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sick child, what unutterable sadness—almost to heartbreak—comes to you at sight of the long rows of little white cots in an hospital ward; at sight of the pitiful little figures huddled under the clothes; at sight of the wan, peaked faces that peer from the pillows, looking at you in a dim hazy way, as if they didn't care very much, or want very much, or wonder very much at anything but the fact that they are lying there while other happy, happy children were out at play. There are many touching sights in a world made up mostly of grieving and pain, and trouble; but, God knows, few sights are more infinitely pathetic, more heart-breaking, to the soul of a woman than that of a crippled child—a small creature fastened to a frame-work, lying there with that strange, unchild-like look upon the poor face, with that queer child's patience that seems a special God-gift to the little creatures in the hour of their extremity, and is so sad a thing to see.

The Hospital for Sick Children, on College street, is one of the most magnificent buildings of its kind in the world. Perfectly appointed, spacious, bright, well-ordered, this institution is a credit to the city of Toronto. We were met at the door by the lady superintendent, Miss K. Underhill, who very kindly took us through the whole building, explaining the uses to which each room was put, showing us the great piles of snowy linen on the shelves of the linen-rooms, the splendid equipments of operating and dressing-rooms, the vast laundry, where huge washings are done by machinery and busy workers are folding and preparing linen for the mangle. From the immense kitchen, with its ranges and pantries and cupboards, to the sculleries, all beautifully neat and a comfort to look upon, and thence to the wards upstairs, where the little sick creatures were lying—everything was in the most perfect condition. A bright and wholesome air of cheeriness pervaded all the place, in spite of the sad uses to which it is devoted. It was as if the exquisite joyous essence of a child danced through the house—the lovely joy-spirit, that even pain cannot wholly banish from child-nature.

There are seventy-eight small patients in the Children's Hospital. We went into the girls' surgical ward first. The youngest patient—a baby a few months old—

"A light little bundle of wailing and flannel,

Perplexed with the newly-founded fardel of life."

lay on a cot in a corner. It was suffering from a broken rib, but was smiling an odd three-cornered smile at us as we bent to look closer into the little face. The tiny, beseeching weakness of the mite, the heaven-lit flashes of "knowingness" that skimmed over the small features, the thin wan hands of it, make a queer love for it in a stranger's breast. The idea of such an atom having anything worth calling a rib, and then having broken that small bone!

Near by, in another cot, a little girl was sobbing heavily. "What is it, little woman?" I asked her. "What is hurting you?" "I wa-a-nt m-m-y mam-ma," came in a burst of grief from the poor little soul. Her queer small face was puckered with crying and her bad knee didn't hurt half as much as her sore heart. She has not been in the hospital long enough to get to know the kind nurses and feel at home in the place, and all day long she grieves and calls for her "mam-ma," her "mam-ma."

The beautiful ward was spick as a new pin, and there were great bunches of lilies on the table. The nurses, bright, sweet-faced young girls, were a cheering sight in that place of suffering. Not that many of the little patients were not bright enough, too. One mite was nursing her doll. It had been operated on, and had its head bound up, and was kept standing on that member by way of curing it. Fancy the sick children playing such sad little games. The mites go through the whole thing with the dolls. There are dolls' legs in splints, in plaster (make-believe), in bandages and ligaments of all kinds. Certain mysterious operations are performed on the dolls, necessitating small crutches, and arms in slings, and eye bandages. Dolls have been known to get softening of the brain in the Children's Hospital, and to have had their heads opened and something wonderful done to the clock-work inside, and for ever afterwards to go about with hoods on them, like spooks. There are blind dolls, and crippled dolls, and crazy dolls, and dolls with ricketts and diphtheria and hip disease. And, most sorrowful fact of all, there are not nearly dolls enough to go round!

Some of the children—the very sick ones—lie quietly in their cots, their peaked faces and big eyes piercing the very soul of you with pity. You hate to stand there, staring at them, yet you want so much to say something comforting and tender to them. All the "motherliness" stirs in you, and you grow, awk-