

THE LAKESIDE HOME.

For four summers now, the Lakeside Home for little children at the Island has been open; and in that period, the warm sunshine, careful nursing, and the pure fresh air, with which every breeze seems laden, have transformed many puny, ailing sufferers, into healthy, hearty children. The house is large and comfortable and with its roomy verandahs, stands alone at the south-west point of the Island, where without hindrance, the balmy breezes of Ontario blow, and fluttering in at the open windows, softly kiss the wan cheeks of the children, tinging them with the rosy glow of health.

Convalescents from the Hospital for Sick Children spend the summer at the Island Home (even W. M., our dying lad, was taken over and much enjoyed his visit), and delicate children, who require change of air, from the various institutions are welcomed, and lastly weakly children of the city, who never go to the country, never see the green grass, or hear the birds sing, and who live in tenement houses, or in back rooms, or lodgings in crowded allies and lanes, are invited to sojourn in this happy, pleasant Home, the only condition of admission being freedom from infectious diseases.

Seventy-seven children were admitted during the season, some remaining several weeks, and others for a fortnight only. Those who could run about spent the summer days, digging in the sand, gathering stones and shells, or paddling in the water, while others rested in their cots on the wide verandahs, for hours, seemingly never weary, watching the yachts as they floated gracefully with white wings spread, on the blue waves, or straining their eager eyes, to catch the first glimpse of an incoming or outgoing steamer.

Miss S. with her band of cheery, tender nurses, managed her large family admirably, the following account of the organization of a society in the household presents to the readers an idea of the methods whereby the family life was preserved peaceful, pure, and good. The matron, children, nurses, and helpers, united in forming a "Peace Society," badges with the word peace inscribed were worn, and any individual who exhibited a cross, quarrelsome or naughty disposition, was obliged to turn his or her badge wrong side out, and wear it in this fashion until bed time—Susan Coolidge's touching little poem, "In Sickness," expresses perfectly the kind of gospel teaching our children, both in the Hospital for Sick Children and Lakeside Home secure.

IN SICKNESS.

When the world is dark and sad,
And I do not care to play,
And the happy times I had
Seem to melt and fade away,
And the merry sounds without,
Where the other children are,
Every laugh and call and shout,
Falls as with a heavy jar
On my hot head and hot cheek,
And I frightened am, and weak.

Then the only thing that is
Comforting and cool and bright,
Is to lie and think of this,
As my mother said I might,—