

ly arrested and carried upwards from the trivialities of earth to the glorious realities of heaven. The Church's call was given to some of her children to prepare themselves for God's great gift of His Holy Spirit in the sacred rite of Confirmation.

So there came a day in May when the Chapel was all gracefully decorated with ferns and narcissus; the altar was made beautiful with choice flowers from garden and greenhouse, and our children from both schools assembled at 11 o'clock in the morning to take their part of praise and prayer in the solemn service appointed for that hour.

The Canadian School sent up three of its number—Cecily Galt, Maud Hamersley and Louie Chantrell. The Indian School sent up four little girls—Katie, Emma, Beatrice and Maria, to receive the church's special blessing in its own appointed way, "by the laying on of Apostolic hands."

So much preparation, so much instruction and prayer, so much timid eagerness, so much flutter at the last moment as veils were adjusted, sweet school-flowers arranged, prayer-books provided, then—a few moments' quiet waiting in chapel, a little while spent in prayer, a few words spoken by priestly lips, the blessing given, and it was all over! Did we come out of chapel and go back to our every-day work just what we were before? No; a thousand times no. Let us try to realize that every moment we spend in prayer, every time we reverently approach God in the sacraments, we receive a blessing which nothing can take away.

---

JUNE.—The roses were very slow in blossoming this June, but how lovely the delicate buds were peeping out by hundreds from behind their leafy screens. The verandahs, the walls, the balconies, even the roofs were covered with their luxuriance. The honeysuckle, too, was blooming magnificently and helping to shelter the verandah from the too warm rays of the sun with a screen of unrivalled sweetness.

The sun can be very, very hot sometimes in Yale. Ninety-nine degrees in the shade was the worst we had to complain of, and it was rather trying; but we have a brook to retire to when lessons are over, and there, in many a sheltered nook, on either side of the banks, the family were to be found every afternoon, cooling themselves. I was reading in the Cowley Magazine the other day that one of the good Fathers who had just gone back to his work in India found the temperature 105 degrees in the shade, and the only comment he made upon it was "that he felt comfortable and was getting warmed through!"

On the 1st of June a birthday party was given to Miss Moody, preceded by a "lilac lunch." Our school parties are all very much alike—a little entertainment, a little dancing and then a dainty supper. These parties come round with amazing regularity. Some one