

We thought then, on that sorrowful day, May 31st, 1918, that we knew how we would miss him. We did not. We miss him more and more, each and every day of the years that have followed. We miss him, his very self, his genial personality, his cheerfulness under every hardship, his companionableness, far more than the gifts of money that he brought to light at each obstacle in the path of the Hospital's work. Indeed, one is fairly struck with the fact, when looking through the records, that every step in the progress of the Hospital, our Mr. Robertson smilingly put his hand into that pocket of his, and, behold, the miracle was accomplished.

It seems fitting, somehow, that this second edition of the story of the great Institution should come to a close just here, with the passing on of this kind and generous friend of little children to his Heavenly Home, where in rapture he will hear, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of those little ones, ye did it unto Me."

The work is going on as he would wish, having been very ably taken over by his friend, Mr. H. H. Williams, a member, and now the Chairman, of the Board of Trustees, and his beloved son, Mr. Irving Earle Robertson, the son, who at the tender age of seven years, turned the first sod in connection with the present Hospital on College Street, which seems a very happy, and proper rounding out of sequence.

And, in another span of years, the public will have the pleasure of reading a still further extended history of the continued work of the Hospital for Sick Children under the fine administrative care of these two honourable gentlemen, who have been generous, and courageous enough to take over this immense work for the healing of sick children with such an example as that set forth by Mr. Robertson.

J. K.

Printing donated by
The Toronto Evening Telegram.