

and Alfred Sandham. Several of these friends now conduct independent Fresh Air Funds.

The following story from *The Empire* of Dec. 25, 1889, is only one of many that helped to create interest in the Children's cause:

"FEED YE MY LAMBS."

A GREAT GATHERING OF POOR CHILDREN IN SHAFTESBURY
HALL LAST NIGHT.

Christmas comes but once a year,
And when it comes it brings good cheer.

In days gone by the poets have embodied truth and rhythm in their heart-stirring verses. Many a heart, over the melodious stanzas of a well-written verse, has been raised to merriment, and many a drooping spirit has been lifted from sadness to joy and harmony. This truly may be said of Toronto. In its rapid development and growth happily there has been no downing of the afflicted and no turning of the cold shoulder to the oppressed. The heart of the city goes forth to all charities, and there has been none left without aid or sympathy, unless it be the absolutely undeserving. Christmas is an appropriate time in which to

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and beneficent tendencies of the people. There are poor and rich in the community. The poor predominate. The rich and the middle class help the lowly in the onward path and in the struggle for existence. The distribution of wealth may be unequal. The mob and the mass may growl under the voracity of capitalists. But men of money as if by Divine edict, drop one by one into the ranks of charity, and become the able upholders of the poverty-stricken. Whether such is the divine implantation of Providence or the happy whim of nature cannot be said, but at all events such are the