

August.—

"The roses have faded—the wilful wild roses,
They sleep with the violets that bloomed in the spring;
The midsummer glory has gone from the hedges,
Where only the blackberries cluster and cling.

"We measure the flight of the year by its seasons,
'It fell in the hay-time, or harvest,' we say,
'At the fall of the leaf, or when primroses blossom,'
Or else 'When the berries are red on the spray.'"

Yale is infinitely lovely after the recent storms. We have returned to duty sun-browned, hardy and joyously ready to take up the "trivial round of common tasks."

Our Sisters have sailed from England and we are exerting ourselves to get the schools ready for occupation before their arrival.

The days of the month are flying all too swiftly for all we have to do. At 4 o'clock one morning a busy toiler had to rise to meet the thousand pressing duties of the day. Long had she been watching for the dawn. It came at last, first a pearly grey twilight, then the glancing rays of the sun making the sky all roseate in the east over grim old Linky, and up the woods by the brook the birds began calling to one another.

August 29th.—Our houses are getting quite full again. The Sisters arrived safely. They were followed by Miss Shibley and Miss Harmer and the rest of the staff, finally by the children, until once more we numbered ninety-five souls in the "family."

September 6th.—The Bishop came to take the services in the chapel today, and with the offering of the Holy Eucharist in the early morning, the term seemed really to open.

September 16th.—On this day those of us who were left behind experienced an unwontedly "empty" feeling in the house, a curious sensation, when the school was almost at its fullest; but the presence was missing of her who had been the first to begin the work in 1884 and who had not gone away so far for eleven long years.

We were not allowed much time, however, to indulge in feelings, for a few hours had hardly elapsed since the departure of our travellers, when an unmistakeable case of measles showed itself in the school, and isolation and other like measures filled our thoughts.

All our precautions were, however, unavailing, and each fortnight afterwards, just as we were triumphantly coming out of quarantine, someone else succumbed! Altogether, twelve in one