity. We need our arm nerved with love and compassion. The story has, of course, no reference to the struggling work of mercy going on in the Muskoka Free Hospital for Consumptives, near Gravenhurst, for a few years back, nor to the Toronto Free Hospital for Consumptives (advanced cases) that was recently opened near Weston. These institutions need support, and that should and will be sufficient information for them whose hearts are moved at the prevalence of the white plague.

—GRANT BALFOUR.

Toronto, 1904.