

school and ten in the other had it, and great was our thankfulness when we were really free from it at last.

October.—A most glorious autumn. Bright sunny days and clear, starry nights helped wonderfully towards good recoveries for our invalids.

In between whiles the garden engaged much attention. It had suffered greatly from the defection of the faithless John, so that his very energetic successor found plenty to occupy him. Though drastic measures were needed, and though the garden looked very bare, yet a gardener's prophetic soul is able to hope much from it in the future.

November.—So the term went on, diversified and enlivened (we are never allowed to be dull!) by birthday parties, plays, Hal-lowe'en festivities, and the great central point of all, the chapel services for our special Festival of All Saints, when the Archdeacon was with us for the second time this term. Though our garden was bare and empty, yet other gardens in the village, and an "old girl's" gift, beautified the chapel with many lovely white flowers, and children's voices rose in familiar hymn and anthem.

Still winter held off, and it was after "St Martin's Summer" before we had any real frost. Many people tell us that we may expect a fairly mild winter, an immense relief to many of us, though the children enjoy the excitements of a cold winter keenly. The Indians say that whereas last year the squirrels were almost frantic in their endeavors to lay in sufficient stores for the hard winter they felt coming on, yet this year they are not troubling about food at all.

December.—Advent has begun with all its outward and apparent preparations for keeping the coming festival, Christmas gifts, Christmas carols, Christmas home-going; and, underlying all these, there are the unseen, but no less real, preparations for celebrating the "Birthday of our God and King."

Though most of the household are looking forward to spending Christmas elsewhere, we and our Indian children hope once again, and perhaps for the last time, to keep Christmas here in our little stable chapel.

For we hope, all being well, to begin building our new chapel in the spring. There are still many difficulties in the way, but, as George Herbert says:

"When Thou dost favor any action,
It runs, it flies;
All things concur to give it a perfection."