

work in the new Hospital. This very important branch of hospital work, we have been obliged, for want of an office or waiting-room, where "out-patients" could be seen, to neglect them almost entirely. In our new quarters out-patients, mothers with their sick little ones, will enter at a side door, probably on Elizabeth street, and find ample accommodation and conveniences for their comfort, and a physician in attendance at certain hours.

With thanks we mention the sum of \$100 for the Furnishing Fund of the new Hospital, from Miss Hillary's Choral Club.

MISCELLANEOUS.

This long word means a very great deal to us, considered in the light of our hospital life — so much, indeed, that it is impossible for us to present a clear idea of all the ground it covers. It means that the ladies who for years have been coming to sew and to mend for our children, are still as faithful as in days gone by. Frequently we have to supply clothing to little ones as they enter, their own being too filthy and ragged to retain; and cast-off clothing in *good condition*, is consequently very acceptable. But even when in good condition, this clothing must, the most of it, be made over, shortened, lengthened or widened, as the case may be; and this is the work so nobly done by our "Sewing Committee" for so many years.

Again, the word chosen as the heading of this part of our report indicates, to us at least who are behind the scenes, that the "Grenadier Ice Company," instead of the yearly bill sent a *receipt*; that the Y. W. C. T. Union continues to send, every Friday, its representatives with fruit, baskets of flowers, and comforting texts tied up with each little bouquet, mugs of jelly, and tempting clusters of grapes; that Mr. J. Ross Robertson gave, as in past winters, the children who were able to go with their nurses, a "sleigh-ride" two or three times a week, when there was snow; and that scores of others, loving friends, whom space will not permit us to mention individually, brought to the pain-drawn faces of our little sufferers, much of brightness and happiness by their tender thoughtfulness. Numerous were the baskets of fruit, the parcels of toys, that from day to day found their way to the Hospital, and many were the boxes and packages which came by express. It is delightful to think that by and by, when the King comes to reckon with His servants, these kind deeds will all be revealed, and touched into beauty unthought of, by the hand of Him for whom they were wrought.

To go back for a moment to the Y. W. C. T. Union Flower Mission, we remember that one sultry day last summer, a bunch of the fragrant blossoms, with its tiny card and printed text, carried in the hands of one of the dear girls of this Union, brought to the heart of a hot, tired and discouraged woman, a wealth of faith, courage and strength. It was in this wise: Returning on one of last summer's most scorching days from the Lakeside Home to Hanlan's Point, we met one of these "Flower Girls" of the Master. We were both hot, and the sun was mercilessly shining upon our devoted heads, but we stopped, and for a moment the basket of flowers reposed on the sidewalk, while I said: "How pretty! The children will be so pleased." "Do you think so?" was the reply, and very hesitatingly, as if they were almost too precious to give to anyone but the sick lambs for whom they were wreathed, a spray was lifted and handed to me, and a gentle voice said, "Won't you have one too, Mrs. —?" As you may suppose, I took it eagerly and set my face towards the Point with a song of praise in my heart. The text was, "And all things, whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, *believing, ye shall receive.*"

As usual, our Christmas and New Year's Day were happy, happy days for our dear invalids. The shelves of Miss Cody's storeroom and pantry were loaded with "Christmas-boxes," and "New Year's Gifts," and, better than all, "Santa Claus" — in real old-time fashion, gray whiskers, fur robe, and all — paid us a visit. It was rumored that Mr. G. Boyd, the Dispenser at the Hospital, knew