

on each side, especially when he went up and down stairs, his demand of support was treated as idle whim. The Princess shut herself up with her little son for more than an hour, trying to reason with him that it was improper to be led up and down stairs at the age of more than five years; she led him into the middle of the room and told him to walk, as she was sure he could do so. He obstinately refused to stir without being led by at least one person. The Princess then took a birch rod, and gave it to Prince George, who repeatedly slashed his son with it in vain; at last by dint of severe strokes the torture made him run alone." The constant effort on the part of the sickly child to appear robust and manly enough to satisfy his father brought on repeated

attacks of illness. Still he struggled on for some three or four years more, bearing up even under the miserable cramming system, by means of which he was able at the age of ten to astonish his examiners by his answers on "jurisprudence, the Gothic laws, and the feudal system." Then he sickened of a fever, and in the absence of Dr. Radcliffe was bled by the physician in attendance. Dr. Radcliffe, on arriving, declared the malady to be scarlet fever, and learning the treatment which had been adopted, bluntly declared, "Then you have destroyed him, and you may finish him, for I will not prescribe." Thus a final blunder completed the series, which had extended over the short suffering life of the Prince, and carried off the last direct heir of the Stuart family.

### THE DOCTOR'S CHRISTMAS.

FOR most of us Christmas means "peace and plenty"—truly a day of rest and gladness when the daily round and common task may be put aside. But there is always the seamy side of life, and we have not far to look to find those to whom this is the familiar side. This is an oft-told tale, but the sadness of human suffering should be brought home to us all the more forcibly by contrast with the idea of festivity and happiness that is associated in our minds with Christmas.

Well do we know that the sick and diseased find by painful experience that the inexorable goddess Hygeia exacts hard penalties for transgressing her laws, irrespective of times and seasons, and that our hospitals and infirmaries must care for our poorer brethren at Christmas as at all other times.

It is right that we should be reminded of these thousands of poor sick folk at our doors, but let us also recollect that the work of tending and caring for them, the necessity to cheer the despondent and weary patient falls mainly on the hard-worked doctor and sick nurse, who so often themselves feel the need for their Christmas rest and relaxation.

How hard it is to forget oneself when our duties necessitate a long round of visits to private and hospital patients. Mr. Marion Crawford so happily describes the feeling we have all experienced when he says: "There is a hidden instinct of a low and cowardly kind, but human nevertheless, which bids us turn away from spectacles of agony, whether harrowing or repulsive, until the good angel comes and whispers that we must trample on such coarse impulses and do our duty." To every one engaged in hospital work the good angel, our higher nature, speaks, and rarely speaks in vain. But the outside world little knows of the thousand noble deeds and the self-sacrifices that our hospitals could tell of, though now and then a brilliant career, suddenly terminated by devotion to the call of duty, may thrill the public and let in the light on deeds that are done almost as a matter of course.

It is a trite saying that the medical profession do more gratuitous work for the public than any other profession, but it is taken far too much for granted by many of us who might do a great deal to help and encourage those who are brought so constantly face to face with such pitiful spectacles of human suffering.

But though Christmas may bring but little pleasure to the busy practitioner, the hospital physician, and the miserably paid parish doctor, it should give much happiness. "The aim of the ignorant is pleasure, the pursuit of the wise happiness, and pleasure is but the refreshment that cheers us in the pursuit of happiness."

Yes, doctor, if virtue has gone out of you, happiness

at any rate, may be yours on this Christmas morn. To-day especially be the true physician to whom "there is a sanctity in the sick chamber. At its threshold all the more human passions quit their hold of him; love there would be profanation. The grief permitted to others he is denied, he must enter that room with a calm intelligence. If he allow aught to dim the keen glance of science he is unfit for his mission there. To him youth and age, beauty and deformity, poverty and wealth, guilt and innocence, merge themselves into one common attribute, human suffering appealing to human skill."

To go about doing good is delightful in the abstract but those alone who have tried it know that temper and good nature are often sorely tried, yet we cannot be tempted to treat lightly the claims of the meanest if we bear in mind the lines on

#### THE OUT-PATIENT.

BY DR. F. CLARKE.

Welcome her kindly and tenderly,  
Speak to her softly and low;  
Though her eye looks bright and her spirit seems light,  
Her heart may be breaking below.

Perhaps she is weary, perhaps she is faint,  
Or thinly and scantily clad;  
Perhaps it is fear of what may be near  
Makes her so mournful and sad.

Or perhaps some trial that is sorer still  
Is pressing upon her heart,—  
Some loved one may lie, sick and ready to die,  
And that makes the tear-drops start.

Then bear with her tale of trouble,  
Though her speech is broken and slow;  
Let her sob, let her weep, her grief is so deep  
That her tears they must overflow.

Give heed to all that she has to say  
With patient thought and love:  
She knows not what to do! she depends upon you  
As she stands in her loneliness there.

She has had to leave her wonted work,  
She is so anxious and ill,  
Trembling and weak, she comes to seek  
The help of your knowledge and skill.

Then deal with her gently and lovingly,  
Counsel her wisely and well;  
The good that you do may be known to few,  
But the comfort to her—who can tell.

And grudge not time, or toil, or thought;  
The reward you shall surely see;  
For what you have done to the suffering one,  
"You have done it," He saith, "unto Me!"