

always loved my poor mother, although she was a drunkard; but my brother says "she has gone to that happy home." I often think of the advice you gave me, before leaving, "Whenever I was in trouble to take it to Jesus," yet when I heard my mother was dead, I did not feel like talking to anybody. I could not say my prayers that night, yet I am trying to live in the sight of God. Give my love to all the girls, and to Mrs. Bowers. This is all I have to say. Good-bye. Please answer.

From KATIE.

DEAR MRS. FLETCHER,—

I am now going to write to you. My mistress has been wanting me to write this good while, but as long as I am all right I think I don't need to write. It is holidays now and the raspberries will soon be ripe, and then I will pick them around the fields. The baby can talk and say all her letters, and she can say a prayer after us. She is a nice little thing. Her mother makes her mind every word she says. I am going to Sunday School and I am in the Bible Class.

Yours truly, ALLY.

DEAR MRS. FLETCHER,—

I got a letter to-night, and I have been a very bad girl, I am sorry to say, but *Uncle says he will try me for another month, and now, after this, I will try to give myself to the Lord. Dear Mrs. Fletcher, will you please tell me where my sister is, for I should like to know, for I feel as if I would be more contented if I knew where she was. I like to live here. I will have lots of berries to pick and we have some chickens and a horse and a cow."

Will you please tell Mrs. Bowers to write to me, for I would like to hear from her. I write this letter myself. Aunt says I may write what I like. I go to school and to Sunday School and to church. I have lots of nice clothes. I got a red dress and a red velvet cap.

On Christmas I got two nice picture books. Please write soon.

From LILLIE.

*The children often call their master and mistress uncle and aunt or mother and father.