

PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

[VOL. XII.]

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THE CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL.

WE have pleasure in presenting in this number of *PLEASANT HOURS* some pictures illustrating the new Children's Hospital in Toronto. In the first number of *Oncard* this year we gave a very full account of that hospital, with a number of beautiful pictures, showing the nature of that beautiful charity.

In a number of this paper some years ago we gave an account of the hospital and the good work that it was doing, and as a result a little sick girl, daughter of one of the ministers in New Brunswick, was so touched with sympathy that, before her death, which happened not long after, she left \$100 to be divided between the Children's Hospital, Toronto, and the Crosby Home in British Columbia; the loving sympathy of the sick girl thus reaching across the continent to the orphan children on the Pacific, and to the sick children in the hospital at Toronto.

Some of our Sunday-schools contribute liberally to this beautiful charity. Queen Street Methodist Sunday-school has maintained a cot for many years, and has recently paid \$400 for fitting up one of the beds. We know of no more suitable object to which the givings of well children can be applied than caring for the poor children, who have no comfortable beds and perhaps no homes at all.

The picture on this page shows the beautiful stained glass window, seven feet long and fifteen high, presented by Mr. J. Robertson, in memory of his wife and daughter. Mr. Robertson has also given a beautiful Lake Isle Home on the Island, at a cost of \$25,000. It is a summer sanitarium for these sick children.

The picture represents a Jewish mother with a sick boy in her lap, crouched in an alley-way in Jerusalem. The Master Jesus and she asks for the help of his healing hand, and upon the fevered brow of the sick child the cool, soft palm of the

Redeemed Lord is laid. Health and healing pulse through his veins, and the mother's heart is filled with joy. The upper part of the picture shows angel figures bearing, we suppose, the souls of little children in their arms, and in the margin are beautiful figures of little choirs. The tenderness of Jesus for little children is one of the most touching and beautiful traits of his healing soul. The world will never grow tired of that story of his taking little children into his arms, laying his hands upon them and blessing them; and especially beautiful is that of his taking these poor, often homeless and orphaned,

sick children into his loving care, and healing their diseases through the kind help of nurses and physicians, not less than when he laid hands upon them in the streets of Jerusalem.

This beautiful window is the work of Mr. Henry Halliday, of London, Eng., who is perhaps the greatest living artist in stained glass. So well is the scene delineated that the cold, lifeless glass conveys the moral beauty and value of the kindly deed of him whose great human heart beat so tenderly for the little ones whom he loved and blessed. The conception of the artist is most appropriate for the purpose, and as a memorial the window has an

added significance, because Mrs. Robertson herself was a lover of little children and is now kindly and tenderly remembered for her personal interest in their sickness and suffering.

QUEER.

THE person of wide experience and culture is likely to be distinguished by a broad toleration of those whose manner of life may be different from his own. Personalities are the ruin of the best conversation, but many people are driven to indulgence in them by their conviction that people who do or say anything out of the common course are so very odd.

"Everybody is queer but thee and me," said an old "Friend" to his wife, "and sometimes I think thee is a little queer."

"I don't believe in raffling and that sort of thing," said a lady, who was talking over the prospects of a certain church fair with some acquaintances. "And yet," she added, laughingly, "I did indulge in matrimony, and that, they say, is a lottery."

When her visitors had taken their leave, one looked meaningly at the other, and said:

"How very queer of her to quote that! What does she mean by saying marriage is a lottery? Is she unhappy?"

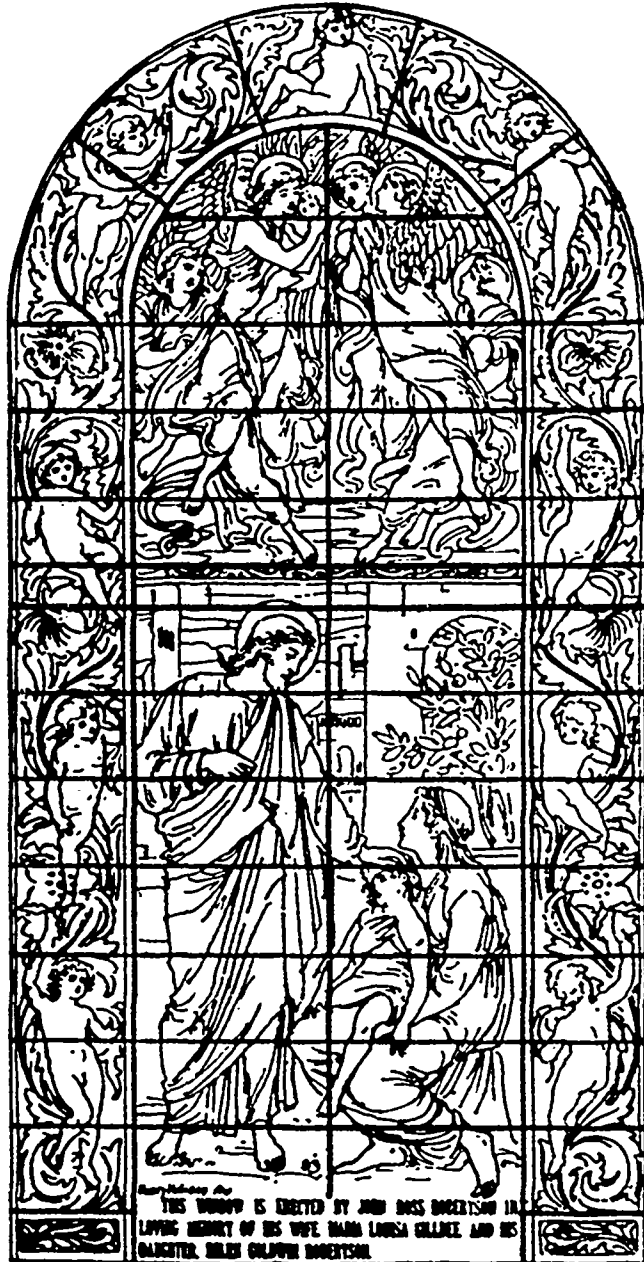
"It was odd," her friend conceded, and they wore that poor little chance remark of an idle moment quite threadbare by discussion.

A very tolerant public man, who is a joy to his friends and a comfort to mere acquaintances, says that he never feels called upon to judge his fellowmen, since their minor oddities are not of the least importance, and if they commit some heinous crime there are always plenty of people ready to sit in judgment on them.

"If I should see, on my way down town, a man standing on his head in the street," he declares, "I shouldn't exclaim at his peculiarity in choosing that position. I should take it for granted that he had excellent reasons for doing it, and merely say, 'How very well you keep your balance!' Why should I object to a Grecian nose merely because I happen to wear a Roman?"

And so, in colloquial phrase, he "neither meddles nor makes," and his society is always full of restfulness and pleasure. *Companion.*

THE true son never grows old to a true mother



MEMORIAL WINDOW, CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL, TORONTO.