

footsteps at first and timid voices; then, when undoubted traces of Santa Claus were discovered, further sleep was, of course, out of the question, as the little choruses of delight went on, till an unexpected and welcome hull was followed by shrill young voices at one's door energetically singing, "Wake and sing good Christians"—the very last thing one desired to do at that moment!

But, oh! those stockings! so long, so full, such a charming variety of things in them. Never before had Christmas brought such satisfying joy to the young ones.

There was early matins in Chapel to enable our kind School Chaplain to catch the train which would take him back for Christmas evening among his own people.

At mid-day the Indian School were invited to a festive dinner in the dining hall, whither they all repaired with beaming faces and red pinafores at the time appointed.

Then our Indian friends came up again for an instruction and social gathering, till finally that happy and most successful day came to an end.

The next day brought round again our usual Christmas Tree party, an unforgotten source of delight to young and old alike. Such a beautiful tree as it was this year. And so bountifully provided for—thanks chiefly to the generosity of Captain Bryson, who always remembers the children at this season.

On almost the last day of the old year—a day when the earth was freshly clad in a garb of snowy whiteness, a bridal party might have been seen at early dawn setting forth to the parish church, where our oldest school-daughter, Clara, was married to Frank Clare, a Devonshire man.

The party returned to a simple wedding breakfast. Very simple it was indeed, as trains had failed us and supplies had not arrived from the coast, but very happy, none the less.

Then the newly-married pair went off for a short honeymoon, before setting up housekeeping, and it was not until Easter that we saw our school-daughter again, as she arrived on the eve, bearing a large basket of beautiful trilliums, to spend the Festival once again in her old school-home.

A kindly moon during the Christmas holidays countenanced many an evening's coasting on the glistening slope of well-packed snow in front of the school.

Towards the end of the holidays a series of most welcome bales arrived, bearing Christmas gifts, and much else which has materially lightened our labors in the clothing department ever since.