

difficulty of treating children in the same Hospitals with grown-up people, by reason of their different ailments and requirements; to the vast amount of pain that will be assuaged, and of life that will be saved through this Hospital—not only among the poor, observe, but among the prosperous too, by reason of the increased knowledge of children's illnesses, which cannot fail to arise from a more systematic mode of studying them. Lastly, gentlemen, and, I am sorry to say, worst of all—for I must present no rose-coloured picture of this place to you, I must not deceive you—lastly, the visitor to this Children's Hospital, reckoning up the number of its beds, will find himself perforce obliged to stop at very little over thirty*; and will learn, with sorrow and surprise, that even that small number, so forlornly, so miserably diminutive, compared with this vast London, cannot possibly be maintained, unless the Hospital be made better known; I limit myself to saying better known, because I will not believe that in a Christian community of fathers and mothers, and brothers and sisters, it can fail, being better known, to be well and richly endowed. (Cheers.) Now, ladies and gentlemen, this, without a word of adornment—which I resolved when I got up not to allow myself—this is the simple case. This is the pathetic case which I have to put to you; not only on behalf of the thousands of children who annually die in this great city, but also on behalf of the thousands of children who live half-developed, racked with preventible pain, shorn of their natural capacity for health and enjoyment. If these innocent creatures cannot move you for themselves, how can I possibly hope to move you in their name?

The most delightful paper, the most charming essay, which the tender imagination of Charles Lamb conceived, represents him as sitting by his fireside on a winter night, telling stories to his own dear children, and delighting in their society, until he suddenly comes to his own solitary bachelor self, and finds that they were but dream-children, who might have been but never were. 'We are nothing,' they say to him; 'less than nothing and dreams. We are only what might have been, and we must wait upon the tedious shore of Lethe, millions of ages, before we have existence and a name.' 'And immediately awaking,' he says, 'I found myself in my arm-chair.' The dream-children whom I would now raise, if I could, before every one of you, according to your various circumstances, should be the dear child you love, the dearer child you have lost, the child you might have

had, the child you certainly have been. Each of these dream-children should hold in its powerful hand one of the little children now lying in the Child's Hospital, or now shut out of it to perish. Each of these dream-children should say to you, 'O, help this little suppliant in my name; O, help it for my sake!' Well!—and immediately awaking, you should find yourselves in the Freemasons' Hall, happily arrived at the end of a rather long speech, drinking 'Prosperity to the Hospital for Sick Children,' and thoroughly resolved that it *shall* flourish." (Loud cheers.)

NURSING ECHOES.

* * * Communications (duly authenticated with name and address, not for publication, but as evidence of good faith) are especially invited for these columns.

"THE prettiest thing I have seen for many a day," I overheard a great artist say, as he looked round the long gallery at the Grosvenor last Friday, and his opinion seemed to be shared by everyone. As I prophesied from the first that it would be, the *Conversazione* of the British Nurses' Association was, in very truth, simply a gigantic success; and this, be it remembered, in spite of the unexpected disappointment with which the evening began—the absence of the President, H.R.H. Princess Christian. She sent a characteristic telegram, which, hastily printed, was posted upon the pillars in the hall: "Much regret unavoidably prevented at last moment attending *Conversazione*. Wish members a very pleasant evening.—Helena. Her Royal Highness has requested Mr. Savory, President of the Royal College of Surgeons, kindly to receive the guests." It was generally understood that it was not thought wise for the Princess at present to be exposed to the night air, and the hope was universally expressed that she would soon be restored to perfect health and strength.

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BUT I fear me I can do scanty justice to the scene by any description of mine. The handsome galleries, the beautiful pictures which adorned their walls, the soft brilliancy of the electric light—all served as most excellent foils to the hundreds of visitors, for I am told that there were over one thousand people present. Of these, at least six hundred were in Nursing uniform, and very proud of one's profession one felt, when one saw how well the Nurses looked—individually and collectively. I heard that Nurses, Sisters, or Matrons were present from all parts of the Kingdom, and from nearly every Hospital in London and the Home Counties. There was every conceivable variety of caps to be seen, "from the flat Puritan

* The liberal response made to this appeal enabled the Committee to increase the number of beds for In-patients from 32 to 44. In the summer of 1865, additional Wards were opened, and the number of In-patients increased to 75.

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