cessary duty of a demos citizens, in the interest ell-being, is to educate it discharge of their citievery one an equal start practical difficulties in the eory is that of co-ordinahave not yet solved it

l, no doubt, be interested are being made to solve it re making many experifreer to experiment than glish teachers to be; and ne most fruitful of such en is that of introducing ool subjects, such, for exstory, or Latin, into the primary schools. As our to whom the Act of 1902 to deal with both primary tion, and the duty of counder their supervision a ndary schools, such exsible here. Of the need ansition between elemenhools, if higher education the children of the artisan no doubt. The more the higher standards of are capable of beginning of higher subjects before nless their mental growth evelopment, there is dan-

and still, and that while marking time, a valuable be wasted, and they nduly discouraged by the ondary curriculum. Any nd the American teachers rom their respective exe bear valuable fruit. of educational interest pon which interchange of eat countries, working cational salvation under nditions, may be fruitful. Americans and ourselves

s in common with regard systems are not, as that cally thought out beforecompetent authority, but by freedom of experiuncertainty and many ree people feeling its own oad, and the experience of ve to the other. No harm, ood, will result from inse between teachers and ators on both sides of the Mosely has done so much nd liberal expenditure, as issions of 1902 and 1903, which he has taken in sit of English teachers to of 1906-7, and the coming eachers to our shore.

grain landed in these docks of wheat, barley, oats, and d into flour on the spot. I mill of six stories, with a yards. It is a perfect mar-Everything is done by ma-mense place is worked by a tokers are dispensed with: aling arrangement, and the fires only requires the labor wonder there should be so

he grain leaves the barges

ntil it is ready for delivery.

r, it is dealt with entirely by d up out of the holds, carried endless band, turned into ugh various rolling processes baker's use. Equally ingeniarrangements at the big Silo done by the touch of a lever. ically weighed. ver coffee machine (this is in th takes the berries as they sks and blows them away, o various sizes, and then e of commerce which is only wish someone would making apparatus as well, the way, was thrown on e other week when aboard on to Melbourne no fewer were found. They were all lia, where they had heard ia, where they had heard in England. Every single was sent back to London: ow on the hawsers which so as to prevent the ani-

er from the Albert Basin ards before we come to the eft behind us now the city silhouette against the skyd rat-lines and peaks and grey expanse of water, with ich stretches as far as see Tilbury ahead on the the thick of the shipping

ilbury Docks will soon be iathans built. Every year s overpassed. London ssels of dimensions in recent years has been ort is managed by active ager for progress. No ccording to the testimony siness at the docks, they

ed with the means of bring-they will do it, and be glad aght to keep her place at the ping centres for a very long yfe, in London Daily Mail.

Appeal on Behalf of Royal Jubilee Hospital

HEREAS the Provincial Royal Jubilee Hospital of Victoria, B. C.—opened in the year 1889, in memory of the first jubilee of our late beloved Queen, and dedicated to her honor—is still incomplete, and that the especial addition of a Maternity Building in connection with that institution is most urgently needed, it was decided by a large and representative committee of the Hospital Aid Societies to make widespread appeal on this behalf:

Friday, May 29, 1908

a very special and widespread appeal on this behalf: not alone in the immediate vicinity of Victoria, but in the Province, and Districts, and also individually, to those benevolent and public-spirited men and wo-

to those benevolent and public-spirited men and women, who are ever ready to extend timely assistance
whenever such aid is shown to be reasonable in its
demands, and beneficial in its results.

The first step taken by the committees was to
send up a resolution to the annual meeting of the
Local Council of Women of Victoria and Vancouver
Island, asking the sympathy and co-operation of that
body in the contemplated effort. This resulted in the
following measures being approved and endorsed by
the council, and a special committee appointed to
carry out the same:

1st. That a circular letter be written and printed
setting forth the present need—together with the
statement of the fund already in hand—and distributed throughout the city and province soliciting help for

ed throughout the city and province soliciting help for this most worthy object. 2nd. That a letter should be addressed to the

this most worthy object.

2nd. That a letter should be addressed to the bishops and clergy, asking them to consider favorably the establishment of a "Hospital Sunday" in Victoria, and that the contributions on the inaugural Sunday be devoted to the fund for the Queen Victoria Memorial Ward for Maternity cases at the Provincial Jubilee Hospital; the date chosen being, if possible, Sunday the 24th of May next. (In this connection it is gratifying to add that the churches have, unanimously, agreed to this request.)

The reasons that make such an extra-ordinary appeal necessary are as follows:

The hospital, being unendowed, depends entirely, for regular income, upon the city and government grants, and upon the fees from pay patients. When it is borne in mind that, according to the latest report published by the directors, one-half of the number of patients treated from May, 1904, to May 1905, were treated absolutely free of charge, and when the following extract from that report is thoroughly understood, it will be well seen that all additions for the perfecting of the equipment and usefulness of the institution must be gifts, and carried out by the help alone of voluntary contributions: "During the year we have treated free 806 City patients for 9,890 days' stay, at \$1.20 per diem (the government grant having been allowed for), making a total cost to the hospital of \$11.868,000. In return for which we received \$4,901.

This 'statement proves, without further words.

of \$11,868,000. In return for which we received \$4,901.-00."

This statement proves, without further words, that there can be little surplus income even for necessary and recurrent repairs.

The women of Victoria, having long since realised the necessity for consistent aid, formed themselves in 1899 into an Auxiliary Society, undertaking to assist the directors by supplying all the linen, crockery, extra hospital furniture, garden ambulatory chairs, etc., and responding, whenever possible, to any call made upon them. In this work they have been ably assisted by a junior branch formed later under the name of The Daughters of Pity. These two societies have, during the seven years of their existence, either collected by members fees and donations, or have earned by some special effort, a sum of \$17,000, all of which has been either expended upon the hospital or funded towards some future need.

In this particular the fund before mentioned was opened at the death of Queen Victoria, it being thought most suitable to consecrate all offerings made for the Maternity Building to the memory of Her, who was not only Queen, but, so essentially, mother of Her people.

who was not only Queen, but, so essentially, mother of Her people.

The practical need, and profitable assistance, to the hospital of such an addition is vouched for: 1st, by constant and far-reaching applications for such accommodation; 2nd., as a means of rendering complete the otherwise excellent and thorough training received by the nurses; 3rd., as a means of sustaining and increasing the benefit of the hospital to the community at large.

There is ample assurance that such a ward would be self-sustaining, and that there would be no further appeal necessary for its support after erection. Such wards are known to maintain themselves wherever

satisfactorily started, and are the greatest boon to many women who need rest and removal from the domestic cares incidental to colonial life, at such periods. The following is a complete list of subscribers to this fund to date:

this fund to date:			
Hospital Ball, 1902	500	00	
The Daughters of Pity	200		
Lady Joly de Lottepinière	50		
Mrs. James Dunsmuir	50	00	
A Constant Friend	25	00	
Mrs. F. S. Barnard	25	00	
Lady Crease	20	00	
Collected "Bank of Commerce"	22	50	
Messrs Pither & Leiser	10		
Messrs. Levy & Leiser	10		
Messrs. Brackman & Kerr	10		
Mr Davidge	10		
Dr. Ernest Hall		00	
Mrs. A. W. Jones.	5		
Mrs. Rocke Robertson	- 5		
Mrs. Bradley Dyne (1902)	5	00	į
Mrs. Bradley Dyne (1902)		00	į
Mr. James Anderson	5	00	į
Mr. James Patterson	5		
M. W. R	4		
Colonel Gregory		50	
Mrs. W. Craft		50	
A Mother		50	
A Mother	2	00	į
Mr. C. H. Arundell	20		
Mr. C. H. Arundell	5		
A Thank Offering		00	
Hospital Sunday Collections (1906)	398		
Mrs. Grey (Samuel Island)	5	00	
Dr. Bowell (per Dr. Fraser)	20	00	
S. H. O'Dell (per advertising)	5	00	
Mrs. R. H. Pooley and Friends	436	35	
Mrs. Bradley Dyne (1907)	5	00	
Mr. R. S. Hall and Friends	5	00	
Mrs. T. H. Gray	5	00	
Mrs. Carne	5	00	
Mrs. P. Wilson	2	50	
Ladies of the Maccabees (per Mrs. Rallion)		00	
Rev. W. Baugh Allen	5	00	
Mrs. C. E. Cooper	1	00	
Metropolitan Ladies' Guild	5	00	
The King's Daughters (Metchosen)	5	-00	
The Ladies' Musical Club		nn	
Baxter Hive Ladies of the Maccabees	5	00	
Mrs. A. H. Smith	12	50	
Interest to date (Bank of Commerce)	86	90	
St. Barnabas Church	12	80	
Mr. A. W. Vowell		00	
Hallam & Wendham	3	00	
The Board of Directors also hold a fund for	1000		
this object amounting to	750	20	

Total on hand for a Maternity Ward....\$2,205 50

The musical programme for the flower service and sacred concert to be held at the Royal Jubilee Hospital on Sunday, May 24th, at 3 p.m. by the Band of the 5th Regiment, by permission of Lieut.-Col. Hall and the officers, will be as follows:

"A friend of mine," said Erskine, "was suffering from a continual wakefulness and various methods were tried to send him to sleep, but in vain. At last his physicians resorted to an experiment which succeeded perfectly: they dressed him in a watchman's "oat, put a lantern in his hand, placed him in a sentity-box-and he was asken in the metallic."

TO THE WOMEN OF VICTORIA

Your cry has gone far to remind the city that it is high time that a Maternity Ward should be built and furnished as a necessary adjunct to the Royal Jubilee Hospital.

The time for this appeal seems to me to be singularly well chosen, when all minds are filled with the memory of the revered Queen mother; after whom our city was named, and in token of whose prolonged and happy reign the Royal Jubilee Hospital was built. Years have passed since her demise, and when now we look to the throne and steps of the throne and see her descendants with their betrothed gladdening the hearts of the people by their royal virtues. dening the hearts of the people by their royal vir

Sisters, go on: yea, all women follow, mothers or not, nor think that you have done all till you have made your requests known unto God, who setteth the solitary in families, and is the God of them all; well remembering one, who, woman born, came to comfort the sorrowing and deliver the oppressed. Yours ever, EDWARD CRIDGE.

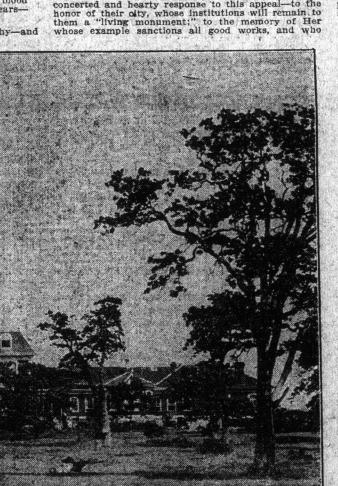
PITY AND NEED

"Make all fiesh kin!—there is no caste in blood "Which runneth of one hue—nor caste in tears—"Which trickle salt for all!"

What better plea for universal sympathy-and

tients treated, being about equal, it is impossible to meet, out of income, other expenses than those incurred by regular "maintenance and repairs." The Woman's Auxiliary Society" and the "Daughters of Pity" have for nine years done "Trojan service," supplying all sorts of needs and comforts and collecting for special building funds. The children's ward, with its beautiful sun-room verandah (just opened) being their last achievement.

The Maternity Ward Fund is to be their final effort. Will the men and women of Victoria make a concerted and hearty response to this appeal—to the honor of their city, whose institutions will remain to them a "living monument;" to the memory of Her whose example sanctions all good works, and who



The Provinciae Royal Jubilee Hospital, Victoria

OUR ALTAR OF PITY

To the Jubilee Hospital

Beyond the city's fever and the cries Of Man's Delirium, where the shamed streets

To hide them in the grass when April skies
Dapple the purple plough lands we have won
And all the Cloth of Gold round Camosun.

We built our altar, not as conquerors, vain
Of some achievement of th' ensanguined
sword,
Ent having tried all heights and denths of pain

But having tried all heights and depths of pain To bind men only by the Whiteman's Word, We built to Thee, The Pitiful, oh Lord!

Here be no triumphs, no blood-drunken kings, No glories gathered from another's shame; In lieu of censers, see the wallflower brings Her cups of incense; meadow larks acclaim Our Quest accomplished; while the broom's wild flame

Burns round our altar—dreams of laden men Staggering far spent along our endless trails Find here fulfilment ere life's last amen— The dreams which come when all the body fails; Of rest and cottage flowers, lush grass and whitning sails.

These be our gauds—and for our minister.
That Sister to the Sunbeam, she who slips
Bare-armed and smiling where men moan and

Until like Dawn with cool, sweet finger tips She soothe the fevered brow or slake the pain-

We bring no sacrifice of gold or myrrh,
No offering bought, nor any stained by blood,
Only, oh God, in memory of her
Who was the Pride of Britain's Womanhood
One flower which blossomed first on Holy
Rood

hand white-lipped Man, hard-handed, desperate,
To face the only fate he does not dare,
Maddening at pain God will not let him share.

These be our masters. We who conquered,

ache
All that we have of knowledge, brain or nerve.
With sweetness wrung from Woman's Heart,
we take
To be our sacrifice for love's dear sake.

Our Trail is trod. Lo! here we dedicate,
To Him on whom we leaned the all we won.
His Day is dawning. At our Western Gate
He knocks, oh Mother, and thy youngest sonWaits at His Altar here in Camosun.

one or other of the collections made this week, the Maternity Ward would almost immediately become an accomplished fact. The history of the hospital is already well known. It commenced in 1887, in honor of the first jublice of the late Queen—it has cutlined a strenuous period of financial stress, and has been aided and sustained by many faithful friends and workers. But, until it is fully squipped, there will remain the necessity to appeal, from time to time, to the public—since, the proportion of pay, and free pa-

serve The weak ones of the earth. For hearts that

parched lips,

Pier Island, B. C.

we may discern something appropriate to the present occasion. Think of this family record as enacted in the case of mothers of every rank and degree throughout the realm, and you will get some idea of what maternity means for our nation and for our city.

Whoever it was that called this day "Empire Day," uttered consciously or unconsciously, a great, truth and necessity, deriving its special significance from the character and rule of her, to whom it refers, and the nation or assemblage of states which calls itself imperial and strives after its ideal, is virtually in the throes of a new birth, struggling to free liself from the old way of conquest and garments rolled in blood, and standing before the world for freedom, justice and peace. Along with this newness comes a deeper sense of mercy and sympathy with human deeper sense of mercy and sympathy with human suffering and a clearer perception of the true causes of a nation's prosperity and growth. The empire of selfishness is coming to an end; the empire of selfishness is gaining recognition.

That which is true of the nation is true of the city and empireable to the claim now in guestian.

city, and applicable to the claim now in question. The building of the family is the building of the city. The mother, whether of high or low degree, who trains up her children in the way they should go, has this honor. See how far this truth extends. Where were the city or the state without the mothers? And this honor. See how far this truth extends. Where were the city or the state without the mothers? And this brings us face to face with the appeal on their behalf. I repeat it, on their behalf: for maternity means sorrow; the honor comes of sacrifice. Men must awake to this sad truth; true from the beginning of the world, and all over the world. The ordinary distempers and diseases which afflict mankind are of limited range and extent, but there is no limit to this. To say nothing of that large class of womankind, whether mothers or not, of whom the saying is sadly true that "woman's work is never done," there is many a Rachel among mothers who, as her soul is in departing, calls her offspring, "Son of my sorrow," and bequeaths as a legacy to the state the child which will never know a mother's care. The state is not oblivious of the charge so far as the children are concerned, but might not Rachel have been saved if the state had been equally thoughtful of the mothers? Perhaps our worthy premiers and mayors may take a note of this that the mothers may arise and call them blessed. Much as science has done for human ills, in this particular ailment it is largely inoperative, but in the proposed ward it would be supreme and unimpeded. Most certainly no city hospital is complete without a maternity ward. Were there no other advantage it would be a kind of heaven to many, having all the comfort and sympathy of the home without any of its distractions, agitations and clamor.

I have looked at an appeal made by the women of

lamor.

I have looked at an appeal made by the women of Victoria some three years ago for such a refuge, to which the response has not been such as was desired, the failure. I verily believe, being due not to want of feeling but to sheer ignorance and unbelief. I say ignorance, for I fear that few, even husbands, perhaps none but God and the sufferers, half know the mystery of maternal sorrow; but there is less excuse for unbelief. Let appeal be made for tuberculosis, smallpox, wreck, or individual distress of any kind, and the response is sure, and even speelal wards are prepared as a matter of course and necessity. No Victoria is not hard-hearted; quite the contrary; never has been, I can testify. She was but in her infancy when she built the first Royal Hospital, nor half-grown when she founded the Orphans' home. Let her men only believe on overwhelming everlasting testimony—the sorrow of motherhood, and they will freely open their hands.

In the record referred to, the advantage above

In the record referred to, the advantage above noted of a refuge, for even the rich and well to do, will be so largely availed of that those who make the appeal are assured that once built it will be self-

As father of a family, then, who himself barely knew a mother's care—there was no maternity ward in the city where, in departing, she gave up her soul in sorrow, as a son, who pities his mother's fate but reverences her memory, for as her soul was in departing, she answered, "I commit my children to God," and as an old man for fifty years and more intimately associated with many of the families of our growing city, I would call upon the men of all states and conditions, every man who is a man and reverences his mother or her memory, to respond to this appeal; the working men, cheerfully giving what comes to hand, and the rich giving bountifully of their abundance, each and all resolved that come what will the maternity ward shall be built, and "Empire Day" honored by supply of this deficiency in the Hospital of Jubilee.

service?—And so, this week, the hospital aid societies the churches, and the press, are bringing before the community the needs of their hospital—needs which have been—too long—ignored, and for want of which the Royal Jubilee Hospital is still unable to fulfil its meed of usefulness to the public or to give a complete training to its nurses. It is estimated that if every member of the population would give, according to his or her ability, from twenty-five cents upwards in was essentially, the mother of Her people, and to the praise of God, from whom all good things—our health,

physicians, when "things go wrong." When a complete righting of wrongs is not accomplished under treatment, or when, alas, human aid has been of no avail. This attitude is both unplous and unjust. The physician and the nurse are only instruments under the higher power of God and his changeless law. Here is a beautiful eastern legend on this subject. A young mother clasping her dead baby to her bosom finds "the Buddha" in his sacred grove and thus speaks:

A BEAUTIFUL EASTERN LEGEND

"Lord, thou art he." she said, "who yesterday Had pity on me in the fig-grove here, Where I live lone, and reared my child; but he Straying amid the blossoms found a snake, Which twined about his wrist, whilst he did laugh, And tease the quick-forked tongue, and opened mouth Of that cold playmate. But, alast ere long He turned so pale and still, I could not think Why he should cease to play, and let my breast Fall from his lips. And one said 'He is sick'—Or poison; and another 'He will die,' But I, who could not lose my preclous boy. Prayed of them physic; which might bring the light Back to his eyes; it was so very small. That kiss-mark of the serpent, and I think It could not hate him, gracious as he was. Nor hurt him in his sport. And some one said, There is a holy man upon the hill—So! now he passeth in the yellow robe—Ask of the Hishi if there be a cure For that which alls thy son! Whereon I came Trembling to thee—whose brow is like a God's. And wept and drew the face-cloth from my babe Praying Thee tell what simples might be good. And thou, great sir! didst spurn me not, but gaze With gentle eyes and touch with patient hand; Then drew the face-cloth hack, saying to me. Yea, little sistor, there is that might heal. Thee first, and him, if thou coulds't fetch the thing; For they who seek physicians bring to them What is ordained. Therefore I pray thee find Black mustard seed, a tola, only mark Thou take it not from any hand, or house Where father, mother, obtild, or slave, hath died; It shall be well if thou can'st find such seed."

"Thus dids't thou speak my Lord!"
The Master smiled
Exceedingly tenderly, Yea! I spake thus,
But dids't thou find the seed?"

But dids't thou find the seed?"

"I went, Lord, clasping to my breast
The babe, grown colder, asking at each hut,
Here, in the jungle, and toward the town,
I pray you, give me mustard, of your grace,
A tola-black, and each who had it gave,
For all the poor are piteous to the poor:
But when-I asked 'In my friend's household here
Hath any, peradventure, ever died—
Husband, or wife, or child, or slave?' they said:
'O sister what is this you ask? the dead are many,
And the living few!
So with sad thanks I gave the mustard back,
And prayed of others, but the others said
Here is the seed, but we have lost our slave!'
Here is the seed, but our good man is dead!'
Here is some seed, but he who sowed it died
Between the rain time, and the Harvesting!'
Ah! Sir, I could not find a single house
Where there was mustard seed, and none had died!'
"My sister! thou has found," the Master said
"Searcher, for what none finds, that bitter balm
I had to give thee. He thou lovest slept
Dead on thy bosom yesterday; today
Thou knowest the whole wide world weeps with thy
woe,
The grief which all hearts bear grows less for one woe,
The grief which all hearts bear grows less for one—
So, I would pour my blood if I could stay
Thy tears and win the secret of that Curse,
I seek that secret—bury thou thy child."
—Sir Edwin Arnold in "The Light of Asia."

STREET BEGGING

This is a country of surprises.
It is unsafe to predict anything except the unexpected. Take the most striking feature of our

streets today as an illustration of this statement.

The streets bear witness to the power of human love and sympathy as the greatest of all levellers, and I understand that in this democratic country there

and I understand that in this democratic country there are crities.

At the street corners are booths, consecrated by the red cross, which is the symbol everywhere of man's pity for his fellow; booths inhabited for the moment by women who are content to leave the shelter and comfort of their homes for the noise of the dusty streets and to undertake the most unpleasant work in the world, that of begging for money, and all for the sake of people they have never met and will probably never know.

And yet it is said that some blame them. I will not condescend in their defence to urge that in London, the heart of our Empire, the noblest of our women have done the same and are doing it every year with their Queen's approval, because Hospital

women have done the same and are doing it every year with their Queen's approval, because Hospital Sunday and all it means should be known to all who call themselves British, and Besides the argument would be a poor one and rather a snobbish one.

An action is good or it is bad, without reference to the actor. Our neighbors in Vancouver deemed that the action of those who begged in the streets for the sick and poor was good, and Victoria will afform that her sicker city was right

for the sick and poor was good, and Victoria will affirm that her sister city was right.

The truth is in a nutshell. If you want money for any public purpose you will soon realize that a certain number of people may be relied upon to give almost every time; that others won't give anything at any time; whilst the vast majority of busy workers and especially amongst the comparatively poor, will give generously if you ask them. But the application must be personal. A notice in the press won't do. I know from the report of workers that it is a rare thing to visit a cottage where the people are is a rare thing to visit a cottage where the people are doing their own hard work, without receiving at least a small contribution and probably a word of hearty cheer, which is worth at least another quarter.

cheer, which is worth at least another quarter.

Now the hospital has not enough volunteer workers to enable it to make a house-to-house visitation; and even if it had, it would still miss a great many of our wandering workers from the mines to the lumbering camps who would give gladly if they were asked to do so.

You cannot expect hard-worked people to come to you with their quarters; it would hardly pay to organize a body to go to them, and therefore our women go down into the streets to give busy men and thoughtless men a chance of helping a good

and thoughtless men a chance of helping a good

In a democratic country like this, it is rather funny to hear people commenting upon the correctness or incorrectness of such actions as these. I submit that all honest work is honorable, and that the work of these ladies is more honorable than any other, because it is most unpleasant to them, brings them no reward but conduces to the relief of brings them no reward, but conduces to the relief of God's especial care, the sick and suffering poor.

There should be tomorrow a red cross pinned on the coat of every man who believes in God, cares for his fellow man, or thinks he has a right to look a woman in the face.

IN THE CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL

Our doctor had call'd in another, I never had seen him before.
But he sent a chill to my heart when I saw him come in at the door.
Fresh from the surgery schools of France and of other lands— Harsh red hair, big voice, big chest, big merciless hands! Wonderful cures he had done, I yes, but they said too of film

too of him

He was happier using the knife than in trying to save the limb,

And that I can well believe, for he look'd so coarse and so red,

I could think he was one of those who would break their jests on the dead,

And mangle the living dog that had loved him and fawn'd at his knee—

Drench'd with with the hellish oorali—that ever such things should be.

Many people are dissatisfied with hospitals—and Here was a boy—I am sure that some of our children would die But for the voice of Love, and the smile, and the comforting eye—
Here was a boy in the ward, every bone seem'd ous of its place—
Caught in a mill and crush'd—it was all but a hope—

And he handled him gently enough; but his voice and his face were not kind,
And it was but a hopeless case, he had seen it and made up his mind,
And he said to me roughly, "The lad will need little more of your care."

"All the more need," I told him, "to seek the Lord Jesus in prayer;
They are all His children here, and I pray for them all as my own":

all as my own":
But he turn'd to me, "Ay, good woman, can prayer
set a broken bone?"
Then he mutter'd half to himself, but I know that I heard him say
"All very well—but the good Lord Jesus has had
his day."

So he went. And we past to this ward where the younger children are laid: Here is the cot of our orphan, our darling, our meek Empty you see fust now! We have lost her who loved her so much—
Patient of pain tho' as quick as a sensitive plant to the touch; Hers was the prettiest prattle, it often moved me to

Hers was the prettiest prattle, it often moved me to tears,

Hers was the gratefullest heart I have found in a child of her years—
Nay, you remember our Emmie; you used to send her the flowers;

How she would smile at 'em. play with 'em, talk to 'em hours after hours!

They that can wander at will where the works of the Lord are reveal'd

Little guess what joy can be got from a cowslip out of the field;

Flowers to these "spirits in prison" are all they can know of spring,

They freshen and sweeten the wards like the waft of an angel's wing;

And she lay with a flower in one hand and her thin hands crost on her breast—

Wan, but as pretty as heart can desire, and we thought her at rest,

Quietty sleeping—so quiet, our doctor said "Poor little dear,"

Nurse, I must do it tomorrow; she'll never live thro' it, I fear."

I sat three nights by the child—I could not watch

I sat three nights by the child-I could not watch for four-My brain had begun to reel-I felt I could do it no That was my sleeping night, but I thought that it never would pass.

There was a thunder-clap once, and a clatter of hall

on the glass,
And there was a phantom cry that I heard as I tost about.

The motherless bleat of a lamb in the storm and the darkness without:

My sleep was broken besides with dreams of the dreadful knife

And fears for our delicate Emmie who scarce would escape with her life;

Then in the grey of the morning it seem'd she stood by me and smiled,

And the doctor came at this hour, and we went to see to the child.

He had brought his ghastly tools: we believed hes asleep again— Her dear, long, lean, little arms lying out on the

counterpane:
Say that His day is done! Ah why should we care
what they say?
The Lord of the children had heard her, and Emmis