

kindest compassion on all who may cross its threshold. A man may pass his whole lifetime, and never think once seriously about the hospital, or bestow a sixpence upon it. Yet all this while the door has remained open night and day ready to receive him should bodily harm ever befall him, and the benevolence of the more thoughtful has kept in motion the machinery of medical talent and nursing skill, in spite of inadequate funds and lagging contributions.

IS YOUR CASE LIKE DYER'S?

Tom Dyer, the mechanic, confessed to himself, as he was jolted along in a cab to the General Hospital, that his contributions to the Hospital Sunday Fund had never gone beyond a copper or two, and not even that when he happened to stay away from church on the annual anniversary; but he thought he was not quite so bad as Jack Brown, who made it a joke that on Hospital Saturday he always rushed to a "pub" the moment he knocked off work, and stayed in the bar till dark, to avoid the solicitations of street collectors on his way home. Sometimes Brown got drunk before dark, and went home reeling, in which case he admitted that he might have given something to the Hospital Saturday people "unbeknown to himself," but he would take his oath he never had while sober. No such levity as this rested upon the conscience of Dyer, nor, in fact, did his reproaches go very deep, as he had a vague impression that the hospitals were more or less richly endowed by the wealthy classes, or were kept going by their annual contributions. He wished at one moment he had given a silver threepenny-piece at the collections instead of a copper; and then he thought that the Hospital Sunday collection taking place only once a year, he might have spared a shil-