

coming out in my garden, that is all. To dear father,

From your daughter

EMMA.

I send my love to you mother, sister, mother. Good-bye.

Address, Chutatlem, Emma's Father, Lytton.

All Hallows' School, Vale, B. C.

March 6th., 1900.

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DEAR SISTER:—It is quite a while since I heard from any one at Vale, I hope you are all well. I am still on the Prairie, and expect to be here all summer; it is almost three years since I first came here. I take about a couple of weeks holiday, twice a year, and have a pretty good time the whole year round.

The people here have built a Hall, and on Thursday night they had a concert and dance, to help pay off the debt on it; there was quite a crowd there, they made about \$81.00. clear of expenses. It seems rather a queer time to have an entertainment, does it not? they must have forgotten that it is Lent.

The last time that Mr. M. was here, the lady who plays the organ said it was Palm Sunday, and wanted to have "All Glory laud and honour" for one of the hymns. I said that I didn't think it was Palm Sunday, but she said she was quite sure that the Sunday before Ash-Wednesday was Palm Sunday; however they looked in the Prayer Book, and found it was only Quinquagesima. Mr. M. has taken Mr. B's. parish. He was here last Sunday, and expected to have brought Rev. Mr. U. with him, but Mr. U. was delayed on the ocean, and so we only had Matins and Evensong.

I thought Flora would have come

out here this summer, but she is not well enough to come, so I shall be all by my "lonesome" again, for a while.

How is N. getting on? her sister told me that she liked it very well down there; I don't see how she can help but like it. With much love.

I remain,

Yours affectionately,

MARION WALKER.

Grand Prairie, B. C. March, 27th.

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DEAR SISTER —Doubtless my address will surprise you. On Nov. 1st. I sailed from New York on a trip to California via Panama. It was a month of unalloyed pleasure and interest. On the 8th. we reached Colon, where we took train across the Isthmus, passing thro' a country of tropical charm—undulating hills, feathery cocoa-nut-palms, gorgeous cacti and oleanders, shady swamps, funny thatched cottages, on the verandahs of which coloured women in décolleté dresses lounged, poultry scrambled about, and over the railings patient mules looked wistfully.

We had a good view of the famous canal, which is still being languidly worked, and at last reached quaint, old Spanish Panama, with its atrocious pavements, narrow streets over-hung by balconies, its pretty plazas, and its historic interest. After a horribly jolting drive, we disembarked at a Spanish Hotel, where naught but that language was spoken, and where the beds were hung with mosquito netting, and lattice doors without glass took the place of windows. Diminutive soldiers in crumpled uniforms, lounged on the piazzas of the Governor's house, and paraded the town, for a revolution was in pro-