

ever but to be sent home cured and well.

"I hope you will all be in your own fathers' and mothers' homes, with your brothers and sisters and friends, enjoying Christmas there. While I value this clock and will keep it where I can see it and where it will remind me of your pleasant faces, yet I am glad that others have received kind notice from you—the officials of the Hospital and all who contribute to your happiness and enjoyment, to say nothing of the doctors who are invited to visit you here. Thank you."

Dr. Primrose stepped up and thanked the children for their beautiful gift to Miss Underhill, the matron. Then old

Santa Claus called up the monkey and, strange to say, began tearing down the chimney. The bricks were found to be red boxes filled with confectionery and each child got a brick from the monkey. Once more the door opened, Santa entered, his jolly round face and long, white beard appeared out of that part of the chimney that was left, he waved his hands to the children in a long goodbye and sank out of sight—leaving behind him one of the most delightful memories—one that, for many a long, weary day, will cheer the hearts of the sick and suffering children.