

the dark-blue hospital garb, to the hospital chamber. And in other wards, children still too ill to leave their beds are wondering when their turn will come and when the "story teacher"—of whom more shortly—will again visit.

To-day, perhaps, the work is basketry; to-morrow it may be some other equally interesting phase of the handicraft department.

Often as many as seventy-five children will be engaged in the work at one time and a peep into the two rooms—the one for older, the other younger, children—as they work their mats and basketry, is a fascinating picture indeed.

Nor is the work of the children without profit. Interested parties have long since discovered that the baskets and such like, produced by these nimble hands, can be put to varied uses, and so they have contracted to take the work, and it helps to maintain the social service work of the hospital. Nevertheless, the kindergartening in the hospital is not for purpose of revenue, but is carried on primarily to give proper employment to the hospital's little ones.

But this isn't the only phase of the work of the kindergarten. Attached to its force there is a volunteer visitor, a teacher who recites to the children, tells them stories, reads them fairy tales.

Somehow the ancient admonition as to doing "Even unto the least of these" never seems carried out more literally than here.

The wards of the hospital are so built that no one of them contains a great many beds, and Dr. Bachmeyer has the children placed so that, from their cots, they can listen to the "story lady" at their ease.

Where, then, the child who does not forget the hurt in the throat, the throb in the injured foot, while he listens to the story of the "Silver Heart" or goes to a magical dreamland with the "Wizard of Oz," as he listens to the story lady? And so with the children on the roof and the children in the more regulation kindergarten classrooms. Naturally those children grow very, very fond of her, and long after they have left hospital behind she will live in their memories along with the stories she's told.

Five days a week, the year round, the sessions last—for the hospitals know no vacations, unfortunately.

The therapeutic effect, too, is beyond estimate, for the kindergarten work keeps the child employed and it prevents the little one thinking of the pain, or fearing the strangers who come to take temperature, or missing the mother at home, and—what is more—it keeps the child quiet and out of mischief. Wherefore physicians, the country over, are urging on their own hospitals the institution of like kindergartens.

Parents, friends, of the little ones, who have come *en visite* and seen, go forth to tell of the seeming paradox of the merry, happy, joyous little ones in the hospital.

You who would do your mite for the sick children of the poor cannot do better for them than secure the institution of a system of this sort, in whatsoever public hospitals you may be interested.



LESSONS IN THE GARDEN.

As an illustration of the aid which faith would supply, the Rev. R. J. Campbell, when preaching in aid of an "Edith Cavell Memorial Ward," cited the legend of St. Patrick—the reputed scene of which in county Antrim he had gazed on daily in his own youth. The saint had stood in fear of rough men, who often menaced him, until at length he learned that he had nothing to dread but his own personal sense of fear. When thus prepared, he saw the ruffians approaching to murder him, but through their midst he discerned a flower-strewn path, along which he passed to safety, hand-in-hand with Christ, invisible to the band who sought his life. Along that path and thus guided the faithful could pass to the treasure house of the glorious King and to eternal regions of joyful service. ]

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