

"A PEEP ER HEAVEN."

THE day after the entertainment at the hospital, given several years ago by a few ladies to obtain funds to start the "Duffield Flower Mission," an old man who for many months had been a patient sufferer from a terrible disease resulting from having had his feet frozen, lay resignedly awaiting death. Death!—to so many a terrible visitant—to him seemed a kind friend, looked forward to as a relief from the agony he had suffered for what seemed to him years of weariness and pain.

The children were there, helping to clear away the remains of the evening's entertainment. Bye-and-bye one stole away to visit the patients. She soon returned, however, to tell the others of a grand scheme she had in her wise little head. Soon after the trio disappeared, unnoticed by the busy few who were engaged over the sorting and packing sure to ensue after an entertainment such as had taken place.

An hour passed; then one small conspirator appeared. "Come! come and see dear old Dick; we have such a surprise for him. Come quick! quick! before he wakes up!"

So somebody went to see the surprise. Well might Dick be astonished at the transformation scene which met his eyes—poor old eyes, dim with suffering and sleepless nights.

The iron bed-stead on which he lay was trimmed with flowers; the decorations of the flower-room the evening before; all round his pillow lay flowers; on the white spread and draped over his head. In the midst of all this brightness and fragrance lay poor Dick with *such* a smile on his worn face.

"Missy," he said to one of us—that was the name he, with