

groping her glance lighted for a second on a fair young girl, with a very white face—white, though it had usually a bright patch of color; so much she could gather even then, in spite of its whiteness. Madame gazed at the girl long without opening her lips. The audience grew impatient. Signor Metelli waited and twitched his fingers in mute wonder. The great singer's eye wandered on to either side of the girl, and fell on a man and woman in middle life, whom their daughter seemed to separate. All at once, with a rush, an inspiration came over her. She knew what to sing. She lifted her voice and began to pour forth: "John Anderson, my jo, John."

Signor Metelli's face was a study in horror. Was the creature mad? This was a sacred concert! That wild woman would ruin it.

Madame sang on, unperturbed, like an inspired agent:

"John Anderson, my jo, John,  
When we were first acquaint,  
Your locks were like the raven,  
Your bonnie brow was brent;  
But now your brow is bald, John,  
Your locks are like the snow;  
But—

She paused, and then burst out afresh:

"—blessings on your frosty pow,  
John Anderson, my jo!"

There was nothing much in the simple words she sang to produce the effect, it was the way she sang them. She threw herself into the very spirit of Burns' touching ditty. Suddenly, half way through, as if by an inner impulse, Mrs. Lovell changed places noiselessly with Hilda, and sat next her husband. Wilfred Lovell said nothing, but his eyes glistened. He turned and looked. It was thirty years since, yet so pretty she was still, when she turned like that to him.

The great singer went on:

"John Anderson, my jo, John,  
We clamb the hill thegither;  
And many a canty day, John,  
We've had wi' ane anither.  
Now we maun totter down, John,  
But hand in hand we'll go,  
And sleep thegither at the foot,  
John Anderson, my jo!"

She sang it with wonderful force and pathos and feeling. Her own heart trembled. All the hall held its breath. Madame has surely surpassed herself! When she ended Signor Metelli gave a sigh, and breathed again. Business



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indeed! The applause was deafening; time after time it swelled afresh. Hilda let her eyes drop. To her immense surprise, there, unobtrusively under the grey cloak, she saw her mother's hand locked fast in her father's!

The rest of that concert was a whirling blank to her. She spent all her time in repressing her happy tears, and silently thanking Madame de Meza.

When all was over, the audience rose and left. The hall thinned fast. Four people alone kept their seats—the Lovells and Percy Emlyn.

Mrs. Lovell dried her eyes, and turned, half sobbing, to her daughter. "Let us go and tell her," she said, simply.

Wilfred Lovell rose too. "Yes, let us go and tell her, dear. I want to ask your forgiveness; I want—to thank her."

The great singer smiled when they told her. One impulse moved them. She laid hand in hand.

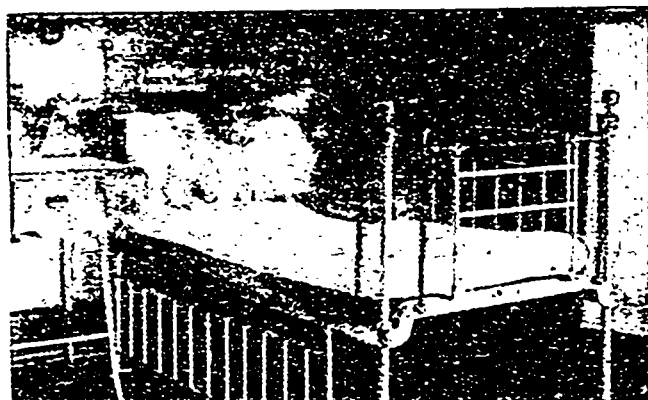
"I saw your daughter's face," she said, "and it seemed to put it into me. But I prayed, you know, too, and—this is Christmas time."

That night Percy Emlyn supped quietly at the Lovells'. More than ever he felt sure his Hilda's parents were like two lovers together.



## The Hospital for Sick Children

The Hospital for Sick Children was put in operation twenty-three years ago by those who were large in enter-



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prise for the alleviation of the pain and suffering of helpless little children. The beautiful building on College street, Toronto, of which a good photograph appears in this issue, is one of the best equipped hospitals in the world. It is capable of accommodating 175 sick children. At the present time there are over 100 little patients in the hospital, all being nursed and treated by skilful physicians and trained nurses. During the past twenty-two years 30,000 sick children have been helped, and the larger number of them restored to health and vigor.

Though located in Toronto the hospital is a provincial institution. A large number of cases are treated from outside places, and this number is increasing every year. In 1897 the number treated from places outside of Toronto was 118, while in 1898 the number was 163. These 163 little sick ones came from 136 different places. Some came from as far west as the Rainy River District, and others as far east as King's county, New Brunswick, and about every county in Ontario had one or more representatives in the little cots of the hospital similar to those shown in this issue. It will thus be seen that the work appeals to every Canadian, and more particularly to every resident of the banner Province of Ontario.

The cases treated for the year ending Sept. 30th, 1898, number 633, of which 470 were from Toronto, and, as we have previously stated, 163 from outside places. In connection with the institution there is an Outdoor or Dispensary Department, in which treatment was accorded to 4,466 cases in 1898, or an increase of 333 over last year.

The following extract from the last annual report will give a good idea of the effectiveness of the work which the institution is doing: