

picked up a little crippled child and carried it to the carriage with all the tender care of a mother. People along the streets were heard to pity the poor little patients and at the same time bless the charity that takes care of them.

SAFE AT HOME.

When the procession halted at the Hospital on College street the doors of the main entrance were thrown wide open, and the incoming guests were received by Miss Underhill and the neat and pleasant-looking nurses, Drs. Smith, Field, and Clingan assisting. Some kind word or a pleasant smile or a pinch of the cheek greeted each child as it entered the building. And how happy they looked! It was a genuine welcome home. One of the oldest boys, as he hobbled along on two crutches, made a vain attempt to waik and lift his cap at the same time, as he went in among the smiling ladies.

It was all pleasant and cheerful. No; not all; for when a feeble, pale, panting little cripple was carried in, tears came into the eyes of a tender-hearted nurse, for she knew that, in all human probability, the child would be carried out dead.

There are now 77 children under treatment as inmates of the Hospital. A large number could not be taken to the Island during the summer. The Hospital is open at all hours of the day and night the year round for the reception of sick or injured children. The good work it is doing cannot be put upon record; the patient, gentle, healing treatment, the intellectual improvement, the moral upbuilding—all this surpasses language; the record of it will go out into the lives of men and women who are now the little children blessed with its nurture and love.

When the Flag Went Down.

An article in *The Telegram* of Saturday entitled "When the Flag Went Down," de-

scribing the removal of the children from The Lakeside Home on the Island, suggests the following lines:—

Little hearts were beating quickly,
Though the tiny limbs were aching
On wee bodies worn and weary,
For the summer days were ended,
When the flag went down.

Little eyes in mute complaining
Watched the sparkling, rippling water,
Watched the shining sand and pebbles;
They were leaving them behind them,
When the flag went down.

Little bodies tossing fevered
Had been lulled in sweet caresses
By the soft breeze off the waters;
But the winds were growing colder
When the flag went down.

O'er the strip of glistening wavelets
Came the barge to bear them safely
To the little sick ones' haven
Safe from wintry storms and tempest
When the flag went down.

Loving hands were stretched to meet them,
Tenderly the babes were borne,
Suffering, yet so uncomplaining,
To their city home of healing
When the flag went down.

Whilst the pinion fluttered gently
In the gladsome days of summer,
Two wee lambs had ceased to suffer
And had fluttered gently homeward
Ere the flag went down.

If, by little thought or action,
We could aid these suffering bairns,
Seems 'twould bring our hearts sweet comfort

And would make the way less dreary,
"When our flag goes down."

—R.G.I.

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