

in his little life, and the only change being from more pain to less pain, that visitors to his bedside were warmly welcomed, and his memory for names and faces was wonderful. Happening once to mention the name of a visitor, I turned to Willie and said, "You remember her, don't you?" "Oh yes," Willie replied promptly, "that was the lady who was here one day all afternoon and never came to see me." This was a little neglect he always remembered though he did not resent it.

During the first year or two of his life, at the Hospital, he always smiled brightly but seldom spoke; but after Gina, a little girl from the Yale School, came in as a patient he learned to talk rapidly and became such a merry child. During the last year of his life, as his body grew more frail, his spirit seemed to become more glad some and bouyant and he loved to have little children about to prattle with him. Only when very tired he used to turn round saying he liked being left "best alone with Nurse."

Thirteen different Nurses took care of him, during his term of six years in the Hospital, and he remembered nearly every one of them, often cherefully saying he liked them all "because they all liked him."

Who, that has had to do with sick people, does not know how pleasantly exciting the most trivial changes are, and new beads to to thread, new pictures to look at, a few sweets, a little toy, or even a new night dress, were events sufficient to make Willie radiantly happy; while tea in the kitchen, or in "Nurse's room," was an event of tremendous importance, eagerly anticipated and long remembered. The *very* few occasions he left the

Hospital, for an airing in the village, were always talked of as "the days he had such a good time."

He was taken to his home on the Reserve for two weeks last spring, while the Hospital was renovated with fresh paint, etc., at first Willie thought the change delightful, but very soon he wished for "Nurse's" care and Hospital comforts and sent word that "he wanted to come back quickly."

Every one was most kind to him; many were the dainty little dinners, or plates of dessert, that found their way to Willie's bedside, and he was such a grateful little chap.

A few days of greater suffering (for all Willie's life was pain, more or less) and then the end came, and his place on earth knew him no more. I was absent from the Hospital at the time, and I could not help grieving that other hands than mine tended his last hours, but he grew very much attached, in his grateful little way, to those who took care of him in my absence, and I felt that it was "well with the child" at last.

"Willie has gone to play with the Angels," a little girl said, "Gina nearly went too, once, but she got well and now she is at Yale School." If this assertion is not quite orthodox, who will reprove it? for we are sure that *somewhere* in God's Paradise above, Willie's soul is safe and well now, while his body, all wounded and marred by suffering and disease, rests in the grave, waiting for "a sure and joyful Resurrection."

AGNES BUIE.

"The Eastern Question,"
As Presented Practically to Western
Workers.

HEARING of the horrors of war,