

MARCHMONT HOUSE,  
BELLEVILLE, ONT., Oct., 1875.

DEAR MR. BLAIKIE.—It seems to me that we have every year more and more of the Lord's goodness to record—especially in following His own appointed plan in placing little ones within the reach of all the kindly influences of home life.

Edinburgh's children have indeed a different future opening to them in this new land from what it would have been, had they been permitted to remain at home, either totally uncared for, or with drunken parents, and, often, often I wish that some of those who are bearing the burden and the heat of the day, could share with us the joy of seeing the blossoms expand and the fruit gathered in. (1. Sam xxx. 24). And this reminds me that the first little lamb from your flock, was safely carried home by the Good Shepherd, Sept. 9th. I told you recently of a visit I had paid to her. Her parents were plain people, living comfortably in a cottage, with market garden around, "All to be for Jessie" as they often said. She came running to meet me, so bonnie and bright; such a change from the delicate cross baby I had brought out with me the year before from Edinburgh. It was easy to see how the child was idolized. The pretty perambulator, the little cot and playthings, and above all the clinging of the little one to her adopted parents showed the love they bore her. It may have been too great, or our Father in mercy graciously took the child from the evil to come.

Whilst sitting writing lately the poor mother came in, her eyes swollen with weeping. "Oh, Miss did you not know? Did you not get the message?" "No, I received none; was it about Jessie?" And with tears and sobs, she told me of the scarlet fever and diphtheria, of the weary night's of

watching—of the doctor's "hopes," and then "no hope," and of her little darling's last conscious moments when throwing both arms round her neck she whispered, "Mama, Dada, I see very poorly;" and passed away to her eternal rest.

"Would I go and see the child, and know that all was done for her that could be done?" And so it was—beautiful she looked in the little coffin—her long dark eyelashes resting peacefully on her fair cheek—her little hands clasped half hidden in flowers, and the silver plate on the coffin showing even in death her foster parents claimed her as their own.

"Jessie Ann Huroid, aged three years and eight months." They had given her her father's birthday. No expense was spared. A lot was bought in the cemetery, and there on the shores of Quinte's Bay lies Edinburgh's little orphan. Only yesterday came the mother to see me. "She and John felt it more deeply than at first; she was a winsome little thing, and we are so lonely without her."

Some of your lady helpers will remember this year's baby, Mary Bell. I know not what her history had been, but she would stand for hours, sadly watching the other children at play, and it required much ingenuity to get even half a smile.

There came an application for a baby girl. "God had taken home the girl, and only two brothers were left. Had we one young enough?"

Some days afterwards I went to see Mary in her new home. She lay asleep in the cradle, carefully covered over to protect her from musquitos.

Her "mother" said she knew no difference between her and her own children, and it was pleasant ere long to see the little one sitting on her "mother's" arm and playing round with her new brothers, who thought nothing too good for baby sister. But the father was the one Mary preferred