

when valued workers are called to other spheres of usefulness, and these are best not spoken of.

Goings, then comings! Such a crowd to meet coming back to school. The old girls all eager to see if they have their old rooms and old lockers, and if there are any new pianos around, or different cups and saucers on the table, and among this vociferous, cheery crowd, a few new girls, very silent and shy, overwhelmed with the multitude of new impressions and unaccustomed voices. Who that has ever been a "new girl" will ever forget the first coming to school, though indeed to come with the others is bliss compared to the terrific plunge that coming in the middle of a term must be. Just think! To have forty-seven girls standing in their places in the dining hall waiting for grace, and be solemnly ushered in the forty-eighth place, knowing that while good manners are keeping the ninety-four eyes from staring, they are all going to manage a good look somehow before you are ten minutes older. But you don't realize till afterwards, when you see other people going through it, what it is that you have been through either as a "new girl" or as a "new teacher."

And there are many visitors to welcome for a short time. Clergy, who minister to the spiritual needs of the household, and sometimes bring us news of Church work in other parts of the Province, a very occasional friend from the far-off home-land, many friends and acquaintances from comparatively near, not to mention the Music Examiner and the piano-tuner, or not a infrequent tramp. (It may be remarked, in parenthesis, that the going of the last mentioned affords more pleasure than his coming). And with a more permanent feeling, how glad we are to welcome fellow-workers from a holiday. We manage without them while they are away, and for the first few days feel very proud of ourselves, and think how well we can do, but generally by the time they come back we are quite ready thankfully to resign their special charges to their more practised skill or greater strength.

And sometimes, as before stated, they don't come back. John hasn't come back yet. He is a Chinaman, and was outdoor servant at All Hallows' for ten long years, and wheeled things up from the station, and got into mischief in the garden, and tinkered up all the tables and chairs that the children broke, and swept the paths, and cut the grass, and weeded up the dear little seedlings of some pet flower just coming up nicely, by mistake for chickweed, and cleaned the stove-pipes and brought in the coal, and occasionally amused himself by putting out your carefully nursed fire with a lot of dust and then informing you, "Pipe no good. Fire gone out." This in the time of a coal famine, when a fire was a precious thing. Oh, John was indispensable! But one day last autumn John announced that he was going away. "Me too old to work. Stop China. No more work." It seemed impossible, at any rate,