

etc., counteracts the effects of the fresh air, and they almost invariably grow worse and die under their treatment.

To be more specific—first: Little Rebecca Soldier died here of hemorrhage of the lungs, in the middle of February. Then William Jacob, after several months' illness, died of consumption April 24. John Meyers assisted me in making the coffin, and remarked to me on our return from the burial, "Well, there are no sick ones in the Orphanage now." I replied, "We cannot tell who may go next; it may be I, or it may be you. Let us be ready when we are called to leave this life, so we may enter a better one with our Lord, Jesus Christ." Well, next day, near evening, John ate a wild carrot (we think), and died Monday morning, after a day's illness.

Of those who were taken out, Sadie Ear grew worse and died, May 16. Agnes Soldier, the third day in camp, started bleeding at the nose and bled for seven days, then lingered on for four weeks longer and died. Jonas Jonas had nearly recovered from la grippe, but was weak and had very little appetite, when his father took him away, and finally succumbed a few days ago. Mary Kechiese, too, recovered so slowly that her mother, thinking an outing would benefit her, took her out. I saw her to-day, a skeleton of her former self. I fear she will not recover. Sarah Wesley has had to have her middle toe amputated, but her foot is now healing nicely. The others are well, and we hope we have got to the end of this sick term. We are encouraged with the present health.

The weather has been very favorable this summer, frequent rains and no frost, and our oats, grass, and garden are doing nicely. Our cattle, too, are thriving. We have now ten cows giving milk, but as they are young we are not making very much butter. We are raising eight calves, which in three years will be a source of revenue as butter-makers and for beef. There is a ready market here for both.

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