

Hospital for Sick Children.

A WORK OF FAITH.

FIFTEENTH ANNUAL REPORT.

"Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise."—Matt. xxi. 16
 "And a little child shall lead them."—Isaiah xi, 6.

A sick and suffering child appeals to the hardest heart. It is not necessary to plead for sick children, they plead for themselves.

In walking through any children's hospital and looking at the emaciated bodies, the distorted limbs, the wan faces lined with pain and prematurely old, the visitor is naturally inclined, from sheer pity, to say, "Why, by the practice of medical skill and loving care, keep the little sufferers here? Let them go where there is 'no more sickness.'"

Grace Denio Litchfield, in her quaint poem, in two parts, "In the Hospital," and "Beyond the Hospital," beautifully explains and illustrates the fact that it is better for the sick and incurable ones to live, and why the natural thought of the heart is not the best thought, either for them, or for others, especially the others. The poetess describes three scenes in the life of a skillful and painstaking physician, in which he is the means of saving the life of a depraved old man, of a dying babe born "without a name," and a little child injured in the street, and who, though restored partially to health, was crippled for life. In thinking over the three cases, he writes in his diary, touching the first:

"I have saved a hideous life;"

of the second,

"I have saved a needless life;"

and of the third,

"I have saved a sorrowful life."

And in closing his private book, gives utterance to these sad words:

"Three live by me, who best were dead."

In the sequel, "Beyond the Hospital," the old physician is again brought before us, but now, at the close almost of his life's journey, and as he still mourns over the saved lives, the angels are sent to reveal to him that, in the case of the hoary-headed wanderer—

"God holds, e'en for sinners, some work in His hand:
 For as red flags of danger warn off from the road,
 So yon erring soul hath led many to God."

And softly they whisper to the aged doctor, as he turns restlessly upon his dying couch—

"How knowest thou, but some late day of grace
 May find e'en for him, in High Heaven, a place."

Of the name

"Th
 Th
 Fo
 To

The angelic

"Oh
 It
 Fo
 So
 Ar
 Al
 Al
 B,

Al
 G

The dying
 has simply been
 angel bands to

"O
 E
 I
 V

Besides th
 which we are l
 son that influe
 and that is — J
 the earth, ofte
 love them too,
 Picture th
 surrounded by
 that fell from
 the mothers w
 precious child
 little children
 of God."

Again, as
 about who sha
 child, and wh
 ture's totterin
 pithy sermon:
 behold the fa
 daughter of tl
 casting the e
 cannot but fe
 ing in the ble
 Having
 itself, which i
 of convenien

The spi