

of this canal to fill so many railway trucks, that they would pass nearly four times around our earth, if they were put in a straight line. Did I hear someone saying, look how high the walls are now? Well, this is the great Culebra Cut, and you can't imagine how big it is. Just think of cutting a path, wide enough for our big boat, right through a mountain nine miles long! What city is this to which we are coming? (pointing to Panama). Yes, it is Panama, and now we are out again in a beautiful ocean.

Ques. Who can give me its name?

Ans. Pacific Ocean.

Yes, and does it not appear just like its name? Pacific means peaceful, and see how quiet it is! Oh, dear, how bare those mountains appear! Not a tree to be seen! What funny little towns there are along the shore! I wonder what port this is, at which we are pausing? Why it is Mollendo, pronounced Mol-yen-do, where the man about whom we were told last month, landed.

Ques. What was his name?

Ans. Mr. Reekie.

I wonder if he had such a hard task to get ashore as those people are having? Aren't you glad we don't get off here? Just see that wee boat down there, waiting for a big wave to bring it close to our big steamer.

There is that lady with the baby waiting to step in. See the boatman catch the baby. Now another big wave comes, and in goes baby's mother. I'm afraid some of us would tumble into the water, if we attempted to land here.

At last we are at Arica, in Chili. My, what a nice place this is to leave our steamer, and how good it feels to stand on the ground once more, after 16 days spent on the water. How pleasant it is to see the green grass and the trees again. Here we take a train for the long climb up the mountains to Bolivia. Have you any idea how high we go? Be sure and dress warmly, as it is very cold up there, for we climb 14,000 feet above the sea. How long it takes, nearly twenty-four hours, and how queer we feel the higher we go. That queer feeling is because of the thin air we breathe at such a great height and is called mountain sickness. What place is this at

which we are stopping? It is called Alto, or the station on the heights. Look down in that great bowl in the mountains. Do you see those pretty red tiled roofs, and green trees, and bright flowers? That is La Paz, lying 1,300 feet below us, at the bottom of the bowl. How plainly we can see the streets! Just like a map. But how shall we ever reach the bottom safely, the sides appear so very straight? We take an electric engine instead of our train engine, and crawl slowly round and round the sides of the bowl till at last we reach the bottom in safety. And now we have arrived, in La Paz, "the city of Peace" so let us take a rest after our long journey, and perhaps while resting, learn what we can about the country we have entered. Another day we can go sight-seeing about the city.

Mr. Wintemute, our missionary here, I am sure will gladly tell us about Bolivia, and save us much travel thorough the country.

Part 13.

Boy, representing Mr. Wintemute (if no boy is available, this part can be given to a girl, and called Mrs. Wintemute).

Speaker. As you have found out by your journey here, Bolivia has no sea coast, but she has several rivers, and the highest lake in the world, Lake Titicaca, which is very beautiful. There are many mountains, and some parts are very cold, while others are like Summers. You children will be interested in the animals which we have, especially the monkeys which live in the forests. We have an occasional bear, a few wild cats, and other wild animals, but our most important animals are the llama and alpaca.

The llama, like the camel, carries heavy loads, and can go a long time without food or water.

The alpaca is used for its fine wool to make clothes.

We have some large birds, one of which is the stork.

We grow sugar, rice, and a great many fruits, but some day you shall go to the market and see all these.

Our country is very rich in silver and tin, and the rubber tree grows here, and from its juice a great deal of rubber is made.