

divided off into sleeping quarters for the nurses who wait on the children. An easy stairway reaches up to the second floor. To the left of the landing the visitor passes into the girl patients' ward, a room that includes the whole upper part of the new wing. Like the rest of the building, this room is plainly furnished. There is no effort at elaborate adornment. The cheery like pine walls are brightened with simple prints, illustrating scenes in the life of "Him who made the lame to walk and the blind to see." The day is sultry and the 46 cots which form a hollow square around the rooms at night are all wheeled out to the upper verandahs. In the heated term the children almost live on the double row of verandahs that nearly encircles the Home. The verandahs are roomy, well shaded, and fitted with awnings that on sunny days shut out the sun from the space between roof and railing. A view from the upper tier strikes the visitor with a fair idea of the advantages of the site selected for the Home. Looking west the eye darts over the gently heaving expanse of lake to the low green shores of the Humber, and then on over field and forest to the wooded heights that break into the sky line. Northward the glance skims along the row of Island retreats to the throngs strolling among the sickly trees at Hanlan's; over the bay dotted with puffing ferries to the grimy stretch of dock front; then up to where high chimneys shoot out their blackness in the sultry air, and on through a fringe of church spires, tall trees and flag poles to the ridge that blocks the view. Eastward the marsh runs into the compact array of Riverside buildings bounded by fields and clumps of bush that lead up to the bold headland of Scarborough

Heights. The little watchers from their cots look out over the quiet lake at the steamers and white-sailed schooners plying, and south to where the faint shadow of frontier line shows on the horizon. On the verandahs children from all parts of the province, suffering from all varieties of physical ailments are resting. The convulsive motions of the newly-arrived patient seized with the St. Vitus dance, interest with all the charm of novelty a group of little invalids who are strong enough to walk. Children able only to enjoy the fresh breezes from their cots, follow with eager eyes the revels of their companions on the sand below. In the cots are little ones whose hopes of activity are barred by paralysis, spinal diseases and other incurable ailments. The cot of one child has to be wheeled where she can grasp a trapeze bar that swings from the roof. By resting her weight on this for hours at a time she aids in the work of straightening her back. Few moments in the lives of the little patients are free from pain. But they bravely endure all their sufferings. The most sorely tried among the sufferers can always summon a smile to greet the approach of the kindly patient nurses who are in charge of the Lakeside this summer. Pain does not seem to shake the patient fortitude of the young invalids. At times, wearied of play, their childish voices join in the sweet music of a familiar hymn. If the visitor hears the simple, quaint measure of "Tell me the old, old story," ringing out from the cots overhead as he leaves, he must carry away a sympathetic remembrance of the quiet endurance that brightens the pain-darkened lives of the little inmates of the Lakeside.

FINIS.