

to a mere six-year-old inhabitant, that All Hallow's could exist without John, However, the news spread, and one or two Chinamen applied for the situation, but John had a man all ready to succeed him; and one sad day came to take his leave. But before indulging in sentiment, John took two leading ladies of the establishment round the garden, ladies before whom music pupils tremble and towards whom even "grown-ups" conduct themselves with caution, and instructed them firmly but kindly as to their future duty towards turnips and tomatoes. The time had come for John to talk of many things, and he had to be attended to. Then he left. The new man came on a Sunday, and worked till breakfast-time, then he went away. "Too sick," he said. "School no good"—(he really had influenza). And on Monday John reappeared, beaming, "Me no go China. New man no good. Me like stop here, but my brother say go China, me come back." We all rejoiced, and for days John was one gigantic beam, but, alas! the other man got well, and John again disappeared from All Hallow's, but remained in Yale for about a week, in the course of which he remembered that a pet and difficult stove-pipe had been neglected in the general cleaning before his departure, and reappeared for a few hours to set it to rights. That was the last time we saw him, but he promised to come and see us again some day, and when he does we shall welcome him.

Going and coming. Old John is gone, but there are comings to tell of too. Early, early on Christmas morning, after the midnight service, two little girls were brought forward by their Indian friends; they had come to school. Such thin little dears, with such soft, wistful brown faces. Names? Y-ant-ko and Hipitanko. Two o'clock on Christmas morning—every bed in the Indian school full—no formal application made; they didn't see the force of our objections at all. They had come to school, and, oh! how disappointed they were when gently told they must wait just for a day or two. They came next day to the Christmas tree, now happy—they were to find real dolls in their arms for their very own! But when the party was over and the Indian children were told to lead off into the playroom while we said good-bye to our "Tillicums" from the various ranches, Y-ant-koo and Hipitanko quietly but determinedly trotted offter them. It was a second bitter disappointment when they were told to wait just one more night, and next morning they should truly come to school. Now they are safe here, very quiet still, not talking much even in their own tongue, they know no English as yet, but they are perfectly happy in understanding the language of kind treatment and loving smiles, and think that they have found the right place and did the right thing when they tried to come to school at 2 o'clock on Christmas morning.

Coming and going:—As the years go by what crowding mem-