



SUNDAY READING

IN A CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL.
How the Little Ones are Cared For and Made Happy.

Hospital! The mere word conjures up bleak, bare walls and sad-faced patients. One naturally thinks there can be no happiness or brightness in a house full of sick-folk, but just take a little peep with me into a children's hospital and see how the little patients pass their time.

On a hill, overlooking the Ohio River and the Kentucky shore, in one of our Eastern states, stands a large, pleasant looking brick building, surrounded by large grounds, and known as the "Episcopal Hospital." The patients are children from a year and a half to fifteen years old and at the time I visited there, thirty children were being cared for.

A child's happy laugh greeted me as I entered, and presently, rapid tapping and the rumbling of wheels brought to view some half dozen children on crutches and in rolling chairs. All were bright and happy looking, and they seemed to have some joke among themselves. Folding doors were thrown open and a nurse asked me if I would like to visit the school.

I had no idea that children in a hospital went to school, did you? However, it was not quite like the school you attend, for there were no desks; each child took any place he wished. Those in rolling chairs sat side by side in front of a little kindergarten table and some went over to the windows.

School opened with a song, then books were passed around and the work began. The room was large, bright and pleasant, with pretty pictures on the walls, a nice organ and an easel for the small black-board. The governess taught two hours in the school-room, and then went to the children who were unable to leave their beds.

The hospital was divided into four wards, as they are called. Downstairs were the boys' and girls' wards opposite each other; the babies were all upstairs. All the little girls upstairs were confined to the bed, but most of the boys were up and playing around.

One little fellow about four years old, whom they called "the Judge" because he always looked so very grave and solemn, took my hand and introduced me to his mates. I found that "the Judge" was full of mischief notwithstanding his nick-name. The great amusement of the children was playing steam engine. All the chairs were put in a row, and dolls and toys were the passengers.

Down stairs, the children amused themselves with books, stories and playthings. In the boys' ward, Laurie was the famous story teller and he used to amuse the others by the hour with his quaint little stories. Laurie was five years old and was being treated for hip disease. He lay on his back with heavy weights attached to one limb. He couldn't move and wasn't allowed to have high pillows. It was very pathetic to see him entertaining the others, never cross or wishing to be up with those who were able to be around.

Reggie was another dear little fellow, who was suffering from some very painful spinal complaint. He was given steam baths nearly every day, which he perfectly detested.

One day, he said to his nurse as she was preparing him for the bath, "I don't think people that roll little boys in blankets will go to Heaven." The nurse asked him "why not?" and he replied, "Cause Mr. Brown—his chaplain—said we must be dood an' make odours happy if we want to go to Heaven, an' you don't make me happy when you yoll me up." Poor little fellow! he was "yolled up" just the same.

Nettie, a little, bright-eyed girl who lisp, is a general favorite, and as such, has her own way pretty much. The head nurse prohibited whistling in the wards as it disturbed the patients; the next day, as the surgeon was making his rounds he saw something which astonished him and he gave a long, low whistle of surprise. Nettie immediately sat up in bed, shook her finger at him very seriously and said solemnly, "Doctor, stop 'oor whistling" but the doctor, curious to see what she would do, didn't stop. So Nettie repeated very emphatically, "stop 'oor whistling. Miss T." the head nurse, "won't let you whistle here." She loved to be appealed to and it was very funny to hear her graciously give the surgeon permission to whistle in the boys' ward.

Sunday mornings, at nine o'clock, the children meet for Sunday School. They recite the Catechism, read the psalms for the day and sing a great many hymns. I wish you could have heard them sing "Onward Christian Soldiers." The children sang as though their lives depended upon the noise they made. I was quite amused to see one little boy wipe his face very energetically, and afterward he confided to me "It's pretty warm work to sing so loud, but we just have to beat that organ!" And they did, for the organist had to give up in despair and let them finish the hymn in their own way.

So you see, the children have happy pleasant times. Many of them cry when they are sent home, for there they lack the care, attention and good food they receive at the hospital, as most of the children come from the very poor quarters of the city.—[Young Churchman.]

NEWS AND NOTABILLA.

Miss Florrie Bryan, a young English-woman, has given up christianity for an alliance with the Maharajah Patiala, India, to whom she was married according to Sikh rites after she had been received as a member of that community.

Objections having been made to the sending of leather-bound Bibles with gilt edges to the South Seas, as a needless luxury in the mission field, it is announced that the strong binding is necessary on account of the humidity of the climate, and that the gilt edges are not so much an ornament as "an armour-plating against the attacks of cockroaches and the white ant."

The Trappist monks of the Abbey of Getsemane forty-eight miles from Louisville, in the state of Kentucky, do not speak to each other except with the fingers; they eat but one meal a day, and do not read newspapers. When one of their number dies he is buried without a coffin, and a fresh grave is at once dug, to await the reception of the next that dies.

While celebrating the Holy Communion at St. Paul's church, San Francisco, Rev. A. L. Mitchell noticed a very beautiful circumstance in the fact that he stood at the altar and looked into the chalice, deep in the wine he saw reflected the face of our Blessed Lord as it is pictured in the window above. The rector has since observed the same appearance as he ministered at the altar, especially in the quiet of the early service, when the light comes from the newly risen sun upon the colored glass.

It seems strange that no mention of the cat occurs in the Bible or in any Assyrian record. Even in India, Professor Max-Muller is quoted as saying, it was but recently known as a domestic animal. Its Sanskrit name is marjara, from a root meaning to clean, from the creature's habit of licking itself at its toilet. The cat's mousing habits were well known to the Romans, and even to the Etruscans, as shown by antique gems and wall paintings.

The Roman Catholic cathedral in Longford, Ireland, which has occupied 53 years in building, embracing the episcopacy of seven prelates of the diocese of Armagh, has been solemnly consecrated. The building, which is one of the finest of its kind in the United Kingdom, was begun under the prelate of Dr. Higgins, in 1840. High mass was celebrated by Dr. Flood, Bishop of Trinidad, Cardinal Logue presiding. There were nearly 20 Irish bishops present, and about 150 priests. At the conclusion of high mass Cardinal Logue preached the consecration sermon.

The New York Independent says:—The difficulty to learn the exact facts in regard to the treatment of the Jews in Russia is illustrated by the contradictory telegrams that appear. Last week the statement was made that the government had decided to call a conference of the rabbis; this week the news comes that a new ukase has been issued expelling them from the Asiatic provinces of the Empire. The peculiar hardship of this last act is that it affects a large colony who fled for Russian protection from the persecutions of a neighboring Moslem ruler. It is all very cruel; but taking all things into consideration, it does not appear that we can say much so long as the Geary (Chinese) Act is in force.

The British and Foreign Bible Society, in its annual report shows that the issues for the past year had been 4,049,756, an increase over the circulation of the previous year of 60,541. The total issue since the formation of the society has been 135,894,552 copies. The sale of Scriptures had amounted to \$499,165, an increase over the previous year of \$14,805; the free contributions had reached the sum of \$687,725. The deficits, which had amounted to \$335,000, had been reduced to \$200,000. Reports were presented from the different agencies of the societies in all parts of the world, special attention being given to the work accomplished in Russia, where the society employs one hundred colporteurs.

IN FAR AWAY JAPAN.

How a Young Native Sought for Light and Found It.

In her lesson one day a young Japanese came to the word "Creator," but did not know its meaning. Turning to the dictionary, she read: "Creator, one who creates;" and was still in the dark. She turned up a large dictionary, and read: "Creator, one who creates; a name given to God, who made all things."

A startling thought came to her, for she had never heard of such a God; and it filled her mind by night and by day. She looked at the stars and said: "That God must have made all these stars." The sun and even the trees, suggested the thought, "God made them." She went to the temple and looked at the image of Buddha, and said to herself: "It was not you, Buddha, for I never heard you made anything."

When she went to Tokyo, an old woman in the same house said to her: "Tasshee, I am going to meeting; come with me." "What meeting?" "A meeting to hear about God." "Oh, no," said Tasshee; "I do not want any of your gods. I have a God of my own, if I only knew where he is." Tasshee, however, went to the meeting. The missionary opened the Bible and read: "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth." Tasshee was startled. "Why," she said, "this is the God I am looking for;" and she became so agitated that she could hardly keep her seat, so eager was she to put the question, "Where is He?"

When the meeting was over, she rushed to the missionary and said: "Tell me, where is this God that made the heavens and the earth?" Her desire was met by proper instruction. She came to the next meeting and heard: "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Here again Tasshee was startled. A God of love! Her gods were gods of hate, of revenge, of anger. This god gave His Son. All the gods she had ever heard of never gave anything; the people had to give them offerings.

This thirsting soul received the water of life. Tasshee is now a Christian teacher dispensing the water of life to others, telling them of a God who spared not His Own Son, but gave Him up for us all.—[N. Y. Observer.]

Messages of Help for the Week.

Sunday.—Psalm 55, 14: "We took sweet counsel together, and walked unto the house of God in company."

Monday.—22nd v.: "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee."

Tuesday.—Ephesians 4, 29: "Let no corrupt communication proceed out of your mouth."

Wednesday.—Proverbs 18, 24: "A man that hath friends must show himself friendly; and there is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother."

Thursday.—Malachi 3, 16: "Then they that feared the Lord spake often one to another; and the Lord hearkened, and heard it, and a book of remembrance was written before him for them that feared the Lord, and that thought upon his name."

Friday.—17th v.: "And they shall be mine saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels; and I will spare them."

Saturday.—Psalm 25, 7: "Remember not the sins of my youth, nor my transgressions. According to thy mercy remember thou me for thy goodness sake, O Lord."

The Best Recipe For Rest.

There is nothing which will give a chance for rest to overtired nerves so surely as a simple religious faith in the overruling, wise and tender providence which has us in its keeping. It is in chaffing against the conditions of our lives that we tire ourselves immeasurably. It is in being anxious about things we cannot help that we often do the most of our spending.

A simple faith in God which practically and every moment, and not only theoretically and on Sundays, rests on the knowledge that he cares for us at least as much as we care for those who are the dearest to us, will do much to give the tired nerves the feeling of the bird in its nest. Do not spend what strength you have, like the clematis, in climbing on yourself, but lay hold on things that are eternal, and the peace of them will pass into your soul like a healing balm. Put yourself in the great everlasting currents, and then you can rest on your oars, and let those currents bear you on their strength.—Anna C. Brackett.

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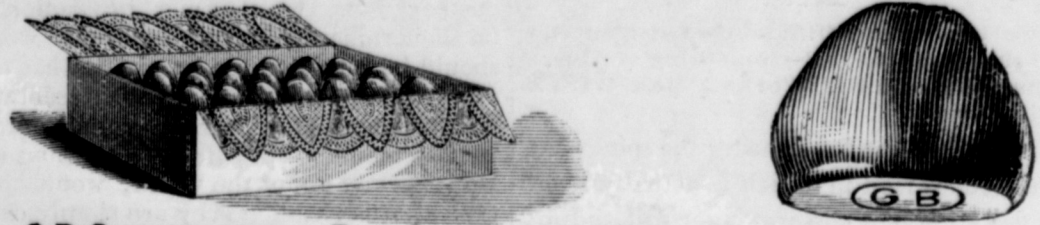
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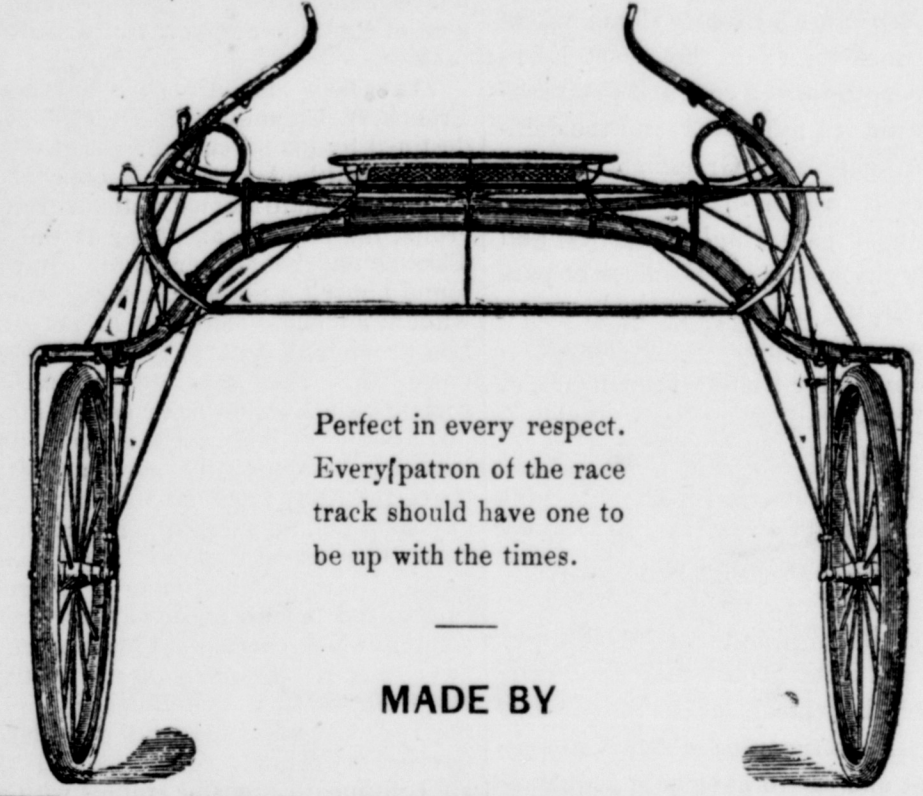
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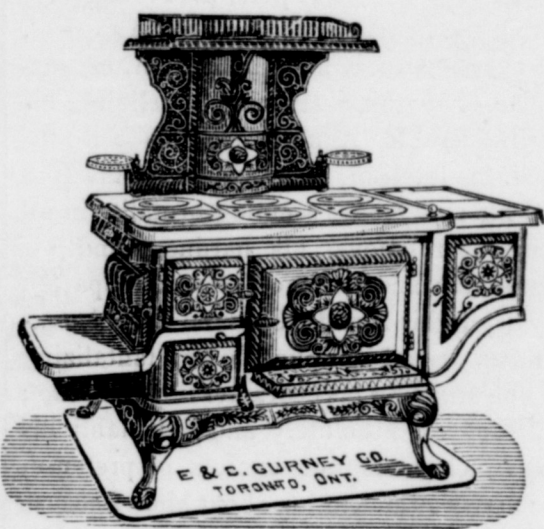
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