

brightness and shadow on lake and shore, and bringing to memory every turn of the way, even the clusters of sumac seemed unbroken by careless hands, or the wintry winds and snows had left unharmed ; and as we passed by the spots hallowed by childish memories, it seemed but yesterday that we had been here. The lateness of the hour forbade us entering the village at night, so, under the pines, maples and oaks, Will and Annie met us, and with a kiss of welcome led us through the orchard to their pretty little cottage in the trees, where love and contentment reigns, to be greeted by the loved ones in their home.

After our tedious railway journey—although we spent two very busy days in Toronto, where we saw dear Alec, Celia and their little son, all well—but the years had been heavy and grievous through sorrow and suffering in my dear brother's life, and I would hardly have recognised him but for the kindly eye and the test "blood draws," and the loving voice that said "Flora, is it really you, dear?"

We had two or three meals in their home and enjoyed a treat at one of their large churches, where Alec and Celia both sing in the "Alexander Choir." We were loth to leave them, but duty demanded it.

Right here I will go back to the Friday evening we left Vancouver on the 24th October, said *au revoir* to our precious ones there, and as we held the hand of our first-born in a loving grasp, we were both proud of our beautiful mother-daughter, and left them all in His keeping until our return ; then in the early morning we were met at Revel-