

always has a convenient birthday on hand to sanction our breaking out of routine.

On the 13th, the Indian Schol prize-giving took place. At the same time that the children of one school were industriously drilling, singing, reciting, etc., in preparation for their closing function, some of the children of the other school were sitting under the trees for coolness, their desks set wide apart, working on their matriculation papers under Mr. Dorrell's supervision, the McGill University having appointed him as Local Examiner this year.

We have recollections, too, of another examination day, not long ago, when Professor Graham Moore came to preside over the music examinations. The discipline of such days is necessary for strengthening the character of the school and upholding its educational standard, but we cannot pretend that we like them, and we are glad when they are over. When certificates arrive and passes are made known then it becomes "another story," which may be read elsewhere in the magazine, but which does not belong to our veracious journal.

The Canadian School prize-giving took place on the 25th; after that all books were put away, pianos were closed, the dormitories were dismantled, and packing occupied almost every moment of everybody's time until the last tearful goodbyes had to be spoken.

We had cause for tears this term, for no less than seven of our oldest "children," who came to All Hallows five, six, seven years ago, who have grown up under its shelter from childhood to girlhood, and are now blossoming into sweet womanhood were going away "for good" to return to us no more as pupils. Is it any wonder that we felt tearful? The vacancies they leave will be easily filled; bed and desk, no doubt, will soon find new occupants, who, in their turn, will become very dear to us, but in memory and affection the nooks the "old girls" held will always be their own, and in the years to come, after they have entered into the "world's great field of battle," have worked, and suffered and glorified God, we hope that they will come back to us with the old love and trust unshaken and with their child-hearts still unchanged.

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JULY. It was a great relief not to have workmen round the house this year building and pulling down, and generally interfering with our peace and comfort. A little papering, a little painting, kal-somining the school-house and a few repairs were all we had to have done.

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AUGUST.—A small group of Indian children and one or two "grown-ups" constituted the household in August. Our chief interest was vested in the garden and in the canaries, who had been busy nesting since April. On Easter Day the first wee egg was laid, and by a curious coincidence on almost every great saint's day after that, a tiny bird broke through its shell and nestled under a proud little