

# CORRESPONDENCE.

VERNON, B.C., 31st Dec., 1890.

Dear old JOURNAL:—

You are always a welcome visitor in this far western country. Come as often as you can; glad to see you. Noticing that some have been giving you a few experiences at "roughing it" in the west, would like, if you don't mind, to add a few:

Vernon is fifty miles from Sicamous, the nearest station on the C.P.R. You can either drive through or take the "Red Star," which plies between Sicamous and Enderby, twenty-five miles up the Spallumcheen River. I came to Vernon in March last, and in June left for Winnipeg to bring out Mrs. L. and the wee parson.

When within a mile of Enderby my horse took fright at a Klootchman with a red shawl over her head, darted into the ditch, which happened to be deep, threw me out, and the result was a leg broken in two places, an ankle-joint dislocated, and ligaments badly torn. Good-bye, Winnipeg.

No. 2, time, six weeks later; place, Okanagan Valley, twenty-five miles south of Vernon.—Was driving out on Saturday to conduct service on Sabbath. When within two miles of the house at which we were to stay over night, the miserable horse (which, by the way, had recently been purchased from a good Presbyterian brother, and recommended as perfectly gentle) took a notion to kick. In about three seconds one shaft was broken and we were on our way down a bank so steep that I was thrown clean out on the brute's back. Mrs. L. (brave little woman), clinging to the seat with one hand and holding baby with the other, stayed in. We were saved a ducking, perhaps drowning, by one wheel bringing up against a tree just at the edge of the lake. Scrambling up as best we could we set out to walk the two miles. Mrs. L., with a badly sprained ankle, having to carry baby, and your humble servant, with the aid of crutches, bringing up the rear. "The next thing is something else," so said the clown.

No. 3, a snake story.—Mr. Wright, a brother missionary at Lansdowne, and I were appointed to explore the country about two hundred miles south of here with a view to having a missionary sent in. Well, on the way back we slept in a house near which rattle snakes were said to be plentiful. About midnight Bro. W. gave me a nudge in the ribs and said, "Langill, I hear a rattle snake." Things began to be interesting about that time. However, listening intently for a little and hearing nothing, I said, "Rats, man, you're dreaming." Presently, however, I heard a peculiar noise and felt the pillow jar. Things began to get interesting again. A "council of war" was held, and the conclusion was that the invader was under the floor, and so we went to sleep feeling perfectly safe. A few days ago I had word that his snakeship came out through a hole in the paper just at the head of the bed in which we slept. Uncomfortably near, wasn't it?

By the way, I forgot to tell you about a duel with a large "rattler" on the way down that trip. However, "Bluenose Muscle" made short work of him.

Oh, I must give you one of Bro. W's 1001 conundrums. Tired with our two hundred mile ride, we used to bend forward on the pommel of our saddle for a change. Once, when doing this, W. said, "Langill, why are we like Ireland?" "Give it up." "Well, said he, because we have a Dublin in the middle."

Wishing you a prosperous New Year, and hoping to see you often,

I remain, faithfully your old friend,

PAUL F. LANGILL.

LONDON, Dec. 5th, 1890.

DEAR PROFESSOR MARSHALL:—

I know you will be pleased to learn that, after a year's profitable sojourn in England, my wife and I have secured passage to Japan via the Suez. We leave London (D.V.) on Christmas day per P. and O. Steamer Valetta, which reaches Colombo January 20th. Here we change ships, S.S. Bengal, landing us at Hong-Kong on the 4th of February. Two days later we embark on a Japanese Steamer, which is due at Yokohama February 15th.

The first six months of this year we devoted to evangelistic work among the neglected masses of this vast metropolis. We shall ever have reason to be thankful for the valuable experience thus gained. Since July I have been engaged in the head office of the C. I. Mission, and have here made many warm friends. For five happy months we have resided at the China Inland Home—"Inglesby House"—and have heartily enjoyed our stay.

On leaving Canada we stayed a day in New York, and embarked for Glasgow per State of Nevada. Favored with fine weather and a good passage, we landed at Greenock January 12th. The few days we spent in Glasgow and Edinburgh were full of delightful interest. Regarding the latter place, truly the half had not been told us. We next came to the metropolis, and in London—with its din and its traffic and its fogs—we have lived till the present. Here we have well improved our spare time by visiting the numerous places of world-wide renown. It has been said: "To see Europe is an education." Certainly, we have received deep and lasting benefit by availing ourselves of the many privileges of this favoured city.

Upon one uninviting point I must touch and make some little explanation. I regret that my graduating in American Colleges last year aroused such unjust and unkind criticisms. I refrained from replying to the charges made since the most serious of them were totally untrue. The only degree granted me by the National University was that of B.A., which I received after I had taken up the subjects I omitted in Queen's. I earned my M.A.—the only parchment I have besides—by preparing for Honor Examinations (of the Chicago College of Science) which I passed to the satisfaction of the Council. I have no official connection with either of these Institutions, and will not, as alleged, represent their interests in Japan. I have but one object in going to that land and that is to preach the Gospel.

Wishing you a very enjoyable holiday season.

Yours sincerely,

W. H. BROKENSHIRE.