

such a season, came with its usual cheering helpful influence. A "dolls' Christmas party" was given by the Indian children, to which as a specially honoured guest Miss Crease came, and delighted our young entertainers by a few happily spoken words of thanks for their small Christmas hamper, sent through her, to the Lytton Indian Hospital. Then that beautiful old life went out from our midst, and the next day there poured in the tide of young life, fresh from holidays, eager to tell and to hear, a babel of joyous sounds; and the rooms lately so quiet, echoed to the sound of children's voices, and the tread of children's feet. Two old faces were missing from among the flock, two new faces were smiling in their room.

The end of the month saw Sister Agatha's arrival from England, after a long and stormy voyage across the Atlantic. Gay little parties of skaters have been out on the rink daily.

FEBRUARY:—Sadly and slowly we followed dear Alice Creighton to her last resting place. Our thoughts involuntarily went back over fifteen years, and we saw again the bright-faced child standing at the Parsonage door and insisting upon coming to the "Sisters' new School." Again we saw her kneeling before God's Altar, happy yet sweetly serious, to receive from Bishop Sillitoe the holy rite of Confirmation. Her confirmation veil is exchanged for the bridal wreath, and she goes forth after the marriage service, a very young but most real helpmeet to the husband she has chosen. Now the tale of her short life is over and God has called her home, leaving behind a record of loving faithful service as daughter, sister, wife

and mother. May she rest in peace. God has taken His aged servant, Miss Crease, too, hence.

She passed to rest, not from the darkened room,

Where voice is hushed, and noiseless footsteps glide;

Not from the bed of pain, where slow disease

Steals from the pale drawn face the look we loved;

But from the hills where healthful breezes play

And gladsome sunshine makes all nature glad.

God called her home to where the fairer light

Of His Own Presence cheers through endless days,

The vales and mountains of a sunnier land.

MARCH:—Stening and Hilda Edgecombe sailed for Australia yesterday, leaving two small empty beds in the dormitory and two forlorn desks in the School room.

Edith (Belle) Wilson's marriage to Charles Hamilton, son of Bishop Hamilton, of Ottawa, took place in Rossland on the 15th. We hear that the bride wore a grey travelling dress, a point lace jabot, and a hat of white chiffon. She carried a bouquet of lilies of the valley and white roses, and not less fair than her flowers we know dear Belle must have looked.

APRIL:—Our empty beds were speedily filled. Marie Cross and Florence Davis arriving on the 2nd New places for them must be found in our hearts, for All Hallows' children once filling niches there, cannot be displaced, however great the distance of time and space which may separate us from them.

Arminal (Mrs. Millet) has a little son. How rich in grandchildren the old Schools are becoming.

Mali spent two weeks with us,