

WITH THE SICK CHILDREN.

Where Wee Suffering Ones are Struggling Now to Regain Health, to Recover Strength and Grow Straight in Body.

A few days ago I was a privileged visitor to the Hospital for Sick Children on College street.

There is nothing more heart-touching than an hour with the patient, suffering little ones in the Hospital for Sick Children?

Lying on their backs, the long, long, weary hours of days that lengthen into weeks—struggling, fighting with disease, wounds, and inherited injury—hundreds of little tots await the healing of skill and kindness.

A visit to the Hospital appeals to the grander nature of mankind.

While one is moved by the sad sufferings of the little children, one cannot help rejoicing that there is in Canada such a splendidly equipped institution.

There is the pathos of looking into the cot of a golden-haired child, whose eyes dumbly speak of pain.

Then one is suddenly confronted by a dark-eyed urchin, who is full of glee and good health, for "mother is comin' to take me home to-day." In a battle with sickness the child had won.

I visited each ward, and in each the chief nurse took me in hand and told me of their charges, of the troubles and trials of children who become dear to them.

I watched the nurses. They seemed to take a deep, earnest interest in their little patients. To me they appeared to possess the spirit of that lady who has done more than all others to attain for woman a responsive recognition of the rights of woman—Florence Nightingale.

Mothers have faith, greater faith, in the results of a labour of love. To a nurse devoted to her calling one may confide their greatest treasures.

In the Boys' Surgical Ward there were many patients. The "Orillia Cot" was occupied by a little fellow who was having a club foot straightened by modern surgery. He had been in the Hospital some time, and proudly showed the improvement that had been made.

In the "Isabelia Cot" there was a little chap who had fallen and injured his head and broken his wrist. He was a brave little fellow—never cried.

In the "East Toronto Cot" there was a little fellow lying with a broken leg, while in the corner of the ward, in the "Newsboys' Cot," sat Jim, a little butcher boy, who was glad that he

would soon be out again to "help mother." A lumber waggon had collided with Jim's cart about six weeks before.

The "James Harvey Price Cot" was occupied by a bright little chap, who had poor eyesight. Five weeks ago he fell down an elevator shaft in a printing office on Church street.

The "Toronto Police Cot" was occupied by a boy, who was being treated for club-foot. The little fellow said he would be well enough in time to go on a "beat" himself.

In the Baby Ward it was sad. Here are the little tots from three to five years—the dear ones who were just launched on the threshold of life. There was "Little Fred," three years old, the pet of the ward—a good little chap, who suffered much, but seldom cried. He was in the "Grummie Cot." Next to him there was another wee sufferer in "Little Will's Cot." The child had been sent down from Gravenhurst, and was murmuring softly, "I want to go home, please." Far away from home, that little four-year-old boy. Think of the child; and think of the mother, who had to part with her little one that the best medical skill in Canada might be had.

In the "Cot Emanuel" there was a wee white-haired chap, whom the nurses called "George III." He was the third George to arrive in the ward. And beside him there toddled "Little Billee," who was proud of the way he could walk, with his club-foot on stilts.

In the "Maria Robertson Cot" there was a small boy from Green River—Georgie Hutchings. And Georgie was nearly well. "I'll soon be took home," he said.

"Ah, here's our pet," said the nurse in the Girls' Surgical Ward, as a little girl named Leslie H. smiled sweetly. And the tiny child was proud of her name. She was in the cot supported by Rolland M. Boswell, jr.

From Parndale, Ont., there is a child who has been in the hospital for more than a year. She is being treated for curvature of the spine. Her mother comes to see her but seldom. "I got a letter from her yesterday, and nurse is going to answer it for me."

Another child, suffering from a like trouble is in the "Alpha Cot," of All Saints' church.

The Cooke's church Sabbath school support the cot where a delicate, flaxen-haired child of four years was lying. She is being treated for an abscess of the hip, but despite the pain she sings songs almost every waking hour of the day.

"And here's our little working woman," said the nurse, as a bustling,

busy c
in one
And
of pas
covere
door v
valesce
joy th
Some
become
they d
child
"mami
In th
three
fever.
Paul's
Agal
Boys'
crying
forded,
come
noon.
over.
boy to
not co
Sick
Oh,
And
such a
skilful
dispos
Is it
with
year d

S

What:
and
of th
Hun
is tha
pity t
soul
citude
dren
sympa
are li
an elo
have
becau
ing, a
to fre
Th
that
hum
ratio
charit
tion
ones
ping
dark
Som
after
group
the H
lege
instit
throu