



## Christmas at "Kingswood"

Contributed by Nursing Sister Oram.

The first peep into the out-of-doors and it might have been Canada, for the trees and ground were all white and the lake was glazed, but in-doors first and last and all day through was joyous Christmas, England or Canada, it mattered not where. Kingswood in-doors was Christmas for the eyes and Christmas in spirit. Everywhere was Christmas green, through all the rooms and wards and halls, young trees and holly sprays and wreaths and Christmas red in berries, leaves and flowers. Mistletoe hung from quite surprising corners, and the boys' eyes were full of fun and daring.

At 10 o'clock when "Mail-call" blew, everyone was in line all eager. Everyday it is a call to be answered with alacrity, but Christmas morning, oh, what anticipation, what hopes! and few were disappointed. Through the kindness of friends each one received a Christmas letter addressed to him personally, and then there were letters and parcels from home.

It was a holiday at home, and so the games which perhaps are played half lazily on confining ordinary days, were entered into with zest and brightness, and things were generally gay and merry, and oh, the rush when "Cook-house" was sounded clear and quite plainly at 1 o'clock: "Oh, come to your Christmas dinner, turkeys, cranberries and pies!" instead

of the everyday: "Oh, come to the Cook-house door, boys, come to the Cook-house door!" though perhaps, the notes were the very same! And what a dinner awaited them, what tables, what a room! Perhaps, the dining-room could claim to be the very best on this day of days, but how describe its added beauties, for it is a most lovely room. Holly with its bright green and bright red, completely surrounded each of the handsome stained glass windows which are on one side of the room, and between hung flags, the good old English one that has brought us all here, and our good Canadian, and these were looped with wreaths of our true emblem in its full autumnal splendor, the tapestried walls and big oak door leading to the Recreation Room and Drawing Room Ward were brightened with Christmas colors: from the centre light hung a great bunch of holly with mistletoe peeping out, and the mantel, one of the treasures of the house and a wonder in its magnificence of carving, was heaped with flowers and ferns, and in the middle of the great mirror was another wreath of our emblem, and these had been sent from the Land of the Maple to help decorate for the Christmas dinner. Could there have been a nicer thought? Nature's beauties in the form of shaggy chrysanthemums, a gift of our fairy god-father, Mr. Leech, adorned all the tables,