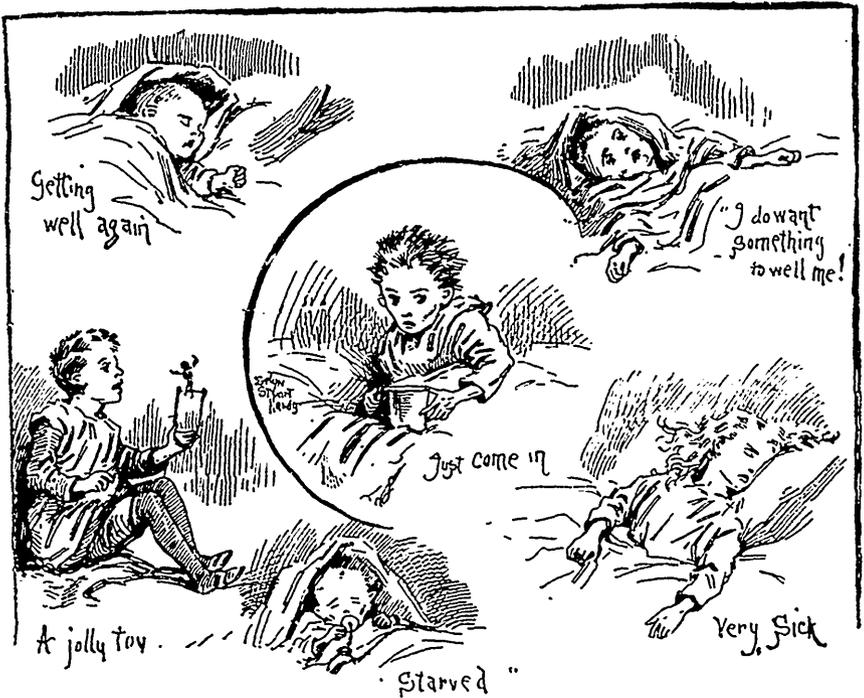


THE HOSPITAL FOR CHILDREN.

BY HON. MRS. JAMES STUART WORTLEY.



BITS IN THE HOSPITAL.

Of all the efforts made to relieve the sadness of the lot of the growing population around us none stands higher, or is more deserving of continued attention and support, than the hospitals for sick children.

A child's hospital is free from many of the saddest features to be found in hospitals for adults, and in the present case the tenderness and zeal of the attendants and managers is so imbued with a hopeful spirit of cheerfulness, that an inspection of its wards gives rise to many consoling thoughts.

After due permission and a very genial welcome from the Lady Superintendent, we entered the ward for boys, on the ground-

floor. The first sound which reached us was a happy little voice singing away in a cot to the left. Every child looked snug in his scarlet Nightingale jacket; there was the usual bright display of fresh flowers on the central table, and the children who were well enough were in easy-chairs, lounging with the careless grace of childhood round the large central fireplaces. The most noticeable feature here was the number of endowed cots, each labelled as being partly or wholly supported by communities or individuals. Many of these bore pathetic records, being memorials to little ones loved and lost.

In this severe weather it was