

it. A very happy party of Indians made their way back to their ranches that day. They had had a very blessed time indeed. Reverent Musical Services in a Place of Worship, that was warm and fragrant with the Christmas wreaths of evergreen and flowers. They had heard words of instruction and had joined in songs of praise. Comfortable gifts of warm clothing were in their hands, and the bountiful tea they had enjoyed, served round by their own little daughters, filled up their measure of satisfaction.

When we had robbed the tree even of its decorations it seemed as if Christmas were over. We sang Christmas carols each evening at Vespers, and enjoyed a quiet and restful week. Then on New Year's Day, Christmas festivities broke out again. We had a party of eighteen at the annual Communicants' Dinner.

After New Year's Day I thought that we surely must have seen the last of Christmas—but no! On the eve of the Epiphany, Sister announced, "Now to-night we must have a party for the children." We all inquired what we might do to help, and for an answer were led into the dining-hall, to behold another Christmas-tree, quite a small one this time, waiting to be dressed. We spent the afternoon decorating it. There was one small gift for each child, and a bag of candies. At half-past seven in the evening an eager, anxious throng of children assembled at the dining-hall door. An edict had gone forth that all guests were to enter the room blindfolded, for this second tree was to be a real surprise. There was one small child of about nine years who had come to the school just a day or two after Christmas, and had missed the first Christmas-tree, and had never had an opportunity of seeing one in her life before. What her ideas were it is impossible to conceive, but her wild look of terror and her pale face showed that she expected the worst. She spoke no English, so it was impossible to calm her fears. She was led into the dining-hall and the bandage removed, but even then I don't think she felt reassured. However, in time she found out what it was all about, and took a great interest in the other girls' proceedings, which were to find their own presents before Sister had finished counting ten. They came up in threes, and if their search was unsuccessful they had to wait until all the others had had their turn. We had used our judgment in placing the presents, those for the tallest children we had put on the floor, and for the slow, methodical children we had hung the presents on the ends of the branches.

When all had their gifts the tree was pushed aside and the games began. We had the "Blackbird" and several other games, which are quite indigenous to All Hallows. Then we had "I sent a letter to my love," and ended with the orthodox "Musical Chairs," only this time it happened to be the "Musical Stools," which is much simpler, as there is no chair-back to obstruct the way to a seat.

After a real supper, with real tea out of real cups and saucers, the family said goodnight, and I think it was a real goodbye to