

special addresses on missions and on the missionary work that is being done both abroad and in other parts of our own Diocese. With what they learned from him, I hope some of them will try to enrich the pages of our Epiphany Magazine.

DECEMBER was a hopelessly dull month. It rained all day and every day for a week at a time. The children were making Christmas presents, and to them for once the rain was welcome, because there could be no walks in such weather, so long afternoons were secured for fancy work and burnt leather work, for painting and glueing and all the other little arts of the craftswoman.

On the occasion of the Bishop's last visit in the term to All Hallows, he was able to stay with us from Saturday to Tuesday, so after the Sunday services were over, and an Advent Eucharist had been celebrated for the Indians in the School Chapel, there was still a day to spare with no special duty, so the Bishop gave the Literary Club a lecture on Tennyson's Minor Poems, the privilege of attending which the members of the Club kindly extended to both schools.

Afterwards the Literary Club sent out invitations to an "At Home" for the evening of the 17th in the much-used dining-hall. By the addition of a few rugs and easy chairs, and the readjustment of furniture the character of the room was pleasantly altered, and the President received her guests with great urbanity.

Among the various items on the programme of entertainment we specially enjoyed an animated argument given in character between "Betsy Priggs" and "Sarah Gamp" on the identity of "Mrs. Harris." As a contrast to this scene the same performers, Ella Underhill and Dorothy Day, with delightful versatility, gave us the love scene from Shakespeare's "Henry VIII," between the English monarch and the French Princess "Kate."

The school orchestra of six violins played together very nicely; Cecily Galt sang two pretty little songs; then Miss Rose Moody came forward with her fiddle, and the sight was so welcome that she received an ovation before she began to play, and a determined encore afterwards.

We were provided, of course, with light refreshments towards the close of the evening. Some of us, who were only guests, and not members of the Literary Club, felt that evening that if our duties would permit of it, we should appreciate the privilege of belonging to this capital little society, whose aim is so decidedly for culture and self-improvement.

The closing party of the term was given by the members of the Children's Chapel Club, who were anxious to do something to help the Building Fund with a Christmas donation. So a dear little Christmas play was given in the old school-room, a play which