

on a tea-party under the circumstances, the hour was therefore changed and the entertainment eventually came off with unqualified success.

The outcome of all this discussion about Sunday reading has given an impetus to a movement we have been considering for some time of reviving and revising the old Sunday Lending Library, recovering its books, refilling its shelves and providing both schools with suitable books for leisure hours.

I have omitted to mention that on St. Cecilia's Day a very nice choir supper was given in the study. This festivity generally takes place in the All Saints Octave, but so many things were happening just at that time that it was put off and the children thought it was forgotten, so when invitations, written on blackberry leaves, at length reached them, there was much surprise as joy in their acclamations.

A Hallowe'en party and other "social functions" too numerous to mention took place at intervals throughout the term, relieving the lessons of their monotony, until we came to the closing party, which was again this year managed by members of the "Children's Chapel Club," who, with an eye to profit included a sale, as well as an entertainment and a supper, in the programme. Preparations for such an ambitious undertaking occupied the play-roomers for weeks beforehand. Kind parents sent hampers of good things for the stalls, and extra pocket money for expenditure on this great occasion. When the evening arrived the rooms looked very pretty and festive, and a certain atmosphere of excitement and pleasure prevailed, which seems to belong to December's last school party, for is it not a foretaste of many joys to come during the Christmas holidays, when for the sake of the Little Child of Bethlehem children are so lovingly cared for throughout all Christendom?

The next day being the Sunday before Christmas, we had a Carol Service in the Chapel after Vespers, on Monday and Tuesday we packed trunks, and on Tuesday evening and Wednesday morning we sent fifty travellers off from Yale; the little village station usually so sleepy and quiet, woke into life and the air fairly buzzed with merry voices and laughter, good wishes and good-byes.

1906.

"AND NOW WHY TARRIEST THOU?"

Lord, grant us grace to mount by steps of grace
From grace to grace nearer, my God, to Thee;
Not tarrying for tomorrow,
Lest we lie down in sorrow
And never see
Unveiled Thy Face.