

been so quickly emptied as they could have wished. These are brave true friends of the sick children; the hottest Wednesday in Summer, or the coldest in Winter, never finding them absent from their self-appointed task. Were it not that we knew these fellow-servants are working from the same motive from which we work ourselves, we would pass to them the customary vote of thanks; but why should one servant thank the other for working for the same Lord? Nay! rather we are made glad that we are allowed to be fellow-workers for Christ with them.

But for all that I have described the Ward routine and the play of the children, our friends must not fancy that all is pleasure in the work, and that we have no

HARD DAYS WHEN EVERY WHEEL SEEMS TO RUN OFF THE TRACK.

I will show you this too. One day on entering the Girl's Ward we were greeted by a little plaster-jacketed maiden with a very unhappy face saying, "Ma'am, Saken's * got into Milly," and sure enough it seemed as if "Saken" had taken possession of this apparently gentle, lovely child, for she had reached out of her cot and scratched one of the other children till the blood flowed, and was now in a tearing passion because she had to submit to the punishment of wearing "the mittens." This is a terrible punishment to the little ones; and consists in having the hands encased in a pair of long kid mittens tied firmly on, the strings being fastened behind the back; and to be obliged to wear them when "the ladies come in," is overwhelmingly sad and shameful. On such occasions no little arms will be held out to us, lest we see the "awful thing," and should we notice them, our own face must wear a sad and disappointed

* *ie. Satan.*