

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.

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