

wife. This jovial Steward was an enthusiast, and a whole reception committee in himself. He worked like a Trojan, and among other things, had two beautiful arches erected in the Avenue. The first bore the legend, "Welcome to Our Home"; the second, "May you Live Long and be Happy." It was never known whether the Marquis and his lady heard of the reception awaiting them. At all events, they avoided the Institution as a wary mouse does a promising trap, and the fixings (including a new frock coat purchased for the Steward), had to be stored away until some more unsuspecting grandee than the Marquis should happen to call. Not the least funny part of the affair was the expression made use of by one of the patients, who looked at the arches and mottoes, and said: "Jimminy Crickets," surely the Marquis is not going off his base! If he is, I hope they won't send him to my ward, for we have more Scotch now than we have porridge for."

We missed the breakfast, but were in time for dinner, and such a dinner. If Oliver Twist could have dropped in, he would have been in the seventh heaven. It may be true that many a turkey roost has a vacancy, but those birds had a mission, and they certainly filled it. If the poultry was just right, the cooking was perfection, the many varieties of vegetables, all that could be wished for, and the plum pudding, so rich in raisins, that the big fat fellows had to squeeze themselves into all sorts of shapes to find room, and this too in spite of the fact that Mr. Marter has his eye on the raisin supply of all the institutions. Wicked Mr. Marter. To be sure there was no brandy in the pudding sauce, but no one missed it, or if he did, was too polite to mention the fact.

The gastronomic performances at

tea time were admirable. Among other things, we noticed that there were 590 patients and 600 lbs. of plum cakes. In school we learn that 590 will go into 600 once, with a very little over. This was about the result reached, thus proving that figures never lie.

However, Xmas at Rockwood is not all made up of eating, and when it is remembered that at night the time honored tree is to appear, laden with messages of hope and joy to all within the Hospital, you can easily guess what had to be done to get things ready. Five hundred and ninety presents to be provided, five hundred and ninety candy bags to be prepared, for it is the rule that everybody must be remembered. Fortunately the friends of the inmates have warm hearts and open purses, and it is a good thing to live through a Rockwood Xmas, if for nothing more than to learn that the people of this world are not half so bad as some would have us think. Over three hundred bulky parcels came from the north, the east and the west, and some even came sailing over the lake from the sunny south. Not only that, but generous people forwarded large and small amounts of money, to buy presents for the "friendless ones," and truly there were no friendless ones on Xmas night. Even people who had not a relative here, contributed their mite without solicitation, and their gifts must have been thrice blessed. The tree was resplendent with different colored lights, and ornaments, and fairly groaned under the load it carried, but before the formal presentation of the gifts took place, a delightful entertainment was given. After the usual tuning up of fiddles and basses, during which time the big Viols behaved as if they were grumbling at not being allowed to speak, and the little Viols entered a high pitched plaint against the other