

AS A LITTLE CHILD.

As a little child, Saviour,
Keep me near Thy side,
Clasp me close, my Saviour,
Let me there abide.
Whisper to me, Saviour
Tell me of Thy will,
Let me "as a little child"
Listen, and be still

Fit me for Thy service,
Thine, and Thine alone;
Strengthen me, Lord Jesus,
Use me as Thine own.
Take away all shrinking
To obey Thy voice;
Make me quick to hear Thee,
And in Thy Word rejoice!

As a little child, Saviour,
Use my lips for Thee;
Help me tell the story
As Thou teachest me;
Help me speak to sinners
Of my dying Lord,
Of my risen Saviour,
Crucified—adored!

Tell them of His yearning
Over wayward souls;
Of the finished sacrifice
He from none withholds,
Wondrous revelations
Waiting to impart
To each hungering spirit
From His very heart.

Thus Thy light reflecting,
Saviour, lead me on,
Till, with mission ended
And life's duties done,
With Thy "little children"
Thou dost bid me "come"
To Thine upper kingdom,
Cross exchanged for crown!

THE HOSPITAL FOR SICK CHILDREN.
REMOVAL OF PATIENTS TO THE
SUMMER HOME.

THE opening of the new "Lake-side Home for Little Children," as it has been decided to call the summer branch on the Island opposite Toronto, of the Children's Hospital, took place on July 5th, when twenty-five little invalids were removed from their wards in the Elizabeth street Hospital, and conveyed across to the new summer quarters. The removal was effected under the superintendence of Drs. Cameron and Wright, the Hospital physicians and, Mrs. A. McMaster, to whose energetic labours is due in a large measure the establishment of the Home. The removing of the children was assisted by a party of the Queen's Own ambulance corps under Sergt. McMillan, who kindly volunteered their services in carrying the children to and from the boats and vans. The land part of the journey was effected in vans and cabs from the Hospital. The *Luella* was lying in wait for them at Tinning's wharf, having been gratuitously put at the service of the Hospital by Captain Turner. Taking a cruise outside the harbour along the west side of the Island, the party were landed on the beach in front of the Home, and in a short time the little company were snugly ensconced in the airy wards of the new building. Their appreciation of the change was fully exhibited by their gleeful prattle and happy faces, as they took in the new surroundings. The pure, fresh air of the lake, and easy access to the beach, with unbounded facilities for exercise, and good sanitary arrangements, will no doubt act very beneficially on the health of the young invalids.

Two wards have been fitted up for their accommodation—one for the boys and the other for the girls. Their wants will be cared for by a regular

salariated matron from the Hospital, and two volunteer nurses. The whole premises, though not elaborately fitted up, are substantial, light and airy, and meet all requirements.

The building has two stories, each floor having a space of eighteen hundred square feet. On the south and west sides of the building there are large and commodious verandahs two stories in height, accessible by large doorways, through which the children can be wheeled in their cots, and so enjoy the cooling breezes of the lake.

The entire expense of building the Home and bringing it to its present state of completion has been borne by Mr. J. Ross Robertson, of the Toronto *Daily Telegram*. The request for admission of a Mason's child must be endorsed by any one of the following members of the craft:—Messrs. Daniel Spry, Barrie; Dr. J. A. Henderson, Kingston; George Birrell, London; J. J. Mason, Hamilton; D. McLellan, Hamilton; J. G. Burns, Toronto, and Wm. J. Hambly, of Toronto. Mr. Mark Hall was the architect, and the work was executed under the general superintendence of Mr. J. J. Withrow. These two last-named gentlemen rendered their valuable services gratuitously.

We beg to acknowledge receipt for this beautiful charity, per K. L. Maxwell, of \$1 90 from first class of boys Methodist school, Amherstburg, and 60 cents from two "friends of the sick."

SHALL THE DRINK TRADE
DRIVE ON!*

IT is recorded of Tullia, wife of Tarquinius, that she was riding through the streets of Rome, when the body of her father, weltering in his blood, was lying across the way. Her charioteer reined up his horses, about to stop, when the unnatural daughter cried out at the top of her voice, "DRIVE ON." With crack of whip the fiery steeds dashed forward over the lifeless body, spurning the blood upon the daughter's dress. Yet this revolting act recorded, is not more heartless than the acts of the thousands dealing out the deadly drink.

Dead men do not stop them, or live men going down to shame and ruin. Point them to the wreck of manhood—beseech them to stop their heartless traffic. They cry out, in utter defiance of all solemn appeal and shocking sight, "DRIVE ON!"

Every liquor trafficker in the land is plying his trade in spite of entreaties and appeals more powerful than dead men's mangled forms.

If this terrible business were only insult to the DEAD, it might be borne, but the dire traffic lures, dashes down, and destroys the LIVING,—degrades manhood, womanhood, and everything noble. "Lamentation and mourning and woe" ascend from the wretched families which these mangled dead represent, and although hearing the long, loud, piteous pleadings from one end of the land to the other, for the dread liquor sellers to desist, they SELL ON STILL. Bidding high defiance to God and man, they cry "DRIVE ON!"

Pulpits interpose and plead; prisons threaten; officials arrest; courts condemn, and still the heartless dealers,

*A packet containing over 100 pages assorted Prohibitory Literature mailed free for ten cents. Apply to Jacob Spence, Toronto, Ont.

defying all that is true and good, ignore all sacred sympathies and still shout "DRIVE ON! DRIVE ON!" Shall not tens of thousands of stronger voices raise the counter cry, DESIST, and all good citizens rising in their might for the right, bring the dread carnage to a speedy and "perpetual end."

Surely public indignation is far from being up to the mark, while the dire destruction is tolerated! Surely "there is a cause." Let us then determinedly, in patriotic might, by all available means, hasten the death of the deadly trade, not by injury to any, but in the rescue of millions.

On the Almighty's arm rely, raise Prohibition's banner high;
And sure as heard the heaving sigh, sure soon to raise the victors' cry,
The joyous day is drawing nigh!

HOW TO BREATHE.

MANY people do not know how to breathe. *Deep Breathing* is the title of a book by Sophia Ciccolina, published in Dutch, and now translated into English to tell them how. It purports to be written for singers, but has very valuable suggestions for all people supposed to have lungs. Page 12, in a comparison between the feet of the Chinese and the compressed or unused lungs of many, gives the keynote. "My dear reader, the Chinese may not know any better, yet they are much wiser than we Europeans. They violate the laws of Nature much less than we do. A person can be healthy with three-fourths or one-half a foot, or, indeed, without any foot at all. Without lung, life is not possible even for a moment; and by our forcing one-half or three-fourths of our lungs to remain inactive, we give ourselves and our children an enervating, sickly organism." Yet there are many who never in voluntary breathing have used more than one-half of either lung. The lungs are very much like a sponge, full of passages through which the air circulates. If you squeeze the lungs, as many girls do by tight lacing, the air cannot circulate, the air chambers become compressed almost solid, and grow so, and the blood is not properly purified, and consumption, the bane of the race, is induced.

The enthusiastic manner in which the author treats this subject carries the reader along to the close. Finally, she proceeds to show how easily deep breathing can be learned. Her rules are as follows:

To learn deep breathing, be as passive as possible; that is, assume a position in which all the motor muscles are inactive. Lie flat on the back perfectly horizontal, without even the elevation of the head. Shut the mouth, and draw the air in by the channel provided by nature, the nose. As a result of bad habits, most persons will raise the upper ribs, yet this expansion will soon yield to a movement of the lower ribs, and this again will gradually cease by continual practice, as will also every distension of the ribs. All these faulty movements will be superseded by a bulging out of the stomach, whose outward swelling will be proportional to the amount of air inside.

She affirms that invalids, especially consumptives, should not attempt to attain perfection at once; to derive benefit from it they should be content with the gentle flowing in and out of

the air, alternating with short retentions of the breath.

The Rev. Dr. Buckley, editor of the *New York Christian Advocate* says

We firmly believe in the general theory advanced in this book. The writer has no hesitation in affirming that he owes his life and the ability to use his voice at any length and with any degree of loudness that may be necessary, without injury or conscious fatigue, to long-continued practice of abdominal breathing.

"The late Dr. Eliphaz Clark," he adds, "had a method of his own, which he recommended to those who had lost the power of using the abdominal muscles in breathing and public speaking. It was to place the hands above the hips, and extend the thumbs as far backward as possible, and the fingers as far forward, grasp the abdominal muscles vigorously, and then practice breathing or speaking with the hands in that situation. By this he claimed that the laws of physical association, the attention being constantly held by the tightening of the hands to the parts, would soon restore the normal action of the diaphragm in breathing, and, with some hours' practice each day, it would become habitual. Experiment has proved his theory true."

REMEMBER THY MOTHER.

LEAD thy mother tenderly
Down life's steep decline;
Once her arm was thy support,
Now she leans on thine.
See upon her loving face
These deep lines of care,
Think, it was her toil for thee
Left that record there.

Ne'er forget her tireless watch
Kept by day and night,
Taking from her step the grace,
From her eye the light.
Cherish well her faithful heart,
Which through weary years
Echoed with its sympathies
All thy smiles and tears.

Thank God for thy mother's love,
Guard the priceless boon.
For the bitter parting hour
Cometh all too soon.
When the grateful tenderness
Loses power to save,
Earth will hold no dearer spot
Than thy mother's grave.

ADVICE TO A BOY.

GET away from the crowd a little while every day, my dear boy. Stand one side and let the world run by while you get acquainted with yourself, and see what kind of a fellow you are. Ask yourself hard questions about yourself, find out all you can about yourself, ascertain from the original source if you are really the manner of man people say you are; find out if you are always honest, if you always tell the square, perfect truth, in business dealings, if your life is as good and upright at eleven o'clock at night as it is at noon, if you are as sound a temperance man on a fishing excursion as you are at a Sunday school picnic, if you are as good a boy when you go to Chicago as you are at home; if, in short, you really are the sort of a young man your father hopes you are, your mother says you are, and your sweetheart believes you are. Get on intimate terms with yourself, my boy, and believe me, every time you come out from these private interviews you will be a stronger, better, purer man. Don't forget this, Telemachus, and it will do you good.—*Burlington Hawkeye*.