

School began again on January 20th, and only those who know what holidays are in a large family, especially when one is trying to get through arrears of work before another term begins, can at all realize the blissful rest experienced when the welcome school-bell rings at last and one's very energetic family is provided for for so many hours.

The unwonted peacefulness did not last long, however, as influenza soon visited us again, for the second time this winter. This time it was mostly the little ones who were attacked, and we had some bad cases, with troublesome and tedious after-effects.

Even that cloud had its silver lining, though, as it showed what good and careful nurses some of our elder girls made.

There was a pleasant break just before Lent, when the Canadian School got up the play "*Les Cloches de Corneville*," and the Indian School was invited to form the orchestra for the performance. Seven bells, drums, triangles, tambourine, organ and piano produced a grand conglomeration of sound—enjoyed alike by performers and audience!

As the weeks drew on towards Easter-tide one fruitful subject of conversation was the all-important question as to whether our white mountain lilies, the trilliums, our earliest wild flower, would be out in time for Easter. Now and again warm balmy days would come and the crocuses would lift up cheerful little faces to the sun, then the soft white snow would cover everything up again, and our hopes would die down. Many expeditions and lengthy scrambles, would only result in one or two tightly closed buds. But, just before Easter, spring really did come, and we had trilliums after all for the first Easter in our enlarged chapel.

How the pale green walls set off the fronds of hardy fern, the holly-like glossiness of the "*Oregon grape*," and the trailing masses of our Northern linnea, all ruddy from the winter frosts!

What a beautiful pathway to the altar was made by the bamboo rods, filled with flowers and ferns, at the end of each seat!

How all the beauty culminated at the altar itself where Easter lilies, hyacinths and narcissus filled the air with fragrance and looked like a vision of angels hovering over the altar in the Presence of the Lord!

Very beautiful too was the Easter music beginning with the Introit, "*When I Wake Up I Am Present With Thee*," going on to the old familiar communion service of Dykes in F., while at matins both the Processional "*Hail! Festal Day!*" and the four tiny anthems from the "*Messiah*, ("*Since by Man Came Death*, etc.") were accompanied by two violins, one played by a former pupil in the In-