

forward with that hopefulness which Dante tells us is the special mark of "those whom God has made His friends."

The Michaelmas decorations in Chapel this year were very beautiful, the snowy purity of the blossoms on the altar contrasting with the glowing tints of the Autumn leaves, reminding us of how "He maketh His angels spirits, and His ministers a flaming fire," and being reproduced all over the Chapel in the white veils on one side and the quaint scarlet caps on the other.

No matter how dull or gloomy the weather may be, if the clouds part but for an instant, a ray of sunlight always seems to steal in through the narrow Chapel windows, lingering lovingly round the altar like a "smile of God."

Last summer the old Indians heard at their Sunday class how the new Canadian Church Missionary Society had been formed, and how every baptized member of the Church belonged to it. When they were told about it, and asked whether they would like to help, they were very much pleased, and said, "Good, good are the words of the Chief." There are very few old Indians left in Yale, and they are very poor, but they came up again and again to inquire when they might bring their "little monies." We told them to wait till the Bishop came at All Saints, and he had a nice little service for them in Chapel. The Bishop promised to send on to the great Missionary Society in Toronto their offering (it amounted to \$3.30). Afterwards he gave them a little address about St. John's vision of All Saints—the great multitude of all nations and languages, and how St. John saw not only his own nation, but also English people, Chinamen and Indians standing before the throne with palms of victory. After their service the old people had some tea round the stove in the warm, bright entry (as it was a festival), and my sister came and played to them on her violin. They were all sitting round very solemnly, when suddenly they thought the violin was laughing, so they all began to laugh too! It was very funny to hear them. They enjoyed it very much indeed.

Nearly every year God has called one of the little ones who have been educated here to come to Him for their eternal holiday. They have always been taken from their own earthly homes to Paradise. So far we had not heard of the death of any of our children this year, till, in the octave of All Saints, tidings reached us that little Christine had been called to Paradise on All Souls' Day. Such a beautiful day to go! Christine was only with us for a few months when she developed disease in the hip, and was found unfit for school life. She went home to be nursed, as her people did not wish her to be sent to the hospital. She was a dear, gentle little child, a favorite with all her young companions.

One day in November we had a visit from Mr. Macdonald, the Indian Agent, appointed in Mr. Devlin's place. At first it seemed