

hospital; but we have fourteen patients at present, and two of us will not be here long.

God bless you all and grant you many greetings of the season, is the prayer of your affectionate friend,

J. E. DAVIS.

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Tracadie, N.B., Dec. 17th, 1915.

Dear Evelyn:

My mouth is so sore that I cannot eat solid food; I am living on soup, milk, etc. I trust that I shall not remain too long in the body to be a trouble to others and a burden to myself. I appreciate very much the kindness of the Doctor and the Sisters to me, and also that of the other patients at the present time. God grant you all a joyous Christmas is the prayer of your affectionate father,

J. E. DAVIS.

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Tracadie, N.B., Dec. 27th, 1915.

Dear Bro. Brown:

I am a great sufferer, but there is nothing you can do for me except to pray for me. The Doctor and the Sisters are very kind to me, and I have everything that I need. I don't think that I will live longer than the Spring. I suppose you know that I wish to be buried beside my father and mother, in the Stanley Cemetery, not far from the old Haldimand church. I was born in the little village of Wieklow. I received my early education there, and a part of my religious training in the Sunday School and the little church.

I thought at that time that those old men and women who used to pray so tenderly in the prayer meetings, were all perfect saints. I know now they were ordinary good people; nevertheless, their memory is very precious to me. The association of the temperance lodge, the church, the Sunday School, all made such an impression on me that I can truly say my character was formed there. Of course, my mother