

LAKESIDE HOME.

SEPTEMBER 15th, 1888.

The morning rose overcast, but about ten o'clock the sun peeped out from behind the passing clouds, and by noon the hour set for the return to the city from our Lakeside Home, (where we had spent so happy a summer), the day was as warm as any day in the season.

At twelve o'clock, sharp, our funny procession began. First an invalid carriage containing three boys; two with crutches, and one could have walked had he not been too fat. He came to the Lakeside Home last summer a living skeleton, about two years old, (a starvation case) his head one mass of sores. He goes home to-day weighing 37 pounds, and so fat he would do for a "show baby." I said "goes home"—where is home for such as he? His parents, whose neglect brought him to the wretched condition he was in, have never been near to know if he were alive or dead. Next came two baby carriages, in one was "Scottie," still paralyzed, but happy, and able to use his tongue: he is assuring us all the way down that "he will come again some day." Poor "Scottie," he will never be better; and is one of those who would be eligible for our "Home for Crippled and Deformed Children" should the Lord see fit to allow us such a place. In the second carriage was *Marsie* and *Leslie*, both very much better for the three months time on the sands. Then comes a group on foot—literally *on foot*, for not one of them can use both feet. They limp along very cleverly and quickly with their crutches, and are proud to be able to *walk* home, for they had to be *carried* over. After them comes a truck, simply a big box on wheels, in which on mattresses lie six little folks who are not able to sit up; a strange load for the Island grocery cart, trundled along with a good will by the men who work so hard all summer delivering the provisions in the same "big box" for the Clark Brothers. Next another invalid carriage containing three more boys, and Nurse strongly cautions *Harry* "not to jump about, but be a good boy." *Harry* was carried over on a stretcher and is now sitting up crutch in hand, *after five years in bed*. Then another truck, similar to, but smaller than the other, and sitting amid the small baggage is *Carrie*, baby *Maud* and *Jumbo*. All are sorry the Lakeside Home is closing; yet with childish glee are glad to be going to "the other Hospital to see Miss Cody."

They all embarked safely on board the ferry at its own wharf, a mile and a half from the Home, and were soon back in their own wards in our temporary quarters at 90 Jarvis street.

This was the coming home: the going over is the other side of the picture.

The water in the lake this year being much lower than at any previous year in the history of the Lakeside Home, the Doty Brothers, who have always been so kind, could not send their ferries to the lake front, as they were not able to pass the sand bar.

We took over a detachment of our "wellest" ones, and wheeled them up from the point: but for our *sick ones* we secured the schooner yacht *Sea Gull*. The day was fine, and a light East wind blowing. The ambulance drove on to the wharf at 10:30, its uniformed driver, and our own doctor in his white

*We have applied at the Girls, the Boys, and the Orphan's Homes to have him admitted, but all tell us that he is either too young, or too old, or there is no room. There seems no place in the full world for poor *Arthur*.