

guests from the village, who had accepted our invitations, enjoyed a little mild and unexpected excitement. They were delayed an hour beyond the limits of orthodox etiquette, and finally departed arrayed in borrowed waterproofs, "rubbers" and umbrellas.

The last Saturday afternoon of the holidays was given up to the children of the Sunday School, who, at Mrs. Croucher's kind invitation, assembled in the useful, if somewhat dilapidated, Fire Hall, and enjoyed a delightful tea with all manner of games and fun.

SEPTEMBER—The School staff reassembled a week before School opened, each teacher being most anxious to set her department in order. From California, from Saskatchewan, from New Brunswick, from Washington and Vancouver they came, tired by their journey, brightened by their holidays, gladdened by the warm loving welcomes that awaited them and ready to devote the best of their time and talents to the service of Almighty God, Whom "to serve is to be wise."

The children returned in detachments because Labour Day and the Sunday immediately preceding it made connections with steamers, stages and trains somewhat difficult. However, by the 6th., all "the family" were settled in and school work had begun in sober earnest.

We bid good bye to seven old pupils and welcomed in eight new ones, two of whom are kindly being boarded by Mrs. Dodd, until that long desired new wing becomes a *fait accompli*.

A Trip to Skagway.

 OUR holidays began in July, but I did not take any trip or have

any holiday fun until the next month. Early in August I went to Victoria and spent a week in seeing what I could of the town, I had never been there before so it was all q. it interesting to me.

One part of the town surrounds James' Bay, and if we wished to go to the other part we very seldom took the car or walked, but went in a launch over the water. It is a very pretty place, and you can see there the loveliest sunsets imaginable. One of the grandest sights one could witness is the view of Victoria from the ocean on a summer's evening, with Mount Baker rising in the background, and the beautiful pink sky reflecting its tints over everything.

The following week I left for Skagway, travelling on one of the oldest and strongest boats on the Pacific Coast,—the "Princess Louise." As there were very few passengers beside our own party going up, we did exactly as we liked, doing many things which were strictly against the rules, such as ringing the fog-bell, and blowing the whistle at any time of the day.

We stopped at all the canneries, and nearly all the ports on the coast, it was late in the fishing season, and most of the canneries had finished their work. We had a tin of salmon bestowed upon us at nearly all of them, so by the time we got home we had quite a collection; I noticed that one cannery on the Skeena River labelled its tins "Fraser River Salmon": they say that the fish in the Fraser is supposed to be better than any other on the coast. There is such a contrast between the Fraser and the Skeena—the former is so muddy, while the Skeena is beautifully clear and the scenery along it is simply magnificent.