

of the operation and is now a well boy, going to school again with other lads, bright and happy.

HE WANTED HIS MOTHER.

Someone once remarked that the comforts, the cleanliness and even the luxuries of our Hospital were unsuitable to some of the children who are brought in from homes of poverty, as they would be apt to feel more keenly the contrast when they had to return to their wretched homes. But here is an answer which will serve for many of them:

A child who had been in only for a day or two was crying very bitterly to go home. Some visitor hearing him, said, "Why I should think you would love to stay here where everything is so sweet and clean, lots of books and toys and kind nurses about you."

"Oh yes," said the child, "but I have not got mother here and that is more than all, I want my mother."

Oh mothers, some of you careless, indifferent ones, if you could only think what you are, what you could be or perhaps more truly what you should be, to those little ones whom God has given you, you might well tremble at the awful responsibility resting upon you. God grant this little incident may open your eyes before it is too late and your children have grown up men and women out of your reach, but where?

A BOY'S SUGGESTION TO THE POLICE.

There was a dear little boy in the Hospital whom we called Johnnie Greenlaw, about five years of age, whose life was wonderful in its gentleness of character and his patience marvellous through intense suffering. His trouble was a very bad case of hip disease, the bone decayed, caused by some rough schoolboy kicking him, with a school-boy's thoughtlessness. Being a very delicate child at best, all his sisters and brothers having died of consumption, he had no constitution to fight the disease. When he was brought in his parting with his mother was very affecting, but by the constant care and kindness of his nurses and friends he soon became reconciled to his new home, and though he loved to have his mother come and see him he never fretted when she left him again. He would lie with one hand under the painful hip, with his little face drawn when the pain became very severe, but he made no complaint, and always in answer to enquiring friends "How are you, Johnnie?" came the same sweet reply, "I am better, thank you." Yet we could see the little form grow more emaciated every day. He was the little peace-maker of the ward. Every one loved him. If any little boy near by would say a bad word he would check him at once with "That is very naughty." One boy shocked him very much by saying "Holy Mses." He afterwards told us about it and said, "I think the police ought to have him."

HE WANTS IT MORE THAN I DO.

His fevered condition made him very thirsty. One morning he was unusually so, and the nurses being very busy he waited a long time for a chance to get a drink. Just as one was brought to him and the nurse called away again, a child in a cot near by began to cry for a drink also. Little Johnnie had just placed the long wished for drink to his parched lips when he stopped, and calling a little cripple who was wheeling himself about in a chair said, handing the cup to him: "Please give this drink to that boy who is crying; he may want it more than I do." Just think of it. This child of self-denial was only five years old.

One of his strange little ways was when he wanted to be quiet and rest he would cover up his head for hours together and only remove it when he had to take his meals or medicine. You would hardly know there was anybody in the cot, he would lie so motionless. A lady used to go very often to read to him and he would watch for her coming each day, but as he grew weaker he would often be asleep. She said one day in answer to his "Why didn't you come yesterday?" "Why you are always asleep, what is the use of my coming?" "I will keep awake next time," he said. Next day when she came she found him asleep as usual and was fixing his pillow more comfortably for him when he awoke, and seeing her there said, "Please I will keep awake now." She said, "Why sleep if you can." "No," he said, "I promised to keep awake." And though his heavy eyes would hardly open the little brave soldier fixed his eyes on her face and she could see the struggle that went on to conquer the drowsiness. He listened attentively to her stories and then when she had finished he said—

"Now please cover my head again, I don't hear the boys' noise so much then."

Very often he would beg the nurses to wheel his cot into the Dressers' Room at night and let him sleep there alone in the dark, so that no sound would disturb him at rest.

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