

and laboriously inserts it into the button-hole of his flannel waist with much satisfaction. Go into the ward with a handful of posies, and see what the children will do. Eyes of shining expectancy greet you, and in happy, serene trustfulness one baby calls out, "I'll take mine." "Little Emma" is the pet of all the children, a wee tot of five summers, who sits always in her bit of a rocking chair with her little legs extended on a board attached to it. Here she has sat or a year or more, while the little legs were made straight, and now she must try to learn to walk. A tiny set of dishes comes out from a beloved calico bag, and she regales us with a cup of imaginary tea, sweetened by a pinch of the same kind of sugar from her baby fingers, and the richest of fairy cream. Her big brown eyes dance with delight as she exhibits her doll, who, alas, has lost both legs, and whom the surgeons have shamefully neglected to furnish with new ones. The wards have a "minstrel troupe," consisting of "Willy," who fingers the autoharp with true southern vigour, and Emma, who does the singing, accompanied in a chorus by the other children. The brown-eyed girlie sings alone about her "little husband no bigger than my thumb," holding up an infinitesimal thumb to show his size, and also a jingle of these words:

"I had a little niggeh,
He wouldn't grow no biggeh,
I put him in the window for a show;
He fell out the window
And broke his little finger,
And couldn't pick the old banjo."

The girls' ward is on the south side of the house, where the sun peeps into the windows at early morning, streams across the floor through the south windows at noon, and as he wheels into the west sends into the room from that side a rosy glow to bid the little folks "good-night and happy dreams" ere he drops behind the Kentucky hills. What most impresses in a children's hospital is the happy peacefulness all about. No fretting or crying among the rows of babies who are confined to the little white beds, and all of them are sorely diseased. The first day after an operation they fret a little from the pain and unusualness of the bandages or casts, but after that they simply bear it, and, with childhood's happy faith, look for to-morrow when they will be well.

Hip disease is the most prevalent of all among these children, either from insufficient nourishment, from accident, or from the carrying of younger children, so often seen among the poor. Many children in the "House Beautiful" are under treatment for this disease, but little Elvina's was the most desperate case. When the pretty nurse came in with her appliances I left the bedside to occupy myself with

baby Emma, but the sound of a little shivering pain-pierced voice drew me back, and, as I watched the operation the horrors of hip disease were unveiled to my eyes. Could such things be? Is this what the clean white sheets hid beneath them? Cruel ulcers, above, beneath and inside of the hip; the bone protruding and decayed. Into each of these ulcers disinfectants and curatives must be injected, and from the child who bears it comes only a low pitiful whining. The big tears drop over her face, the little white hand is stretched out imploringly, but with no protest, and the trembling lips cry in low, heart-broken tones, "Oh Miss Murray—oh, Miss Murray." Something almost suffocates me, and the room whirls round, but the dressing is quickly finished, and, as I step to the other side of the bed, only a tear drop hangs on the long lashes as little Elvina lifts the flow-ers to her flower-like face and smiles pitifully, as I tell her how brave she is. The child had lain so long in bed before she came to the hospital and had drawn her well leg up so many months to keep off the weight of the covering that it had finally grown stiff, and it is now impossible to straighten it out, but a cage now upholds the cover from contact with the little sufferer, and this was the "something large" that I did not understand.

WITH THE SICK CHILDREN.

Unique Entertainment in a School Where Not One Pupil is in the Enjoyment of Health—What Was Said and Sung.

An entertainment of unique character was given in the Hospital for Sick Children on Thursday, Dec. 19. In the upper ward of the eastern wing a large company of ladies and gentlemen was gathered to hear the speaking and singing in connection with the closing exercises of the school connected with the institution. While children are being cured of disease and lameness, their mental necessities are cared for by the management, assisted by the Public School Board of the city. A school is kept open constantly, the teacher, Miss E. Y. Sams, being provided by the Board.

Simultaneously with the kindergarten closing exercises throughout the city yesterday, this school was in line. It differed from all the others, because not one of the 45 pupils is in health; either some wasting disease or some pitiful lameness attached itself to each one of those bright-eyed and happy children. Save for a pain spasm that would draw down the lines of the face, or for the bandages and crutches and splints, one could scarcely believe that they are sick children, so pleased and happy they seemed. And their conduct was simply perfect;

they were polite to visitors, and, evident-ly, excellent discipline.

Mr. J. Ross Robe Board of Trustees, introduced the program. "This annual prize has been customary summer holidays held. Our purpose ones here not only an improved mind, given as a stimulus and join in the pleasure that they may have there as they do."

"I cannot say of the work of the children. The work is a remarkable but in provincial mother charity in the Dominion; it world in size, a nation of equipment in caring for sick it to every one in out Ontario. By ment we carry on not surpassed on Atlantic.

"It is strictly patients irrespective of nationality. We to do what the little ones. we have helped you see here. La sufferers were treated either as inmates. This is evidence commend itself to

"It costs \$80 a year; it costs each child in the institution 72 cents a week; it costs \$26 the institution. The government contribution of Toronto \$5,000 made up by voluntary contributions.

"Our Christmas fund is a good fund. Eaton Company \$200 from the Eaton. The Canadian sent \$50, and from \$25 to \$50 for the smaller drawing hundred.

"The people of the Hospital. Last year between \$11,000 do the greatest number. Last year were treated here given outside the