

The sultry summer's day is done,
The western hills have hid the sun,
But mountain peaks and village spire
Retain reflection of his fire.

We closed as usual with a house full of guests and a gay prize-day.

On the 29th the Canadian school saw all its members, small and great, pouring out of the gates on their way to the station, for the school year was over and holidays had begun.

July.—The word "vacation" implying "emptiness," is not a good word to employ in describing this period of refreshment which nature demands and kindly circumstances grant. Rest comes not from lying fallow but from change of scene and occupation, and there are many good things which may be profitably done during the holidays.

There are many good books to be read, for which we are too busy at other times, fresh touch with nature to be gained, and time for quietness and recollection of spirit. A holiday well spent ought to be to the year what every Sunday is to the week.

I wonder if there is not a tendency among us to make the holiday a time of selfish ease and indulgence, just as there is too frequently a tendency to make Sunday a day of rest, but not a day of worship. A holiday well spent ought to make us more earnest in life's work, more brave to meet its trials and bear its burdens. Across the space of rest and recreation the work should be contemplated and the end kept in view.

With many such thoughts in our minds perhaps, a small party of us started for "La Cabane," our tiny home of rest, newly built, nestling away in the woods beside the quiet waters of an inlet near North Arm. Here we did everything for ourselves, and everything in the open air, for the kitchen had a roof but no walls, and meals were eaten on the verandah. We ran down six yards and no more (rather less when the tide was high) to bathe, and we took our own little skiff and rowed away over the placid waters, sometimes undisturbed by a single ripple, sometimes gently rocking, once only rough and angry, lifting us high on the tops of great waves, only to throw us down again into a trough of dark water, thence to pick us up and only shake us about like dice in a box. There were occasions when the exigency of circumstances drove us out to seek drift-wood for the fire on our hearth, and so expert did we become in this industry that our boat used to return laden with spoil, which we threw out on the beach and from thence carried up to the kitchen. It was not rest but change of occupation, and a returning to the natural life which seemed full of promise of health and refreshment. We found plenty of time for reading and sewing, for writing