

be first a willing heart it is accepted according to that one hath, not according to that one hath not. I am glad none of you are blind, and you are glad, too, I think, and so you will from thankfulness to the Giver of all good, gladly help your sisters in darkness, not only that they may have more of this world's gladness, but that their eyes may see the King in His beauty."

*Extracts from Miss Thomas' letter, South America.*

" July 1st.—It was a very cold morning, there was a white world outside. No, not snow, but frost; the ice was not all gone off the pools of water by 9.30, although the sun was shining brightly. It is a strange Dominion Day. 2nd.—About 7.30 a.m. we started for Temuco, after the first mile or so of ploughed ground the road was not so bad till we got within about two miles of our destination. Then there was a frightful mud-hole with a carreto stuck in it, I dismounted and crawled through the fence, walked round to the other side and met Mr. Class who had brought the horses through. As we were very late on the way back, I came through it on horse-back; the ground went straight down 18 inches, the hole is 4 or five feet wide, and then the ground went straight up again, from there on the mud was, at least, 4 or 5 inches deep nearly all the way, so we could not go very fast. There are three streams to cross near Temuco, the Cantin which has a bridge across it, the Pichi-Cantin, which has to be forded I put my left knee above the pommel, or my foot would have been in the water. There was a strong current, and the stream is about 50 feet wide. The last one is narrower but deeper; there is an old bridge across it. It was about ten o'clock when we got to the hotel. I was shown into a sitting-room. Houses here are built in the form of a hollow square with a court-yard in the middle into which all the rooms open, there was no fire anywhere near, but a girl came and asked me would I like a brazero, that is an iron basin on three legs with burning charcoal in it. I did not think it made me much warmer; however, I succeeded in drying my skirt a bit, which was pretty wet and muddy; then I wrote a letter, stopping every little while to thaw out my fingers over the charcoal. We got away for home about four o'clock, it was much pleasanter riding than in the morning, the sun went down about five o'clock, and it was 6.20 when we got here. I felt much better after the ride than I expected to."