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wonder that many, sore let and hindered in running the race, fall by the way, and need a shelter in which to recruit or to die; a hospital, in which there shall be no harsh comments on conduct, but only, so far as is possible, love and peace and rest. Here, we learn to scan gently our brother man, and—chief test of charity in your sex—still gentler sister woman; judging not, asking no questions, but meting out to all alike a hospitality worthy of the *Hôtel Dieu*, and deeming ourselves honored in being allowed to act as its dispensers. Here, too, are daily before our eyes the problems which have ever perplexed the human mind; problems not presented in the dead abstract of books, but in the living concrete of some poor fellow in his last round, fighting a brave fight, but sadly weighted, and going to his account “unhousel’d, disappointed, unaneled, no reckoning made.” As we whisper to each other over his bed that the battle is decided and Euthanasia alone remains, have I not heard in reply to that muttered proverb, so often on the lips of the physician, “the fathers have eaten sour grapes,” your answer, in clear accents,—the comforting words of the prayer of Stephen?

But our work would be much restricted were it not for man’s outside adversary—Nature, the great Moloch, which exacts a frightful tax of human blood, sparing neither young nor old; taking the child from the cradle, the mother from her babe,