

Every time, and the times were many, you bent towards him there was the same terrified shrinking, the same unutterable look of terror, and the same wide, grateful smile when he found your touch gentle. That look was the only sign of wits that Bob gave.

Bertie is a fine boy of eight. A tall slim lad for his age, shaking with that terrible St. Vitus dance, but with a nobility about the well-cut mouth, an air of breeding about the whole face that tells of good birth. He has the smile of an angel. The poor lad whistled for me, a soft little whistle like the beginnings of a baby bird, and seemed proud and delighted at the perfection of his one great accomplishment. I went down on my knees beside him and told him my name and asked him to remember me. For answer he gave me three great hugs, and the kisses of the child were so sweet and earnest that they were hard to bear. He was so like Thady—strong, young Thady! Only gentler because he was a very sick boy, and had learned patience.

"What shall I say to the people about you, Bertie?" I asked him, as his poor swaying form clung to me.

The lad smiled his serene smile.

"Tell them what a nice boy I am," he said, with difficulty, for Bertie finds it hard to talk, "what an extremely nice boy I am." And he is. The nicest sick boy I ever knew, so patient, so loving, such a beautiful little soul. It will nearly break my heart if Bertie forgets me the next time I visit the Children's Hospital. To see so gentle a creature so afflicted and with it all so joyous, and affectionate, and delighted with himself, was to see a pathetic sight, God knows.

And now a word for this great hospital that to-day is doing God's best and grandest work in this city. Times have been hard with everyone, and money has been scarce; donations and subscriptions have not been coming briskly to any institution of late years, and they are feeling the want of them, feeling it sharply, none more sharply than the Hospital for Children. The sick children need help. Last year the hospital had five hundred children as indoor patients; along with these it does a mighty work in its out-door department. There is a dispensary, where sick children (out patients) are attended, their hurts dressed, their ailments looked after. This in itself is an expensive work. Summer is at hand, and the usual blessed emigration to the Lakeside Home will soon take place. If you knew how the innocents are looking forward to it. How "Jackey" and "Bertie" and Little Lord Fauntleroy, and the patient,

little sick girls, are wanting it! Do send them some dollars, anything, what you can. It is a wonderful work, a tender work, a magnificent work, one very dear to the heart of the Christian, and, outside all religion, one dear to the soul of every woman with the mother instinct in her, and few are without this. Get your little children, your sturdy, strong ones, to put some of their pennies by occasionally for the sick children. Send the little girls more dolls—the dolls were sadly few yesterday; they are needed for the operating room. Dolls have legs cut off sometimes. Bring a scrap of joy to some little grieved heart. Remember the sick children, the poor darkened lives, the little, pitiful, pain-struck faces. It is very hard to look at them, and keep from crying a bit, but the tears do not help as the pennies will; still, tears are often the precursors of pennies. Times are brightening. Let us make a good summer for the sick little ones. You have no idea till you hear it what joyous tappings can be made by a little crutch going hippety-hop in the sunshine. And here, ending this little sketch, I want to thank Miss Underhill and the good nurses for their kind attention and courteousness to us, and to mention the delightful fact that on every little sick face we noticed a keen affection for the nurse who bent down to tuck or otherwise comfort some small patient. All seemed contented, except the wee, new girl who wanted her mamma so very, very much, and a dot of a boy just come in, who lay under the clothes, his face hidden, and sobbed as if his heart were breaking—the big, loud, boisterous sobbings of a boy. He had a terrible-looking hare-lip, poor chap, which will, I hope, be removed by the time you read this. He was lonely for home, that was all, and for his mother, "his own mother." It hurt to hear him—"Kit" in the Mail and Empire.

COMING TO THE CITY.

Return of the Little Lakeside Dwellers From Their Summer Home—Lame, Blind, Sick but Happy.

"What a patient, happy-looking lot of children they are." This was one of several complimentary remarks made on Friday, 27th September, down at the wharf, foot of Bay street. It referred to a lot of forty-four sick and crippled children being carried from a tug to carriages in waiting. It was the day fixed for the return of the patients of The Lakeside Home for Little Children at Gibraltar Point on the Island.