

A NEW PICTURE IN AN OLD HOME.

PROBABLY most of my readers have heard of, and perhaps some have seen, the fine Brompton Hospital for Consumption and Diseases of the Chest, whilst comparatively few know anything about the excellent but much smaller Hospital of the same kind at Hampstead. I wish, then, to make it better known, and further, to enlist your sympathies in its work.

The North London Consumption Hospital was first started in 1860, by those who felt that some special provision was needed for the thousands of consumptive poor in the northern part of London, and also for those from other parts, who, from the great pressure for admission into the hospitals already existing, might have to wait till recovery was hopeless.

A large house, pleasantly situated on Green Hill, Hampstead, and interesting as being formerly the residence of Clarkson Stansfield the artist, was taken for the purpose, and for the last thirteen years the Committee, Physicians, and Matron have patiently continued their good work, presenting to those who cared to see it a more touching picture than Stansfield ever painted, a picture which, were I asked to name, I should call after Ary Scheffer's beautiful conception, "Christus Consolator;" for surely here, though unseen, is the Presence of Him, Who "Himself took our infirmities and bare our sicknesses." That the artist himself would gladly have seen this picture exhibited in his old house, was testified by one who had spent pleasant hours there in times past, and who, as one of the earliest subscribers to the hospital, visited it in its altered aspect.

But though so much has been done here, the fact is, the work has now outgrown the dimensions of a private house, (the lease of which, moreover, expires this year, and cannot be renewed,) and funds are earnestly desired by the committee, to enable them to build a new hospital specially suited to the needs of consumptive patients. Negotiations are being carried on for a suitable site, and a good sum has been already re-

ceived, but very much remains to be done. The present one only contains between thirty and forty patients, whereas the new one, even to begin with, is intended to accommodate 100; and these, not several together in large wards, but in numerous small ones containing only two or three beds each; this principle having been strongly urged by the late Sir James Simpson, and others of enlightened minds.

Dear readers, such buildings as these stand as witnesses for Christ in the midst of our land, and call down God's blessing upon it. By such national works of mercy we invite the Heavenly Guest, Whose Name is Love, to sojourn among us; for a national work indeed this is,—patients even from Wales, Yorkshire and Manchester having been admitted from time to time, while many have gone up from such counties as Berkshire, Sussex and Kent to share its benefits. But it is less a plea for universal sympathy that the larger number come from London itself, for does not London belong to us all? and has not each one of us an interest in the great city, that beats like a mighty heart in the midst of the nation?

But I referred just now to the great excellence of this hospital, and well I might; the physicians are men of much skill and experience, whilst of the Matron this simple praise may be spoken, that she endeavours to be, what the word itself implies, a mother to the poor sufferers under her charge. A patient, writing of the hospital, says, "I feel I cannot say enough in praise of the kind treatment from the doctors, nurses, and all connected with it." The medicine, too, is excellent; as also the abundant food provided,—so important an item in this wasting disease. There is also another advantage which the patients much appreciate, namely, the liberty granted them to go about and enjoy the pleasant walks in the neighbourhood.

It is not difficult to imagine that such advantages as these, conferred at a comparatively early stage of the disease, prove of the greatest benefit to many a sufferer.