

much like boys and girls at home, I suppose, some good and some naughty.

Mr. Grant wishes to begin the New Year with at least two hundred pupils, so if we are successful in gathering in that number, I am afraid I shall not be able to write again very soon. Won't some one—or many—who reads this, write me a long letter some time? You don't know how very glad I would be to hear from you. People at home expect too many letters from us and do not write enough in return. They do not know how hard it is to find time to write many letters here. Then I find it quite warm, and it is hard to write when you are very tired. Being here but a short time, I cannot write you anything interesting about the people that you have not heard from our Missionaries who have been here for years, but will write you a little about my first Christmas in Trinidad.

Christmas eve, on being told that Santa Claus visited the boys and girls here, I could not understand how he ever got into the houses, for you know there are no chimneys here as at home, besides I fancied he might find his fur coat rather warm, at any rate, I am quite warm enough without one. So wishing to be certain that my old friend did come here, when Mr. Grant's family hung up their stockings I did likewise, and in the morning I found my stocking quite full of nice things including a box of fire crackers. Why do you suppose he gave me them? Did he know I came from Nova Scotia, and wished to remind me of the 24th of May or 1st of July? Now although I am quite satisfied that Santa Claus *does* visit Trinidad, I must confess that I cannot yet explain how he enters the houses.

When leaving home Miss Semple told me that on Christmas, being so far away from home and friends, I would cry all day. So I resolved that even should I be lonely enough to cry every day in the year, I would be happy on Christmas. I did often think of the dear friends with whom I spent last Christmas, but also re-

membered that some ago I had decided to come here to try to make others happy, so Miss Semple's prophecy was not fulfilled. We had service in the Church at eight o'clock, I felt glad to have the privilege of uniting with our Indian brothers and sisters in praising God for the dear Saviour, and who having lived and died for us, wishes us to "rejoice and be glad" now, because "our names are written in Heaven."

We hope to make the boys and girls of this school happy by a New Year's treat on the first day that school opens after vacation, and then we will all be ready to go to work in real earnest.

With the New Year, I hope also to start a band of *King's Daughters* here, and trust that any King's daughters, or sons, who read this will pray that the King's children in San Fernando may do their utmost to help others have a glad New Year, and do all in His name.

Your sincere friend,

M. J. GRAHAM

----- TAKING THE BOY'S MEASURE. -----

Jimmy Jackson was in high glee. He had just been measured for his new spring suit, and was to have it next week, in time to wear down to Squadunk on the picnic excursion.

"Pin-check" said Jimmy; "picked it out myself: that is, mother and I did. Didn't we mother? Smith says he can fit me to a T. Good shape. Some boys have crooked shoulders, and some grasshopper legs. Hard to fit. Take a twenty-four. I do. Remember most all the measurements—twenty four breast, fourteen collar, twenty-nine long, twen—Say there Dick, let that bat alone, I tell you! Yes, mother, I'm going in a minute—didn't I tell you so [impatiently]?—soon's I settle, Sue, here, for nabbing my ear."

"What are you laughing at, Uncle Harry?"

"O, nothing much! Just thought what a chance it was for the recording angel to take your measure—that's all"