

AUNT JEAN'S LETTER.

Protestant Infirmary, Home of the Friendless.

Nurses, Donations, Prospects, Notes and Incidents.

Dear Friends:

Our "House Beautiful" is in our hearts and on our minds from one letter to another, is it not? And is not the Infirmary a house beautiful in all that makes up the true beauty of living?—Aye, and of dying; for death spares not all of our suffering ones. Father Morgan whose dreadful affliction once saddened this page, is sheltered now in the Everlasting Arms. Others have gone out cured, and the doors stand open to yet others, even to all for whom there is room. The Christmas season was one of blessings. Our hearts were as those of little children, soft and tender and generous, for the Mighty One was once a child Himself, and who would not be like Him? Little by little the substantial things of this world come in till in the retrospect they constitute a grand sum total. Since my last letter Mrs. Woolfolk has twice sent papers, some for reading, others for the many uses to which old papers may be applied. Mrs. Maria Dudley has given a glass lemon squeezer, two meat dishes and cranberries, which are so refreshing at this season. Mrs. France sent a lot of papers, a

fil celery; and realizing the need of mental relaxation, she also subscribed for The Record and the Ladies' Home Journal, for the Infirmary. Mrs. J. W. McConnell sent turnips and old linen. Miss Johns sent jelly, oranges and one dozen light rolls, which gave a delicious bit of home cookery for those who feasted on them. Mrs. Didlake gave a soup tureen. Mrs. Warren, true to her English traditions and the yule tide spirit, sent a Christmas fruit cake for the nurses, who are all vigorous young women with good appetites. Also the matron and housekeeper, who shared the holiday feast. Mrs. R. McMeekin, whose brother died at the House Beautiful, is continually showing an abiding interest in the place where he was so carefully nursed till the end. At different times she has sent during the month seven gallons of buttermilk, five and a half gallons of sweet milk, three and a half pounds of butter, oysters and squab. Dr. Jos. Bryan gave surgical silk, probe and forceps. Mrs. Dr. Edgar sent two pounds of butter and two gallons of buttermilk, a very scarce and acceptable article at this season. Mrs. J. H. March sent fifty pounds of flour. Dr. Barrow sent eighteen sponges and a bandage roller. An unknown friend sent a bag of flour. Mrs. Alford sent croquettes, a delicacy in a hospital cuisine. Mrs. Goodloe contributed oysters, another reasonable relish. Miss

Bean sent mince pies, jelly and pickles. Mrs. Williamson gave five pounds of candy, two pounds of tea, two bottles of catsup, two of sauce, and one extract of lemon. Mrs. Ben Bruce sent a cake, Mrs. W. F. Smith an English plum pudding; Mrs. Lyne, Charlotte Russe; Mrs. Shelby, bowl of cranberries; Mrs. Maria Bacon, a cake; Mrs. Winston, bowl of jelly; Mrs. Simonds sent three dozen oranges, bowl of ambrosia, grapes and two dozen eggs; Mr. I. Hutchison sent one dozen lemons. He is a staunch friend to the Infirmary. Mr. C. S. Johns sent a glass calendar. He is another true friend. He not only contributes in this way, but advertises in The Record. Mrs. Plunkett gave six little cream pitchers. These will match with the pretty individual teapots which she gave some weeks ago. Mrs. Reed gave one cask of native wine. Mrs. Ockford gave old flannel and cotton; Mrs. King gave old linen; Mrs. John B. Huston sent a fire screen and a pair of crutches.

THE TRAINING SCHOOL

Is prospering even beyond expectation. Miss Jenkins, the head nurse and superintendent, reports for the ten months as follows: "We have four nurses employed. During the time of our existence we have furnished fourteen weeks of private nursing outside of the hospital, for which

have paid out to the nurses in salaries, only \$48." (The pupil nurses are furnished a home, washing and uniform and paid a small salary besides.—Ed.) "From patients and nurses the income has been \$664.25. Entire satisfaction has been given in each case of outside nursing. Dr. Barrow began the course of lectures by the city physicians on the 3d of January, 1891. The number of patients treated, 55; women, 24; men, 31; number of surgical operations, 14; deaths, 5. Of the patients 12 are Episcopalians; 5 Christian church; 6 Presbyterians; 6 Baptists, 6 Methodists; 6 Romanists; 12 unknown, and two belong to no church." (Of the nurses Miss Jenkins is a Methodist; Miss Larkin, Christian; Miss Brown, Baptist; Miss Westcott, not reported; Miss Haley, the housekeeper, and Mother Taylor are also members of Protestant churches, holding different theological tenets from the Board of Managers.—Ed.) "Thirty-seven different diseases have been treated."

THE ANNEX.

When the annex of seven rooms is completed patients will probably not be turned away for lack of room. This annex is of brick and is fast going up. It will cost \$5,000, and must be paid for this year. Surely if \$14,000 came at our call the first year, the second will bring forth financial fruits. Dear friends,

have you reflected that comparatively few of our citizens are acquainted with our "House Beautiful?" Will you let me suggest a plan? You who go every week, taking your turn day after day, invite some one outside to go with you, not to interfere with the dutiful part of your mission, but to share its pleasant features. A Charity Ball, a Loan Art Exhibition, the comedy of The Rajah by Lexington amateurs, and a Dickens Festival, are in view as ways of meeting the debt for the new building, as well as to found a fund for the charity patients in our public wards. Earnest, zealous, faithful women are giving time and money to the work. Be not disheartened. Already the genius of success sits enthroned around about us. And when our friends in other churches shall become fairly acquainted with this refuge, they too will help us with might and main.

CASH CONTRIBUTIONS.

A friend whose name was not given, sent \$25; Mrs. Dr. Sweeney sent \$5; Capt. Fitzhugh, \$5; Mrs. Goodloe, \$60; Mrs. Woodward, \$10; Messrs. Andy and Ben Gratz each sent \$10, Mrs. Swift, \$50; Miss Ann Pickett, \$25; Mr. France paid his annual contribution of \$100. The box stationed inside the postoffice yielded \$2.06. Mr. Seelbach sent \$2 to be expended for delicacies for the sick, and a small amount was gathered from the locked box at the Infirmary.

THE HOME OF THE FRIENDLESS

Wears its winter garb. Homes have been found for the three young girls, and the old ladies are jogging on in their peaceful routine. Aunt Patsy's trouble yesterday was a pain in the side, and for once her hands were folded; but I suspect if she had had any rags to cut the pain would have grown small. "I'm going to make that silk rug for you," she said, "when I can get some pieces. Tell your friends to send me some old silk pieces and old soiled ribbons. I can put things in a rug that are not nice enough for a quilt." Aunt Patsy is 91 years old and she says she wants to live long enough to make another carpet. "This is a mighty good home, I don't want any better," she said, when referring to the kindness of friends. Blind Mother Steele was walking about, guiding her way with her stick. Without Aunt Patsy to cut her rags she cannot sew. It is wonderful how she helps herself. I asked her thread her needle. She took off her black sunbonnet and removed a string from her neck to which was tied a key. With this she unlocked her trunk which stands close beside her arm-chair, and took therefrom her thread and needle. In a moment she had joined the two. She said, "Nobody knows what it is to be blind. But I don't complain. The Lord knows

what is best for me, and He makes no mistakes."

Then she laughed and told how Flip, the dog, had caught at her stick with his teeth, frolicking about when she tried to hit him, and how he stole Aunt Patsy's carpet rags and ran off to chew them up. "Well," said Matron Mary, "you won't let me give him away. Everybody wants him. In fact, I could sell him any day for ten dollars—he is of good blood." No, the old ladies scold Flip, but they like his wilful ways and saucy bark. Just then Aunt Amy came in to "water her sheep," she said. Twice a day she brings water to the old ladies who can't go to the bucket. Mother Steele was not quite as placid as usual. Years ago she had a son killed on the railroad, and every like accident brings back her sorrow. Even as we talked the bell of St. Paul's was tolling the knell of Jimmy Kane, who was killed at Cumberland Gap, and the funeral train was slowly passing the window where sat the old blind, bereaved mother. Matron Mary, too, was sad and worn, from watching beside Nannie, her daughter, who is ill with malarial fever.

It was but a step through the next room where sat two more inmates, Mother Cronleigh still nursing her lame foot, on through the kitchen where more of them were busy, and on out to the sunny back pavement where Dick corn was shelled out to him. At first he daintily hopped over it as much as to say "I want green corn or none at all." But smiling Aunt Amy chewed up a grain or two, and then shaking his red comb he pecked at it with more interest. Flip looked on with mischievous eyes, but did not dare approach. Biddy was very busy hatching out her brood, but they do say that she refuses to go on her nest unless Dick is near. Little Massie Denny took the old ladies some oranges. Their Christmas donations were most liberal. Dr. Edgar has since given wine for the sick and vinegar to supply the whole establishment. Go to see them, friends, and take something dainty from your own tables. Many old persons like fruit and candy as well as children. Take old half-worn black gowns if you do not wish to give new material, and your faded housekeeper's apron would look well enough in that modest, simple abode.

Yours, in loving fellowship,

AUNT JEAN.

Personal.

Mrs. J. W. McConnell, the zealous founder and business manager of The Record, will spend the months of February and March in Memphis, Tenn., her old home. Her health suffers under the rigors of our climate in winter. But though absent her heart and services are with us.

The Record and the Ladies' Home Journal only \$1.75