

FROM MRS. JONES.

ROUND LAKE, October 31st, 1887.

BROADVIEW P.O.

I must ask you to forgive my seeming neglect in not answering your very kind, and I assure you, your welcome letter of long ago. But I do feel sure you will, when I tell you something of what we have gone through this summer. I have not written but one letter since last June, and that was written the day before yesterday. On the 5th of July one of our carpenters took sick, which proved to be typhoid fever of the most violent type. He lived ten days, but was delirious nearly all the time, until a day or two before he went home to be with Jesus. He was a good man. Since that time eight have been all down with the same fever; four out of the eight have died. Night and day we have had to be amongst the fever, but God in His loving mercy has kept us from taking the disease so far. The future we cannot see, but trust that the worst is over. We did the best we could with what medicine we could get. It is eighteen miles to a doctor, and over sixty to a drug store. I know how to use medicine if I could get it. Last Monday we buried a dear little girl five years old, her sister is not able to be up yet, but the fever has left her. She is very weak, but we hope to bring her through with the blessing of our Heavenly Father upon our care. We feel we would like a rest, but the time for resting is not now; we have been so put back with our building that it will take every moment to get it ready for use this fall. We have five men at work besides your missionaries. The men of course have their hours, but the missionaries work from day dawn until ten at night. Dear Mrs. Harvie, when we see our beautiful house for the little ones we bless God for the noble women of our beloved Church for giving us the means to build. It is very cheering to know that no matter how many afflictions we may have and heartrending scenes to go through, yet God's dear people are praying for us at home. We need the prayers of all who love Jesus, that our work may prosper, and that many may be brought into the fold of the Lamb. I will have to bring my letter to a close, my little sick lamb is wanting me.

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