

The Festival of St. Michael and All Angels was marked as usual by carefully-prepared musical services and very interesting addresses given by our chaplain, the Rev. H. Underhill. A feeling of sadness was present with some of us who realised that the day was now fast approaching when Miss Moody would be leaving us for a long period of absence in England.

OCTOBER.—On the first of this month Miss Moody began her travels eastward, and for the two succeeding weeks we haunted post-office and telegraph office, for if the mails did not bring letter or post-card, a message from somewhere might surely be expected, for was she not sailing on a vessel furnished with wireless telegraphy!

On the 12th great preparations were on foot for a birthday party. The Play-roomers' got up a charming little "Fairy dance," and several of the "study girls" helped out the programme with a recitation from "The Charge of the Light Brigade," in which each performer was dressed to represent a different character, and delivered a single verse with appropriate dramatic action and accent in keeping with the extravagance of her costume. The Scotsman, the Frenchman, the Elderly English Spinster, the Schoolboy, and several others were simply inimitable, and so amusing that we grew at last almost weary with laughing. The supper, which was very elaborate, was provided, I believe, by both Study and Play-roomers, in honor of Miss Shibley's birthday. Mrs. and Miss Hamersley and Mrs. Croucher were our guests for the evening.

A little later in the month another birthday stirred the children into activity. In this the Indian children had their part, for the birthday was Miss Kelley's, so the schools combined. The Dramatic Club of the Canadian School borrowed the Indian school-room, and gave their performance there on the platform, then they retired, and the Indian children prepared and served the supper.

On All Saints' Eve, when all the preparations for keeping our dedication festival suitably were ready, and the little moment of quiet which precedes the dinner hour here had fallen over the house, I stood at my window, musing on the years that had passed since I spent my first "All Saints" in Yale. The setting sun was resting with a marvellous benediction on the stern old head of our tallest mountain peak. The October mists were rising and cloaking the color of the autumn trees, and I stood dreaming and listening to the cheerful twitter of the robins that came up from below. Full of thankfulness was my heart as I looked back on the twenty years I had been privileged to work in the mission field, full of hope and courage as I looked forward to the years of labor that were perhaps yet to come, and as I lingered there the evening shadows deepened, color and sound together began to fade away, and the silence was, for a