

ly go and leave her here. I have taken her in my heart as my own; she is so good a girl, wasting her precious life here for the amusement of others—I don't see anything else in it.

ST. JOHN'S HOTEL, APRIL 30.—At last I am free! Seated in my own room at the hotel, I look back at that prison on the hill. I had won a little interest in the hearts of the nurses in our ward; they expressed regret at my leaving. Ellen Regan, who was the first to volunteer me any kindness, said, "We shall miss you, Mrs. Pengilly, for you always had a cheerful word for every one." I did not bid all the patients good-bye, for I hope soon to return and stay with them. I would like so much to look after these poor women, who are so neglected. I will ask the Commissioners to allow me to remain with them, if only one year, to superintend the female department, not under the jurisdiction of the present Superintendent, but with the assistance of the Junior Physician and the nurses, who each understand the work of their own departments, and will be willing to follow my instructions. I will teach them to think theirs is no common servitude—merely working for pay—but a higher responsibility is attached to this work, of making comfortable those poor unfortunates entrusted to their care, and they will learn to know they are working for a purpose worth living for; and they will be worthy of the title, "Sisters of Mercy."

TUESDAY.—I have been to the Solicitor-General, and left with him a copy of parts of my diary, and I am prepared to attest to its truth before the Board of Commissioners, whenever it shall meet. He said he was pleased to have my suggestions, as they now had the Provincial Lunatic Asylum under consideration, and assured me he would attend to it. His words and manners assure me he is a gentleman to be relied on, and I feel safe in leaving my case in his hands.