

The first is from a widower, whose boy is still in the Home, a boarder.  
To—

I am a widower and without relations in this country, my late wife was also similarly circumstanced, at her death I was left with three young children, the eldest not quite three years old, the youngest eight months. Well, I did not like parting with my little ones, so at my wife's death, I engaged rooms, the woman of the house undertaking the care of my children. For some time, things went well, but after about four months, I found that the children were being neglected, and baby, who had never been strong, wore away to a perfect skeleton. Under these circumstances, I was recommended to procure admission for my children to the Girl's Home, finally I came to the conclusion to try and procure their admission into the Institution, which I was successful in doing, but the medical attendant would not recommend the baby's admittance. I then applied to the Lady President of the Infants' Home, and baby was kindly admitted.

It had then only been open a few days, well from his admission, though for some time at the point of death, I visited him daily, expecting his death at each visit. By kindness, careful nursing, and good nourishment, coupled with perfect cleanliness, my poor baby is now in perfect health and strength, and as hearty looking as you could wish to see.

To the care of those ladies who are in charge of the Institution, this is due, and I take this opportunity of expressing my obligations and hoping for its continuance and success, I subscribe myself,

Very humbly grateful,

G. F.

This from one who has adopted one of the little ones—Minnie—who was one of the first babies admitted to the Home.

Dear A.—

You ought to see Minnie, she is getting real fat, we think she will soon walk, she can go all round the house by chairs. I wish I could fetch her up some morning, and let Mrs. B— see how nice she is looking. I am in a hurry to see M.—, to see which is the nicest, *our* baby or her baby.