

swelling had unexpectedly appeared, and as the owner of the said limb was a very active basket ball and hockey player, much anxiety was experienced in the "Clubs" until a surgical examination proved reassuring, although it was with deep regret we received the intimation that the noble Captain of the Lonsdale basket ball team was under order to repose on her couch in quiet and seclusion for a few days.

Hallowe'en party was a great success. Among the various mysteries of the night, we witnessed the descent of the witch on her broomstick. At least, she was there, so we took the descent for granted; on her arm she carried the Bag of Fate.

Afterwards in a suddenly darkened room we saw enter a ghostly procession of white forms, carrying aloft a mysteriously illuminated "pumpkin head." We shrank into corners and experienced a sense of relief when these phantoms wended their silent way to the garden, then from the windows of our comfortable every-day prosaic dining hall we watched them flit over the snow. Swiftly and silently they moved up and down, now here, now there, until, alas—a false step, a slip and one phantom went down with a squeal on the path, and all the other phantoms fell on top of her, amidst much laughter and a medley of very substantial and material legs and arms. Of course the "family" ducked for apples, and had "snap-dragon" and all the games proper for Hallowe'en.

NOVEMBER.—All Saints' Day dawned grey and gloomy. It began to rain early and rained heavily all day, but who troubled about that, when there was so much spiritual joy and sunshine in our midst.

Early in the morning we gathered in the Chapel, a household congregation of eighty, of whom forty were communicants. The little ones were left in bed, and a few unselfish "Marthas" had to stay out to attend to necessary household duties.

Two violins accompanied the organ throughout the service, which was fully choral. The choir led steadily and sweetly, but the singing was distinctly congregational, the Chapel seemed full of music.

The seven-fold *Amens* after the prayer of Consecration and after the Blessing were very well rendered.

At Matins the Anthem, "Rejoice ye with Jerusalem," by Stainer, was sung by the choir, supported by five violins and organ accompaniment.

At Evensong again we offered of our best; an altar fragrant with flowers, vesper lights, the solemn sound of the rise and fall of choral song, the choir procession, the mystic chant, that awful worship of the Most High, the mere remembrance of which raises the soul to a