

With much love to the Sisters and
yourself from

Your affectionate

JESSIE.

Dawson, Y. T., January 22, 1902.

CHRISTMAS JOYS.

The tiny chapel was brilliant with light as the sweetest midnight of the year once again "breathed its blessing tender," many from the west with their child-like, pathetic faces silently passing into their places, young mothers with their tiny babes, so welcome on that night, when the little Child should set in our midst—and then the Presence—God with us—Emmanuel!

And again we met in the early morning light to raise our matin song of praise, Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, goodwill towards men. Ah, yes, goodwill towards all — and never existed more delightful opportunities of exercising goodwill than for us on Christmas Day. Of course, our older children know what Christmas means as well as we do, but there were one, two, three, four, five little mortals who had never kept Christmas before, and whose education in the matter had, therefore, to be begun. As we had the dining hall of the new Canadian wing free to use, we were able, for the first time, to invite the whole of the Indian school, babies and all, to a dinner party, and whether the babies enjoyed their dinner, or we the babies, most, it would be hard to say. The tables were beautifully decorated, by Miss Moody's tasteful fingers, gay with geraniums, crackers and little Chinese ornaments, and (crowning joys for the babies!) each child had a little cardboard house full of "candy," presented by a kind friend. "My—house—got—a—door!" joyfully exclaimed one of the smallest, popularly known as the "China baby." She proclaimed many things during that dinner. Each grown-up friend whom she espied at either of the long

tables was hailed with shrill and cheerful acclamations; and every little ornament was a source of fresh delight, especially a glass "ell-phant" bearing flowers on his back. He caused such ecstasy as nearly upset Nellie off her stool, and rendered a supporting arm from the nearest "grown up" necessary. It required great firmness on the part of the said grown-up to induce Nellie to dispose of her turkey, the wonders of "ell-funts" and crackers were too much for her. Plum-pudding vanished more quickly, and in a general pause of the conversation Nellie's shrill voice announced triumphantly "I—beat—you—ma'am," meaning that her plate was empty first. Candles and nuts were hastily bestowed upon her to keep her from attracting too much attention to herself, by one who for the moment was responsible for her conduct, and who was intent upon bringing her up "not wisely but too well." So the China baby subsided. Meanwhile, though more sedately, all were enjoying themselves quite as much. Great excitement prevailed over the pudding, as to who should be the lucky finders of ring, money and thimble; and when at last the family departed, wearing paper caps of gorgeous and varied hue, found in bon-bons, and bearing many treasures in the shape of cards, candies, diminutive umbrellas and fans—we all felt that it had been the most delightful and successful dinner party that we had had for many a long day.

Fresh joys, moreover, awaited our older children at the annual communicants' dinner on New Year's Day, and the whole family in the afternoon, when the children's Christmas Tree—delayed because "Santa Claus had lost his way"—glittered in fascinating array in the dining hall. An old friend of the children's had sent a generous gift, all the way from India, wherewith to provide "a tip-top tree" and all its charming presents; from the same source came the "fairy lamps"—worthy of their name—that reared their dainty rose-colored cups among as