

whom eleven millions dwell in Prussia. The principal object of his present visit to this country is to attend the annual convention of the German American Catholic Vereins, which bodies met in this city last year; and the probabilities are that he will make an interesting address before the coming convention.

When Herr Lieber visited this country ten years ago he journeyed to Ohio to see the nephew of his distinguished predecessor, Mgr. Windthorst, who then held the pastorate of St. Peter's church, Chillicothe, and en route, he stopped off at Columbus to be the guest of his friend, Mgr. Jessing, of the Josephinum. It is hoped and expected that the distinguished parliamentarian will again visit Columbus before his return to Germany.

IN THE KEY

WEST HOSPITAL.

A Canadian Lady's Visit to Sick and Wounded Soldiers.

(“Kitt’s” letter to the Toronto Mail and Empire.)

The following charming bit of writing will be read with special interest by those who know Sister Florentine, formerly at St. Mary's Academy, Winnipeg, and now Superior of the Key West convent described below.

I spent a wonderful afternoon at the hospital yesterday. It was Sunday, and all Key West lay tranquil in the rest and peace of the Sabbath. The big ships in the harbor seemed to drowse in the sun as they swung and drifted with the tide. The Spanish prizes—which are to be auctioned off in a day or two—looked absolutely derelict, so little sign of life was there about them. Even the busy little dispatch boats and the noisy tugs seemed to respect the beautiful quiet of the Lord's day. The sun of course was busy grilling his old world, but even he grew tired, and, slipping behind a cloud, loosed the strings of it and let torrents tumble over the poor, panting earth, rejoicing the big cocoa palms, which rattled together with glee, and washing the glorious faces of the crimson hibiscus trees until the flowers took new youth and shone like great scarlet shields, swaying and bending in delight under the wash of the rain. An hour later Old Sol had it all his own way again.

THE WOUNDED'S MARVELOUS PATIENCE.

He could not even peer into the big circular lower rooms of the great hospital. There, as in caves, the sea winds were blowing, and the sick men were lying in their little cots like great children—quiet, uncomplaining—accepting the inevitable, but longing, every man of them, to be up and out with “the boys, at Santiago.” There were not many in the surgical ward, as fifty had been discharged the day before, but there were men here who had been wounded by shell and shot at Cardenas Bay and San Juan. One poor fellow, who had been lying for nearly six weeks with his leg in a plaster cast, showed me with pride the piece of shell which had been taken out of his flesh. It was a thick two-inch jagged chunk of iron, whose sharp edges had torn through bone, and sinew, and artery, shattering all before it. Two inches of bone had been blown into little splinters, which had to be carefully removed from the surrounding

flesh and muscle. The surgeons performed some skillful operations upon it, and are in hope of getting the bones to knit together again, but there is so much doubt as to success in the case that it is expected the fine young fellow will have to lose his leg after all.

“It didn't hurt just at first,” he told me. “There was a stinging pain, like as if a red-hot coal struck me, and then for a while I didn't feel it much. ‘Twas about as much as I could stand without swearing when they put the splints on, though. Well, it's war, Ma'am,” added the big fellow cheerfully, “an we gave a sight better'n we got. If only I was with the boys over in Santiago!” One would have thought he had had enough of it—this man with his torn leg and six weeks of hard pain, but the sigh with which he turned his head away, and the longing look in his eyes told a story of courage and daring that more than bordered upon heroism.

IN THE SICK WARDS.

The school part of the convent is turned into the medical ward, and it is full. Where, a few months ago, the little convent girls were learning their lessons, Jackie and Yankee Tommy Atkins are now learning patience. Here are big, bronzed fellows, mighty with the sword and quickfiring sea guns, lying very helplessly on their cots, while those gentle, sweet-faced women poultice and blister and physic them, and make their beds, and shift their pillows to the cool side, and cosset and comfort them. Each one of the four army nurses has her hands full of these great children. And the Sisters—mostly little, slender women—flit about in their thin, black habits and modest veils, working like little bees in this great, helpless hive of men. It is beautiful to watch them, to hear the nurses who are of different faith, talk about the nuns, and to see the nuns hover about the nurses, helping so silently; watchful, quiet, and yet so cheery of smile and word. “It's like living among angels,” said Miss Lease to me; “it's the most wonderful life in the world, though I cannot understand how they can give up their friends, people and places in the world, and yet remain so cheerful and happy.” She did not know how sweet, peaceful, and spiritual her own face looked at the moment under its white cap.

THE SISTERS AND THE REST AT SERVICE.

A bell ringing up aloft somewhere was calling the Sisters to the afternoon service of Benediction. We were invited to attend, and went up the long gray stairs till we came to a piazza, whence a wooden stairway, built outside, led to a wonderful little chapel in mid-air. A tiny place it was, with a tiny white and gold altar, on which myriads of candles glowed amid a wealth of tropical flowers. Never was I at a more touching ceremony, for, slowly and weakly enough, the poor, sick men who were at all able to attend made their way in. Seamen and officers knelt side by side. All were equal in this little house of God. Jackie, big and clumsy and brown of face, rolled in, dipping a great hand in the holy water font, and baptizing himself copiously. Then

he knelt in the front row, his burly form spreading far out and beyond the little priedieu, his rough head bent in adoration. And near him was a comrade, and next to him a naval officer, and further on two convalescent soldiers, white and drawn of face, sat on low chairs and listened to the soft chanting of the sweet nun voices. Instead of windows, long doors opened on the piazzas, and the wind drifted in and played among the candles, which bent their flame-heads toward the Host, as if in adoration, too, and it wafted the incense out of doors to a humming bird, who, mistaking it for the odor of some tropical flower, came darting in like a flying jewel and stayed to whir and hum his little Tantum Ergo, while outside the mocking bird sang and sang as if he would outdo the beautiful human notes with his heavenly warbling.

It was an odd community. Those sick sailors and soldiers belonging to all creeds and faiths, those Episcopalian nurses, those little slender black-robed Sisters, and God's little creatures, the birds, all adoring and blessing and praising Him in that little mid-air house, that seemed cut off up there from every other habitation in the world—open to sky and rain and wind. It was a wonderful linking of God's creatures bent in prayer before Him, and the thoughts that must have been thrilling in every breast, in every heart, that moment, the thought of the men that were madly fighting on the hot shores of Cuba in the cause of humanity, in the cause at least of their country and of their flag, added not a little to the pathos of that sublime and poetic hour. All one—in that moment—all His children and His sheep!

PREPARING FOR NEW COMERS.

The little sisters are busy getting the beds ready for the wounded they expect any day now from Santiago. Already several fresh rooms have been fitted up and arranged. The

grim operating tables are all ready. The sponges and linen and basins and paraphernalia are all here. The finest surgical appliances known to the world of surgery are in place, and they will be needed. The pest house for yellow fever patients, situated about a mile and a half away, has also been put in shape, furnished with beds and dispensary, the isolated hospital for smallpox or typhoid fever or measles is also ready. The army hospital steward has his stores well supplied, and his henchmen in the kitchens are ready with their pots and pans and costly appliances.

As fast as the men are cured they are shipped back to their post or home on sick leave, and their places are filled by others. And the little army of splendid women are at their posts, afraid of nothing, only grieving, as one of them said to me, because “we are so well off here with every comfort, while our poor men are enduring everything;” only grieving “we cannot do more to help them.” Glad and happy they are to be here in this grim place ready to nurse through yellow fever or cholera or smallpox or any of the fearful pestilences from which men and women ordinarily fly. Here they are, four young women in the very prime of life, and a score or so of little teaching Sisters—untrained may-be in the ways of nursing, but so skilled in those tender and sympathetic touches that gentle women have; so obedient to the orders of others—living up there on the roof, clustered round the cupola, out of the way of the world, and yet now so in the very heart of it!—singing their matins and their lauds, ringing their gentle little bells, serving their Mass and Benediction and all their holy services in their little airy God's house—doing God's work every day and every hour.

Rev. Father Pouliot has returned to the Archdiocese, reaching Winnipeg the day His Grace arrived.

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