

The Christmas dinner and the delightful Christmas tree will be described by another pen this year, so I need only say that the happy and blessed week sped away with its usual swiftness, hardly leaving us time to ponder over its deep and yet simple lessons.

January 1st.—On returning from church we all exclaimed, "Oh, what a bitter day it is!" To be out for half an hour is quite exhausting, walking over the uneven, frozen track, but then we forgot our miseries in looking at a cheerful big fire, and we thought the cold will not last very long and we must expect it. But, alas! day by day it grew colder and colder, and fires no longer kept us warm indoors. It was zero a few feet away from a large fire, and the wind did not abate, and the snow was piled higher and higher on the verandah roof till we feared it would collapse altogether. So the days passed, nearly each one fraught with some new calamity—frozen pipes everywhere, coal all consumed, coal oil running short as we were using it in such great quantities. Our friends in town lent us these commodities till we could procure other supplies, but these were long in coming, as the train service was most irregular. About the middle of the month it got a little milder, and we were thankful when the thermometer registered zero, but our troubles were by no means over. Then the real damage was made manifest, as various bursts occurred in different places and streams appeared where it ought to have been dry land. We were most fortunate, and amidst our manifold difficulties, very thankful to be able to secure workmen on the spot, who came to our aid, and, after impressing two tramps who wanted work, with very great difficulty they succeeded in restoring things to their normal condition by the last day of the month.

February 1st.—Saw the return of the Canadian School, with sundry misgivings on our part, as to what further calamities might be impending, which the presence of the school would indeed render serious, but we settled in peacefully, and for a fortnight all went well. After an interval of unexpected calm, illness appeared in the shape of measles, which has not left us yet, and very few of the school have escaped, though some have had it very slightly indeed, but even a mild attack needs care, and leaves its victim feeling rather "washed out."

February 27th.—To-day witnessed the departure from our midst of Miss Harmer, who will be missed by all who knew her. Her unselfish brightness and sense of fun has smoothed over many a rough corner, and her place as "stage manager" can never be filled by one more gifted and qualified for such a post. When the closing day arrives its glory will wane before the memories of last year's success. But we are not purposing to climb higher