

all the delicacies enriching the table, came in various Easter hampers generously provided by too indulgent mothers.

A presentation was made to the Sister Superior of a handsome copper gipsy kettle, suspended over a spirit lamp from a wrought-iron stand.

The whole entertainment was most skilfully devised and carried out, in all its pleasing details, by the study girls with grace and simplicity.

Only twelve children from the Canadian School went away for the Easter holidays. This left a "family" of 33 in each school for the Sisters to "mother," and everyone, of course, expected to have a good time.

The governesses were free to follow their own avocations, or to go away if they desired to do so. Those who had examinations of music, or matriculation, on their minds were glad to secure a little extra time with their pupils. But on the whole it is upon those who have the personal charge of the children that the heaviest burden of work falls, either on workdays or holidays. Teaching is, after all, a small part of school-keeping, if people realized it. Accounts, correspondence, housekeeping, housework, clothing, laundry, health, character, recreations, these—and many more similar responsibilities occupy the domestic staff.

Work of such a nature is never ended; on Saturdays and Sundays it is probably a little heavier than on other days, but, where it is animated by a great love for the Divine Master, and for the children He has graciously entrusted to our care, there is no thought of complaining, no miserable reckoning up of the number of duties, in a word—no grudging service.

---

MAY 1st.—The wind is a little high to-day, and the air is very fresh, but the great white clouds, radiant in sunshine, drifting rapidly across the blue sky, have a delightfully summer-like aspect. The daffodils in the garden border seem actually to enjoy the wind! How their long leaves wave, and the soft yellow flowers bend and flicker! 'Tis almost as if the breeze and sunlight had in them taken visible form.

A May day in Yale is full of changing beauty. The sun stays with us only a few hours, but its rays are very warm, and the snow-clad sentinel mountains shelter us from wind-storms.

We are not without bird-life either. Every year seems to bring more feathered strangers into the valley.

Spring is here at last!