

## FROM A FORMER GOVERNESS OF THE CANADIAN SCHOOL.

Paget, Bermuda.

My Dear Sister Superior,—

On Tuesday, 3rd March, I received your welcome letter. I am answering it now, as our weekly mail leaves on Saturday, 7th March, for New York. After May, navigation here is almost closed, as visitors leave to avoid the hot months. The hotels also are closed until October. We may perhaps have a mail once or twice a month, but are practically cut off from all communication from without, and as many as can leave the island to escape the intense heat, thunder storms and earthquake shocks, which sometimes occur during the summer months.

Last month we had it 85 degrees in the shade. It is such damp, sticky heat, in the mornings, my clothes feel as though they had been out in the dew all night. In Honolulu we had dry heat, which was easier to bear.

I wrote a long letter to you shortly after I came. There was one mistake in it. Hamilton has only 1,500 people.

I expect to return to America in June, 1904. I must say I prefer it to any other country I have tried. The house here is built on the top of a high hill, so we get all the breeze there is. The grounds are extensive; there are five servants in the establishment, and my pupils have a nurse to wait on them.

You ask me if I like Bermuda as well as Honolulu. The two places are not alike in any respect. Bermuda is more primitive. It has few modern conveniences or comforts, and very little communication with the world, being closed yearly from May to October.

Fruit is imported. Very little grows here. The coast is exceedingly dangerous, and no vessel of any size can enter Hamilton, and never after dark. The shops are very poor. The house flies are insufferable, and there are myriads of ants and cockroaches, like those of Honolulu. The legs of refrigerators stand in soup plates of water to keep the insects from ascending.

The entire fruits are the fig, banana, and the papaw, which is something like a turnip. Our English fruits will not grow here, the soil is very poor. There are, I believe, no wild flowers; the sage and palm are scanty and look rather miserable. Hamilton is lighted by oil lamps, and the streets are narrow, ill-paved and broken.

The shops could not produce a scribbler or a blackboard, so Colonel V. sent to America for them. The board was quite a curiosity on the island when it arrived. They asked me 60 cents in a shop for a 10c. box of chalk, but I think this is all there was in Bermuda.