

Such services are familiar to us all. We sing the same stirring hymns year after year, the beautiful Liturgy of our Church, known to us since earliest childhood, and to our fathers before us, known to our brethren in all lands, voicing the needs, the penitence, the thanksgiving of all His people. We have heard it again and again, on Sundays, week days, and festival, unchanging and full of devotion. God grant that we may be privileged to take part in the worship it sets forth until our ears become dull to the voices of earth, and attuned to the melodies of Heaven, of which our worship here is but a poor faint echo.

OCTOBER.—From the joys of the Angels' Festival, we passed on to the lower and more earthly joys of a birthday festival. In honor of Miss Shibley's natal day the Canadian school had a holiday. As the day was very fine it was spent in the playing field, when stirring matches in basket ball, tennis and rounders kept up an endless round of excitement, and tea was served out of doors.

If I attempt to chronicle all the Saturday evening parties, when "best" white frocks are worn, and dancing, charades and tableaux form the chief features of the evening, it will read like a "Society" column instead of a homely school journal, so I will but briefly remark upon the pleasant evenings provided for the school at large by small committees of girls who are appointed in turn to cater for the Saturday entertainments. By learning how to organize and carry through miniature social functions of this sort, they receive, we believe, a fair preparation for fulfilling the more important social duties they may be called upon to undertake hereafter.

All this time lessons are going on steadily, from six to seven hours a day young heads are bent over books, and from half an hour to two hours a day young fingers are scrambling over scales and "studies." At half past six every morning the strains of musical instruments reach our ears. Five pianos, one organ and five violins are discoursing sweet music more or less all day long. Our household to-night numbers ninety-two people, working, serving, praying and living together in quiet, peaceful routine, with so many duties, interests and incidental pleasures that the weeks seem all too short, and Mondays appear to come round with amazing frequency.

Twice this term the doctor has been called in, a fact so unprecedented that we feel obliged to give it all due importance. On the first occasion after seeing his own special patient, who had a severe ear-ache, he asked if he could do anything for anyone else. Such an offer was not to be neglected, so we tried, but tried in vain, to find some one in need of a genuine medical prescription and not a home-made one.

Towards the end of October the doctor was again called in to testify whether any bones were broken in a limb in which pain and