

FIRST on this evening came the Christmas tree, which needs no description, for who has not witnessed the enjoyment it always gives to children of all ages and all classes. Then, that cleared away, the children sang, danced and drilled—would there were time to describe this last—it has not fallen to the lot of all to see that saucy drill when, to gay music, one half of the drillers mix, stir, taste their imaginary concoction, and give their partners "a taste," all as they march. And our older friends looked on in smiling content; their children have taught them how to smile.

Next refreshments were handed round *and* round. The children love waiting on their people, and it was cold, hungry weather. And then,—silent did we call them? Let their farewell words show how their silence can resolve itself into speech. Although no feeble translation can give the melody of that eloquent outpouring—in the case of old Tom, a poem to eye and ear alike, as the blind chief stood in the midst of us, with his beautiful white face and long white hair, and beautified expression of love, love to his God, to his "Sisters three" to his friends, to the children of his people—his love a rich gift—his gratitude princely.

What more words of ours are needed? The chiefs are speaking for themselves and their "families."

SAM'S ADDRESS.

(Interpreted by Isaac.)

LISTEN my friends, to what I am going to speak for you to our Sisters. Many years ago as you know, when the Yale chief died, they helped me to be made chief, to my people, which was my right, but which others would have

taken from me. I have tried to be a good chief, but my faults are many. To our sisters we all want to do right, as they do by us.

When they say "Come" we all come, and we sing and pray and listen to good words, when they say "Go" we all go back to our homes and to our work. The words of the Sisters are good. We are glad to be all down here tonight, keeping Christmas with our friends from Spuzzum and other places, to see the children of our people in this School. This is something to make us happy, to be here, to have the Sisters here, to have them to look after us and our children, to make one family of us all in this place which they have built to the praise of the Great God."

BLIND TOM'S ADDRESS.

(Interpreted by Mali.)

MY FRIENDS:—This is a great night for us and for our Sisters. They are ours, they came from a great distance a great many years ago, years when I could see their faces as well as hear their voices, to live amongst us, to teach us, to help us to bring up our children, and to make good music for us in our hearts and with our tongues. They left their own land and their own people, and though our land is good with its swift rivers and its great mountains, what is the land without the people? (kindred) but our Sisters never looked back, they came to us and with us they stayed.

This Christmas we were sad my friends, because one whom we all know (Miss Moody) had gone away, and we thought without her who could play for our Church Service, who could learn the words of our language and sing with us on