

a hand in making it I would like the little folks to know that somebody walked on that carpet, and they could never guess who; well, the first time it was used was on the occasion of Lord and Lady Aberdeen's visit to the school. You remember the hall leading to the schoolroom. Well, after removing the centre row of seats, and putting down one of the crimson carpets, we laid their nice rag carpet out through the long hall to the front door and down the steps. I was at my wit's end what to do in the way of preparation on such short notice (we only had a few hours) when I thought of the carpet. My! what a relief, that and the plants, and the children, there was nothing more required. And we did appreciate the visit. Do you remember little Jean? Well, she asked (after it had been explained to them who their Excellencies were) "Why don't the Queen come her own self to see us?" A gentleman replied "Oh, she is too big," and was going on to tell her that our Queen's life was too precious to risk, but she spoke up: "My! is she big as Mrs. ———," naming a very large woman in the vicinity.

The children often speak of you and were sadly disappointed when they heard the pictures were not very good. They felt quite comforted when I told them that you had taken one of the others with you and would look at it and think of them.

Of course now there is room for nothing but Christmas, "just eleven days till Christmas, and just ten days till Christmas." They have been writing letters to "Schoolltime" since he left, and laughing very heartily over the replies.

Within the last four weeks I have got word of the deaths of four of our first pupils. I mean those that came to school that first winter. Three of these were members of the church here below, and I believe were Christians, weak and often stumbling, but it's very encouraging to think of them being safe at home now. The other was a sister of the two little brothers who were drowned at the school. She, poor girl, met a sad and painful death; her clothing caught fire one day when out alone, and before help came she was so badly burned she died soon after.

We have had a visit from Mrs. Leckie on her way home to Regina. I cannot tell you how much we enjoyed it, nor how overjoyed the children were to see her again. Little Susan, who has never forgotten her, put her arms around her and said "Mrs. Leckie, my mother."