

## A Mother and her Deaf Mute Child.

Another view of her infant child  
With feelings full of woe  
And told his merry gambols with  
Her tears incessant flow

His strange she never speaks to him  
In mother's accents mild  
For while indulging every whim  
How silent is the child!

He comes, and by his mother stands  
His eyes are full of glee  
And laughing claps his tiny hands  
As happy as may be

The mother's feelings, who can tell  
Or paint her anguish wild?  
For he who doeth all things well  
Could hath made her child

Fond mother! though thy woe's acute  
Yet kiss the chastening rod  
For he who made the boy a mute  
Is the Almighty God

Yet weep thou not for e'en to him  
Instruction can be given  
To shield him from the paths of sin  
And fit his soul for Heaven

With open ear and loosen'd tongue  
Where frailty enters never  
He'll sing what ne'er on earth he sung,  
Worthy the Lamb, for ever

Then, in you pure, bright realms shall meet  
The mother and her boy  
And spend in fellowship so sweet  
Eternity in joy

*The Deaf and Dumb.*

## CARED FOR AND CURED.

### Little Sick Children.

SHORT SKETCHES OF WORK DONE BY THE  
GREAT NORTH-WESTERN—THE HOSPITAL  
FOR SICK CHILDREN, TORONTO

From every county in the great Province of Ontario children are admitted free into the Hospital for Sick Children at Toronto, whenever their parents can not afford to pay.

And few of the poor little sufferers who are nursed and cared for have rich parents, it would seem. Last year the expense of the Hospital was nearly \$30,000. And to meet this but \$13,325 was received from pay patients.

The balance must come from the more fortunate folks, who are charitable and generous.

The Hospital for Sick Children is the largest of its kind in the world—with out exception. There are 200 cots. The average number of patients is 100 per day; 176 were nursed in the Hospital this year—312 little ones were cured and departed with health, strength and sturdy limbs.

In the dispensary department medicine was given to 1,133 children.

Thus nearly 5,000 children were treated in one year.

A great record of good  
Where do the little patients come from?

Nauwigewauk, Newmarket, Newtonbrook, Niagara Falls, North Bay, Norwich, Oakville, Orillia, Oshawa, Ottawa, Owen Sound, Parry Sound, Port Perry, Penetanguishene, Picton, Riversville, Sarnia, Scotland, Springfield on Credit, Stratford, St. Catharines, St. Mary's, St. Thomas, Thornhill, Toronto, Toronto Junction, Uxton, Victoria Road, Waubesa, Westport, Whitby, Whitesale, Wingham, Woodstock.

How do they come? Very often they hear of the work of the Hospital through the newspapers. In some instances friends of the little sufferers make application on behalf of parents who are poor but independent and self-reliant.

It generally falls to the lot of the chairman of the Hospital Trust to decide when there is a question of admission to pay. One day about a year ago this gentleman was driving towards the city of Brockville, and while passing a school house the scholars rushed out in eager haste for the fifteen minutes of joy they crowd into recess. Mr. Robertson smiled as the youngsters passed him, but the smile vanished when he observed in the rear a little chap who was hobbling along on crutches, happy but crippled. One of his legs was bent at the knee to a right angle. The carriage was stopped, and the little fellow called:

"My boy, how did you injure your leg, so badly?" was the enquiry.

The lad explained that he had met with a mishap one day while chopping wood, that he had been treated in an eastern hospital for some time, that his leg had been straightened, but had again become useless. His parents and schoolfellows looked upon him as a cripple for life.

And so he might have been. "How would you like to have your leg straightened for good?" asked the Hospital chairman, who knew of the complete cure effected at the great Toronto institution in similar cases.

"Well, mister, there is nothing I would like better," said the boy.

He was assisted into the carriage and told to direct the driver to his father, who had a blacksmith shop near by. The boy was one of a family of seven children. Most gladly did the father give his consent to the child's removal to the Hospital for treatment.

The little deformed lad thus fortunately met on the highway near Brockville is a cripple no longer. His leg is stiff, but it is straight. He remained in the Hospital for many months. But it was a joyous homecoming when the boy walked firmly and straight without the aid of stick or crutches.



Another group of children who are being treated by the best doctors in the Hospital for Sick Children, Toronto. (Reproduced from photograph.)

Even with the strictest economy it requires no less than five executive officers, 21 nurses and 20 domestics to carry on the work of the Hospital. Twenty-five more children could be taken care of with the same number of attendants.

The work of the Hospital is ever increasing. Its doors are wide open to every ailing child in the province.

Such a work should have a million friends in Ontario. If each friend could spare a dollar—what a rich endowment with which to carry on the work!

But the trustees only ask for \$20,000 a year which they are required to pay before the end of January. Everyone can help. The need is most pressing.

The appeal is the appeal of poor, weak, suffering childhood, of little wan-faced babies and children who lie on beds of pain.

The Hospital appeals to you the reader of this newspaper.

Your dollar will bless you in the giving. And you will give it.

Every penny aids—every dollar helps. Your dollar may restore health, strength and straight limbs to some poor crippled boy or girl. Won't you help?

This is a home charity—something that should appeal to every heart.

It was Charles Dickens, that great-hearted Englishman—the friend of the fatherless, the helper of the oppressed and down-trodden, who appealed to every human heart, when he said:

"The two grim nurses—poverty and sickness—who bring these children before you, preside over their births, rock their wretched cradles, and nail down their collars."

In this enlightened Canada of ours this bright Province of Ontario—this shall not be as long as the doors of the Hospital for Sick Children remain open. Help remove that mortgage. Help unload that load of debt.

## Two Mothers.

I noticed her when she entered the car. There was something strangely attractive about her, though she must have been at least sixty, and her face was so care worn, and the saddest I ever saw. In spite of my great trouble, I found myself wondering about her, and sometimes—for a moment—would almost forget my grief. Only for a moment, though. Then the recollection that my baby—my little tender baby, used only to the loving clasp of a mother's arms, was in that dreadful box in the jolting baggage car would come to me in all its terrible reality, and I would forget everything and everybody and remember only my great sorrow. I wanted baby. O, how I wanted him! My heart was aching so for the sound of his little piping voice, and the touch of his baby fingers. How could I live without him? Why did God give him to me, only to take him back after that one little year? For weeks I had been so happy planning a visit to my old home with baby. I had told him so much of the dear old grandmother he had never seen. I had looked forward so hungrily to the day when she would take him in her loving arms and cuddle him as only she knew how. And now I was taking him to her—not the warm, laughing, dimpled baby she had longed so to see. The little still, white clad figure in the casket seemed another child. And the cruel cars jolted noisily on and seemed to say over and over till I could scarcely keep from screaming "Where's baby? Where's baby?" Suddenly the tram

IN AID OF THE CHILDREN

Matthew 23:23  
Inasmuch as ye have ear of the  
Of the least of these the least  
Of your love, from death rescue  
Shall stand between them and the

"Inasmuch as when the little  
You put forth your hand to  
light—  
Inasmuch, as when they lay on  
Ye were with them in the way

"The joy you brought to light  
It  
Now waits you an evening  
As ye did it unto these to Me  
Enter ye into the joy of your

"Lord, when sought we out  
did (anguish)  
When put forth the hand  
burdens light  
Lord we wist not when the  
anguish.  
And we slept throughout the  
night

"For our lives were full of  
And the night followeth hard  
Had we lingered with the child  
hour.  
Our own little ones had perished

"Inasmuch as though ye  
tend them,  
Ye were with them in your  
saw  
And were hateful and feet to  
friend them  
In the gold and by the silver

Find your treasure where your  
have hid it  
Take it back a thousandfold for  
As ye did it unto these to Me  
Enter ye into the joy of your

*J. Brunton Stearns*

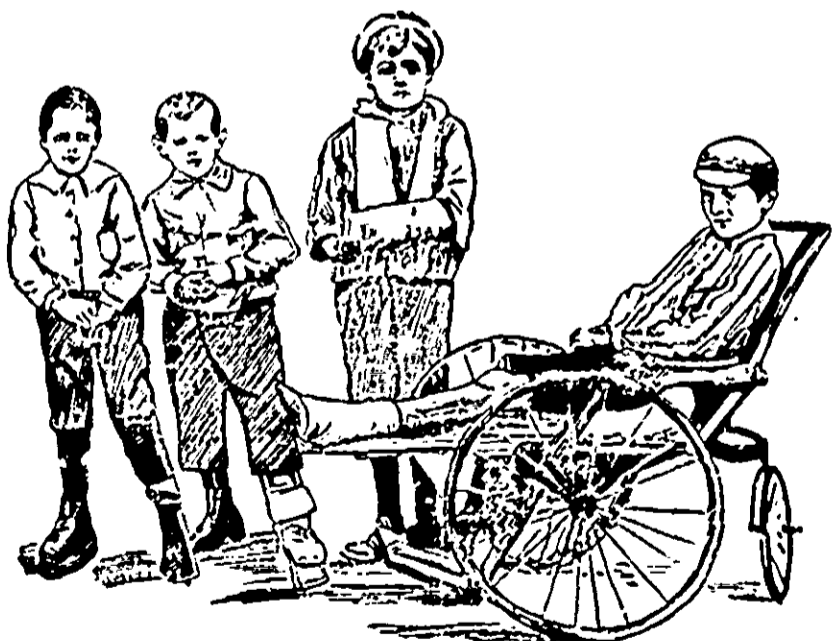
Contributions for the delinquent  
Hospital from the bondage of  
be acknowledged by letter and  
columns of *The Evening*  
copy of which will be mailed  
donor.

Money may be forwarded to  
Maria Buchan, treasurer,  
street East, Toronto, or to  
Robertson, chairman of the Hospital  
Trust, Toronto.

stopped, and my husband was  
ascertain the cause. It was a  
rail, and we would be detained  
half an hour. I was glad, for I  
have a rest from that cruel pain.

It was then that she came  
down by me—the woman  
sweet, sad face, and almost  
knowing it I found myself  
my grief to her. It was such  
to me mine was selfish grief  
thought of myself, and she  
understand. She didn't talk  
her very presence soothed  
remember one thing she said  
hear her low sweet voice  
dear, it is no slight honor  
mother of an angel." I did not  
the fullness of her meaning  
have since. My heart was  
rebellion that day that I did  
to find comfort anywhere. I  
when the train started  
change eyes at the next station  
said, "and it may help you  
bearing your burden if I tell  
thing about myself. I am on  
B to see my only son. To  
goes to the State prison to  
sentence. I would be the  
mother on God's earth to day  
in your place." The train stop  
she pressed my hand and was  
watched her as I could thro  
blinding tears till she was lost  
crowd. But those tears were  
baby—*Blanche Bailey King*

The disposition to give a cup  
water to a disciple is a far more  
property than the finest intellect.



A group of little boys whose maimed and deformed limbs are being straightened at the Hospital for Sick Children, Toronto. (Reproduced from photograph.)

From all parts of the province—in 1897 there were patients from these places:—Arthur, Banda, Barrie, Bedford Park, Belleville, Bradford, Brantford, Brighton, Brockville, Brooklyn, Carney, Cartwright, Collingwood, Corbetton, Davisville, Doncaster, Eagleton, East Toronto, Eldorado, Elmville, Ennis, Esquesing, Ewan, Foxmead, Frankford, Gananoque, Georgetown, Gravenhurst, Green River, Hamilton, Hampton Mills, Huron Bay, Huttonville, Invermay, Lambton Mills, Lamo Lake, Listowel, Little Current, Markham, Markdale, Meadowvale, Merriton, Mimico, Mitchell, Mono Mills, Mortimer's Point, Mount Albert, Mount Forest,

This is a single case. Thousands of cases might be cited.

The editor of this paper has been informed that if anyone knows of any sick child under fourteen years of age, who is suffering from accident or disease and whose parents cannot afford to pay for proper medical or surgical assistance they are asked so communicate with the Hospital for Sick Children.

There is room for such children in the Hospital. They will be nursed, cared for, and in all probability, cured.

There is a debt of \$70,000 hanging over the institution, \$20,000 of which is for debts which must be paid at once.