

Therefore I offered to give a donation to the general hospital carried on on the other side of this building, if one of the Sisters would kindly write for me a brief sketch of my life. Accordingly, I dictated it in ten short chapters. The Sister was in charge of the Pharmacy, and often could not write more than ten minutes at a time. I did not ask her to read it over. I know it is very incomplete and incoherent. My brother rewrote some of the chapters and then gave them to Mr. Brown. I told Mr. Brown that I did not intend it to be an autobiography, but simply wrote in order to supply the data out of which my friends might write a brief story of my life, if they wished to do so. You could do that better than anyone else, as you know me better than any of the other missionaries. If you are coming East in the Summer, and can get those chapters from Mr. Brown, and come and read them over to me and allow me to make some changes in them, you would have the complete data out of which to write my life story.

Since you have mentioned the matter, I am giving you this information. I have not been very strong this Winter, but still I manage to sit up about eight hours out of every twenty-four. I may linger on in the body during the summer. In all my afflictions I have never lost confidence in God. I can assure you that no bride ever looked forward to her wedding day with more joy than I do to my home-going. I know that will be the greatest day in my life, and the anticipation of it fills me with an inexpressible joy.

J. E. DAVIS.

---

Tracadie, N.B., March 28th, 1915.

Dear Brother :

The terrible war goes on, and the coming Summer will witness the greatest tragedy in Europe that the world has ever seen. France and England will have