

girls made up for this deficiency, however, by having a feast in our room, but of course that is a secret.

*Saturday.*—The girls were all tired this morning after last night's exertions. The half-hour's extra sleep did not seem to be sufficient, but we are thankful for even small mercies. Was unable to take all my exercise this morning, as we had to clean the pariors of the fancy things which we had contributed towards their decoration. A good many were prevented from going out for the same reason, but none of us wept over it.

*Sunday.*—Mr. and Mrs. Wallace came to take tea with us to-night, and Mr. Wallace led vespers. We were happy to find that some of the handsome vases were still ornamenting the rooms. The forty dollar one on the piano was admired very much by all.

*Monday.*—This has been the bluest of all blue Mondays. I never know my lessons on Monday, and to-day was no exception, but I had the satisfaction of finding that none of the rest knew theirs, so it was not quite so bad. "Misery likes company." Of course Miss Blank knew hers. She always does; but on Fridays and Saturdays, when there is plenty of fun going on, I like to be in it. They say it is not good for a woman to know too much. There is no danger of their complaining of me for that reason. To give a darker dye to this blue day, we received the news that that beautiful vase which we admired so much was found this morning broken all to smithers. It seems that two maids, in attempting to close the folding doors, hit the piano and knocked the vase off. But the piano was minus one castor. Whose fault was that? Who put the vase there, anyway? Why didn't the China Hall people take the troublesome things away? Why did Dr. Rand ever borrow them? Why did we have any recital? Everything has gone crooked to-day, but it will be still more crooked if I don't get my light out. Won't it be blissful when I get home and have no rules! The trouble is there will always be duty, and I believe that is harder to evade than rules.

*Tuesday.*—We had a meeting in the chapel this morning to decide what to do about that awful vase. We everyone of us knew before we began to talk about it that we—the school—ought to pay for it, and we decided to do it.

*Wednesday.*—The girls have been around to-day with their subscription paper. They seem to be doing very well. Subscribed a dollar. Alas for my spring hat! Things went as usual in the classes. Had a very animated discussion in our English over one of the characters in Hamlet. I hope some day that our Latin class will have learned that verbs of saying and thinking take the subjunctive with *ut*. I have learned it, but I guess I am the only one who has.

*Friday.*—Virtue is rewarded for once. The Executive Committee of the Board sent up word to-day that they would pay for the vase, so I can have my spring hat after all. Oh, that I had subscribed four or five dollars, that it might have been the more virtue for me. It is very good in them to do it, and the best of it is that we are to have the vase mended, and keep it for an ornament in the reception room. I wish the Committee had been here to hear the clapping when we heard the message. A whole week's holidays now! It was indeed a capital idea of Dr. Rand's to have those Doulton vases sent up.