

walked all round the walls and got into the chairs again and went down very steep steps until we got to the level ground, and then we went to the "City of the Dead," which was really wonderful. It was a small, walled city, all the floors were paved, and the houses were all white, and there were flowers in pots on flower stands on both sides of the streets. Each house was just one room with the door open, so we went in, and all we saw was a bare table with a cup of tea on it. It was in front of a chair with a tablet giving the person's pedigree. On either side of the room was a curtain before a little opening. In the one on the left there was a bowl of water on a small table, and against the wall on either side was a little table with two chairs for the dead man's spirit to come and talk comfortably with his friends. Then behind the other curtain was the coffin, raised on blocks of stone. Some of these coffins are very valuable, one that we saw cost \$3000, that is, \$1500 Canadian money. It was that of the late Viceroy's wife, and was made of plain black lacquer.

After this we went through the Tartar city, where the streets were wider, and the people are taller and fairer than the Cantonese, but very lazy. They are all soldiers, but wear no uniforms and are badly paid.

After this we made our way back to the ship again in the rain, and rain it was, with, a vengeance! We got soaked through, though the chairs had covers, and the people in the streets had to take off their rain hats to let us pass, or lift their umbrellas high up over us. When we got to the ship we met some people we knew who had got lost, and one man missed the boat altogether and had to get a late boat to Hong Kong.

The wind is blowing pretty hard now, but on the "China" we had a typhoon. I feel so proud of having been in one. It was not serious, but quite bad enough. I wanted to be in one, but I do not want a second—it stove in two portholes in the saloon. Father and I were on deck and a wave came over on our backs before we knew where we were, and floated our chairs, but it did not do more harm than give us a ducking.

Yours.....

Maud Hamersley.

(From a girl-friend living on one of the Sandwich Islands.)

Suva, Sandwich Islands, January 28, 1906.

Dear J—

Thank you so much for the postcard, I am so glad to have a picture of your school.

You cannot know how much we miss the Canadian seasons. With us January is harvest time! Last Sunday we had a Harvest Anthem, "While the Earth Remaineth." They crush the sugar cane here also this month; the drought has been disastrous to all growing things.

My sister and brother are away spending the holidays in Vanuqa Lebu, the second largest island in this group. J— is staying at Lambasa at a sugar estate, and A— is at Bau-lai-lai, on a cocoanut plantation.