

in the human heart. Not only that, but some of those rough fellows were overheard to express pitiful sympathy for the sick children. In that way even the suffering of the little ones is made a means of blessing.

Mr. Robert Bond, Messrs. J. B. Holland and J. Sinclair Robertson assisted the others in carrying the children to the barge, where the nurses made them comfortable.

"Only one out o' the lot is cryin'," said a labouring man, who had closely watched the transfer.

"That's my little brother there," pointed out a poor, ragged boy, who looked as if he would willingly be sick could he only get a ride in that barge.

"They're all happy when they see her movin'," was what a man said as the Ada Alice slowly and carefully swung her precious cargo out into the bay.

As she slowly steamed away the sight was really a glad some one, notwithstanding the pity of it. The motion of the tug, the slowly-moving sky above, the bright sunshine bathing it all in a flood of glory—this was like a lullaby that fell peacefully about the little pilgrims and unwrapped them in restful silence.

How they enjoyed it! To some it was the treat of a lifetime, because some of these children had never even been to the Island; others had been at The Lakeside, and knew by happy experience what a delightful home it is for sick children.

And some, alas, who were there a year ago, have gone to a sunnier and brighter home, where pain and sorrow can never again cloud human life.

Slowly, under the pilotage of Capt. Clark, the passage was made through the Western Gap, around Hanlan's Point, along the western shore of the Island until Gibraltar Point was reached. On account of the low water the tug was obliged to anchor some distance out, while the barge was poled to the shore, and the children safely carried to The Lakeside Home.

Nothing occurred to mar the pleasure and safety of the journey. Some of the children were tired, of course, and gladly welcomed the cool, clean, white cots upon which they were placed. The Home had been renovated throughout, and put into excellent condition. The grounds are pretty, the Canadian flag floated out its welcome to the little ones and there we may safely leave them, knowing that the summer months will bring roses into their cheeks, a new sparkle into their eyes, and health to the wasted body and strength to the feeble limbs.

Among the ladies who accompanied the children to the Island was "Kit," the accomplished writer, whose recent ac-

count of a visit to the Hospital for Sick Children appeared in the Mail and Empire. Mrs. Ketchum, of this city, and Mrs. Kendig, of New York, also went over on the tug.

## "KIT" WITH TINY PATIENTS.

An Hour in the Hospital for Sick Children—Pen Pictures of the Institution by a Popular Writer.

What draws us child-wards? Cherub charm and grace,

The frolic kitten and the tricky elf,  
Or Heaven reflected in the serious face  
And the divine unconscious of itself?

What art makes magnets of the helpless hands

That fitfully caress and feebly touch  
And hold our grown-up hearts in iron bands;

O, small sick fingers that compel so much!

Pity for helplessness is the first flush of feeling that warms us when we see a little child

"Launched forth, a frail little boat  
In the midst of life's turbulent sea!"

And from blessed pity spring three-fourths of all the virtues. The weeny things are so utterly helpless, so absolutely, almost shockingly, dependent on us that the thought almost frightens one. How young mothers tremble over that first bathing of the new baby. He is so small and soft and tender and pink, so large-headed and small-boned, and seemingly out of all proportion—so frail and helpless and noisy—with so much voice to him that he scares the timid mother into dreadful awkwardness, and gets pins run into him through sheer fright, and strings tied tightly where loose bands should be, and powder in his eyes and up his nose. Then those doll's clothes of his! Who ever could get those ridiculous things on this ridiculous young person? How big mothers' hands are! All thumbs. Oh, what a terrible quarter of an hour that new little mother is having, and how she dreads it and loves it, and falls down in delicious adoration of the pink bundle when it is all tied up and sweet and quiet, fast asleep in its cradle presently!

If there is then this tender pity and love over one's own little child, one's healthy, strong child—if one has known the divine delights of maternity—the motherhood that so widens and beautifies the character of the woman; if one has ever watched by the side of one's own

sick child, what almost to heart-breaking sight of the long rows in an hospital ward of little figures in white clothes; at sight of that peer from the you in a dim hazy care very much, a wonder very much fact that they are happy, happy children. There are many worlds made up of pain, and trouble, sights are more in heart-breaking, to than that of a creature fastened lying there with like look upon the queer child's patient God-gift to the hour of their extreme thing to see.

The Hospital for Sick Children, on the corner of the street, is one of the most beautiful buildings of the city. Perfectly appointed, well-ordered, this is the city of Toronto, the door by the lake. K. Underhill, who through the whole the uses to which showing us the ground on the shelves of splendid equipment dressing-rooms, the huge washings and busy workers paring linen for immense kitchen, pantries and cupboards all beautifully arranged look upon, and the stairs, where the were lying—ever, perfect condition some air of cheer place, in spite of it is devoted. It joyous essence of the house—the lo pain cannot wholly nature.

There are several in the Children's the girls' youngest patient old—

"A light little flannel,