

told him that I hoped he would be on hand to help me, but he tells me he is going out of town and that I must rely on the nurses for help in giving the presents. Well, I will do my best. My ponies have had so much travelling to do that I am afraid they will go lame by the time I get around to the Hospital, but I will have my baskets filled and all ready for Saturday afternoon. If there are any boys in your ward who have been naughty I wish you would tie a red ribbon on the ends of their cots so that I may know them.

I have been looking up my book and I find that one small boy in your ward has been breaking something in the lavatory, and when I was round the building the other night I noticed that he was surrounded by screens because he had been breaking one of the rules. Now my rules this year are very strict and I must stick to them, so I will take that boy's case into consideration and if between now and Saturday he is well-behaved I will try to do something for him. I wish you would tell the little girls up in the infectious ward that I cannot go up there for fear of making other children that I am sure to see sick too, but I will send my gifts for them down the chimney and Mrs. McMaster will take charge of them. I will send her a message the next time I am on the roof

Yours very truly,

SANTA CLAUS.

At Xmas time we had a delightful visit from Santa Claus. The whole building was in a glow of expectation for this very welcome visitor. All the children were in their cots by 3 p.m., their faces bright, their eyes shining with excitement and expectation. At last, after long waiting the sounds of a real pony's feet were heard clattering along the corridor, drawing a sleigh laden with toys and gifts of every description, and driven by a very genial, jovial-looking Santa Claus. As the little pony approached the door of each ward the children screamed aloud with delight. For the time being we forgot it was a building full of suffering children. Every pain was forgotten, nothing but the lovely healthy laugh of the happy childhood seemed to echo around the halls. The world of pain was forgotten for the moment. Nothing but a world of joy and happiness was present. Here was the very Santa Claus of their baby dreams standing before them in tangible flesh and blood, laughing a jolly laugh of pleasure to see the little ones all around him, those he had for all the year past been thinking of, working for and planning what he knew was the very best for their comfort and relief. Surely those happy, grateful faces looking up into his were a reward in themselves for the pleasures he had bestowed upon them so lavishly. Before delivering the gifts he addressed a few words to them all, looking first around to see if there were any red ribbons tied on the cots. He knew there should be some. It was understood that, owing to his having to look after so many children, he might forget which were the ones who had given trouble during the year. So he wished the nurses to mark the cot of any such by tying on a red ribbon.

One little boy had been very disobedient during the week. The nurse had threatened to put one on his cot; at last she was compelled to do so. On the morning of Santa Claus' visit every inmate of the other cots looked upon him as though he had the mark of Cain upon him. He then began to realize what he had brought upon himself. He looked sad and sorry, the tears quietly running down his face, but he uttered no complaint. A lady present went and begged the nurse to let her remove the ribbon, which she did, on the condition that he would promise to do what he was told afterwards. He promised earnestly and he really did his very best afterwards. The mark of guilt was removed and Santa Claus was surprised that he could find no bad children in the hospital.

All got just the very thing they longed for, and a great many more besides. One lad, 10 years old, never had a pair of skates in his life, but had so often longed for them. Imagine his joy at receiving a beautiful pair of Acmes, his very size. Others had pen-knives, the very best Rodgers could make. The girls had pretty work-baskets, furnished with everything necessary, writing desks, dolls, etc., everything the heart could wish for. Oh such a day as it was, never to be forgotten by any of those little ones then present.

Listen! He is coming again very soon and so far; I think he will find very few, if any, red ribbons again.

The gifts and donations that poured in that season were marvellous. After all, this is a very charitable world. Beneath every breast beats a warm and loving heart whose sympathies kindle as the Christmas season advances, when they think of the little ones who are so differently placed from their own loved ones gathered about them. So they generously and lovingly send some contribution as a silent acknowledgment of their own blessings, and a cry of pity goes up from many a heart when they think of those little afflicted ones during the world's season of gladness and festivity.

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