

infants pronounced well and healthy, but still, alas, so feeble that one felt a terrible fear that the inevitable day of going out would with them be fraught with danger of immediate relapse; whereas if they could be given the extra month of good food, warmth, and care which they still needed, their prospects would indeed be assured, and they would not go out only to suffer.

It sometimes occurs that persons are mentioned who are believed not to know what to do with their money; and although I have never in my own experience met with any individual entirely destitute of original views in this important matter, I only hope that, if they do exist, their steps may happily chance to turn in the direction of this hospital. Assuredly a single visit would be sufficient, and no doubt would remain as to the best way of giving money in charity.



The hospital described by Mrs. Wortley is in London, England, but we have in Toronto one of the largest and best equipped children's hospitals in the world. Its erection is largely due to the sympathy and generosity of Mr. J. Ross Robertson, M.P., who personally inspected the chief hos-

pitals in Europe in order to secure for it the best possible equipment. Although Mr. Robertson has himself given very generously to this institution, yet it is still in urgent need of further assistance. With its furnishings it is valued at \$213,000. On this is a debt of \$70,000, which greatly cripples its efficiency. A strenuous effort is being made to reduce this indebtedness.

Our large engravings show groups of patients, among whom may be recognized their kind benefactor, Mr. J. Ross Robertson. In helping the little ones in the Children's Hospital we shall assuredly inherit the Saviour's benediction, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

Few things appeal more strongly to our sympathy than the case of sick children. They often suffer through the fault of others. It is exceedingly pathetic to witness their patience under pain, their gratitude for gifts of flowers or pictures, and the glad some games of the little convalescent cripples. Few things touch the heart more tenderly than Tennyson's beautiful poem on Little Emmie in the Children's Hospital, a few lines of which we quote:

Our doctor had call'd in another, I never  
had seen him before,  
But he sent a chill to my heart when I saw  
him come in at the door,  
Fresh from the surgery-schools of France  
and of other lands—  
Harsh red hair, big voice, big chest, big  
merciless hands!  
Wonderful cures he had done, O yes, but  
they said too of him  
He was happier using the knife than in  
trying to save the limb,  
And that I can well believe, for he look'd  
so coarse and red,  
I could think he was one of those who would  
break their jests on the dead,  
And mangle the living dog that had loved  
him and fawn'd at his knee—  
Drench'd with the hellish ointment—that ever  
such things should be!