

and to receive from Him the Holy Food whereby they too might grow in saintliness and spiritual beauty.

Among our visitors this term we have been specially glad to welcome Mrs. Sillitoe, the late Bishop's wife, who knew us and helped us in our "day of small things," and whose loving friendship and continued interest in the schools are greatly valued.

We were receiving new pupils all the term until every bed in the house was occupied and the dormitories were full to overflowing.

IN DECEMBER Influenza made its annual appearance, but in a light, I had almost said a genial, form. There were no very bad sore throats or alarmingly high temperatures, and the children of both schools succumbed by ones and twos, going into retirement gently and gracefully for a few days then cheerfully returning and falling into line again.

Sundays at school are difficult days. After the morning service and Scripture class, and possibly a walk if the weather is fine, the day stretches out with several hours of leisure and it almost seems as if children, whose week-day hours are ordered by rule, do not know how to occupy themselves when their usual employments are suspended. Letter-writing and afternoon tea are the resources of the study girls, the play-roomers are fond of saying "We have nothing to do," then doing that "nothing" with great enjoyment.

One "Lecture morning" the "School Mother" addressed the family on the subject of Sunday observance and suggested that a little more reading might be done on Sunday afternoons. The Literary Club does something for its members in this direction, but there are others who do not belong to the Club and whose attainments lie somewhat below the classics—these, or at least a few of these, in deference to the "School Mother's" suggestion, formed a "Reading Society." The list of books they submitted for her approval began with the "Adventures of Sherlock Holmes," and passing down through many gradations finally reached "The Birds' Christmas Carol" and "Probable Sons!" But the girls were in earnest. They wanted to read, they wanted to spend Sunday well, and the "School-Mother" loved them even while she laughed at them, and straightway became herself an honorary member of the Sunday Reading Club, revising its list of books and suggesting by-laws and regulations for its conduct. As time passed the Sunday afternoon readings lost the zest of their first novelty, but were persevered in from a high sense of duty, then by way of change and relaxation the members obtained permission to give an afternoon tea. Invitations were issued for it and all seemed to be going on well until the Honorary Member discovered that cold roast chickens were being provided by too hospitable hostesses for this early function! The Honorary Member suggested that a supper party might be an improvement