

# Parish and Home.

VOL. I.

TORONTO, APRIL, 1891.

No. 5.

## CALENDAR FOR APRIL.

### LESSONS.

- 5.—1st Sunday after Easter. *Morning*—Num. xvi., to v. 36; 1 Cor. xv., to v. 29. *Evening*—Num. xvi., v. 36, or xvii., to v. 12; John xx., v. 24 to 30.
- 12.—2nd Sunday after Easter. *Morning*—Num. xx., to v. 14; Luke xi., to v. 29. *Evening*—Num. xx., v. 14 to 21, v. 10 or 21; Gal. iii.
- 19.—3rd Sunday after Easter. *Morning*—Num. xxii.; Luke xiv, v. 25 to xv, v. 11. *Evening*—Num. xxiii or xxiv. Eph. iii.
- 25.—St. Mark E. & M. Isaiah lxii., v. 6; Luke xviii., v. 31 to xix, v. 11. *Evening*—Ezek. i., to v. 15. Philip. ii.
- 26.—4th Sunday after Easter. *Morning*—Deut. iv., to v. 23; Luke xix., v. 11 to v. 28. *Evening*—Deut. iv., v. 23 to v. 41, or v. Philip. iii.

### TWO SONGS.

THE sun is gone from the valleys,  
The air breathes fresh and chill;  
On the barn roof, yellow with lichen  
A robin is singing shrill.

Like a tawny leaf is his bosom,  
Like a dead leaf is his wing;  
He is glad of the coming winter  
As the thrush is glad of the spring.

The sound of a shepherd's piping  
Comes down from a distant fold,  
Like the ripple of running water,  
As tuneless, and sweet, and cold.

The two songs mingle together:  
Like and unlike are they,  
For, one sounds tired and plaintive,  
And one rings proud and gay.

They take no thought of their music,  
The bird and the shepherd-lad;  
But the bird-voice thrills with rapture,  
And the human note is sad.

—Graham R. Tomson, in "Longman's Magazine."

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

### DOROTHEA LYNDE DIX.

It has been said, that "earth knows nothing of its greatest men;" this assertion would be equally true, if the word "women" were substituted for "men." It is astonishing how few know anything of the subject of this sketch, perhaps the most remarkable woman this continent or century has produced—remarkable, not so much for intellectual ability, although she possesses intellectuality in a marked degree, as for her work for afflicted humanity.

Dorothea Lynde Dix was born at Hampden, Maine, April 4, 1802. Her

early life was so unhappy that she never referred to it. When she was ten years old, she ran away and sought refuge with an aged lady—a relative in Norton, who received her kindly. At fourteen, she commenced to teach school for a livelihood. She was in very delicate health—in fact, all her life-long she was little better than a confirmed invalid—yet, after her regular hours of teaching, she instructed the children of the very poor, in a loft she rented for the purpose.

Through the death of her benefactor, she inherited an income sufficient to meet her necessary wants, and after a trip to England, undertaken for her health, her life-work was accidentally revealed to her. Visiting an asylum in Norton, she, for the first time, learnt of the inhuman treatment of the insane.

The theory then pervading the United States was, that lunacy was a form of demoniac possession, and that the sufferers were not to be pitied, but to be scorned as allies of the powers of evil, and that it was hopeless to attempt a cure. All that could be expected was to control. She found one lunatic in an iron cage, a few feet square, an iron collar around his neck chaining him to the floor. He was left without light or fire. His food was thrown to him as if he were a mad dog, who for some reason or other was suffered to live.

Nor was this an exceptional case. All over this continent the care of the insane was sold to the lowest bidder; there was no supervision by the State, and their sufferings were simply harrowing.

The famous Bethlehem hospital of London, England, popularly known as "Old Bellam," where the inmates were placed on public exhibition, was a fair sample of its day.

Miss Dix visited almost every state in the Union. She personally interviewed the leading legislators. She was ridiculed, vilified, opposed, as even few reformers have been; yet, this feeble woman succeeded in procuring proper provision for the weak in intellect, and soon, wher-

ever she went, revolutionized the treatment of the insane.

She next visited England, where she succeeded in securing a royal commission on lunacy, and her work received due recognition in the House of Commons from the Home Secretary, Sir George Grey, who, however, could not help regretting that this needful reform "was due to a foreigner and that foreigner a woman." At this time her health was very precarious; to quote her own words, she was "very feeble, not helpless, never hopeless."

She visited Rome and found to her amazement, that nowhere were her proteges worse maltreated than under the very shadow of the Vatican.

Through her persistency she obtained interviews with Cardinal Antonelli and Pius IX. His Holiness was so impressed that he at once took steps towards a reformation, and thanked Miss Dix for crossing the sea to call his attention to "his ill-treated sheep."

Our heroic heroine went from Rome to Constantinople, thence to St. Petersburg, all through Greece, Russia, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Holland, Belgium and Germany. She travelled alone. She knew nothing of the language of the lands she visited, yet everywhere success attended her efforts, and the humane usage of the insane throughout the world to-day is almost entirely due to her superhuman labours.

We have by no means exhausted her work.

On her return to the United States, the Civil War was at its height, and she became the chief of the staff of nurses, emulating the role of Florence Nightingale.

At the close of the bloody conflict, she refused to accept anything for her services save her nation's flag, so one was specially made and presented to her by Secretary Seward.

Time and space cannot be given to her subsequent history. Her establishment of life-saving stations, the erection of drinking-fountains for man and beast, the reconstruction of the asylum