

All Hallows' School Chapel.

It is very small, very poor, very humble, a plain little wooden building, once a stable, now as reverently fitted up as our means will allow, but each Christmas night our thoughts unconsciously turn for comfort to that prophecy with which Haggai comforted the Jews, who wept over the poor little Temple which was all they had to offer God, so different from the splendour and glory of that in which their fathers worshipped.

And on Christmas night the Presence of the Desire of All Nations fills this latter house with glory, a greater glory than even Solomon's Temple knew.

While all the world is sleeping, and the dark mountains stand in calm, majestic peace all round us, "as the hills stand about Jerusalem," in the tiny Stable-Chapel all is radiant with light and beauty. The Altar (as they touchingly said) embodying the old Indians' ideas of "glory," as it stands beautiful with light and colour of festal hanging, and of delicate flowers tended through many long weeks, that they may do honour to their Lord at this time.

Here at mid-night on Christmas Eve gather representatives of the "Nations" to adore Him, their Great Desire, Who was, as on this night, born in a stable.

When or how the custom originated, none can tell. The Indians told the Sisters (at their first Christmas here, 15 years ago) that they "had always" come on Christmas night to worship our Lord.

So these humble, faithful followers of the Shepherds, still travel many a toilsome mile, through snow or rain, frost and cold, that they may still perform the Shep-

herds' part and be the first to worship the New-born King, and to join with us in re-echoing the Angels' Song at the great Feast of Christmas.

Each Indian Chief leads in his band of communicants to the brightness of the tiny Chapel, and the rest of the baptized kneel closely together on the floor, leaving only space for the communicants of our Indian children, as in scarlet pinafores and white veils, they join their people, while up to God rises the first verse of the Christmas Hymn "O Come all ye Faithful," sung alternately in both Indian languages.

Then the Communion Service of the Church of England follows, fully choral throughout, all the people's parts in Indian, except the Nicene Creed. Their voices so musical and deep, like the pedal notes of a great organ, rising and falling "like the sound of many waters." Row by row they come forward, and most reverently kneel to receive Him, Who was born for them, as on this night. Finally after the Benediction, there rises a great burst of triumphant song, in the "Yale" language, from one side of the Chapel, "Sing Choirs of Angels," answered back by "Thompson" Indians, from the other side ("Yale" and "Thompson" always sing as *Decani* and *Cantoris*!) in voices no less melodious, but not so deep or full, "Sing all ye Citizens of Heaven above." Then, as we have not been able to translate all the hymn, we and our children sing in English for them all, "Yea, Lord, we greet Thee, born this happy morning," and they all join in the chorus, "O come, let us adore Him," in whatever language we sing it!

The Indians will miss anything