

SOLICITUDE FOR HIS MOTHER.

Added to the rest of his afflictions, in some unaccountable way, he contracted diphtheria, and he never even said his throat was sore; it was by his voice that they knew something was wrong. When removed to the infectious ward his sufferings were very great, but no murmur escaped him, and when the nurses would come and sit by him he would say: "Now, nurse, you had better go to the other sick boys; they need you more than I do."

The last night of his life the nurse said: "Johnnie, you are a very sick boy. Do you think you will die?" He said "Yes."

"Would you like your mother to come and see you to-night?" His answer in a low whisper was: "No, she might get this sore throat from me."

When he died we all felt like saying thank God he is taken from all his sufferings. But many eyes in that large Hospital were dim with tears when they heard that our sweet, patient, gentle child had breathed his last on earth.

"Suffer the little children to come unto Me, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." Yes, of such.

It is a thousand pities that there is not a law which could prevent inhuman parents from claiming their children who are driven away from home by brutal treatment, on account of which many sad cases come under our notice.

HE DIDN'T WANT TO LEAVE.

A clever little boy about two years of age, called Addie, was brought in in a nervous condition, having even lost the use of his limbs from the shock of being thrown into a cistern by a dissolute father. The child was nursed back to health, so that in a year he could walk again. He was so bright and interesting that he became the Hospital pet. He always gave his name to strangers as "Doctor Stuart." He would take any visitor by the hand and say.

"Shall I show you through the Hospital?" suiting the action to the words.

A rich American lady visitor became so attached to him that she wished very much to adopt him and bring him up as her own in a happy, bright luxurious home, but although the parents neither visited nor wrote to their child during the time he remained with us they decidedly refused to allow any one to have him. When he became convalescent and had to leave the Hospital, at the very mention of going home the poor child became so ill and feverish that the doctors were afraid he would not recover. But he did, and when Addie discovered he really had to go the parting was very sad. The Superintendent cried as bitterly as if she were parting from her own child. He wanted to go back to his "own ward," and the little fellow's sobs were the last we heard of him as he was taken from the loving arms of the kind friends he had formed in the Hospital and the only real home he knew of, to return, perhaps, to the brutal treatment he had received in his babyhood. We have heard nothing of him since, as he was taken from the city.

One child who had been nursed through a very serious illness, when convalescent, word was sent home that she was ready to leave the Hospital. The mother came for the child, but she was drunk. No entreaties could prevail upon her to come back some other day. No, she would take her child then, And she did, the little one crying bitterly and struggling not to go.

A VISIT FROM SANTA CLAUS.

Owing to pressing business and the number of visits he had to make Santa Claus was unable to reach the Hospital till Saturday afternoon, instead of on Christmas day. So that the children would not be expecting him till then, he sent the following letter to one of the head nurses of the Boys' Ward:—

HEADQUARTERS, SANTA CLAUS,

Manufacturer of Toys, Picture Books, etc., etc.

DEAR NURSE,—I thought when I was walking around the Hospital the other night counting the number of boys and girls, so that in manufacturing my gifts I might know exactly how many to make, that I would have had a chance of speaking to you, but the night was rather cold and you were sitting in the ward pantry, with a shawl around you, and I just had time to tell the engineer to turn on more steam, for the nurses were freezing, and so I did not see you. I want you to tell the boys in your ward not to hang up their stockings on Christmas eve, because I cannot get around to the Hospital till about 3 o'clock on Saturday afternoon. The fact is, I have so many chimneys to go down and so many little boys and girls to give presents to that I don't see how I can manage to get any where near the Hospital till Saturday afternoon. I sent a letter to Mr. Robertson and