

while, complete, a silence which made me feel that God was very near.

The Bishop came to visit the school during the Octave, and delivered a very interesting address to the Literary Club, taking for his subject, "England in the Days of Dr. Johnson."

An event of great importance in the annals of the school was the opening of, a Saturday Candy Shop, at All Hallows. The little office, so strictly given over to business every other day in the week, on Saturday puts on another appearance. Then miniature counters appear set out with dishes of barley sugar, maple cream and chocolates. Biscuits, plain and fancy, good and wholesome, are there ready to be weighed out in business-like looking scales. Tiny cups offer five cents worth of honey, while rosy apples or golden oranges are temptingly set out. The object of the candy shop is to save the young and guileless from the temptation of spending their pocket money on unwholesome sweets and stale biscuits in the village, for the store there is "run" to furnish miners' outfits, not little girls' fancies, so our candy-shop is intended to supply a long-felt want. Towards the end of the term the new shop exhibited toys, dolls, books, beads and handkerchiefs in charming array, and it became possible for even the youngest or poorest to make purchases from one to five cents and upwards.

The end of November was marked by days of warm sunshine and balmy air, suggestive of spring. We enjoyed some long walks at this time, a few of us on Saturdays even taking our lunch out and spending the whole morning in the open air.

One sweet day I was tempted to rest for a while on a hillside close to a tiny spring, from which I enjoyed a drink of cool water, with its flavor of brown earth and all the roots of herbs that grew about its little shores. A November day, and yet the air blew softly in our faces, fragrant almost with the spicy fragrance of the spring and of the field that lay below us, warm in the afternoon sunshine, and cool with forest airs that drew down from the deep pine-clad slopes behind us, and which seemed to hold the dark secrets of a coming winter. We looked down on the village, on the plain, forsaken houses standing together above the river, so small, so meagre, so incapable of charm or pleasantness in themselves, but in their setting of violet mountains and gorgeous autumn foliage, with the yellow sunshine brooding over all, they seemed to focus a spot an artist might love to paint or a poet to write about.

Towards the end of the month the rains were again very heavy. Some bad "wash-outs" took place on the railway line, and for several days the west-bound trains were cancelled.

On St. Andrew's Day Archdeacon Pentreath came to take our chapel services and to give the children, at their own request, some