

a diary, "how nice it will be when you are old and gray to read what you did when you were a child," the girl, true to the instincts of her sex, thought she "wouldn't like the idea of gray hair."

Leaving them to the enjoyment of their refreshment and labour and rapid recovery from disease, the secretary of the Hospital, Mr. Gordon, next piloted the visitor to the Boys' Medical Ward.

Of the sixteen patients here, a little fellow with cataract in both eyes, "the pet of the ward," first came up for notice. He is an interesting boy, and they are doing their best to save his sight. In this Hospital a child of any age requiring a surgical operation is admitted. A babe only three months old is the youngest yet received. I saw one seven months old—or as much as could be seen of it from out of its mummy-like enclosure. Its own mother could not wait upon it with greater tact and skill than the nurse who has it in charge. The physicians of the city generally recommend parents to send their children to this Hospital when surgical treatment is necessary.

In this ward there are twenty-two inmates, with a genial nurse as the head centre. When I entered she was the centre of a group of boys in all stages of deformity and lameness. One

poor little fellow could only get around by sliding himself across the floor. One was a skilful hopper, and covered ground as rapidly with one leg as many boys do with two legs.

"Well, my boy, what brought you here?" I wanted to know of a bright eyed chap smilingly edging up to me.

"I broke my collar bone."

"Oh, what a pity! Now you can't wear a collar, can you?"

This far-fetched witticism so tickled the boy that the others hustled along to see what the fun was about. Thus I had a good opportunity to study their faces. Some of them showed the want of early culture and the stamp of that refinement that makes a little man of every little boy. And yet they were all well behaved, and seemed to be amenable to that silent love-power influence dominating the management of these patients.

Safely may we leave them there. All that can be done to make hours of pain less hard to bear, and cruel marks of deformity less burdensome to carry, is being done. Scientific treatment, patient and gentle nursing, a healthful moral inspiration, the comforts of home and all that kindness and love can dictate—these bless the lives of the unfortunate little ones who dwell within these walls of ministration.