

August 25th.

It seems like an age since I wrote the above; neither Miss Foster nor I have written since. The days intervening have been very busy ones, and when evening came we were too hot and tired.

We are all settled in our new home now, and very nice it is. We expect Miss Brackbill and Dr. Killam next week. It still continues very hot. Yesterday it was ninety-six degrees in the shade.

We have taken another girl in since Miss Brackbill left. She is about thirteen years of age. Her parents are both dead, and she had been making her home with a married brother, who lives two days' journey away. He was very poor, and his wife brought the girl into the city here to sell her; but failing to get her price—1,000 cash, equal to about fifty or sixty cents—she turned her out on the streets, where our night watchman found her, with very little clothing and nearly starved. Her case was almost more pitiable to me than that of the babies, so we decided to take her in; and unless Miss Brackbill sees some objection, I shall support her as a boarding-school girl. She is looking much better now, but is very dull yet. I have been trying to teach her characters, but she does not appear to have much mind or memory for them. However, I am hoping she will brighten up as she feels better. The first thing she has shown much interest in was a handkerchief I gave her to hem to-day. She has been with us two weeks.

From Miss Brackbill.

“The harvest truly is plenteous,  
The laborers are few.”

CHENTU, Sept. 24th, 1897.

Your letter of June 7th arrived here yesterday, and the *Guardian* containing the advertisement for another nurse and doctor. It is needless to tell you how glad we all were that the ladies had at once seen the need for reinforcement, and acted accordingly. How we do hope and pray that the ones fittest for the work may come forth in response to this