

boy and girl, as we call them. Peter was in the Home only a year. She writes me at the same time she sends Miss R.'s letter: "Your letter to Peter came to hand yesterday. Peter was so pleased to hear from you and so was I. He often said last week, 'I wonder if Miss Smith is still not able to write to me' (he had written to me while I was sick with grippe). I would say you didn't care to write to him. He would say you liked him better than me; we are always teasing one another about you teachers. He always tells me that you teachers like him better than me; but I know better. This is your League night; how I wish I were there!"

God is good to us. My prayer is that I may please Him by doing His will.

From Mrs. P. Smith.

429 HASTINGS STREET,
VANCOUVER, B.C., Feb. 3rd, 1897.

DEAR MISS ROGERS,—Miss Smith asked if I would kindly write a short letter to you about our school and myself. I don't know of anything very important to tell about myself, but I am always proud to tell about our Indian School at Chilliwack. We have a very pretty place, a fine brick building, and large grounds to play in; besides, we have our vegetable gardens—one for the boys and one for the girls. The girls all took great interest in the garden. Last year was the first for them to have a vegetable garden. We thought we had better vegetables than the boys, and I guess the boys thought they had better ones than the girls.

It is very nice to watch the girls in the sewing-room, especially the little ones; they can sew just as well as any of the older girls.

We had three little girls. Their names were Rita, Theresa and Eliza. They were the greatest little singers; they would pick up a piece as quick as any grown-up person would. One of them died last fall (the one I mentioned in my last letter as being sick). Little Eliza, we all called her. She was the dearest little girl I ever saw. Just before she