

whole place and stayed to Service, and we also went to St. Paul's Cathedral and looked all over it.

I hope you enjoyed yourself at Christmas, like I did.

I do not like England as much as Canada, I would come out if I had my own way.

Please, give my love to all the grown ups, and Mother sends her love to you, and Father sends his kind regards. With my best love to you.

Ever your loving child,

FREDA WIDDICOMBE.

*From a girl friend studying music in Germany.*

Elisen Strasse I.

Dresden.

MY DEAR A.—I want to begin a letter to you now, but I know it will not be finished for some time, there is so much to tell you.

Dresden seems to be a delightful place. I was not looking forward to being in a town, but it is nice and clean, with big broad streets and plenty of trees, and really very fine buildings. It must be very pretty in summer. The air is good and fresh, and there are but few odours! I am afraid I shall never get reconciled to the look of German men, with their horrible, squashy hats, stuck on the side of their heads, and their hideous moustaches; but the women are, on the whole, an improvement on the Hamburg variety. I have seen some quite pretty ones. I did not know that there were any before! and the children, really, are very nice, they look so quaint in their little, tight bonnets, with their stiff, wooden satchels of books on their backs, but I wish they talked English! also that I could draw. I have seen several nursery maids who looked as if they walked

straight out of "Near Home," with scarlet petticoats, big white aprons, and short black jackets, and very clean, white caps, which go up into a big square thing, over their heads, and fall over the back, they do look so nice!

We are very much in Saxony here. The King has a castle in the town, and a villa just outside. The castle is not very exciting from the outside, but is very jolly inside, a huge courtyard with the building all round it.

The Picture Gallery here is lovely, it is a huge place. I suppose you knew that the Sistine Madonna was here, I did not till I got here. I have come across a good many other old friends, which I know by sight, but did not know what they were. The tiresome thing is that they shut the place at 3, and as we have dinner at 1:30, it means going in the morning. I can't think why they do not light those places up.

There is a splendid Opera House here, and a different Opera every night. I am going to try and go once a week, if I can, it seems such a pity not to hear the things when they are there and I am here.

Lastly, but not at all least, there is a *very* nice English Church. It was such a comfort to find it, when I got here, it is a very nice building both inside and out, and we have three services every Sunday, and sometimes four or five, and Matins every day, though that does not do me much good, as I shall not be able to get there more often than on Wednesdays and Fridays. The majority of the girls I have met seem to think no more can be expected of them than to go to Church on Sunday evening, and only then if there does not happen to be a sermon!