

VII.

Soldiers of Christ! united be,
 In the blessed Spirit's unity,
 And in His love and liberty.
 And thus the victory gain,
 By faith in the triumphant Head,
 O'er Satan, who has snares so dread,
 Before unwary souls to spread,
 And o'er his hellish train.

JOS. NORTHORNE.

January, 1875.

Hospital Incident.

Christmas day was but just passed, and it had been bitter, chilling weather ever since, with a keen and hungry wind stealing noiselessly but cruelly down from the north-east, when in the middle of the long winter evening—about seven, I think—a tall man in a working dress was ushered by the Hospital porter into the children's ward, with the brief words, addressed to myself,—“A burn case, ma'am.”

In the tall stranger's arms, huddled hastily in a single thin blanket, was a little girl of some seven years of age, with one of the most beautiful faces that I ever remember to have seen. It was not only that the little round face was delicately fashioned, and fairly tinted, and lighted up by singularly large, deep violet eyes; it was the great loveliness of a beautiful soul shining very clearly through the garment of the body, that attracted and riveted the admiration.

She was quickly placed on a bed close to the fire, and while we hurried to do all that was suitable for her case, the man who brought her—no relative, but only a kind neighbour—told us the history of the accident. A simple story, and very like that of most of the burnt children brought to us. She had been left alone for a few moments in charge of her year-old baby-brother, while her mother was out at work, and in trying to reach down a toy for him from off the high chimney-piece, her little pinafore had been flouted out in front by the draught of the fire, and, touching the flame, had instantly blazed up. Her face had altogether escaped, but there was an extensive, though not very deep, burn over the greater part of the chest, the left shoulder, and both arms.

Never was a more patient little thing put into our hands. Quickly and ten-

derly as you may dress a burn, yet the removal of the clothes and the first application of the dressings necessarily give a frightful amount of pain; but not a murmur nor an impatient word escaped little Annie; not a single restless or perverse gesture hindered our proceedings. Her whole little mind seemed fixed upon her mother and her brother. “My baby is quite safe—baby quite safe,” were the first words she said, in a half-bewildered way. After a little she seemed to collect her dazed senses and scattered thoughts somewhat, and spoke again in a soft, pleading tone, “Please somebody tell mother that dear baby is quite safe.” And again, “I set baby on the floor safe in the middle of the room, and he isn't hurt a bit.” And presently, “don't let mother be frightened. Oh, I'm so glad baby's safe.”

Only just at the last, as I was wrapping on the final piece of wool, did her fortitude break down for a moment, and, with a convulsive sob and shiver, she suddenly cried out, in a sharp, bitter tone of suffering, “Oh, I'm so cold. Put me into bed.”

Poor little gentle lassie! We put her into bed, we heaped her with hot blankets, surrounded her with hot bottles and hot bricks, and gave her, with due caution, such stimulants, remedies, and nourishment as were prescribed by medical authority. But that deadly chill was not to be conquered. Stone-cold was her little bare feet and hands when she was brought in, and stone-cold they remained, in spite of all our efforts—warming externally as a stone might by much application of outward heat, but never responding with any return of their own internal, vital warmth. The little fragile frame could not rally from the effects of the burn, succeeded by that chill transit through the cruel frosty wind.

After a while her mother, who had been fetched from her work, came in. But Annie did not know her; she was already wandering, and unconscious of external things. And in her wanderings all her thoughts seemed tending to the land whither she was hastening. Never,—if I may use the expression, albeit it sound somewhat strange,—never was sweeter or more touching delirious talk than our little Annie's. Fragments