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Out on the broad l children were  
lying—there seemed no other the great build-  
ing that was not full of patients. One verandah had  
babies' cradles only—such weary, old-looking babies  
that Norah could scarcely bear to look at them ; it  
was so altogether extraordinary and terrible to her,  
that a baby could possibly look as did these mites  
from the slums. That was the saddest part of all the  
hospital.

Then there were medical wards, into some of  
which they could not go ; they left their parcels with  
the nurses, since David Linton had planned  
every child in the hospital