

mothers and their infants in those first days. And such a place is The Mothers' Hospital.

A Miracle. 'I hear some very sad stories,' remarked a Nurse one day. 'I just wait until the girls *feel* like talking freely, they become quite softened whilst here, and one can do anything with them—and it is then that I am able to speak the helpful word.' What that 'word' and the acts of kindness daily bestowed mean, is recorded in changed lives—a record not only to be seen here, but to be produced, we believe, hereafter.

One such was a poor, half-witted girl, whom nobody had ever loved or cared for. She was the child of drunken parents, who not only sadly neglected her, and surrounded her with evil in her early years, but finally left her, an easy prey to wicked men, in an empty house. Eventually she was a patient in the Hospital. Untaught, untrained, and with a defective mental condition, who could wonder that she was unmanageable? It just seemed as though no one would be able to do anything with her. But loving perseverance conquered by winning her affection, and she became tractable and obedient. Then she could not find sufficient ways of expressing her gratitude. When she, with her babe, was passed from the Hospital, a miracle had been wrought, by the blessing of God.

Blighted Girlhood. It is truly sad to behold young mothers of sixteen, fifteen, and even fourteen, their lives blighted at that tender age. Oh, the awful responsibility resting in many instances upon the one who should be the lawful protector of his child! And yet how easily some of them evade the law, and by what a mere thread of self-excusing evidence do they often escape the sentence and punishment they so justly deserve!