

## **A day with the out-patients of a hospital / Tilbury Fox.**

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And still as clouding questions swarm  
Around our hearts, and dimly form  
Their problems of the mist and storm.

And still as ages fleet, but fraught  
With syllables, whereby is wrought  
The fullness of the Eternal thought;

And when not yet in God's sunshine,  
The smoke drifts from the embattled line  
Of warring hearts that would be Thine;

We bid our doubts and passions cease,  
Our restless fears be still'd with these—  
Counsellor, Father, Prince of Peace!

## A DAY WITH THE OUT-PATIENTS OF A HOSPITAL.

ABOUT a couple of months ago, in running back by train to Town after a consultation, I chanced to get into a carriage containing, amongst others, one of those men to be met with in every grade of society, who are always complaining of their share of the "ills that flesh is heir to," who live in an atmosphere of gall and bitterness, and who never appear to absorb, or at any rate retain for any time, one single genial ray. They have, too, the unenviable faculty of hunting out, with peevish haste, some unsatisfactory state of child or wife, until at last, by force of habit, microscopic fancies become positive creations. If you reason with such men, they will, hesitatingly, admit that a principle of compensation is at work to some extent, in the existence of many blessings; but such is the power of the demon Discontent, that they very speedily lapse into the old grumbling mood again. The character of our fellow-traveller was detected in this wise: a gentleman sitting next to us had asked for his neighbour's family. He did this, we presume, from sheer politeness, and with an evident dread of consequences; for the malcontent on entering had loudly complained of the stuffy carriage, the damp seats, and the horrid weather; and only needed the key-note to be sounded, when pell-mell and glibly there slipped out a host of grievances. To the rescue came a grey-headed gentleman—one whom ladies would call a dear old man. With peculiar coolness he recounted the simple tale of a thrice-performed horrible operation he had undergone, with an *addendum* of "Thank God, I believe I'm much better for it." For the nonce, my discontented friend was forced to admit that some of his fellow-men were worse off than himself; but whether the stern fact worked any lasting change in his feeling, I know not.

A few days after this occurrence, a friend just starting on a tour called, and asked me to take charge of the out-patients of one of the hospitals for a month. It soon occurred to me, that I could thus become acquainted with a class of the community of which the public knows but little,—the poor folk who attend the *out-patient* departments of our large hospitals, and that I might also be able to give information regarding them which would deserve the appellation of truthful, and be free from personal prejudice. In contrast to the case of my grumbling friend, there is an utter want

of compensation in the great majority of *deserving* cases. Theirs is a scant existence without comfort; disease and distress in all their varied forms go hand in hand. I will just outline my picture, and send my readers (and my discontented fellow-traveller could I but find him) away with a thankful realisation of their comparative happiness.

Now it is a serious mistake, though it is one frequently made, to take what is known in regard to the condition of the *in-patient*, as a criterion of that of the *out-patient*. The former, if he chances to meet with a serious accident, or gets "knocked down" by an acute disease, is provided with most comfortable quarters, good nursing, food in all quantity and kind he may require; in fact, finds a home probably far superior to what he has ever had before. Everything conducive to cleanliness and comfort is attended to. The chaplain pays visits and makes inquiries; the lady visitors attend frequently, scanning each nook and corner with approving eye and gesture; and on visiting days friends flock around his bed, and help to blunt the sharpest edge of misery and pain. But it is not so with the out-patients: they suffer from ailments *almost* but not quite incapacitating them, and the germs of these have been steadily growing for months and years. Ties of home, large families of little ones, and the like, stimulate these poor creatures to drudge along till within an inch of their lives. Their home is damp and cheerless, they have no nurse, bread and bread alone for food, and no word of comfort, but the harsh voice of Bumbledom—that guardian of starvation—looming in the distance; a weariness of spirit is stamped upon each feature, and besides this, there is a cultivated negation of pain. You will perhaps reply that improvidence and the "tippling" habits of the poor, have eaten up the "provision for another day." I deny that this is in any degree the average truth.

The physician has the best opportunities of seeing all grades of social life, and patients at the hospital as a rule come to him divested of all trickery. For the most part they have a natural manner, and tell a plain tale which is borne out by every circumstance. Indeed there can be no reason for deception; most of the cases show that when the food supply falls off, the enemy Disease stalks in at the door. Our clients shall speak for themselves.



not show it, but stood before her sister like a stately tower firm on its foundation, she was aware of a thrill of nervous trembling that ran through her limbs, and took the strength out of them. "What did he say about me?"

"He seemed to think there was something that might be said," said Winnie lightly. "He was afraid of you. He said you knew that he knew all about you; see what foolish ideas people take up! and I said," Winnie went on, drawing herself up tall and straight by her stately sister's side, with that superb assumption of dignity which is fair to see at her age, "that there never could be anything about you that he and all the world might not know!"

Mary put out her hand, looking stately and firm as she did so—but in truth it was done half groping, out of a sudden mist that had come up about her. "Thank you, Winnie," she said, with a smile that had anguish in it; and Winnie with a sudden tender impulse out of her own happiness, feeling for the first time the contrast, looked at Mary's black dress beside her own light one, and at Mary's hair as bright as her own, which was put away beneath that cap which she had so often

mocked at, and threw her arms round her sister with a sudden thrill of compassion and tenderness unlike anything she had ever felt before.

"Oh, Mary dear!" she cried, "does it seem heartless to be so happy and yet to know that you——"

"No," said Mary steadily—taking the girl, who was as passionate in her repentance as in her rebellion, to her own steadfast bosom. "No, Winnie; no, my darling—I am not such a poor soul as that. I have had my day."

And it was thus that the cloud rolled off, or seemed to roll off, and that even in the midst of that sharp reminder of the pain which life might still have in store for her, the touch of nature came to heal and help. The enemy who knew all about it might have come in bringing with him sickening suggestions of horrible harm and mischief; but anything he could do would be vain here, where everybody knew more about her still; and to have gained as she thought her little sister's heart was a wonderful solace and consolation. Thus Mary's faith was revived again at the moment when it was most sorely shaken, and she began to feel, with a grateful sense of peace and security, the comfort of being, as Aunt Agatha said, among her own friends.

## HIS NAME.

By THE VERY REV. WILLIAM ALEXANDER, DEAN OF EMLY.

O WONDERFUL! round whose birth-hour  
Prophetic song, miraculous power,  
Cluster and burn, like star and flower.

Those marvellous rays that at Thy will,  
From the closed Heaven which is so chill,  
So passionless, stream'd round Thee still,

Are but as broken gleams that start,  
O Light of lights, from Thy deep heart,  
Thyself, Thyself, the Wonder art!

O Counsellor! four thousand years,  
One question tremulous with tears,  
One awful question, vex'd our peers.

They ask'd the vault, but no one spoke;  
They ask'd the depth, no answer woke;  
They ask'd their hearts, that only broke.

They look'd, and sometimes on the height  
Far off they saw a haze of white,  
That was a storm, but look'd like light.

The secret of the years is read,  
The enigma of the quick and dead  
By the Child voice interpreted.

O everlasting Father, God!  
Sun after sun went down, and trod  
Race after race the green earth's sod,

Till generations seem'd to be  
But dead waves of an endless sea,  
But dead leaves from a deathless tree.

But Thou hast come, and now we know  
Each wave hath an eternal flow,  
Each leaf a lifetime after snow.

O Prince of Peace! crown'd yet discrown'd,  
They say no war nor battles' sound  
Was heard the third world around;

They say the hour that Thou didst come,  
The trumpet's voice was stricken dumb,  
And no one beat the battle-drum.

Yea, still as life to them that mark  
Its poor adventure seems a bark,  
Whose track is pale, whose sail is dark:

Thou who art Wonderful dost fling  
One ray, till like a sea-bird's wing  
The canvas is a snowy thing,—

Till the dark boat is turn'd to gold,  
The sunlit-silver'd ocean roll'd  
With anthems that are new and old,

With noble path of luminous ray  
From the boat slanting all the way  
To the island of undying day.



The different modes in which the patients enter are amusing. Domestic are flaunt, and assert those notions of female dignity which are peculiar to the more uneducated; the widow is respectful and quiet; the mother with the young daughter is sharp, short, to the point, but peculiarly attentive to every word that is dropped, and very thankful; the old man pulls his front locks, if he has any; and the youngster, cap in hand, is very vacant, and stands in very considerable awe of the "doctor."

Patient No. 1 is a farrier, as you detect from the aroma about him. He tells you that he has a pain in his side and a "fluttering at his 'art.'" He looks like a man pallid from drink, and on being questioned admits taking "three or four pints a day; but he's a good deal over the fire; and it's very 'ot in his trade; in fact in summer he wants six or seven pints, tho' it don't agree with him." He works fourteen hours a day, and in the winter he is "out in the draughts a good deal and gets chilled." He is married, and has one child. Here is a brawny fellow, nearly fifty, who has simply been experimenting as to how long Nature will last without a break-down, when liberties are taken with her. He has been what he considers a healthy man, and the ill effects of the beer system have been apparently worked off, so to speak, by the hard exercise demanded by his trade. He has lasted well so far, but having now begun to fail, he will find his powers are exhausted; some organ of importance will get out of order, and he will not unlikely die pretty soon.

No. 2 is a single woman, twenty-nine years of age. She casts a doubtful glance as she enters, as much as to say, "I wonder if you will be unkind or harsh to me." She speaks timidly, and presents her letter as required by the rules. In reply to the question, "What is the matter?" she tells you that she has been bad a long while, has had great pain in the chest, with a troublesome cough, and can't get any sleep at night; has never been well since sleeping in a damp bed at Liverpool three years ago; and has been a patient at the Brompton Hospital, where she got a little better. She understands that she is in a *decline*; was so weak on Sunday that she fainted away; is unable to do anything except "about the house," but is pretty comfortable, and is living with her parents. This is a case that will probably go from worse to worse; and it is one which brings out a very common phenomenon in medical practice,—the migration of patients from one hospital to another. One frequently meets with persons who have been to almost all the institutions in London in turn. In the end they often seem to become afflicted with an incurable hypochondriasis or mania for "walking the hospitals," which they do after their own fashion. They will tell you the opinions of eminent men in technical language, offer a lucid and clear explanation of their case, often-times accompanied by amusing yet really sensible suggestions; but their many crotchets entirely bar their chances of cure. They know too much, in

fact, and have dwelt so long upon their own state, that there would appear to be an almost tangible imprint of their maladies upon their very brains. I am acquainted with one poor fellow who, unfortunately for his own comfort, once heard a physician pronounce the name of his disease; and from that moment he was doomed to a life of self-torture. He procured and read the various treatises which had been written about his peculiar malady, really coached himself up in the literature of the subject, tried to balance the bearings of his own case, and at last resigned himself almost entirely to the study of each particular symptom. At last this habit intruded itself upon him under all circumstances. His imagination coined so many hypotheses, that ideas became facts which no amount of reasoning could dispel. At last, the most horrid spectres and illusions were seen by him in his sleep, and the man's existence became a prey to phantoms even in the daytime.

No. 3 is the case of a child eleven months old, brought by the mother, with a story of "two teeth cut last week," and a rash following which turns out to be chicken-pox. This is soon disposed of. Mothers attribute no end of things to teething, and rightly so in some cases; but no common sense could tolerate the absurd remedies used, and one finds it better among the poorer people to encourage the most simple and harmless practice.

No. 9 begins his story at once. "Please, sir, I ain't got no letter; it's my fust time of attendin'. I got a werry bad cold; had my feet wet thro' last week, and different times this snowy weather; my 'ead feels awful bad, enough to split; my throat's sore, and I got pains in all my limbs." We write on his card—after seeing that he has a glistening eye, a hot skin, a quick pulse, and trembling tongue—"Severe cold." We find he drives a horse and cart, is eighteen years of age, is not in any club, and will have no means of support if he gets knocked up. He has no father nor mother, and is lodging by himself. In about a week's time he may get well, or an attack of low fever may set in, and then a six weeks' illness and convalescence must be accompanied by much want and distress.

No. 10 is a mother, a supplicant for her baby eight months old, ill with bronchitis. No letter. The woman says she has failed to get one, having been to several places, and "she can't drag him about in the cold and wet, and can't leave him behind." Circumstances more fitted to ensure or, at any rate, help on the death of her babe could not be desired.

The next three that enter are better; the fourth is much worse. Several slight ailments follow.

No. 18 is a young married woman, eighteen years of age, with a decided pout, and a closely-set pair of lips. She reminds one of a snappish terrier. Last week a prescription for an ordinary cold had been given her; to-day she at once tackles your "Well?" with—"The medicine didn't do me any good at all, and my throat's uncomfortable." She has an un-



happy and dissatisfied aspect, and by the exercise of a little tact you make out that she has not a very good temper, "often gets put out," and that it is not at all unlikely she and her husband look at matters through very different coloured glasses. The husband is a bricklayer, and, like the majority of his class, has a propensity to visit the public-house. This is in nowise counteracted by the fact that she is wont to be constantly at her mother's in the evening, "to take care of the children, because there's no one else to do it." Under these circumstances, she is putting the cart before the horse, in seeking cure through the medium of remedies applied to the body. Perhaps, in the course of a few visits, one might be able to give a little good advice of a moral kind, for the hospital Pharmacopœia does not happen to contain any remedy for the peculiar affection of temper from which she suffers.

No. 19 is a very sad case. It is that of a woman forty-one years old, who sobs a little as she enters, trembling with nervousness. The medicine she had has made her feel a little better. She almost cries as she speaks. This you can stop, if you like, by speaking harshly to her, and thus driving her back again upon the old smolderings in her heart. A kind word or two, and she is overcome; but even that loss of force relieves her, and she plucks up courage to tell her tale. She has had great trouble and hard times for the last three years, and has not been well during all that time. Her husband was a lighterman, earning from thirty shillings to two pounds a week, a hard-working, kind fellow. He fell and injured himself whilst carrying a sack of corn; this was followed by a long illness, the formation of an aneurism, and death. She has been a widow now these fifteen months, with six little ones; the eldest, about sixteen, "does what little he can." The poor soul, when able, used to go out washing, but that is now an impossibility. She sleeps badly, and lives still worse, scarcely ever eating anything but bread. The parish allows her five loaves a week. How well these troubles have painted care upon her face! But with it all, she still has an air of great respectability. These are the cases where one wishes for the power to second the use of the pen of the prescriber by a tonic from another dispensary—the pocket.

No. 20 is a Mrs. MacSomething, thirty-seven years of age, one of the descendants of the aborigines of the Emerald Isle, who for the life of her can't tell her own name, and never could. One need not ask many questions; the only thing absolutely necessary is to attempt to gather from her loquacity (either the result of studious preparation for the "dochthor" or a natural peculiarity) a carefully calculated diagnosis, by dividing the facts by four, and accepting one part. She didn't sleep this month, has got the rheumatism all over, and was up "all last night walking the floor wid' the baby, and it's more than a month since he's complaining. I got four childer, and I'm delicate since my

third;" all of which really means, that the child has a little cough, is fretful in the night, and has been so occasionally for the last month; that her children are troublesome, and that she, a very strong healthy-looking woman, has a little more to do than usual. She blarneys you, and you blarney her, and, as a parting word, she utters a blessing upon "you dochthor."

No. 21 is always at the wash-tub, is about forty-nine years old, and suffers from nervous debility. It appears that in the court where she lives there was a "row." She had been in bed a couple of hours, and was suddenly awakened by a noise. On looking out of the window she saw two men stabbing each other, and "it turned the whole of her blood," so that she has not been well since. Poor people are not supposed to have any nerves; these are only allowed to exist in high society. Our experience is, that the nerves of the luxurious are sources of positive enjoyment, in comparison with those of the lower orders. Lady A—— or Lady B—— can recline on her couch, receive the sympathies of her friends and *beau idéal* of a doctor, and have every wish attended to by lackeyed menials. This poor woman has to earn her bread by an extra strain upon a shattered mechanism, each movement of which is torture.

No. 22 will require the doctor's kind offices by and-by. Her parents were in good circumstances, but she preferred, ten years ago, to run away and marry a poor man for love. Her father would never have her home again, and recently, on his death-bed, would not even see her, which has depressed her. Judging from her general demeanour, her story would appear to be quite true. Her husband is very kind to her, and her sisters also, but still she "feels very low" since her father's death. A little tonic upon which to fix her attention will soon prop her up again.

No. 23 is the wife of a man-servant, and the two once lived in service together. They married, and one result has been that the wife fares much less sumptuously than she did before. The husband passed before marriage as a widower with one little child, which turns out to be illegitimate. He is in out-door service, and stays generally at some distance from his wife's home. This arrangement he justifies on the ground that "he does not like to let the people he serves know that he is married." The poor wife gets very little money, and lives as she can. She has just opened a school. Of course, the husband drinks. The woman has simply got out of health from want of proper food and attention. The domestic arrangements, and the plea given in their justification, would probably be interpreted by a shrewd person to mean the existence of a couple of wives, or some such thing.

Case 24 is a young fellow who has had some eruption on the skin for nine months, which might originally have been cured in a few days.

No. 25. An old woman, aged seventy, has "bin



had all the week, and could creep into a egg-shell; she has terrible nights, and can't get no rest." She has had twenty children, but "a great many of 'em went off in fits. Bless ye! there's no inside of me, I be so holler." Her husband is bedridden, and "a-getting out o' bed o' night kills me, and I wants a drop of something nice then, for I'm all of a shake and tremble." She says moreover, in answer to your remark that it is very hard at seventy not to be comfortable, "Ah, 'tis hard to think I should want in my old age!" She has had a cough for two months, always has fits two or three times a day, and had "the airysiplas" a twelvemonth ago, and then came here. She makes special request for some pills she had before, because "she can't sleep without 'em," and for "a little bit of a note to take to the minister, to get a little wine. They won't give me any at the parish, because I come here to the infirmary; but I've been here this eight year, and don't like to leave." It appears that her husband has been ill for two years. The parish give him a little wine and beef, but she has "got rid of everything but what I stand upright in, and that's how I get on with, for I don't like to see him die for want. It is impossible to move him about, his breath is so bad. He do have his bed made once a day, but then it's a hard matter to get him in again," and she "wishes the Lord would take 'em both." What can medicine do here? Food is the remedy.

The next two cases are minor ones. A husband comes for a repetition of his wife's physic—a case of mild bronchitis; the other is a boy with bad eyes, who is a pupil at a National School, and is punished for non-attendance.

Next comes a young woman (No. 28), aged eighteen, who looks as though she had lost every drop of red blood, and had been turned into wax. She works very hard in a laundry, at skirt ironing and drying. The room has a red-hot stove in it, whilst lots of clothes are steaming over it all the while. Her worst troubles are that she is weak, has a headache, and a bad "stitch" in the side. She works from seven in the morning till eight at night; gets about ten minutes at 10 a.m. for lunch, as she calls it, viz., half a pint of beer and a bit of bread, and about half an hour for dinner at mid-day. She is on her legs the whole day, besides walking to and from home. She is an orphan; has an uncle, but he can't help her. Her earnings are about one-and-ninepence a day; if she were better she might earn more. Should she fall ill she has no one to support her. On Sunday she gets out for a walk with some young friends. Now this is a very common case. A nice-looking, respectable young woman, without friends, tries to gain an honest living; by-and-by she breaks down; want comes on; the consumptive tendency shows itself too plainly, and either the workhouse is the inevitable termination, or the girl gets better, temptation meets her, and she falls. Happily this one is coming round, and, be it by medicine or

chance, the hospital at any rate is the means whereby the devil is defeated.

No. 29 is the mother of four children. She is aged twenty-six, is suffering from nervous debility, and cries when spoken to. Her husband is a soldier, but she "did not marry him a soldier." He was a wheelwright. After she had had two children "he fell into company, and into drink, and enlisted." Before that she was doing well, and at the time of his enlistment she was expecting her confinement, and had a child in arms. After he left her she started a laundry business, and failed, and now goes out to work when she can; but her children are a burden to her, and besides, she is not well, and unfitted for work. She can get no intelligence of her husband, whom she believes to be in —. Sometimes he sends her a trifle. Her children are of the ages of eight, seven, four, and two. "If any one," she adds, "had told me before I was married I'd come to this! But then we don't know what we're born to."

No. 30, the case of a child, three months old, is a terrible illustration of that portion of the second commandment which declares that the sins of the father shall be visited upon the children.

No. 31 is a servant, twenty years old, out of place, who has received her *congé* in consequence of illness, and is suffering from influenza. She has saved nothing, is in lodgings, but hopes to get a situation soon. This is one road to prostitution, and a well-trodden one; but, luckily, another place has turned up for her should she be able to go to it next week, which she will likely be.

We have then, in succession, a sugar-refiner, suffering from bronchitis; a candidate without a letter, attacked with dyspepsia, and a great admirer of *pil acotia*; another without a letter, with headache; a little boy suffering from typhoid fever, who is well taken care of by a sharp, intelligent sister; another "no letter;" a baby with water on the brain; one who has tried eight or nine places, and can't get a letter; a woman "very weak in the back."

No. 41, a very distressing case indeed; a woman about thirty-four, who is "in a flurry all over," and whose "legs is so bad and swells up as big as her body." She is the wife of a market-gardener, who earns fifteen shillings a week; there is a family of six children, the eldest is twelve years old, the youngest eleven months. She has the appearance of being very seriously ill; there is a short cough, apparent difficulty of breathing, a distressed and anxious countenance, but her pulse is good, and there is no weakness in the chest. Her disease is hysterical in character, and you write as the diagnosis:—General debility from want of food (for all she lives on is bread-and-butter and tea) and hysteria. Inquiring more fully into the case, you find that she can't sleep, and has horrid dreams, and she feels at times inclined "to jump right out of the house—occasionally she fancies she can hear the child still." This gives you the clue to all her misery. "Five



years ago come the 9th of next month," her child was run over, under her own eyes, by a train, and suffered great agony till the third day, when it died. The nights are always worse than the days; she tries to pluck up, but can't. This case is a type of a host, in which debility is the occasion for the play of sorrows and griefs. Given a man in health, he has his resistant power strung up; but depress him, and the blue-devils have him at an awful advantage. Feed this poor woman and put more flesh on her bones, and for a while the sharp edge of her misery is blunted.

Several "no letter" cases follow: the standing orders are to prescribe once or twice, but after that a letter must be produced. An old man, aged sixty-five, is "bilious;" has a little annuity, lives as closely as he can, so much so that he "never has a pint of beer unless it will do him good."

No. 47 follows in the shape of a stableman, a rheumatic subject. "Last night, when in bed, something rolled about in his head like a wheel, and so it does now, and he has got to mind he don't fall; his head feels as big as two heads." He is forty-nine years old, and has consumed a very respectable amount of beer, the daily average being about four or five pints. Six hours abed is as much as he gets, and he works under the influence of changes of temperature from six a.m. till twelve or one. He is a thorough muddler in his household, and tells you he has had very bad luck in the shape of the erysipelas last spring, which laid him up seven or eight weeks, and then, as he has never joined any club, he's been badly off, and so have his family, of whom there are five—two at home and three out. His logic is unassailable: "If I comes to have three or four bouts a year, I gets pulled back, of course, very much." Here is a specimen, then, of improvidence in young days, and of effects that might have been entirely prevented;—first of all, want; and, secondly, as a consequence of drinking, threatened apoplexy, and disease elsewhere, which will probably give him dropsy, and he will linger on, now better, now worse, not fit for any hard or continuous work, till, by-and-by, he enters a hospital and dies.

The next patient is a young woman with rheumatism, followed by another trivial case, a woman (No. 50), aged forty-nine, "who feels all to pieces," and whose side has been "terrible bad" these two days. She is the mother of ten children, six of whom are at home. She has "to do for" her husband, who works in the brickfields, is not kind, and has been away three weeks, not having sent her anything. She cannot go out to work because of her house; two of the children go to school. When she rests she is better, but the washing knocks her up. "She has worked hard for her children all her life, and they can't help her much now."

Three "no letter" cases succeed—a case of dyspepsia; a laundress out of health; a little boy four years and a half old, suffering from inflam-

mation of the ear. These bring us to the case of an older boy with threatened fever,—*"delirious tremors"* as the mother calls it,—seven years old, who had always been a deal of trouble, and, according to the mother's notions, is very delicate.

No. 57 is a married woman, aged thirty-two, who has lost her voice, and has a violent cold "all over her." Her husband is a labourer, out of work at present, and she is acting the part of cook in a family.

No. 58 is a woman who does not look you straight in the face, and keeps her hands covered up with her shawl. She has all the appearance of a dram-drinker. She can't eat, feels debilitated, and so on, but declares that she is almost a teetotaler. However, one must take the liberty of not exactly believing her.

The day's work finishes up with another example of improvidence. An engineer, bronchitic, aged thirty-five, married, and with a family of three. He is out of work, and allows that he has been a drinker. His earnings have averaged 34s. to 36s. a week; but he has not cared to keep his club payments up, and now that illness has overtaken him he is unable to derive any benefit from former payments.

You now imagine you have quite done. To chat to some sixty people, and to guess the exact remedies for each case, are no easy matters. Give them three minutes apiece,—which is decidedly below the average,—and you will have been at work for three consecutive hours. But on your exit from the consulting-room you are beset by half-a-dozen or more of your clients, who put all manner of questions to you about things they have "forgotten to ask you." One wishes just one word about her daughter; another shows a huge orange-wine bottle, and wants to know whether "this is the right medicine;" a fourth puts in a claim to know whether you said "before or after meals," and so on. Now, it is no little puzzle to recollect the exact detail you have recommended to the whole sixty, or heard from them. Still, this is expected of you; and it is wonderful how easy it becomes after a little practice. You leave the hospital, and never fail to see several of your friends consulting over their cases, comparing notes, giving vent to their views on the doctor, the treatment, and the quality of the physic, with a stray suggestion to "ask next time for the stuff as he give me for my cough." Occasionally there is a dose taken in the open air, and an interchange of friendly physic between two parties (generally old women). One never fails to get a smile of recognition, and one should never fail to return it. I believe this does as much good as the physic, and gives a body to it as it were. Such is a true picture, without a grain of exaggeration.

I admit the existence of intemperance in some of the applicants, but these are the minority. One has no need to be harsh even if it were more frequent for sobriety is inconsistent with the want of variou



comforts. The last case mentioned is one that deserves retribution—that of a mechanic who earns good wages, and deliberately drinks away his bread-and-cheese; but can we not make some excuse for the hard-working, scantily-paid labourer who tries to drown his privations, and to make up for the cheerless comfort of his *home*, by a visit to the public-house on a Saturday night? We have our comforts—cleanliness, a decent bed, plenty of food, intellectual recreation, the sympathy of friends, interchange of sentiment, charming conversation, correspondence, and special amusements. But everything of a wholesome nature is crushed in him and his, who “awake to toil, and sleep the sleep of the exhausted.” One may carry one’s head with a jaunty toss as one taxes the applicant for the letter of recommendation, and attach, in fancied superiority, the epithet “degraded;” but we cannot fairly expect that, upon a soil which is tilled by no healthy process, any virtue should flourish. But the majority of applicants have no such failing,

and most of them are women. How they bear up against such a tremendous weight of adverse circumstances, as is pictured by some of the histories I have given, is a marvel beyond my comprehension. In many cases where illness incapacitates the husband, home and the little it contains are kept together by the strivings of a poor weak woman in fight with terrible odds against her. The public disburses with a liberal hand, and it must be a certain satisfaction to it to be assured that the great mass of the deserving poor are greatly benefited thereby. Very near the Broadway, Hammer-smith, stands the West London Hospital, which casts the shadow of its good deeds many miles around; and it has at its credit a large sum total of relief afforded to human miseries of mind and body. Should any inveterate discontents feel disposed, I will take them with me on my next visit to it, and after our consultations are over, I am sure their parting wish shall be that the Hospital were ten times larger and ten times better known.

TILBURY FOX.

## OUR COMMON FAITH.

“I BELIEVE IN GOD THE FATHER ALMIGHTY, MAKER OF HEAVEN AND EARTH.”

THE title of the series which opens with this paper, and the names of the writers with whom I am associated, bear witness that we believe that there is, below all the discords and divisions of Christendom, a ground on which we can stand, as belonging to us all, a faith in the strength of which, in spite of the inherited antagonisms and antipathies of many centuries, we can claim each other as brethren. To some, it may be, that belief may seem visionary and unreal, synonymous with the rejection of all distinctive truths. I must assert my own conviction, hoping hereafter to give the reason of the hope that is in me, that, just in proportion as we believe this, we can maintain our distinctive truths with boldness and freedom, without panic, and therefore without bitterness.

Signs that we who undertake to write in this series do not stand alone in our convictions, have of late multiplied around us. They seem at first, indeed, to point in very different directions. The acknowledged leader of one great theological party in the Church of England has published an *Eirenicon*, or Peace Manifesto, in the hope of showing that the documentary standards of that Church and of the Church of Rome are not incompatible with each other, however wide may be the chasm between the statements of individual teachers, however great may be the practical corruptions on the one side and the practical defects on the other, and of opening, if it be possible, negotiations for a treaty of peace. A society for promoting the union of Christendom, reckoning a considerable number of clergy and laymen among its members, has been working for two or three years past, and has endeavoured to seek inter-

communion and brotherhood with the Churches of the East, as well as with the great Latin Church of the West. An actual overture towards negotiation has been made in an address to the Pope, signed by about one hundred and eighty clergymen, and has been met, as was indeed to be expected, by an answer rejecting all terms but those of absolute submission. Few tasks would be easier than to try to gain the applause of popular Protestant feeling by denouncing these and all other like attempts as treacherous and disloyal. The phrases already ring in one’s ears, and come to the tip of one’s tongue, and the point of one’s pen, which most men would look upon as natural, justifiable, necessary. I own that I for one cannot use them. I cannot look on these movements with any other feeling than that of sympathy and respect. I may have very little hope of any immediate practical result for good. Men may seem to me to be pursuing a very unlikely path to union when they seek to find a basis for it in documents that bear in every page the impress of the time of hottest conflict, and try, with fruitless efforts, to turn declarations of war into a treaty of peace. But the feeling that Christendom is crippled and trammelled by disunion, that many of our disputes are questions of words and names, that many more rise out of usages and customs that may and ought to vary with the “diversities of countries, times, and men’s manners,”—this deserves respect and sympathy wherever it shows itself.

And therefore I am prepared to watch with no different feeling the tokens of its presence in quite another quarter of the theological firmament. For



some years past, I believe, two great divisions of the Christianity of Scotland—the Free Church and the United Presbyterians, conscious of the evil of the multiplied growth of sects, and differing but little, if at all, from each other in doctrine and in worship, have been endeavouring to bridge over the chasm, and effect an amalgamation. I am informed by a printed circular, issued last February, that the desire for union has shown itself on a wider scale, and that it is proposed to hold in the course of the present year a “Catholic Church Congress,” with a view to promoting the restoration of the “visible unity of the Church.” It is stated that “bishops, deans, and clergy of the United Church of England and Ireland, the chairman of the Congregational Union, the chairman of the Baptist Union, the president of the Wesleyan Conference, the moderator of the United Presbyterian Church in England, the moderator of the Free Church of Scotland, the principal of the Irish Presbyterian College, and others, have expressed their warm interest in the proposal.” I have no further knowledge of this movement. It may be the work of a man of enthusiastic and sanguine temperament, looking at the vision of a glorious future, and not able to estimate its distance from us or the difficulties that have to be overcome before we can attain to it, taking the civil answers of persons in official positions as tokens of a deeper interest than the writers ever dreamt of. But so far as there is such a feeling at work, so far here also it claims respect. If it takes any outward form, if it embodies itself in any document, it should be met by us of the English Church with the most patient consideration. But there is, I believe, an evil very likely to insinuate itself, even if it has not done so already, into all these movements. The predominating motive in those who originate or join them may be fear and not love. Those who contemplate the union of the Greek, Roman, and Anglican Churches, may do so in order that they may more effectually check and crush the spirit of free inquiry which they regard with so much alarm, and the popular Protestantism against which they cherish so long-standing an antipathy. Those who urge the union of the Free Church and the United Presbyterians, may do so only or chiefly in order that they may make a final stand against what seems to them the growing laxity and latitudinarianism of the Establishment. Those who take a wider range, and think it possible to unite all such Churches and sects within the Queen’s dominions in a new Evangelical Alliance, may be hoping for a more effective machinery to put down what they would describe as Romanism and ritualism on the one hand, and rationalism on the other. If so, and in proportion as it is so, they will one and all of them fail, as they deserve to do, and as other like attempts have failed before. The alliance will last just as long, and no longer, perhaps not so long, as the enemies are still formidable, and then the discords and divisions will show themselves again. The foundations of the

city of a new Catholic Christendom are not to be laid in the hatred or the fear of a common foe. If its builders and defenders concentrate their attention on the construction of catapults, the walls which they erect will be daubed with untempered mortar, and when the overflowing storms and the great hailstones come, they will bring it down to the ground, and men will point to it, as they point to other dreams and delusions, and say, “The wall is no more, neither they that daubed it.”

The object of the writers of this series of papers is, I believe, to point to a more excellent way. They are less ambitious—it may be, less hopeful—than others. They do not see their way to any organised union of the Christian societies with which they are severally connected. They do not expect that any amount of negotiation and diplomacy would bring about such an union in their own time. They doubt if it would do so at any time. They are content to wait and do their work, each in his own place, and possess their souls in patience. But, in the meantime, they wish to lay aside, at least, the prejudices and dissensions of the past; to ask what they have in common—what ground for mutual esteem, sympathy, co-operation, that common element supplies. Something, at least, is gained—one step taken towards the more distant unity—if we learn to think how many share our belief rather than how few. They feel that even where that common element sinks to a minimum, or seems to sink (for men’s words do not always adequately express their faith, and there may be a real acceptance latent under an apparent denial), it is still truer and therefore wiser to recognise its existence. That common faith they find in what has embodied, almost from the very first, the faith of Christendom. In the truths of which the Apostle’s Creed is the witness, and which may be and are held even by societies and individual men who do not receive it as a symbol, they see what may unite all who hold them as with the sense almost of a common nationality, though they live in different provinces, and speak in different dialects, with more or less *patois*, of the one heavenly speech.

The first of these truths is that which the Creed expresses in the words, “I believe in God the Father Almighty, maker of Heaven and Earth.” The subject of this paper is, “the Fatherhood of God.” If I might preach as from a text, I should choose the words of the Apostle to whom that truth was revealed in all its wonderful fulness, and who carries on his thoughts of unity as in an ascending scale, through the “one body,” and the “one spirit,” and the “one hope,” the “one Lord, one faith, one baptism,” to the “one God and Father of all.” In these words we may at least find that which gives us a point of contact with every Church in Christendom. Wherever men utter that “I believe,” wherever they pray in the words or after the pattern of the great prayer of Christ, there are