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busy child spread the cloth on a table in one of the new play rooms.

And the new play-rooms are worthy of passing mention. They are glass-covered extensions, bright, cheerful, indoor winter playgrounds for the convalescents. And how the little ones enjoy their romps there.

Some of the children in this ward become so attached to the nurses that they do not want to go home. One child has adopted all the nurses as "mamas."

In the Girls' Medical Ward there were three sisters convalescing from typhoid fever. In this ward the children of St. Paul's Sabbath school support a cot.

Against the "Oddfellows' Cot," in the Boys' Medical Ward a little chap was crying bitterly. He would not be comforted, for his mother had promised to come and take him home that afternoon. It was five o'clock. Supper was over. One boy was putting a smaller boy to bed, and still the mother had not come for her boy.

Sickness, suffering and sorrow.

Oh, it was pitiful.

And yet there is joy in knowing that such a Hospital, such a home, and such skilful nurses and physicians are at the disposal of infant sufferers.

Is it not a grand cause to remember with financial remembrance, as the year draws to its close? A. W. W.

SIGHTS IN THE HOSPITAL.

What a Visitor Among Sick Children Heard and Saw—How Charity Blesses the Lives of the Suffering.

Human suffering is pathetic. There is that in it which touches the divine pity that is resident in every human soul and calls out the tenderest solicitude. Especially so when little children suffer. The fellow feeling of sympathy is intensified because they are little children; their helplessness is an eloquent, though silent, appeal; they have a double claim upon human pity because they are tiny slaves of suffering, and because they can do naught to free themselves from the bondage.

Thrice blessed, then, is the charity that houses these lambs of the great human fold and brings to them ministrations of healing. No praise of such charity can ever be fulsome; no laudation of the love that nurses these little ones back to health and guides the slipping feet away from the shadow of the dark valley can be effusive.

Some such thought came to me one afternoon as I went in and out among groups of ailing and maimed ones in the Hospital for Sick Children on College street, Toronto. The fame of this institution has long since gone out through the land, and yet the half has

not been told. The splendid equipment, the newest and best appliances of modern art and science, the perfection of its management and the success which constantly crowns its work—these have been the theme of many a writer. And yet, unless one visits the place and thus comes into personal contact with its conduct he can hardly have an adequate idea of the excellence of the Hospital.

To show that the trustees are keenly alive to the progress of science, as applied to the healing art, it may be stated that the most improved surgical apparatus is introduced and used by the best surgical and medical skill available. An X Ray equipment has just been imported from Europe, and this wonderful evolution of the scientific genius of the 19th century is added to the fine mechanical appliances at hand. It will be sure to add to the marvellous cures already effected in this Hospital.

But I started to describe a visit to the inmates—the little prisoners. They are prisoners per force, by disease or lameness, but so far as I could see, willing prisoners. Indeed, what most impresses a visitor is the apparent happiness and content of the patients. Of the hundred seen this day only one seemed to be suffering, and that was a wee thing, a mere baby, torn by the pain of a cruel disease that all the gentleness and love of the mother-like nurse could not allay.

Ward "J," in the eastern wing, is the Boys' (Baby) Surgical Ward, containing little fellows below seven years of age. Here was one strapped down in his clean white cot, so that the buoyant body might not displace the surgeon's handiwork; but he was happy for all that, and his bright black eyes smiled back into mine as I leaned over him and told him a little joke. His laughter drew others around us. Here was one with a plaster jacket on. No, he said, he was not "fixed up as a baseball catcher," but he wished he were.

"Never mind, Bob, you keep wearing this jacket a while, and you'll soon be able to run around with the best of them," he was told.

"I can run now," and off he sped across the room, nearly upsetting "Billy," who, less fortunate, with both feet misshapen, could only creep over the floor.

The verandahs of the building have just been enclosed, with ventilating sash. They are heated, and afford excellent room for sun-bath and playground. Here the little fellows not confined to their cribs had toys, rocking horses, waggons, and all things that