

SUNBEAM

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TELLING THE OLD, OLD STORY.

We give in this number pictures of the Children's Hospital in Toronto. A more fully described ward of January 2nd *Pleasant Hours.*

The kind nurse in the ward is telling the old, old story—so old, yet ever new—the story of the little child born in a manger at Bethlehem. She is telling how he grew to be a good boy, obedient to his parents, working in Joseph's shop with hammer and plane and saw. She is telling how he became the object of all men going out everywhere doing good; how he made the dumb to speak, and the lame to walk. She is telling them how he healed the sick, even if they did but touch the hem of his garment, and how he restored the bereaved and weep-widow her lost and only son. And she is telling them how he ever loved the children, that he was so thoughtful of them, that it was his beautiful

example men have sought to follow since—the example of him who said: "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not." And when she goes to the place where she tells how he crucified this loyal lover of children, how he thought only of others in his last hour, their faces are wet with tears.



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The following are incidents from real life in the hospital. Our young friends who are full of health and strength cannot do a nicer thing than send some little love gift to those poor sick children.

At 8 a.m. breakfast is served to the children in the wards. The patients, unless those who are very ill, look forward

with eagerness to the serving of the meals. It is touching to see a little fellow, with spoon firmly grasped in his hand, ready to commence operations, and eyes, which ought to be reverently closed, winking and blinking in order to get at least a glimpse of the viands, singing very earnestly—and quickly, the usual blessing—

"We thank thee, Lord, for this our food,
But more because of Jesus' blood;
Let manna to our souls be given,
The bread of God sent down from Heaven."

Wednesday afternoon is "Mother's Day," and those who have mothers look longingly for their coming. But for some of our little sick ones there is no "mother's day," the mothers have gone to the far-off land, or they have deserted their offspring and left them to the care of strangers. Thank God that the love of Jesus in the soul prompts strangers to give to these neglected ones a

mother's care.

The daily life in our wards is very full of amusing incidents; at least there is about them a pathetic kind of amusement. Little M—, our deaf and dumb child, who is quite a mimic, visits the bedsides of the very sick ones every morning, and with great solemnity feels their pulses and