

We had a delightful letter sent from a boy, enclosing his first earnings, hoping he would soon be able to send more for the benefit of the sick children.

Truly that boy will succeed in life, his first fruits being brought as a thank-offering to God, and beginning life with noble aspirations, remembering that even a cup of water to one of the least of these will be blessed by God.

A SAD CASE.

A very sad case occurred some time ago, where a drunken couple with a young son occupied a room, from which the landlord had tried every means to get rid of them. At last he was compelled to turn them out by force. The weather was very cold, and they remained in the yard. Some neighbour, seeing their miserable condition, threw some wood over the fence, with which they lighted a bonfire. Unfortunately the man had money enough in his pocket with which to buy whiskey. They sat around the fire and drank until they were drunk. They had given it to the child also, who was so stupified with it that he fell asleep with his feet towards the fire. They were burned almost to a crisp. The parents were taken to gaol and the boy was brought to the Hospital. He proved to be a very wicked, profane child. He could hardly speak a sentence without using oaths. Every one around tried to civilize him, even the clergyman who visited said it seemed an almost hopeless case. When asked if he had ever heard of God, he said no. Do you know Jesus? No, but my father knew him very well. He had evidently heard the name of Jesus used daily in profanity. When the boy was able to be removed from the Hospital the parents came for him and no entreaties could prevail upon them to let the boy be put in some home where he could be cared for and perhaps redeemed. Everything was done to carry this into effect, but there was no law to compel them, so he had to go back to the old life, and we do not know what has become of him.

A TOKEN OF GRATITUDE.

Sometimes these little sufferers express their gratitude for the care and kindness they receive here, by doing generous acts, worthy of little heroes. One boy named Dick, whose hips were badly diseased, had a present of half a sovereign sent him from his aunt to spend as he wished. He immediately requested that it should be placed in the money box in the office for the benefit of the Hospital where he himself had received so much kindness and relief. This was his thankoffering. Very few boys, even in far better circumstances, would be willing to make such a sacrifice or show such self-denial as to give his all.

HIS MOTHER HIS CONSOLATION.

A boy, eight years of age, when brought to the Island Home, cried bitterly all day; he would eat nothing nor would he be consoled because his mother was in the city. She had removed to a boarding-house there, her home being in some neighbouring town, so as to be near her boy until he was reconciled to the Hospital. The day the children were removed to the Island he was heart-broken. In answer to those who would try to comfort him he would say:—

"It is no use, I can never be well if my mother is not near me. If I knew she was somewhere on the Island I would feel content. I cannot even sleep at night thinking of her so far away from me."

The mother came over every day for a short time. Now she has gone back to her own home her boy is perfectly happy and content with the companionship of the other boys and the kind care of the nurses.

A book might be filled with these pathetic stories, but those already related by Mrs. Heron will illustrate to some extent, at least, the work accomplished in our beautiful Hospital.

The Annual Business Meeting was held on the first Friday in October, when the officers for the past year were unanimously re-elected. Special thanksgiving was offered to God for His goodness in giving the Committee a staff of faithful officers, particular mention being made of the devotion of the Treasurer.

"But whosoever shall receive one such little child in My name receiveth Me."

"Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones; for I say unto you, that in Heaven their angels do always behold the face of My Father which is in Heaven."

JEAN HARVIE DONALD,

Corresponding Secretary.