

Superintendent, as the nurse must not return to the Hospital proper till all danger is past. A Disinfector will also be required: an iron chamber that, at a small expense, can be heated to 300°. The reasonableness of this is obvious.

We still purpose having our

SPECIAL WARD,

that was mentioned in last Report, where we can take *and keep* paralyzed and otherwise apparently incurable children, or, as we then said, "the odds and ends of tiny humanity." We have now two such cases: *Bessie*, about eight years old, came to us with crooked legs, and sat patiently in bed or on a chair with legs extended for two years; was operated on twice; is considerably straighter, but far from straight. *Bessie* is deaf and dumb—too young to go to the Institute at Belleville, and too frail to go among the healthy, romping children of the Girls' or Orphans' Homes. *Frances*, aged five—in mind and body about two [this was a case of starvation]—is now much better; but being considered idiotic, could not be taken anywhere. The deepest affection exists between these two. They can understand perfectly what the other wants, though neither can utter a word; *Bessie* waits on *Frances* with the greatest care; they kiss and fondle each other, and are the fastest friends. There is nowhere, in all the many Institutions scattered over our country, where these children could be placed: we have tried them all; and in the Name of our God will keep these two, and all such that He may send.

We, too, have "parks and merchants' homes,
Tents for soldiers, ships for seamen—
Ay!—but ruins worse than Rome's
In our pauper men and women,"

And their offspring—"children small,
Spilt like blots about the city,
Quay, and street, and palace-wall—
Take them up into your Pity!

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Sickly children, that whine low
To themselves, and not their mothers,
From mere habit—never so
Hoping help or care from others.

Patient children—think what pain
Makes a young child patient—ponder!
Wronged too commonly to strain
After right, or wish, or wonder.

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Can we smooth down the bright hair,
O my sisters, calm, unthrilled in
Our hearts' pulses? Can we bear
The sweet looks of our own children,

While those others, lean and small,
Scurf and mildew of the city,
Spot our streets, convict us all,
Till we take them into pity?