

was a great silver moon riding in the deep blue sky above. And the whole world seemed swimming in that whiteness, and God and His angels were very near.

June 28th.—The summer is yet young, the June roses are not all faded, and the chill of the springtime air has been tempered by the summer sun till shade is a condition to be coveted, and in the shade of the old acacias we sat this afternoon and enjoyed the children's play.

For the first time in many years we had ventured on having an out-door afternoon entertainment for our great annual prize giving, and owing to the perfection of the weather, the kindness of many friends and the zeal and energy of the staff and the children, the day proved an unqualified success.

1 A.M.—The play is over, the guests are gone, the house is hushed to stillness. I watch the day breaking through the dusk of dawn with a dewy flush that makes it seem as if earth and air with all their winds and sweetness were just born.

June 29th.—Again night has fallen and purpled into a dewy dusk; the air is full of wandering scents from the briar and the white roses; the silence is restful. Yesterday under the acacias the children danced and sang, today they are many miles away. Some are already with their mothers, others are yet journeying homewards, all with joy and the golden summer of youth and life before them.

June 30th.—Yesterday I heard a child's voice saluting the early dawn, a voice that was quickly hushed by another voice, one of order and authority. I listen in vain for the children's voices on this misty morning, "all the green world, the white air washed with dew, and the silence almost perceptible."

July 1st.—It is Dominion Day and the Indian children who are still here are expecting some treat. So we pack the luncheon baskets and send them all out to picnic in the woods by Gordon Creek.

July 2nd.—Sweeps and soot! Soot and sweeps! is the burden of our song, and we chant it very cheerily in spite of adverse circumstances. By 5 o'clock the work is done. On Lee and his assistant have retired black but triumphant after a gallant struggle with "cross flues," errant bricks and wandering fir boughs (which are our substitute for chimney brooms).

July 5th.—Departures are still occupying our attention. Fifty-four of our "family" have gone, twenty-seven are going, and the new station agent is growing old and careworn under the stress of his duties at our little village "deepo."