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Suffering and Peace

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# SUFFERING and PEACE

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There is but one thing that can never turn into  
Suffering, and that is the good we have done.  
*Maeterlinck,*

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"To have Suffered much is like knowing many  
languages: you have learnt to understand all  
and to make yourself intelligible to all."

1915<sup>2</sup>

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SUFFERING  
AND PEACE

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The blessed work of helping the world forward happily does not wait to be done by perfect men.—George Elliot.

SUFFERING and Peace—Failure and Triumph—these are two great paradoxes, two great uplifting mysteries of human life that all down through the centuries have baffled the philosophers, and nowhere can they be so clearly seen in action, studied and marvelled at, as within the walls of a great Institution like the Royal Hospital for Incurables, Putney Heath.

Incurable! The very word rings in the heart like the clang of a door that has shut out hope, and without hope how can there be Peace? Incurable! The very word is the hopeless admission of failure, and in admitted failure what can there be of triumph?

Yet, strangely and truly enough, the first sensation experienced by a visitor to this kingdom of Suffering, is a feeling of Peace. It steals out to meet one like an atmosphere—enveloping and soothing, imparting, all unexpectedly, a gift to the one who comes to bestow.

To walk through the wards is to be conscious of triumph, the triumph of suffering patiently accepted.

There is a very simple explanation of this triumph of the seemingly impossible. Here where suffering reigns, Sympathy has replaced Hope, and, like the rain which comes to give back to the parched earth, the gratitude of the inmates, triumphing in the long moments of apparent failure by their patience and their resignation, goes back to their friends intangibly—like a prayer.

And it is for this sympathy that can transmute the dross of failure into the fine gold of triumph, the cruel unrest of suffering into peace and freedom—if not from pain, from those sordid anxieties and fears that are the very crown of pain—that year after year, at the time of the great Festival of Peace, the Board of Management send out their Appeal—casting out their net into the vast human sea to dredge for the means with which to Carry On the work of relieving nearly one thousand incurable invalids.

It is not possible for the Board to be always original in their Appeal—to tell some amazing and vivid story that will arouse interest and stimulate curiosity. Year after year their narrative is the same—year after year the Suffering and need for which they have to provide remain unaltered. That is where the pathos of their appeal lies, that they have no record of the marvellous to present, only the drab and sober history of the same work faithfully performed in the face of what appear almost insuperable difficulties.

Give very freely of your practical sympathy then to their large, helpless, bodily-broken family—to the inmates of the building at Putney, 230 in number; to the 720 pensioners in their own modest homes dotted throughout the length and breadth of the kingdom. Translate your sympathy into generous action, you who have lesser loads to bear than the Incurables.

The present need of the Hospital is urgent. Every day of the year the expenditure, rigidly controlled as it is, amounts to £100. It is impossible to reduce this sum, rather ought it to be increased. Wards must be kept open, the 720 pensioners must receive the yearly grant of £20 each which has been promised to them for life. The accepted candidates—nearly 200 in number, hopeless and stranded invalids, who are eagerly waiting for the Election which will mean the crowning of their Suffering by Peace—must be admitted.

Will not those whose hearts have been chastened and softened by suffering, help these stricken sufferers?

“Give Peace in our time, O Lord!” The cry has often gone up from every heart. Let us try to show ourselves worthy to enjoy the supreme blessing of peace by our self-sacrifice, by the largeness of our understanding sympathy with those for whom this appeal pleads—whose lives are, indeed, set far off from the turmoil and din of battle, yet are at unending warfare against an enemy who gives no

quarter—whose one earthly weapon of defence is your generosity.

The Royal Hospital for Incurables, Putney Heath, is the largest and oldest Institution of its special character in the world; no other equals it with its 230 Inmates and 720 Pensioners. The annual expenditure is £35,000, of which the sum of £7,000 only is assured. The huge sum of £28,000, therefore, must be raised yearly from voluntary sources.

A vast responsibility for the Board of Management!

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Economy does not lie in sparing money,  
but in spending it wisely.

*Huxley's Letters.*

## Suffering and Peace.

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They say that Suffering and Peace dwell in opposite camps, but such is not the case. Suffering and Peace are intimate sisters; the first gives warmth to the other.

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WHAT is it that appeals most in an Appeal? It is just this: the unsaid under-thought that is in tune with human nature—the idea that has occurred to us, but that has not yet found adequate expression—the little touch on an uncovered part of our own familiar sentiment—a tiny flash of half-hidden suggestiveness—a faint breath of irresistibility—the passing and rapid reflection that makes us know for certain how close are our own hearts to some other hearts in this workaday world. At times the things felt are more weighty than the things understood, though all should be able to understand an appeal for Incurables.

\* \* \*

THERE was once a foolish invalid who told his medical man that he disliked all food and would not eat. "Then you will die," said the doctor.

In just the same way, if a voluntary institution's board of management dislikes publicity and will not tolerate it, the institution will die from public inattention. It is true that publicity costs effort and time, but it is also true that to many institutions publicity is the breath of financial life. Now-a-days a voluntary hospital may suffer as much from public neglect as a plant may suffer from lack of sunshine. Appeals may be an infliction, but they are a necessary infliction. In these times the benevolent public insists upon having its notice drawn to an object before supplying what is needful.



THE Royal Hospital for Incurables, treats only those who are bearing a sad cross. The hundreds of patients who are under treatment there are treated hopefully, for although the presumed incurable, hopeless, case alone is eligible for the benefits of this National Charity, all means are used to restore the patient to health. This cannot be done on so large a scale without the expenditure of much money. A huge institution needs a huge income, and when the object of and the reason for the existence of such a Home of Suffering is the custody and care of the Incurable surely money will be forthcoming from those who have it!



SOME of us earn nicknames because we have Suffered. At the Royal Hospital for Incurables,

there are four invalids who in nearly all weathers sit out on a verandah in their wheel-chairs because their disabled bodies are more comfortable when in the open air. Their Sufferings do not vanish entirely in the open air, but they are less severe. The other patients have named their four courageous sisters "THE FOUR DREADNOUGHTS." We who have earned nicknames are allowed to sprinkle our remarks with audacity and whimsicality; this is so all the world over.



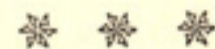
WHAT other appeal does the Royal Hospital for Incurables, Putney Heath, require beyond its name? Within its walls lie all the tragedy and Suffering that hopelessness encompasses. Death lies ahead for us all, but it has become a habit of thought that we are immortal. In our arrogance we place death—our death—with the Millennium and the End of the World. But what of the Incurable, the patient sorrowing creatures for whom life is already circumscribed, and who see the End ahead—Remorseless and Appointed, whose capacities for the employment of the little remaining life have been ruthlessly curtailed, who are stricken, many of them, in the very flower of youth, and are put aside, broken implements of God, to watch in silence and with hungry eyes the procession of life pass by? The name of the Hospital is itself an appeal.



"PEACE is rarely denied to the peaceful."



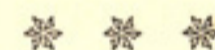
"PEACE is the masterpiece of reason."



"THOSE who bring Suffering (or Peace) to the lives of others cannot keep it from themselves."



"PATIENCE is the lesson of Suffering."



THE patients in the Royal Hospital for Incurables come from all parts of England. One who comes from Northumberland may become friendly with one who comes from Cornwall. The two perhaps sit side by side in one of the large day-rooms and form an attachment that grows and ripens into warm friendship. When this happens, and so far as circumstances and rules permit, the Matron arranges that the two shall occupy neighbouring beds in the same ward. No patient who has been in the Hospital for more than a week or two fails to make new friends. Visitors, first of all, come from curiosity, and then they come from interest and pleasure. No patient whose hands are crippled and who is unable to write is made to Suffer more because he or she cannot hold a pen. There are always friends who

will write a letter. The officials are paid to do their duty, but the official who does not also gladly perform acts of unofficial kindness and sympathy does not remain long within this Home on the Hill.



HE is a poor medical man who learns nothing from his patients. The patients may be selfish and even ignorant, but the causes of selfishness and ignorance are in themselves worth studying. The more a doctor knows about such causes, the greater his power of bringing peace to Sufferers. A knowledge of medical and surgical science is always deepened by study of human whims and idiosyncracies. The wealthy patient often derives benefits from the knowledge that a medical man has picked up in a cottage. The pauper is often a benefactor unawares. The ideal man of medicine teaches his patients to have a greater hope than he has himself.



How many persons there are who hear the impressions of others and adopt them as their own without making any investigation. Doubtless there are many kind-hearted people who shrink from visiting the Royal Hospital for Incurables, Putney Heath, because they imagine that they will witness depressing sights. They have heard so many pathetic little stories concerning incurable invalids, who have been lying in the same beds

and in the same wards for years. Yet it is a fact that when once a visit has been paid to this National Institution other visits follow. There is so much there to interest and uplift one. As a class, incurable invalids are quite as cheerful and quite as resigned to their lot as any class in Europe. The patients Suffer more when they are not visited by those who can exchange sympathetic thoughts and views with them. It is a mistake to accept as true all that one hears from un-informed sources on this point. Pay the place a visit and judge as to whether, or not, the experience is worth while.

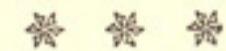


WE of this generation, even if we have not fought in the trenches, or kept watch on the seas, have realised what Suffering is. Our imagination has tortured us with the picture of the Suffering of others. We believe that we know more about war than the last generation did. And who shall say that we are not in a better position to realise the beauty and the comfort of Peace than any generation of any time ?



It is only Suffering that has brought to our minds the benefits of "courteous usage." What waste of effort and what excesses of conduct would be in practice if it were not for "courteous usage." Nowadays we all know that courtesy

costs something : it was our forefathers who are said to have believed that courtesy cost nothing. As a matter of fact, courtesy is the offspring of past Sufferings : we practise it because by doing so we hope to avoid future Sufferings.



ONCE upon a time a certain bishop explained that a patron of a considerable number of livings said to him :—" When I have a living to give away, twenty people at least apply for it. I am obliged to disappoint nineteen—and the twentieth generally disappoints me." Ladies and gentlemen who bring forward candidates for the benefits of the Royal Hospital for Incurables, Putney Heath, sometimes overlook the fact that the Board are compelled to judge every application solely upon its merits, and according to the rules as laid down in the Constitution of the Charity. It is not of much practical use to say that a certain candidate is "very deserving" : no candidate who is not very deserving would even be considered. If there were no rules there would be no Peace.



INCURABLE ! Can we imagine it, we who rise with the morning sun glad in a new day, feeling the blood race through our veins at the prospect of movement, we who can climb the hills and run through the valleys, bathe in the sparkle of the waves upon some sandy shore, or wander at will

about the dim streets of the town, we who look forward to far places on the great earth and plan some day to seek them, or make our pleasures by our own safe firesides, our children about our knees. Incurable! Who has sounded that knell in our ears. How our limbs tremble and our frightened eyes close in their horror. Ah! not for us. We stretch our free muscles in our gladness; our eyes open in joy upon the sweet earth. But we think—who are these that are spoken of as Incurables! Beings robbed of earth's joys, shut away from the inheritance of health that they were surely intended to have—bereft of their birthright. Is it their voices that have followed us into the sunshine, lamenting their lot? No, we hear the word Incurables, but the voices that call to us are not those of sadness. Wonder of wonders, from the sick bed, from the couch of Suffering, from this great house of mercy, we hear laughter and happy jests. We who so often grumble in the blue air of the outer world see these poor children in pain with smiling faces and contented eyes. This is the miracle wrought in this hospital whose merciful gates let in the Suffering ones to partake of its care and love. It is its voice we hear claiming our pity and our charity for the many who must beat upon those gates in vain, who must be thrust from the gladness and happiness that radiate between its walls if we turn away our head and pretend we do not hear.

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THE whole civilised world ought to bow in grateful acknowledgment to those Governors who keep going a Hospital and Home for Incurables. Such an institution is a monument erected for the silent cheer of those who can think, and who enjoy good health and sound limbs. The mere comparison of their own fit state with that of the Suffering condition of those who are lying upon beds of pain is the reason in chief.

\* \* \*

THE greatest thing about a Board of Management is the real strength that lies behind its traditional soundness. The Board of to-day should be quite well able to hold its own because of the traditions handed down to it by the Board of yesterday. Every little brick of sound reason, as well as every little atom of caution, has been placed with its fellows until there is a high and strong wall behind the Board of to-day. Perhaps that is why we sometimes hear that "a Board has no conscience." Whenever we do not get our own way we think that the opposing force has no conscience. We ought to remember that Boards learn in Suffering what they teach in rules—whether the rules bring a measure of Peace is an open question.

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It is a Christian duty to "bear one another's burdens," and there are few heavier burdens than to know that one has a malady which cannot be

cured. The doors of all other hospitals must need be closed to such Sufferers, and it is in that extremity that this Institution comes with its beneficent aid, to raise the spirits, strengthen the heart, and soothe and comfort the poor afflicted body. The Hospital might fairly inscribe over its portals—"Thank God, and take courage."



THE struggle of life for those who are well and strong is, in the majority of cases, as much as can easily be borne; for those who are stricken with Incurable disease, the position is too pathetic and painful for the world to see and not do something to smooth the path to the grave. The mental suffering of those who have no hope of health or strength in this world is great enough without the added terrible anxiety concerning how they shall live out their lives, and have a roof over them, food to eat, and the ordinary necessities of existence. The Royal Hospital for Incurables deserves more than well of all people with kind hearts and generous impulses.



THERE are people who claim that blessed Peace has its drawbacks. Certain it is that after a long war, when Peace has been declared, there is often a strange re-action. Men whose blood has been fired in battle miss the daily adventure, the excitement and the exhilaration and the watchfulness of the long fight. During hostilities eager

days followed anxious nights, and there was always a call for the utmost striving and the bitterest vehemence. A great soldier once said he could not bear the "awful quiet" of Peace. The greater the activity lived through the more depressing the uneventful days that follow. The triumph-love of the victor misses the constant stimulus. The day of big possibilities has ended and the day of calm and seeming emptiness has dawned. In war all depends upon readiness and prompt action, and when Peace has come we feel we can do to-morrow what is left undone to-day—if our blood has known the stir and tearing whirl of battle.



OUR own meannesses and vanities lead to Suffering. When we look back upon the times when we had an opportunity of doing good and failed to do it we are filled with remorse for our omissions and meannesses. Our vanities lead us into so many false positions that it is only after Suffering and anxiety that we can escape. All the trumpery manœuvrings in which we had to indulge might have been avoided, and our characters would have been stronger. Perhaps we grow more generally charitable as we grow older, and yet it is said that old folk are the meanest. Certain it is that the old are more liberal than the young in their sympathies with the aims and objects of voluntary charities.

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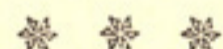
SOME worthy persons who have never visited a Hospital and Home for Incurables imagine that there must be a wearisome uniformity of Suffering in the wards. This is only an impression born of lack of experience and knowledge. Visit the Royal Hospital for Incurables, Putney Heath, and you will find that every single patient is different from all the others; even the wards are widely different from each other; every ward has stamped upon it the character of its inmates. The photographs and the ornaments and the other decorations are not the choice of the Board of Management, or of the Matron,—they are the personal belongings of those who occupy the beds. Peace of mind is sometimes strengthened when we have about us what we have chosen ourselves. Affection does not depend upon judgment, but when we believe in our own choice our mind is more at rest.



“LONG-SUFFERING is the mother of all good things.”



“FEAR none of those things which thou shalt Suffer. Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of Life”



GEORGE MEREDITH once wrote: “The Appeal for subscriptions to the Royal Hospital for Incurables, Putney Heath, should strike to the

heart of all who have the common humane feeling for their fellows. For here is the case of utter helplessness under an impending inevitable doom. These poor sufferers have passed hope and still they draw our breath of life. Their position has only to be brought home to the general mind for subscriptions to flow, if we would be worthy of our good repute for charity.”



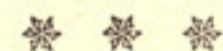
SOME of the wards (there are over sixty) at the Royal Hospital for Incurables have been christened with an unofficial name. For instance, the name printed over the door may be “Victoria,” or “Elizabeth,” but the character of those who occupy the beds therein has become famous among the other patients and the nursing staff, and a special name, descriptive of the tone or atmosphere of the ward, has been bestowed upon it. There is one ward that is known as “Sunshine Trap” because the bright side of things is always enlarged upon by the happy and contented souls who lie there year in and year out, bearing bravely and serenely all the physical ills that are their lot in this life. If one enters “Sunshine Trap” and talks with the inmates one hears that God is good, and the daily food is good, and the nurse-in-charge is good, and the visitors are good, and “all things work together for good.” There is no hint of weariness or despair or regret. One leaves the ward better and humbler than one enters it. What a beautiful lesson this is to learn from those who have Suffered and who are Suffering.

ONLY the sportsman who has known the fear and anxiety of possible defeat can appreciate the true joy of victory, for when everything on the way has been smooth and easy success has been anticipated and comes with only half a welcome. It is the snatching of a twig from the strong current that brings the biggest sigh of relief, the sense of doing it "after all," the sense of having Suffered in anticipation.



THE Medical Officer of a large Home and Hospital for Incurables encounters many little difficulties outside his strictly professional course. It is, of course, his hourly effort to relieve and pacify his patients, but he may often feel that in satisfying their individual desires he runs the risk of extravagance. A patient may urge that beef and mutton are not tempting enough day after day, and that chicken, or some other dainty, would be much more acceptable. Yet, when the weekly bills have to be checked carefully, the Medical Officer may not always be ready with explanations when the House Committee scrutinise the accounts. "A good many Extra Diets this week, Doctor," says the Chairman, with quiet emphasis, but the Medical Officer argues the point and says: "I am afraid there are, but what am I to do? The poor sufferers must be coaxed a little, given way to, helped to forget their aches and pains. What is a morsel of chicken if it results in a Pleasant Afternoon?" The Extra Diets are allowed.

SELFISHNESS always means Suffering. If through an accident that has happened we are pulled up at an ugly railway junction for hours, our own selfish troubles are of more importance to us than the real troubles of the passengers in the colliding trains ahead. Our mere impatience becomes a mountain that hides the agony of the unhappy signalman who caused the collision. The little broken string of our engagements becomes a gigantic cable. That is one way in which selfishness brings Suffering.



IT may surprise some readers to learn that the Royal Hospital for Incurables, Putney Heath, is denied a share in the annual distribution from the King Edward's Hospital Fund and the Saturday and Sunday Collections for the Hospitals. Not one penny from these Funds ever finds its way to this Charity. The main reason for this is that the Royal Hospital for Incurables does not cure patients, a task which it would naturally not pretend to undertake since it only accepts cases which have already been rejected as incurable by other hospitals, or by unattached members of the medical profession. Surely the fact that this hospital is denied a share in the distribution of these Funds lends added claim upon the generosity of the public.



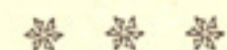
WE all Suffer because of the limitations of human knowledge and foresight. One might

suppose that years and years of daily experiences would improve and refine our judgments until no room remained for further cultivation of logic and reason. Yet what a sad world it would be with no Suffering and no Peace, in return for mistakes and achievements. If mistakes did not bring Suffering how careless we should be, and if achievements did not result in Peace how could we be expected to trouble about anything? Knowledge and foresight are not found in the young, and we see how many little troubles come where there is no knowledge, and how much glorious Peace of mind (and long nights of unbroken sleep) come where foresight is exercised by parents on behalf of the young.



THE financial expert will hesitate to answer a question that a youth who has been on the Stock Exchange for one year will answer in two minutes—but one must always remember that the expert's hesitation is worth more than the youth's volubility. The expert has probably learnt his hesitancy because he has Suffered through being too hasty in days gone by: The youth's parents may be proud of their lad's readiness, but they still pay his rent for him and perhaps buy his clothes. If the youth were compelled to pay his own bills, he might know no Peace until he had discovered the value of caution. We

old people may be slow and hesitating—we have our good reasons—and the young may grow impatient with us, but, in this case, all is for the best.



THE English language does not contain any more terrible word than Incurable. It is bleakly uncompromising. To speak of a situation as hopeless is not a cheering remark, but it does not necessarily mean all it says. To declare to a sick man or woman that he, or she, is Incurable is to finish a sentence, without hope of reconsideration.



THERE has probably occurred to everybody on seeing such an announcement as that a gift of twenty pheasants has been made to the Royal Hospital for Incurables, Putney Heath, a feeling of the futility, the almost cruel irony of such a present. But this feeling is absolutely and altogether false. For the day of little things, the pleasure of small "treats" is never over: indeed, on the word of those who know, the more hopeless the Suffering, the greater is the appreciation in the sufferer of mitigations of tiny distractions. For out of Suffering is born that bravery which those who have never suffered have never known, the bravery that bears its pain not with composure only, or set teeth, but with cheerfulness, and intense delight in all that soothes and brightens



the hours. Yet even "soothes" is too passive a word: that bravery asks for no soothing. It wishes to take childlike and active pleasure in the nice and beautiful things of the world. Here there is sufficient answer to the question: there is another answer no less true. For of all emotions known to man there is none, perhaps, so flawless and perfect as pity. And there are none so worthy of pity and none so brave as the Incurables.

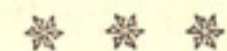


THE longer one lives the more one is convinced that both sides of a story should always be heard before a judgment is pronounced. Some visitors to a hospital will listen very carefully to the little complaints of a patient and will at once arrive at a conclusion that something is seriously wrong with the management. Visitors should remember that invalids, as a class, have their selfishnesses, and that in some cases they have little else to think about except their own grievances, imaginary or otherwise. It is always well to hear what the nurses and the officials have to say before any final conclusion is arrived at. There are visitors who will actually encourage complaints on the part of hospital patients. This, no doubt, arises from a desire to seem intensely helpful. A few visitors do not realise how difficult it is to keep Peace among hundreds of invalids who are congregated in one huge building.

"GOD does not pay every Saturday" runs a Serbian proverb. It would make a very good text for a sermon to people who think that they are getting on well because no punishment has yet been meted out to them. Peace to those who have not known strife and Suffering is not regarded as a blessing. The negro does not value his strong white teeth nor his head of thick hair.

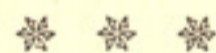


HELPLESS! Hopeless! INCURABLE! Can mind conceive a picture more deplorable? To be Helpless—Well, many of us have experienced that—temporarily in Suffering. And how bad it was. To be Hopeless—Well, there are but few who have not experienced this—temporarily in moods of depression, or in states of bereavement. And how bad it was. To be INCURABLE. Ah, but that is the rub! The chord struck of tensest misery, the death-knell of helpfulness, the dirge of hope. A Lane without a Turning, a Night without promise of Morning, Pain, Sickness, Physical Misery, Weariness, Dreariness, with no ray of light in the leaden gloom, Crippledom fettering evermore muscles and limbs, Aching and Weakness and Helplessness.



FOR those who are seized with temporary Suffering there are many hospitals, for the Incurable but few. The business is so hopeless;

what institution wishes to be burdened with those who never can recover, who from year to year must be a charge growing ever more onerous, and an expense which at least will not decrease? Yet who needs human sympathy and human help more than the Incurable, the being smitten with some slow disease, too cruel even to be fatal, which leaves its victim fluttering on toward the grave for years and years, alive yet helpless, like a bird with a broken wing?



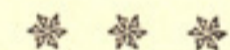
CUT on the walls of a cell in the Tower of London is the following message:—

“The most unhappy man in the world is he that is not patient in adversity. For men are killed, not with the adversities they have, but with the impatience they Suffer.”



SOME men and women seem to go about with a burning desire to give advice; they Suffer inwardly if they are not able to divest themselves of a certain amount of counsel daily. As a rule, advice from this class of person is a golden opportunity for expressing disapproval. It is all very well to say that one does not throw stones at a tree unless there is fruit on it, but the givers of advice should remember that they are neglecting the arts of Peace when they offer what is not invited. Giving advice to rude strangers has started many an unfortunate affair.

INCURABLES are those upon whom sentence has been passed: and yet they have committed no offence to earn that sentence: no judicial tribunal has sat in judgment upon them. Fate only has stricken them down; it is the physician or the surgeon who has signed their warrant. Even when criminals are condemned to death an effort is made to lend some solace to the short hours that separate them from their doom. What we do for the guilty shall we not much more attempt for the innocent? The days between the sentence and the execution may be few or many. Often they will be days of pain and Suffering, always of helpless waiting, sometimes of hopeless regrets. Shall we not do all that lies in our power to lighten the trial and to brighten the gloom? We cannot remit the sentence, but we can cheer the suspense.



“I AM a man of Peace. God knows how I love Peace. But I hope I shall never be such a coward as to mistake oppression for Peace.”



“IN Peace there is nothing so becomes a man as modest stillness and humility.”



“BLESSED are the Peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God.”

## In Memoriam.

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Rather than spend money on the erection of Memorial Stones or Windows, why not commemorate the precious memory of those dear to you by giving money for naming in perpetuity a Bed, or a Ward, at the

**ROYAL HOSPITAL FOR INCURABLES,**  
PUTNEY HEATH,

a means which would not only be a lasting tribute to the departed, but also provide the additional merit of affording relief to those who are worthy objects for such practical sympathy.

A Bed will be named in perpetuity for the sum of £1,000.

## Form of Bequest.

I bequeath to THE ROYAL HOSPITAL FOR INCURABLES, PUTNEY HEATH, the sum of £ , free of duty, to be paid, together with the duty thereon, out of such part of my estate as can be lawfully bequeathed for charitable purposes, and to be applicable to the general purposes of such Institution, and I declare that the receipt of the Treasurer or other proper officer for the time being of such Institution shall be a sufficient discharge for the same.

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*N.B.—By virtue of the "Mortmain and Charitable Uses Act, 1891," land may now be devised to a Charity, but it is liable to be sold within one year from the death of the Testator.*

\* \* \*

## Terms of Subscription.

An Annual Subscriber has one Vote for Half-a-Guinea, and an additional Vote for every additional Half-a-guinea. A Life Subscriber has One Vote for Five Guineas, and an additional Vote for Life for every additional Five Guineas.

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EXTRACT FROM THE [CONSTITUTION.

“ The design of this Charity is not to interfere with the action of any existing institution, nor to relieve those cases for which provision is found elsewhere; nor does it profess to relieve temporary affliction; but so far as funds will permit, its aim is to provide relief for that which is continuous and permanent, and for which no public provision exists. It does not, therefore, deal with idiots, persons of unsound mind, with those who have been afflicted from birth, or who have received parochial relief.”



The Hospital is not quite a mile from East Putney Railway Station (District Railway), where cabs are obtainable. Putney Station (L. & S. W. Railway), is rather more than a mile distant. Motor omnibuses (Services Nos. 70 and 85) run from Putney Bridge Station (District Railway) to the top of Putney Hill, which is within three minutes' walk of the Hospital.

To MR. CHARLES CUTTING, Secretary,  
ROYAL HOSPITAL FOR INCURABLES,  
4, ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD, E.C.

Date \_\_\_\_\_ 191\_\_\_\_\_

From\* \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

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	a Donation	
	a Life Subscription	

ROYAL HOSPITAL FOR INCURABLES,  
PUTNEY HEATH.

(Signed) \_\_\_\_\_

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\* Please write name as it should be printed in the List of Governors and Donors.

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EXTRACT FROM THE CONSTITUTION

The design of this Charter is not to interfere  
with the existing institutions, but  
to preserve those which are of public utility,  
and to provide for the relief of the  
poor, and for the education of the  
youth, and for the improvement of the  
arts and manufactures, and for the  
encouragement of agriculture, and for  
the promotion of the public good.

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