

reason, and came here last June. She is well enough to go home. I fear if they leave her here much longer she will never recover her spirits. She is afraid of Mrs. Mills, and dare not ask for any favor. Mrs. Mills is vexed if she finds her in my room, and does not like to see us talking. I suppose she fears we will compare notes to her disadvantage, or detrimental to the rules of the house. I think it is against the rules of this house that we should be indulged in any of the comforts of life.

MARCH.—At last I have my trunk : why it should have been detained so long I cannot conceive. I feel rich in the possession of the little needful articles it contains.

I enquired of Dr. Steeves, some time ago, if he had not in the Asylum a supply of necessary articles for our use, telling him I wanted a paper of pins very much. He said they were for the indigent patients, so I got none. My son, Tom, gave me some small silver some weeks ago, but I was no better off. No one would do me an errand outside. I begged Mrs. Mills at different times to buy me some pins, and to buy me an extra quart of milk. I was so hungry for milk, but she said it was against the rules of the house. She gives me now a glass nearly full at bed time, with one soda biscuit. This is the only luxury we have here ; some others get the same. It is because I have tried to make her think we are her children, left in her care. I said to her, “ ‘Feed my lambs,’ you are our Shepherd ;” and she is if she only knew it. I have quoted the words of Him whose example we should all follow : “Do good unto others.” I am watching over those poor lambs now, to see how they are tended, and I will tell the Commissioners in whose care the Asylum is left by the Province. The people of New Brunswick suppose they attend to it. The Commissioners have placed it in the care of Dr. Steeves, and they believe him quite capable of conducting it properly. Is this the way it should be done ? I don’t think so.