

July 6th.—At last the "goodbyes" have all been spoken, and yet it is unusually early for the Indian children to pack up and go. The sudden calm after the whirl of the last few weeks makes those of us who are left behind feel rather forlorn.

July 9th.—After a hot, dusty journey and a night at the hotel, a small party from the school boarded the "Belcarra" this morning en route for our tiny cabin by the sea. The two Indian girls who are of the party are seeing for the first time a body of water which is not the Fraser or Gordon Creek! Their delight is unbounded. They have discovered that the water is salt; they are going to see if it is buoyant and how long it will take them to learn to swim without the help of "wings."

A small "family" of nine children are left at home under Sister Marion's care, and Miss Francis has most kindly given up part of her holiday to assist her. They write to tell us of picnics to the "cable," of expeditions across the river, of jam-making and fruit-picking, of hot, sunny days and cool, dewy nights. We write to tell them of sailing and rowing and bathing, of amateur house-keeping, of days of plenty when the "Belcarra" comes in bringing provisions, of days of famine, when half a loaf is a dear possession and butter is conspicuous by its absence.

There was one expedition to Indian River which will always remain a delightful memory. We went out in a launch and steamed along the coast for a distance of eight miles, anchoring a few yards from the shore. After tea, when the tide served, we ran into the mouth of the river in a light rowing boat. A lovelier spot it would be difficult to find. Clear, limpid water passing swiftly over a pebbly beach, deep woods on either side running back to dark blue mountains raising their stately heads to an azure sky. We passed a hut occupied by a lone old woodsman, or perchance a "prospector." We sighted a merry camping party cooking their evening meal over a gypsy fire. There the stream flowed into a narrower channel and we passed into the green stillness of the woods into wonderful shadows and musical ripples.

July 31st.—The summer heat is intense, not a breath seems to stir the air, and the sun is scorching. The garden is suffering not only for want of water, but for want of "John," our one-time faithful servitor, who came back from China in the spring and resumed his duties at the school with apparent willingness. But John, after crossing the seas to visit the land of his fathers, was a different man from the John who lived and labored humbly in the land of his exile. It followed that after six months of desultory work the new John took up his bundle and departed, delivering his decision with brevity: "Me no more work."