

There are six girls at this Pension besides myself, two about my own age, and the rest younger. I like them all in different ways, and they are nice to me in *their* own ways, but they are very different from anybody whom I have had to do with before, which is rather interesting.

The rest of the Community consists of Frau M., her sister and her little girl, Anna, who is eight years old, and their old Aunt. The three latter cannot talk English, and we talk German all the time at meals and in the evening, which are the only times when we are together. The rest of the day the two older ones and I study independently, the younger ones are looked after, to a certain extent. I have an hour's German lesson every day, and am going to begin music lessons to-morrow at the Conservatoire. I have entered for a year as "Vollschulerin," which means: violin, piano, harmony, orchestra, quartette playing, class-singing, and history of music; so I shall have my hands full.

With love to yourself and the Sisters,

Your affectionate,
R. M. M.

From one who left the old School last year.

My Dear Miss Moody,

Thank you so much for the kind remembrance of Christmas time, and the good wishes for the New Year. I am so sorry not to have written to you before. It is very hard to send letters from here in the winter; the mails go out sometimes without warning, at other times you hear only an hour before the mail closes. We got a large mail in last night, and another is expected sometime to-day. Yesterday, the stage, with several passengers, started for White Horse at 7 in the

morning; they had only been gone two hours when they returned. The ice had broken on the river, the back part of the stage went through, and the horses taking fright, plunged and broke the sleigh; fortunately no one was hurt, they all came back and started out again about 12 o'clock. There is such excitement here when a mail does come in, the post office is crowded. I have known men wait three hours, in the hope of getting a letter at last.

I have had a lovely time ever since I came to Dawson. At first I was staying at Hunker Creek, about 30 miles from Dawson; it was on one of the claims. I used to love to see the miners clean the gold out of the "cradles," dry it, sift it, and stow it away, in two days they used to get sometimes as much as 69 ounces, this Hunker Creek gold is sold for \$16 an ounce; all gold is not the same price.

The few wild flowers I have seen are very pretty, the "Star of Bethlehem" grows wild here, and a pale blue flower like it. Lavender also grows around here, but it has not the strong perfume of our British Columbian lavender. Last summer mother had a garden in front of the cabin, and on the roof we had sweet peas, pansies and poppies, at the back we had lettuce, radishes, and turnips. The hills are covered with cranberries and blueberries. After I came down from the creek, mother bought me a pretty grey pony, so that I used to ride up along the Klondike River.

To-morrow Mr. Warren is going to give the children of the parish a little party at 4 p. m. He intends taking them for a sleigh ride first and we will have tea ready for them and play at games afterwards. He has asked me to help him because I am the Sunday school teacher. There are very few children, and only one class.

Could you please send me an Anthem for Easter? Not "Why Seek Ye the Living?": as we have that, it is the only one we have, and they sang it last year.