

heard the strains of a violin, and very shortly, bright cheerful voices, singing a Christmas carol in the hall. Then we heard a tramp, tramp, tramp up the stairs, which ended in "Carol Sweetly Carol" on the landing outside our rooms. On coming down to breakfast, Sister Superior inquired who had committed such an outrage as to ring the rising bell on Christmas morning, and we found the culprit to be Milly. She had been reproved the day before for omitting to ring it, but she had an argument ready in her own favor. She reminded us that if she had not rung the bell, what would be the sense of singing in their carol, "Hark the Merry Christmas Bells?" We have no cathedral in Yale to ring out the Christmas chimes, so Milly thought the rising bell would be a good substitute.

It was well we all ate a good supper in the early morning on Christmas Day, for we had very little breakfast. It was not that there was a lack of food—that is never known at All Hallows—but there was a great lack of space on the table, as our presents were piled high in front of each plate. However, we managed to get a little food and to be ready for Matins at 11 o'clock. The Archdeacon gave us a Christmas address, and we were quite sorry when it was over.

There was great excitement among the children at this part of the day. The tables were laid in the Canadian School dining-hall, with Sister Superior's place in the middle of one table, and Sister Agatha's at the other. We were all dressed in our best—the children with their blue frocks and white frills. The "grown-ups" took their places first, and then the children marched in singing a Christmas carol. We had a very happy meal and did justice to the turkey and plum puddings. I had never before had a Christmas dinner with quite such a large family.

Christmas festivities were carried on to Saint Stephen's Day, as I think they were everywhere else this year. We had a big Christmas-tree for the Indians, who had come up for the Midnight Celebration, and all the children who were at the school. It took us nearly all the morning to find places on an overladen tree for everything, but by three o'clock the curtains were drawn across the windows and the candles lighted. I have never seen such a beautiful tree. Every branch was laden, and looked as if it could not bear even another trifle. There were seventy-five pairs of eyes, some of them were so very, very old, yet all were bright and eager, gazing at the tree, and longing for the distribution of its heavy load of presents. The children in the school sang several carols, and then the delightful work of destruction began. Sister Agatha and Miss Kelley undertook to cut down and distribute the gifts, Miss Nevitt the oranges, and I was in demand with the candy-bags, while Miss R. Moody kept watch over the lighted candles. The tree was stripped of its finery very quickly—in about half the time it took to dress