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TO THE BRANTFORD GENERAL HOSPITAL

Seldom have we the privilege of recording appreciation of the great work done by hospitals—Results are taken for granted.

But it is a pleasure to have from the pen of one who has gone down to the Gates and returned thankful in appreciation to all who minis-

tered to him in his illness.

The clever pen of Dr. Teeter now rivals the curative powers of his profession. We are pleased indeed to publish these verses knowing his hosts of friends will enjoy them and be glad he has recovered.
—Editor.

I could not leave thy kindly walls
Old friendly pile,
I could not go into the world
Again to smile
And breathe God's gracious air
With health restored
And not feel grateful thanks to thee
In thought and word.
I could not leave and go
Beyond thy Ken
To live in health and mix again with men
Without the tender thought that
But for God and thee
No sun had ever shone again for me
To leave the comfort of thy healing arms,
To go renewed to daily toil and gain
Without a heart-beat quickened
By the thought
Of how you mothered me through
Weeks of pain.
Ah, No! Old friend I do not leave
Thee to forget,
As long as memory lives and can forget,
Thy picture in those beauteous
Well kept grounds.
The soft-voiced nurse whose care
Thy life surrounds,
The kind faced matron who directs
Thy ways,
And showed compassion through
The weary days;
All these will live, a cherished memory
Through life so dear.....Thou helped
Give back to me.

R. J. Teeter, M. D.
May 24th, 1921.