

mothers are All Hallows old girls."

See that little trio of grandchildren playing on the doorstep. Lisa, Suzanne's daughter, is a strikingly prosperous looking little mortal, very fat and stumpy, with strong white teeth, and strong black hair, every strand of which stands uncompromisingly upright. She knows the Lord's Prayer, and can answer the first questions in the Church Catechism, she has laboured through the Second Primer and can write a tidy largehand copy. She is only six years old, but she can knit and she can hem neatly. Can any ordinary little English girl of that age do more?

Grace, Adah's orphan daughter, is a loving soft dumpling of a baby, too young to go into the School-room yet. Her father, who was working in the Lillooet mines under Colonel Rives, was killed by an accidental explosion of dynamite last January. Anna's little daughter, Luchsia is a very pale thin child, with an old care-worn face, and no capacity for play at present, but we hope to change all that shortly.

Two of the "old girls" Nettie and Agnes were "called to rest" early in the year. At Christmas-tide we were feeling very sad and anxious about Agnes, (whose name will perhaps be familiar to many who read this) because she was very ill with typhoid fever at Ladners; then tidings of a more reassuring nature came and just as we began to let ourselves hope that all would yet be well with her, Nancy wrote to say that Agnes was slowly but surely sinking. Fourteen years ago Agnes came to the Indian School a tiny child of five, and grew up under the sheltering care of All Hallows, to be a healthy,

happy, loving, loveable girl, with a voice like a bird's and with a bird's glad instinct for singing. It is not quite two years since she left school. It seems that during the last few days of her life, the old school-life with all its simple incidents of happy childhood came back to her with a strong flood of fragrant memories. The familiar Church hymns and old school songs were recalled and sung one after the other, at first in feeble and dying tones, but the last Sunday she spent on earth, her voice returned to her, strong and full, and carol and hymn were sung loud and clear, filling the house with music. From time to time she paused to listen as she sang, because she thought she heard a voice calling her, "Agnes, Agnes;" then she laid down to die, and the sweet voice so often raised to sing God's praises was hushed for evermore on earth, to waken, who can doubt it, to new strength and melody in Paradise.

Among Our Indians.

THE CHRISTMAS PARTY.

Time. The evening of St. Stephen's Day, 1900.

Place. The large School-room of All Hallows.

Dramatis Personæ. A handful of white people; three sisters and their devoted fellow workers; some thirty children of All Hallows Indian School; and tens upon tens of dignified silent Indian visitors, men, women and children, even babes—for was not six-weeks-old Shwaspenak (*Anglice* Sunbeam) among them, who only that morning had been enrolled as Christ's faithful soldier and servant, on the festival of the first soldier privileged to lay down his life in the campaign of Christ?