

Scrow and trouble have also visited our Home at Port Simpson. Miss Hart writes, October 23rd :—

Matters at present are rather serious, every one of the children has whooping-cough, and some are quite sick. I have turned the sitting-room into a hospital, have one child here who has had a severe attack of inflammation of the lungs, but is better to-day, so I hope she will recover, but the whooping-cough with it makes it very bad. I am thankful they are not all as ill as Emma, though four others are in bed. A few are able to go to school.

Priscilla, who went with Mrs. Miller last summer, returned home last week; she has been very poorly most of the time since she went over there, they feared she was going into consumption, and the doctor has grave fears, but we are doing all possible to prevent it.

24th. I think Emma is a little better. I hope to get more rest to-night; I will have one of the older girls sleep down stairs with the child. Mrs. Crosby stayed with the sick ones while I took those who were able out for a short walk yesterday.

30th. These last days seem like a terrible dream. Emma grew worse and worse. Tuesday she went out of her mind, her lungs were much better, but the child had not strength to stand the coughing. Tuesday night was terrible, she threw herself about, screamed and, indeed, did all sorts of things. Wednesday she was not so violent, but still very much out of her mind, though when asked a question she would answer as if she understood. Wednesday night the doctor stayed with her, so I got a little sleep. Mrs. Crosby came in and stayed quite a time, but there was so much to do that I did not get much rest; however, I slept fairly well during the night.

Thursday morning Emma was very weak—would not answer when spoken to. The doctor said there was still a chance—she was better; if she could get strength enough to cough. She whooped badly, so I did not expect her to go off so suddenly. She died at ten that morning; I was with her. She went so quietly I could scarcely believe it was death; I had never seen it come before. The child's mother came home during the afternoon; I had only found out the day before where she was, and had sent her word. Poor