

The change from sombre black shawls to spring and summer flowers of the gayest colors, interspersed with evergreens, mignonne, and gaudy plumes, produced such a striking contrast, that I didn't recognize my own parishioners, supposing they were visitors from a neighboring village come to attend our celebrated annual Christmas concert.

FOLLOWING THE FASHION.

One of our missionaries, referring to this same characteristic, said that when society adopted the puff sleeves, his wife had hers slightly inflated, so as not to be conspicuous on arrival in Victoria. The Indian women noted the change, and dressmaking was the order of the day throughout the village. To the great surprise of the missionary and the mortification of his wife, there were assembled in the congregation Indian women who were bound to outdo their fair sisters. They wanted to be puffed up like others, only the puff reached the dimensions of a small sized balloon, as they stood even