

WRITTEN TO THE CHILDREN OF THE INDIAN SCHOOL BY
ONE WHO WAS FORMERLY A TEACHER IN IT.

Yonkers, New York, U. S. A.

Dear Children,—

Though nearly all "my children" have grown up and left the dear old school, those who are left, and, perhaps, some of the others whom I only know by name through the pages of "All Hallows' in the West" may like to hear how we spent Christmas in a Hospital.

On Christmas Eve the air of St. John's seemed full of mystery. Both the patients on their beds of suffering, and the nurses in the midst of their busy ministrations, felt the happy glow of expectation. Something unusually pleasant was astir. The night nurses went on duty full of importance for to them fell the arduous duty of helping Santa Claus that night on his "Hospital round."

The Rector of the Parish celebrated the Holy Communion at 6 a.m. on Christmas morning so that twelve of the nurses had the joy of participating in the Eucharistic Feast.

It fell to my lot to call my fellow-nurses at 5 and on returning to my own rooms I stumbled at the door over two large red stockings, one labelled with my name, the other with that of my room-mate.

I saw that at all the other doors similar stockings were laid.

Half the number of nurses were on duty in the morning, and the other half in the afternoon; but we all went together to the Hospital and gathered round the organ in the hall, where the night nurses and house surgeons joined us and together we sang "Hark! the Herald Angels Sing."

Then we visited the children's ward to sing the sweet old Hymn once again with the little ones. The ward was quite transformed, a giant Christmas Tree, beautifully decorated, was in the centre of the room, and from every cot hung a red stocking; the bright faces and excited voices of the children as they cried "Merry Christmas" gave assurance that for a little while at least pain and weakness were forgotten, and that loving care and kindness could make Christmas even in a Hospital a day of joy and gladness.

But it was breakfast time and we had to disperse hastily to our own wards, where "grown-up" patients were waiting to exchange Christmas greetings with us.

In my ward, the "Male Surgical," I found that Santa Claus had been equally busy, as he had been at the lodge and in the Children's Ward, and on enquiry I discovered that he had been to every bed in the Hospital, hanging up red stockings. Truly he must have had to work hard to make and fill nearly 100 stockings for one Hospital only.