

A very interesting fact came to our knowledge only this summer, the truth of which is vouched for by the Rev. Dr. Scadding, the author of "Toronto of Old."

In the days of long ago, before the white man was sole possessor of the shores of our beautiful Lake, the Indians, from a radius of about forty miles around, used to bring the sick and ailing of their tribes and camp out on this Point. Now as the season for so doing would usually be at the same period as that when we do *our* camping out, and as it is clear that they were attracted to this spot because of the benefits which *their* sick ones received, it would indeed seem that "the good hand of our God" guided us to bring *our* sick ones here also: for the place has proved to them a remarkable source of renewing and of vigour.

To our Father God we give the glory, and earnestly thank Him for ever putting it into our hearts to have a "Lakeside Home" for little children, and for sending us such a large hearted man as J. Ross Robertson, who not only built the present house, but is now preparing to spend about \$4,000 more upon it, thus giving us more conveniences, for taking not only as we did this summer, older ones who need the change, but babies, who are always sufferers during the very hot weather.

May every one who has contributed in any degree to our comfort this summer receive from *Our Father* "good measure pressed down and running over" according to His own promise.

Last summer "the campers" on the Island presented us with a large tent, and in it the children this year had tea parties, and played "house," and lived out of doors all the day. The sick ones were wheeled out on the verandahs, beds and all, every fine day, there to enjoy the air and see the passing vessels.

To celebrate the "getting up" of "Harry Paul" after five years in bed, Harry was invited with seven of the other boys to take tea with the President at her Island Home. They arrived in charge of nurse at 2 p.m., and were taken out for a row; each little fellow, being allowed an oar, or paddle, or the tiller. We did not make much progress in any given direction, but had a very happy time. We landed at the Turner Baths, when Mrs. Turner gave as many as could bathe, a suit, a room, and towel, and a funny set of bathers they looked, every one with a crutch, and one little fellow with *only one leg*.

They waded into the shallow water, then stood and "shied" their crutches ashore, while those who could not go in, sat on shore eating apples and peaches given by the proprietors of the fruit stand.

After having a merry time *we* "shied" the crutches back to them and they limped out very very happy. They then dressed and after running on the sand till they were warmed through, we re-embarked and paddled around in the same fashion as before to hear the Band; returning in time for 6 o'clock tea on the verandah. Nurse came for them at 7, and so ended a very happy day, the sunshine of which will remain in their hearts as long as they beat.

Another day the girls were taken for a row. Some were very fearful, holding all the time to "nurse's" hand. *Bertie*, who is improving very fast was carried down and laid in the bottom of the boat, and enjoyed her row as much as any of them. We took out about fifteen in the different trips, landing between times and re-loading.

On calm days when the sun was not too hot, "nurse" carried mattresses down to the water's edge, and laid some of our *very sick* on them. Can any one imagine the delight afforded by such loving care? It is hard work carrying mattresses and children, some of the latter 10 or 11 years old, such a distance over sand, but our nurses are all *child lovers*, and never try to save themselves if the children can be made the least bit happier.

There is a service every Sunday afternoon at 3, conducted by Mr. Casimer Gzowski.

The boys are carried into the large ward and laid upon the beds; the convalescents are seated on little chairs and benches at the foot of the beds; *the organ* (a small affair, very old, the greater number of its notes silent)