

Christmas night. The Sisters told us "Come and do your best to sing and we will find one to play for you." So we came and then we found that out of the White School which the Sisters have here, near this School for our children, was one girl who could play and could sing the words of our Service, and so our Christmas Service was just as good as ever, and we were surprised and glad. We know it was God the Holy Spirit Who helped this young girl, Who taught her the music and the words, and Who put it into her heart to do this. The Sisters are working for the white people because their children want help as much as our children, they are growing up together here in these great homes, the children of the white people on one side, and the children of our people on the other, and we must be thankful to God for all He is doing for us. We are not going away empty any of us, we are going with the Sisters' little gifts in our hands, and with God's great Gift from the Altar in our hearts, if we came in the right way to receive God's Gift. He gave us a great one, if we came without care then the Gift was small for us because we did not know how to receive it.

Let us thank God, and live better lives, we and our Sisters three."

SISTER AGATHA.

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 "From Miss Susan Wallace,
 Carshalton, England."

SOR several years we have received a parcel for our Mission, bearing this inscription. And we feel now that we should like our readers to know what unwearied pains this good friend takes in the preparation of this parcel. Each winter she

gathers round her a party of girls, and having provided the very best and prettiest materials, she superintends personally the making up of the most charming garments for our children and old Indians. Soft, warm scarfs, hoods and petticoats, crossovers also and knee-caps—so comforting in our cold winters; beautiful scarlet cloaks for our girls, so that we "need not be afraid of the snow for our household," and, almost more valuable than all else, jackets for our old women, of the softest, warmest material, daintily finished and ornamented, by loving hands. These jackets, though intended for warmth in sickness and cold, are sacredly kept to wear on the occasions when their owners come to church to make their Communion, with something of the same feeling which animated King David, when he poured out the so dearly purchased cold water before the Lord.

All these beautiful gifts have been the greatest comfort to our people, and we wish to offer our most sincere thanks to Miss Wallace, and the girls of her sewing and knitting classes, in far, distant England.

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The Queen's Last Ride.

FEB. 4TH., 1901.

THE Queen is taking a drive to-day,
 They have hung with purple the carriage way,
 They have dressed with purple the Royal track,
 Where the Queen goes forth and never comes back.

Let no man labor as she goes by
 On her last appearance to mortal eye,
 With heads uncovered let all men wait,
 For the Queen to pass in her Royal state.

Army and Navy shall lead the way
 For that wonderful coach of the Queen's
 to-day,
 Kings and Princes and lords of the land