

That when children keep their beds,
Sick and sorrowful and drear,
When sick hearts and aching heads,
Then it is that God draws near;
Then it is He comes and stays
All the weary nights and days.

Friends and nurses may forget,
(So she says) or fall asleep,
But the great Lord never yet
Failed his loving watch to keep.
Close he holds my little hands,
Though I do not see him there;
Close beside my bed he stands
Listening to my every prayer.
All the night-time dark and long
God is there, so kind and strong.

All my pains and aches he knows,
Every time I fret or cry,—
For the Lord's eyes never close;
Now he helps me silently,
Whispers thoughts to make me brave.
Soothes my terrors with a touch,
Tells me he is strong to save,
And he loves me—oh, so much!
And I think, since this is true,
I should patient be; don't you?

They know that God loves them, that Jesus saves them, that He cares and pities them if they suffer, that He watches beside them in the day-time and better still, in the dark and silent night; that he hears their prayers, and often sends them rest and sleep, quieting their pain, when they ask Him, and in general our little ones are very patient and quiet. A weekly meeting for the study of God's word and prayer, open to all the members of the household, was held throughout the summer by the President on Wednesday evening. Several attending this service professed conversion, and since one of these was called to enter into rest. The children often held little prayer meetings of their own, and frequently when the house was full of noise and bustle the necessary accompaniment of a family of 70, some of the children, or two or three of the nurses and helpers would have a "quiet half hour" with God in the pretty tent presented by Miss S. and a number of Island campers. It must not be supposed that our children are never naughty or wilful. Far from it, they are real children, and though some are prematurely old, through pain, they are merry, sorrowful, or mischievous as ordinary children. It is no unusual thing indeed to see in passing through the wards some merry sprite with his curly head in a pillow case, or a thin sheet covering the face, or to observe a little convalescent girl with a subdued expression of countenance, quietly undressing and going to bed. But all these punishments are given in a loving, tender spirit, and the mind of the culprit is impressed with the truth, that the worst feature of the naughty action is that it is against God, that it grieves Him, which is the cause of punishment. Our sick little ones are not selfish, but on the contrary very generous as the following pretty incident will show: M., a helper in the household, was one of God's poor ones, and possessed only one pair of stockings, and those not very good. M. L., a dear little girl, received from friends three pairs nice warm stockings, and at once she ran with one pair to M., telling her to put them on "right off so her feet wouldn't be cold."