

All Hallows' Indian School.

Very full of quiet pleasant events have been the last few months so far as the interests of the Indian School have been concerned.

Settling down into the small but very complete "New Wing" has been an increasing source of satisfaction, as every week, almost every day, proves more fully the comfort of it. It was told us that it would be full of blessing as it was the outcome of so many prayers and that is certainly true!

In December there was the usual undercurrent of delightful anticipation. No one minded hard work, nor even grumbled if water-pipes froze, or stovepipes smoked, everything was quickly and cheerfully remedied, for were there not glimpses caught of mysterious parcels and bales and, crowning joy of all, Santa Claus' Christmas barrel, which arrived with a very prosaic load of potatoes on snowy Christmas Eve?

Can the all-too-short night of that same Christmas Eve ever be forgotten?

How, when all the decorations were finished, though they made a very nice "setting" that was about all that could be said! The cold weather had retarded the flowers and though the poor dear bulbs had spent some days sitting in a corner by the stovepipe yet only one hyacinth had come out! So the best silver-edged geraniums were cut down and humble everlastings were used, when two boxes of the most beautiful white flowers arrived, a Christmas offering from two communicants to help to make the place of His feet glorious on this Night of nights.

Soon, even before our festal Evensong, the old Indians began to arrive, as it was such a stormy night, and some hours were spent in classes and preparation, while the family slumbered peacefully overhead, till, as Christmas Day drew on, the older children softly rose and dressed in scarlet, with white vells for the communicants, they joined their people and us in the chapel to be amongst the very first in the land to greet the new-born King.

Gladly sounded the strains of the Christmas hymn as it was sung in two Indian languages alternately, till the last verse, which we sang in English, but a little previous practice enabled every one to join in the last chorus, each in their own tongue.

After the service hot tea, etc., was dispensed in the schoolroom before our friends wended their homeward way, and it was not until well on into the small hours of the morning that the Family subsided again. In fact there had hardly been an hour's grateful silence before sounds of childrens' mirth arose from the dormitory, stealthy