

eager children, the green trees, the glint and shimmer of the bright light, caught in a thousand reflections as it streamed down over all from the gasaliers, converted the room into a bower of beauty, and made a picture, the image of which can never be lost from the memory of the little ones.

Signor D'Alesandro's orchestra had been engaged and entertained the audience with excellent music until Old Santa could get around. An official of the Hospital, came down the room and said, "I've just had word from Santa Claus. He's at the Union station and will be here directly. The roads are so bad that he had to take the train ten miles from Toronto. He'll be here directly."

No more welcome tidings could be brought, and the announcement was received with generous applause. Then there was a momentary silence; the orchestra struck up a lively dance and

ENTER—THE MONKEY.

The Simian was represented by a rising scion of "the noble ward." He came cavorting down the passage, bowing here and there, shaking a grimace at this child, picking up his tail and waving it at another—all the while keeping excellent time in a grotesque dance that fairly set the children wild with glee. They stood up—those who could—they shouted with merriment, they clapped their hands, they laughed until they were tired. No encore was ever more vigorous than that which followed the comical monkey as he shuffled himself out. He graciously responded and repeated his dance.

Then there was another commotion at the door; a huge figure slyly glided behind the screens, there was a burst of music and up out of the chimney rose the children's friend, the wide world over—jolly old Santa Claus. Mr. Jack Robertson, eldest son of the President of the Board, who personated the rosy old man, did him justice. He told the children he had given them all he had, but would give them more next Christmas. He wished them "A Merry Christmas" and slid down the chimney. Presently the door of the cottage opened and out he stalked.

He ordered his henchmen, the doctors, to cut down the gifts, and then with resonant voice he called out the name written on each. If the children were happy in anticipation, how much happier were they in realization. If the friends of this Hospital who have so generously ministered to its needs could have seen the joy of those little sick children when they received their presents, they would feel in their hearts the merit, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

The gifts on the trees in the Hospital were not only pretty, but substantial and valuable. They were donated by ladies and gentlemen who always remember these children at Christmas time.

Mrs. Charles Heron, of the Ladies' Committee, energetically superintended the Christmas arrangements, and did it well. Miss Underhill, the matron; Miss Twomley, the housekeeper; Mr. John Gordon, the secretary; and others connected with the Hospital contributed by every means in their power to aid in making the celebration a memorable one for the little sufferers.

After all the gifts had been distributed a little girl, Beatrice Stewart, stepped forward and, in a clear, distinct voice, read this address to the President: "Dear Mr. Robertson, all the girls and boys know how very kind you are to us, and we thought at Christmas time we would like to give you a little present. So we ask you to take from us this clock, to remind you we all love you very much, and we wish you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year."

Then the children clapped their hands and waved their handkerchiefs; some who had none waved their toys. Little Joey Conroy, a crippled boy seated in an invalid chair, handed to Mr. Robertson a pretty little Swiss clock.

"This china candlestick," continued Beatrice, "is presented to Miss Underhill by the girls of the surgical ward as a mark of true love towards her. She's ever been kind and patient, and we thought it would be nice to show our love to her by presenting her with it."

Responding, Mr. Robertson said: "Well, my little friends, boys and girls of this Hospital, sometimes the unexpected happens. Though you have had great pleasure in getting gifts from Santa Claus, you have good marks in his books. I am sure this token of your love for me gives me a thousand times more pleasure than even the great pleasure you have in giving it to me. All I can say is that if you are as eager to please me as I am to do what I can to make your lives comfortable and happy then we are all well satisfied. It is needless to say I wish you a Happy Christmas and a pleasant New Year. I hope this time next year I will see none of you here."

This last remark was so much of a surprise to the children that a great hush of disappointment came upon them. They thought it could not be possible that any one should wish them out of that Hospital, so happy and contented are they. Gradually it dawned upon them that they were there not to remain for-