and the hens clucking on the afternoon of our visit, for the babies "to a man" were outside in the charming garden, lying in their Treasure Cot, or toddling around listening to real thrushes singing in the bushes. The dormitories contain at most four cots, with a bed for the pupil nurse on duty.

In the young babies' room the trained nurse and the Matron take it in turns to sleep. Everything is simple and plain and the cots are covered with pretty chintz, which in the case of the tinies is patterned with rose-buds.

The home runs its own laundry, where anything, up to a thousand pieces, is turned out weekly. When one presently was introduced to the babies, this apparently large amount became understandable. In the kitchen the tea for the "toddlers" was being prepared by a pupil. On delightful crockery, with pictures of "puff-puffs," were spread dainty jam sandwiches, bread and butter, and sponge fingers. The art of preparing meals is evidently not overlooked in the training.

And then last, but not least, out in the two gardens were the babies themselves.

At the risk of being open to a charge of flattery, we say we have seldom or never seen a more charming collection of healthy and pretty children, or any more beautifully kept.

Dainty cambric frocks, spotless "woollies," bright heads, faultless finger nails, heaven reflected in their eyes (does the Matron advertise for blue-eyed babies?), brown faces, sturdy, firm limbs, each was sweeter than the last.

It was visiting day we chanced upon and here and there was an adoring mother making the most of limited time with her particular treasure.

Under the trees was a little child in a swing gurgling with delight as his particular nurse administered this form of enjoyment. In a pram was a small thing in a white suit with pockets new to greet the Princess.

Tea in the gardens on miniature tables with miniature chairs in position. Could anything be more attractive on a June afternoon? And if the mothers go away with an ache in their hearts, surely it must be alleviated by the thought of all the love and care with which their children are surrounded.

The Lady Superintendent, Mrs. Paull, is not a trained nurse, though she has had much experience with healthy children. She thinks that healthy children should be treated from a health standpoint, and not from a sick nurse's point of view. A trained nurse is, however, always in residence in case of ailments, and a domestic science mistress comes in to give lectures to the pupils. Certainly under Mrs. Paull's care the children are blooming like the roses this month.

There is a "but" to everything, and it is the same "but" that applies to every institution nowadays—the Hostel wants funds.

A great opportunity to girls wishing to train as children's nurses is offered in this Home.

H. H.