

DECEMBER 20.—I have made myself quite happy this week, thinking of what Christmas may bring to many childish hearts, and how I once tried to make my own dear boys happy at Christmas time. I helped poor Maggy to make artificial flowers for a wreath she herself had made of cedar. She was making it for some friend in the Asylum. She never goes out; she wishes to go sometimes, but Mrs. Mills scolds her a little, then she works on and says no more about it. Poor Maggy! there is nothing ailing her but a little too much temper. She does all the dining-room work—washes dishes and many other things.

JANUARY.—They have had a festival; it was made, I suppose, to benefit some one here; I don't know whom. It certainly did not benefit me any; no one invited me to go to the church where the festival was held, but Dr. Crookshank, the Assistant Physician, looked at me very kindly and said, "Do come, Mrs. Pengilly, you may as well come." I looked at my dress (it is grey flannel, and I have had no other to change since I came here), "I can't go looking like this; I must be a little better dressed to go into a public meeting of any kind; I am not accustomed to go looking like this, with nothing on my neck." He said, "Very well, something shall come to you;" and Mrs. Hays, who is Assistant Nurse in our Ward, brought me a plate of food and fruit, such as is generally had at festivals.

I have not had my trunk yet; sure the boys did not leave me here without my trunk. Perhaps they do not wish me to go in sight of people from the city, for fear they will recognize me, and I should make my complaints known to them. I have entreated them to give me my trunk so many times in vain that I have given it up. I did ask Mrs. Mills, and she says, "Ask Mrs. Murphy, she has charge of the trunk room." I asked her; she says she will see, and she will bring me whatever I need that is in it. She puts me off with a soft answer, until I begin to think there is nothing done for