

little further on I found a belle of ebony hue, with white teeth gleaming in a merry smile and woolly hair curling round her head. I thought of "Cannibal Islands," in "Darkest Africa," "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and a few more far-fetched or inaccurate titles, until on passing Topsy meditatively for the fourth time I saw first what she was, a "Black Beauty." So we all travelled round and round the study, looking, thinking, guessing, writing in our booklets. In one corner I found some sea pictures. A beach, a summer sea, a boat with three figures in it putting out to sea. That was comparatively easy, it spoke for itself, "Three men in a boat;" but what does this picture mean—I see an evening scene, a quiet stretch of water, a pale white light in the horizon where perhaps the moon is rising, and in the foreground a little to the right a dark frowning rock. "Black Rock," by Ralph Connor, of course that is what it represents. At last the game was over; there were thirty "titles," and it took a long time to get round them. Then we were conducted to the dining hall, where dancing filled up the interval occupied by the committee in collecting our booklets, counting up the answers and deciding upon their merits.

The 1st prize, a handsome metal shell-shaped card-tray of Japanese workmanship, was awarded to the Sister Superior; there was a draw for the 2nd prize, and we have forgotten who won the booby prize.

When the girls tired of dancing, tiny cards with one cent, coin of the realm, attached by a gay colored ribbon to each were distributed, and we were set to guessing again. "A Penny for Your Thoughts" was the idea this time, and such conundrums as these had to be answered: "A Messenger," one sent (or 1 cent); "Gone, But Not Forgotten," Queen Victoria—for each of the coins bore the inscription of the Queen's head—and so on, for no less than sixteen "thoughts" had to be rung out of that copper. It was ingenious, but fatiguing, especially before supper.

That festive meal came as a solace—it was very dainty, and besides cake, sandwiches and coffee, we enjoyed such luxuries as "fudge," walnut toffee, "Turkish delight" and salted almonds, all of home-made manufacture. We had caught fascinating glimpses the day before of amateur confectioners scorching their faces over the fire, stirring syrup that wouldn't "fudge," or poisoning bowls with homely grace as they beat up eggs, or mistakenly sprinkling sugar instead of salt over their blanched almonds. These are the incidents, are they not? which make school parties "such fun." Lastly, when all the good things were eaten, and all the riddles guessed, we joined hands in the dining hall and sang "Auld Lang Syne," before bidding Daisy good-bye.

For Michalmas Day Mr. Underhill came up and we had some lovely services in the chapel in honor of St. Michael and All Angels.