

and who had often written to her mother to send one of her children to her. So she resolved to visit this aunt if some kind person would help her to get there. I consulted with some of my wealthy and at the same time charitable Christian friends, who have been always ready to help me when I had some needy patients, and with their assistance she was sent for some weeks after her recovery to a nice widow lady in the country, and after receiving satisfactory information about her aunt in Halifax she was sent there, and has, so far as we have ascertained, never overstepped the bounds of morality again but was married four years later to a friend of her uncle, also a sea captain. She has a large family now, and whenever she writes to me she always prays that God may forgive her and guide the little girl she parted so easy from some years before.

The wife of a private soldier in the Canadian rifles, named Rice had at the same time lost her own baby only six weeks old, and as her quarters at the barracks were good and healthy I proposed to send the child there, Madame Flora offering to pay all necessary expenses. I made arrangements accordingly, and little Emma (the baby) was soon an inmate of the barracks. But now a new trouble arose. Mrs. Rice was a sobre, clean, industrious woman, who with the pay she received for nursing the baby could make herself and place very comfortable. This made the less fortunate soldiers' wives jealous, and their thoughts were