



"KIWI," RECENTLY PURCHASED FROM THE DIGNAN ESTATE, AUCKLAND, BY THE SISTERS OF THE MATER MISERICORDIAE HOSPITAL, AND INTENDED AS A CONVENT AND NURSES' HOME.

There was no fanfare of trumpets when the Sisters came to Eden's heights. There was a quiet, unheralded coming, a scrubbing of floors, and an adequate furnishing. Patients came slowly, but when they came they came in a steady stream. As the sufferers grew in numbers the leading physicians and surgeons of the city grew to know that the Mater Misericordiae Hospital, the hostel for sufferers under the protection of Our Lady, of her who is the Mother of Mercy, the Mother of the Man-God who is Infinite Mercy itself. To staff the hospital to meet its ever-growing needs New Zealand Sisters of Mercy crossed the Tasman Sea to study in Australia, in Catholic hospitals of Australian Sisters of Mercy and of Australian Sisters of Charity, and to obtain Australian certificates. In their own land these certificates would be denied them unless they would study in public hospitals. State supervision is very useful and, we may grant, even necessary, but the doctrine that the State and the State alone is efficient is at least questionable. If we in New Zealand are to press this teaching much further we shall have the Servile State in all its ugliness. "More business in Government and less Government in business" may be an excellent election slogan. It would be very interesting and not at all unpleasant to see it become a norm of conduct. When next the Sisters of the "Mater" apply to the Government for the right to train their own nurses in their own hospital in their own land they may perchance have in reply something better than glacial politeness or the official inertia and listlessness born of lack of competition and consequent lack

of contrast. The Australians are in better case. A continent breeds bigger, broader men and women. We in New Zealand are insular and insularity creates the mental outlook of a microbe. The consensus of the opinion of thousands of patients from New Zealand and from beyond the seas, of all classes and creeds, the calm judgment of distinguished physicians and surgeons, the action of the eminent American surgeons who placed the "Mater" on the short list of New Zealand hospitals approved of the American College of Surgeons and the affectionate regard of Aucklanders, all these should speak effectively with myriad Tongues. The day must come, and come soon, when officialdom must listen or stand apart from a mighty and a goodly company in sullen apathy.

The Work Extended.

In 1918 was opened a new brick wing of the hospital. The vision of Mother Ignatius, then in the house of her eternity, was becoming real. The added accommodation was soon inadequate. Sufferers clamor for admission. A short week ago the Sisters purchased "Kiwi" and a further acre and a half of land, the home and grounds of the late Mr. P. L. Dignan. This property adjoins the hospital grounds and its procuring gives the Sisters the whole of the spur on which the hospital stands. Already plans are being prepared of a great central block, of a great hospital five storeys in height, containing every latest appliance and convenience. It is to house a hundred more patients. The sunlight and clear air of Auckland are to be laid fully under tribute. An extensive

roof garden is not the least of matters planned. The private hospital is to be, as it has been, but a means to an end. A great public hospital is to be a home of rest, refreshment, and peace for the stricken poor, for the tortured souls and bodies of men and women of the ranks, who have dropped from drooping shoulders at least for a time life's heavy burden. There are not as once there were wolves by the wayside. There are, and there will be, white-robed, smiling Sisters of Mercy to tend their wounds to help them back, if that be God's ordaining, to health. That is the aim and the hope of the "Mater" staff. When the longed-for public hospital is in being the private hospital will be but ancillary and auxiliary. To the Sisters of Mercy the sick represent each and every one, Our Lord Himself. "You do it unto Me" is engraven in their hearts. It has ever been there. It was there when English and Irish Sisters of Mercy accompanied Florence Nightingale to the Crimea. The battlefields of the American Civil War knew them as did the blood-dyed fields of the late War. There can be no class war no creed war, no color bar where they work, for where they work, in operating theatre or beside the bed of suffering, goes the charity of Christ and its compelling urge.

When death does come and its angel will not be denied, its advent to the "Mater" is not the coming of a gloomy visitant with its wings beating with the throbbing of the drums of doom. The angel of death is a gentle, smiling visitor, with arms far-flung in sweet invitation, when in the "Mater" he takes from the hands of the Sisters the soul