

HAPPY DAYS

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TELLING THE OLD, OLD STORY.

The kind nurse in the picture is telling the old, old story—so old, yet ever new—the story of the little babe born in a manger at Bethlehem. She is telling how he grew to be a good child, obedient to his parents, working in Joseph's shop with hammer and plane and saw. She is telling how he became the noblest of all men, going about everywhere doing good; how he made the blind to see, the dumb to speak, and the lame to walk. She is telling them how he healed the sick, yea, even if they did but touch the hem of his garment, and how he restored to the bereaved and weeping widow her lost and only son. And she is telling them how he ever loved little children, that he was ever thoughtful of them, and that it was his beautiful example men have sought to follow ever since—the example of him who said: "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not." And when she comes to the place where she tells how men crucified this loyal lover of children, and how he thought only of others in his dying hour, their faces are wet with tears.

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 eight 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—

longingly for their coming. But for some of our little sick ones there is no "mother 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, if they will let her, puts a slate pencil under their tongues, or arms, in order to take (as she has seen the doctors do) their temperature.

Our children are taught the lessons of faith and truth we daily learn ourselves. Sometimes at the evening hour the children, led by "Joey," our senior patient, who is quite a musician, have a little song service all by themselves, and when it is ended, little hands are folded and before the weary eyelids close for the night many little lips whisper reverently, "Our Father," or

"Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,

Look upon a little child:
Pity my simplicity;
Help me, Lord, to come to thee."

Our Hospital is in every respect like a well-managed Christian household. Superintendent, assistant nurses and domestics are all servants of the Lord Jesus, and



TELLING THE OLD, OLD STORY.

"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