

exercised a great influence over me in the home. The simple people who live in the country are free from all the snares and temptations of city life.

I was a child of the country, and I always remained so. You know how great my love for the poor and for the common people was when I was in India. Well, I want to be buried there. I would like to awake on the resurrection morn surrounded by those pure souls I loved and lost long years ago.

I want to thank Mr. Shenstone for the deep interest he has taken in me. I know more about his kind deeds than he thinks I do, and I am sure he will not lose his reward.

The Lord be with you all and make your last days your best days, is the prayer of your affectionate friend,
J. E. DAVIS.

Tracadie, N.B., Feb. 10th, 1916.

Dear Bro. Brown:

I have great difficulty in breathing. I cough a great deal, and get so tired and weak that I cannot sit up, and sometimes I almost choke to death. One night I coughed and choked for about two hours. I thought the end had come; but I got some medicine that helped me. Still I know I shall suffer from this time on to the end.

You know I wish to be buried by my father and mother. John will have to come down after my body. I will have the doctor telegraph you when death comes.

I wish to thank you personally for all your kindness to me, and to the children. I also wish to thank the other members of the Board.

The Lord be with you, and make you a power and a blessing is the prayer of your affectionate friend,

J. E. DAVIS.