

those little ones who need our best efforts. (Applause.)

This concluded the proceedings. The visitors and friends were served with refreshments, provided by the ladies of the Committee of Management, and the assemblage dispersed.

THE TALE OF AN HOSPITAL.

What Tennyson Said of the Sick Little One in the Hospital for Children.

One of the most pathetic stories told by England's latest laureate, who last year descended silver-crowned to the tomb, is a little tale published among his recent poems entitled "In the Children's Hospital."

The heroine of the story was a tender little maiden of a few fair years—many enough to have learned to love the beautiful, which is as common as the sands but as mysterious as the stars, few enough to have retained undimmed the pearl of childish innocence enshrined and entwined and enthroned among the golden curls that hung in waving ringlets on her brow. No parent, perhaps, had she known. Day by day she saw the sun rise in the morning in splendor, pass over the meridian in grandeur, go down in an evening of crimson to expire in a midnight of gloom. She saw the moon grow from a crescent into an orb, and wane old as it faded into a crescent again. She saw the stars in heaven come out at night, and look down along the earth. All nature whispered stories in her listening ear that friends could never weave nor tell, stories not intended for lord nor lady, stories that the tender mind alone could understand. And all day long she was as happy as the skylark that

MOUNTS UPWARDS TO THE SUN.

In her little life there came a shadow, a shadow draped in sorrow and bordered with bitter grief. No one knew why it fell, beyond the fact that shadows ever follow sunshine. Beneath a broken wreck of vehicles, boxes and trunks strewn in many directions by one of the numberless accidents that are daily forgotten, lay the mangled form of the little nature-loving damsel of whom the enchanted minstrel sings. Into a whitewashed ward of the Children's Hospital the frail little form is borne. Tender hands lay her easily on a couch. The kind-hearted nurse bends over her, and bedews the crimson cheek with a silver tear. Hour by hour she watches the cot. When the broken breathing becomes a little more regular the physician makes his preliminary examination. "She will live," he whispers, "but at the

cost of a fearful operation, which must be performed as soon as consciousness returns." The dying day slowly expires. At last the sleeper awakens. The surrounding scene is strange to her eyes. The kind nurse, the willing doctor, the moaning companions of the great chamber are all unfamiliar. "Where am I?" she enquires, turning to look around her, when a pang of pain darting through her broken frame recalls vividly to her mind all that had passed hours before—the confusion, the cry of voice, the accident, the crashing sound, the grinding of broken boxes around her, the moan of pain, the shutting out of the light of day, and then the consciousness

RAVEN GLOOM OF OBLIVION.

So the time swept on. The hour was coming when the physician's ghastly operation was to be performed, when the steel must flash and the lance must gash. The decision of the medical advisers had been communicated to the little girl as she lay one afternoon looking through the casement on the clouds that formed along the sky. Tears filled the lovely eyes, but with a heroism born of submission, she murmured an approval, the cost of which will never be known by man. The time chosen was during the hours of next morning. Then the little sufferer was left alone. For a few moments she talked to the child in the nearest cot, whom she had learned to love. Those words were destined to be her last. No one knew that the little life was so near the dark Lethæan stream. No one knew that the little form had received a severer blow than it could bear. No one knew that the golden sands of her life had nearly run. The conversation began to wane, and soon it ceased—

THAT CEASING WAS FOREVER.

Then the little light blue eyes of the tender young sufferer wandered slowly around the corniced walls of the glimmering room, where the last few weary hours of lovely life were spent in internal pain, falling now on the neighboring cot whose childish inhabitant had begun to slumber a sleep mingled with dreams of friends and home and days and lands far, far away, now turned upward for a moment on the frescoed ceiling, where the violets twined their tiny blue flowers among the deep crimson laureate roses and fair daisies, dressed in their lily-white fringes surrounding hearts of gold, now resting a moment on the table laden with books upon books, stories upon stories, pictures torn and sketches crushed, and in one corner a few prettily arranged morning glories that were closed to the heat of the day, and then

moving in the direction of the window through which softly along the tessellated floor, yet the green cornfields and over and over the tall trees swaying in the distance where the goldfinch flitted and the nightingale sang, and

THEN FALLING TEND on the waving branches of the land trees, crowned with myriad hues and changing coloring emerald and gold. The soulful lingering look was destined to be the last loving glance on what hours she spent in the Children's Hospital, a little less long, a little less less isolatory, and a little less. It was a look of pathetic loneliness, a life that lives on life that faded of resignation upon nature in a cosmic consolation with one who soon cease to burn and flame and throb. One last long quiver moved the whole body, one ed pain scarcely heard as it between the innocent lips to die, air, and the brave little her dear, long, lean stretched out on the floor, fell into a deep, sound, peaceful slumber which was to know no waking, an unbroken repose with hours of the unopened mouth bestowing on her the rest she refused to give, that rest which was great, inevitable end, that rest only with the sleep of death.

THE SWEETEST SLEEP.

When the sun arose in the morning the physician came to perform