

Kelley, who, while enjoying Christmas holidays in her own beautiful home at Humber Heights had not forgotten her pupils in far away British Columbia, so interesting looking parcels, done up in dainty tissue paper and baby ribbon, addressed to each child, arrived in good time, and were found at the right moment hanging from those peculiarly fruitful branches.

Owing to influenza, measles and snow-storms, the children of the Canadian School returned to All Hallows with less punctuality than usual. By the 25th of January we had only mustered thirty-five pupils with whom to open school. About this time, too, we had some very severe weather, high winds prevailed, bringing with them continuous "flurries" of snow and the mercury registered twenty-eight degrees of frost; during the night we think it must have sunk to zero.

FEBRUARY.—It continued most wintry all through February. The snow lay thickly on the ground, and weighed down the branches of the trees. We looked at our beautiful acacias with misgivings—how long would their slender stems bear the icy burden laid upon them? The curious stillness which broods over a snow-bound country during day and night alike, was broken for us only by the very occasional sound of sleigh bells when Macquarrie's team brought up parcels from the station. We lived in this silent world of snow and forest for several weeks, seeing and hearing almost nothing of the world beyond our gates.

With the beginning of Lent came a slight change in the weather enabling the clergy who were most kindly supplying our weekly chapel services to arrive "on time" every week. Mr. Underhill, Mr. Dorrell and Mr. Hilton came in turns, some once, some twice until Holy Week, when the Bishop arrived and stayed until Easter Monday, providing us with daily services.

Before this, however, a great trouble came to our "family" in the unexpected breakdown of Sister Alice's hitherto robust health, a breakdown which necessitated the most complete and immediate rest and change.

MARCH 12.—On this day our dear Sister went out of all the warmth, brightness and joyous sounds of young life in the house, into the chill, dark, rainy night to begin her long journey homewards.

The arrangements we had made for starting her comfortably from Yale failed because the East-bound train was delayed several hours in the station, and then it drew out unexpectedly at 8.30, when we had been given to understand that it would not leave until 10 o'clock. So, all alone, Sister Alice was hurried off on a "Speeder" by a kindly railway official, just in time to secure her seat. Nearly twenty years have passed over our heads since she arrived with her fellows to work for Christ in this distant outpost of His Church.