

fellows. All seemed to settle down into dignified harmony, and the breezy High School Cadets March was played with enthusiasm and abandon. Now came several Choruses and Songs by the Staff. Then all looked forward to the event of the evening, viz., the "Living Pictures," suitable introductions to each being made by Mrs. Woodrow and Mr. Jas. Dennison. As these pictures are fully described in the account of the New Year's Entertainment, it would not do to refer to them at length here. After the calcium light had given its last hiss, Santa Claus appeared, claiming that the weather was so bad he had to come from Sharbot Lake on a pneumatic tired bicycle; but all the same he had arrived, and his presents would soon appear. As he spoke, parcels began to drop from the sky, and trees, and houses, and he was soon buried in them. As the names of the different patients were called out, the people came up for the presents; the tree was stripped, and soon there was a perfect Babel, and the happy clatter of hundreds of tongues going at once, was the most pleasant music of the evening.

Yes, Xmas at Rockwood was a success, and the day a very happy one for all concerned.

MY FIDDLE!—VIOLINO MIO!

One man loves his fiddle (or, alas! his neighbor's sometimes), for all the melodies he can wake from it—it is but a selfish love!

Another, who is no fiddler, may love a fiddle, too, for its symmetry, its neatness, its color, its delicate grainings, the lovely lines and curves of its back and front—for its own sake, so to speak. He may have a whole gallery full of fiddles,

to love in his innocent way—a harem!—and yet not know a single note of music, or even care to hear one. He will dust them and stroke them down, and try to put them in tune—*pizzicato*—and put them back again, and call them over such sweet little pet names: Viol, viola, viola d'amore, viol di gamba, violino mio! and breath his little troubles into them, and they will give him back inaudible little murmurs in sympathetic response, like a damp Æolian harp, but he will never draw a bow across their strings or wake a single chord—or discord—"Tri-bly," by Du Maurier.

BABY MARGARET'S FIRST CHRISTMAS.

Fairy maiden, Margaret,
Like an April violet,
Purple dark thy sweet eyes be;
Daisy soft, and dimpled sweet,
Whither will those dainty feet,
"Thursday's baby," carry thee?
Through the world so wide and
strange,
Free as air in sunny May,
Fond of sunshine and of change,
Art thou meant to laugh and range,
"Thursday's baby," who can say?
Be the old rhyme true or no,
Little pilgrim, who would not
Smooth away each rugged spot,
Where those tender feet must go:
And for thee, thou winsome sprite,
May thy heart be always light,
And thy innocent blue eyes
Never be with tears o'er laden,
Still reflecting sunny skies,
Baby Margaret, fairy maiden.

K. S. McL.
