

flannel suit, sitting in front. Peeping in at the window we find one of four nurses in her neat uniform in charge of four very sick ones who are fastened to splints and lying on the floor of the ambulance. They are wearing pretty flannel dressing gowns, made and sent by the Woman's Aid Association of St. Paul's Church and comfortable crochet slippers made by Miss Alley. There were 22 pairs sent. They had quite a variety of head gear, but all looked tenderly cared for. These little ones were carefully lifted out, their mattresses laid on the floor of the wharf waiting room, where they were the objects of much attention and sympathy while the ambulance returned to the Hospital for its second load.

The next detachment arrived in cabs. "Scottie" in red cap and gray dressing gown, insisting on saying "How d'ye do" to every one over and over again. Poor little fellow! he is so proud of being able to speak after so many years of silence that he is irrepressible. "Scottie" was paralyzed and his speech thus affected. The first word he learned to say was "Halloo," and with this he greeted everybody, so that he became nick-named "the Telephone boy." The ambulance having arrived with its second load, we laid mattresses on the bottom of the *Sea Gull*, and loading up began. The doctor and nurse standing in the boat, while another doctor and nurse handed in the little folk very carefully and laid them tenderly down. They were covered with quilts and shaded with parasols, and nurses, doctors and attendants being all aboard, sail was hoisted, and our experiment of taking them over in a sail boat began. So gently and quietly did the *Sea Gull* slip along that some of the little folk who from their position could not see over the side of the boat, asked "are we moving?" As we rounded the point the sails were hauled in and without the sign of a tilt to leeward, she glided along like her graceful namesake, landing us directly opposite the Home.

Stretchers were soon got ready, and the assistants on shore, taking off shoes and stockings, waded in, lifting the little ones again from the doctor and nurses on board to the stretchers already manned by willing carriers, and in an incredibly short time all the little folk were snugly tucked into their Cots at their beloved Lakeside Home.

Looking over the space between the coming and the going of the children, we raise our voices in one great song of praise and thanksgiving to Almighty God, not only for a very happy summer, but one of extra usefulness and blessing, and one amply provided for day by day.

We opened our Home on June 1st, with \$394.95 in the bank. We have cared for 90 children during the four months of summer, having an average family of 50 to provide for every day. And at the close we had on hand \$131.57. Truly our need was "*supplied according to His riches.*"

Our needs only arise day by day, and day by day they are supplied. We seldom had much money in the bank at a time, yet before the next Friday there was enough for another week. For example, to quote from Secretary's diary:—"July, —. Met this morning for prayer, and we had only \$27.46 for the Lakeside Home, while we needed \$49.40 for the expenses of the week. We earnestly asked God for His money, and He more than answered our prayer, for during the day we received \$181.09 proceeds of a bazaar held on the Island; \$25.00 for the maintenance of the Bond Street Congregational Bible Class Cot; \$7.10 from the contribution box, and \$6.50 in payments, making in all \$120.69." "If ye ask anything in My name ye shall receive it." We asked, and abundantly received.

Our rules say—"children admitted from two to fourteen years old," but this year we had babies in arms, and sick mothers with sick babies, and young women of eighteen or twenty and one lad about seventeen. Our matron so thoroughly caught the spirit of our work, that she never refused a case that could be squeezed in.

Our house is not laid out to take any but children, therefore we have only open wards, but we did our best for those who came, and God's sunshine and the glorious fresh air of Gibraltar Point did the rest.