

taught this lesson well, with delicate touches of humor and pathos, that "Christmas was a time for giving, not getting."

In the dining-hall the C. C. C. held a sale of candies and biscuits, done up in handy "lunch boxes," very tempting to travellers. They also traded in holly, Indian baskets, pictures and curios of various kinds. In the study a farewell supper was set out, to which we did ample justice, for the evening, though most enjoyable, had been fatiguing, and we were all both tired and hungry.

By this time all the school examinations and the musical reviews for the term were over, and every one was thinking of packing up for the Christmas holidays. On our last Sunday we had a carol service in the chapel after Vespers. Both schools, accompanied by violin and organ, sang together some of the beautiful old carols telling the story of the love of God for man.

On the 20th the Canadian School closed. A special first-class car was added to the ordinary passenger train for the accommodation of the travellers from All Hallows who were westward-bound. Our travellers who were eastward-bound had to wait for the 7 o'clock evening train. Most of them had a twelve hours' journey before them, and some expected to be two days and two nights on the train.

The last days of the year are always wholly given up to our Indian work. To us this season seems specially to belong to these dear people, whose need called us away from home and kindred to bear to them the joyful tidings of a Saviour's birth. Our pioneer work is done so far, thank God. How we and they together once more celebrated the birthday of our Lord will be related by another pen in another part of the Magazine. My Journal for 1904 draws to a close.

The old year is going out—its hours are spent, the New Year dawns.

1905.

A Psalm for the New Year:

A Friend stands at the door;
In either tight-closed hand
Hiding rich gifts, three hundred and three score;
Waiting to strew them daily o'er the land,
Even as seed the sower.
Each drops he, treads it in and passes by:
It cannot be made fruitful till it die.

(A good New Year, we clasp
This warm, shut hand of thine,