

ward, and look hard and indifferent—you know you are looking hard and indifferent—when you are very nearly choking with that big lump in your throat. One feels by some cot-sides as if one must speak in whispers. The great Reaper seems so near. The shadow of wings lies dark about some of the little forms, and a great anger at the cruelty of it shakes one. It seems so useless—all this childish suffering. It is bad enough to see grown men and women in such sore straits; but the children, the little children! One has to grasp an exquisite faith for a minute to hold fast, as it were, by the tender One who said that of such as these

Is the Kingdom of Heaven.

We went up to the boys' ward. Here again were flowers and kind-faced women. Christ knew and could understand the reason for this suffering. Be sure of that. Surely, surely, the greatness of faith lies in its blindness.

We went up to the boys' ward. Here again were flowers and kind-faced women. I think the sick boys appealed to me more strongly than the girls. Maybe that is because we women know we are born to more pain than men, and get more patience to bear it with. Pain seems more natural to women than to men. And then, the big fellows make such a to-do about it. Woman is constantly smiling (behind his back) at man whimpering over a bit of pain. She has infinite pity for him, and tenderness, and does her best for him in all ways; but she laughs a little to herself over it. And if men are restless under pain, what of the boys? The dear, clumsy, shambling lads that are always bumping their heads and skinning their knees at home, and eating such stacks of bread and butter. To see them here, with awkward, half-grown legs fastened up in plaster casts, in frames, stretched out with heavy weights attached to lengthen and strengthen a failing limb; to know all there is to a boy's nature, the way mothers know, all the clumsy joyousness of it, the dear roughnesses, the generousities, the need for wild play and "scraps" and fights, and to see it all knocked out of them, is a sore sight. Not but what there are cheery boys in the hospital. There are. Many of them are up and about, sunning themselves at a big window, hopping on chairs minus a leg or foot, but doing the wonders only a boy can do with the remaining member. And good every one of them, from Jackey, the star patient, to dear Bertie, a lovely, gentlemanly lad of a most sweet and loving nature, suffering from that cruellest and most pathetic of all diseases. St. Vitus' dance. Jackey—just look at him in the picture—

is a darkie baby, and lovely. He sat like a little sphinx, with his toes crossed (he doesn't seem to have much leg to him), and with never a smile or a word. His bright red frock became his swarthy complexion wonderfully, and he is the pet of the ward. Poor dark mite! There's something the matter with his small back, and he's rickety and queer in his legs, and will never be very strong.

Little Lord Fauntleroy sat up in a cot, his golden hair falling in a cloud about him. Not much to say, had Little Lord Fauntleroy, not anything at all, indeed. His face was very grave, as if he knew a good deal about the burden of life, and would be glad to lay it down soon. Maybe he will. Indeed, I think he will, for there is a wistful look in his blue eyes, and a shadow on his waxen face that tells me Little Lord Fauntleroy will soon creep away from the weariness and the pain of it; will soon open wide, wondering blue eyes on a beautiful garden, where he can play about—whole and sound—for all time; will soon wear on his small, golden head an angel's crown. Happy Little Lord Fauntleroy!

Up in a corner a sturdy baby boy is sitting. His left hand is tied up in rolls of bandages—something was the matter with his tiny bones, and diseased pieces had to be taken out. But Jimmie didn't mind a bit. He was breaking up a box with his good hand, and gurgling with delight over his work of destruction. It's wonderful what a boy can do with one hand when he has a mind to. Jimmie had no time to talk to us, so busy was he, but when we were moving off he raised a mighty shout, which brought us back immediately to look with deepest interest at a red-headed "gee-gee." A small half-witless creature sat in a big chair. He is a boy from the Shelter, sent up here for treatment. You can see that little Bobbie Brown is "not all there." That wide, ever-open mouth smiling broadly, that narrow forehead, that weak chin, all proclaim something wrong with "the inside" of Bob's head. He was a poor waif taken by the Good Shelter from some drunken mother, a starved, beaten, hunted child. A "God's-little-image" trailed in the gutter, banged and whacked till his small brain gave out and his wits went from him. It was dreadful to see him shrink back when you bent to touch his cheek, shrink and kink his forehead as if expecting a blow; it was quite as dreadful to see the wide, fine smile flash over his face when he found you stroking instead of hitting him; the grateful look of a dog. He was not quite sure of you, was Bobbie.

Every time, and you bent towards him, terrified shrinking, look of terror, and a full smile when he looked up at you. That look was the Bob gave.

Bertie is a fine slim lad for his age, a terrible St. Vitus' nobility about the of breeding about tells of good birth, an angel. The poor a soft little whisper of a baby bird, alighted at the per accomplishment. knees beside him, and asked him to answer he gave in the kisses of the earnest that they was so like Thad; Only gentler became boy, and had lean

"What shall about you, Bertie poor swaying for The lad smiled "Tell them what said, with difficulty hard to talk, "boy I am." And boy I ever knew such a beautiful ly break my heart the next time. I v tal. To see so gentle and with it all ate, and delight see a pathetic sight

And now a word that to-day is doing est work in this hard with every scarce; donations not been coming of late years, want of them, more sharply than. The sick year the hospital ren as indoor patients it does a mighty department. The sick children (or their hurts dress after. This in Summer is at led emigration t soon take place. nocents are looking "Jackey" and Lord Fauntle