

hung pretty fairy dolls on the tops and tips of branches, oranges prettily decorated with gay ribbons on heavier boughs, strapped dollies to the main stem, put marble bags and candy boxes in every available spot, nearly overbalanced ourselves in trying to tie flags on the top that seemed "so near and yet so far," placed the larger boxes of toys around the base of the tree, and finally hung a tin toy horse, or elephant, marked for the doctors, and dishes and dolls for the ladies of the committee, should any be present.

At a quarter to three the boys came down, most of them being able to walk with the aid of crutches. Their eyes grew very large, as they were allowed to walk round and round the tree, but not to touch or look at any of the names on the things.

At three sharp all joined in singing, "Hark! The Herald Angels Sing." At the last line of the last verse sleigh bells were heard in the distance coming nearer and nearer, and as the last notes died away (which they did very suddenly), old Santa Claus himself came rushing in. He greeted the children all round, said he could not go to every house on Christmas Day, so had to have "Their Tree" on Thursday, 29th, and was in a great hurry to get off to other trees for Sunday School children, so all must pay attention and answer to their names when called.

Miss Cody, our matron, and the writer began at once to cut down and hand to old Santa, who in turn handed to each