

HOSPITAL FOR SICK CHILDREN.

A WORK OF FAITH.

SEVENTH ANNUAL REPORT..

It is at this time each year that I long for the pen of a ready writer, that I may tell with force, as well as truth, the way our God supplies our every need for the little folks in the "Hospital for Sick Children," the temporary home of the "Lilliput Lodgers," as Hood so quaintly calls a similar hospital in London.

The lives they lead, their little plays, their sad days and their bright ones, their entire living in the present, actually "taking no thought for the morrow," and by this simple rule laid down by the Friend of little children long long ago, living happily amidst what would otherwise be very sad circumstances; all go to make up a picture of blessed sunshine, gleaming forth among the clouds and tears of childhood, which, we trust, will convey some measure of the gladness to our many kind friends, who have so willingly sent of their means to aid in this work, that we ourselves have received in ministering to these little sufferers; who in so many instances we feel to be sad illustrations of the truth of this present mysterious dispensation, viz. : that the effects of sin, both in a physical and moral sense, are hereditary; or, to use the Prophet's language: "The fathers have eaten a sour grape, and the children's teeth are set on edge."

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