

Leaves from Our Journal.

DECEMBER. We entered upon the last weeks of the old year with sad heart-aches in anticipation of "goodbyes" so soon to be spoken. "Goodbyes" are trials we undergo twice every year. They are uttered lovingly but lightly by those who are separating only for a short holiday of fun and frolic, but for those who are going from the old School "for good" the words are full of sad meaning, indicating severance from the hundred dear associations of daily life, the separation of school-fellows who have spent, perhaps, years together in close companionship, who have quarrelled and kissed, and very likely quarrelled again, played and studied, walked and talked, and spent the bright span of childhood's untroubled hours under the same fostering care and influence; for these the goodbye means the closing for ever of one page in a young life's history, and the beginning of another, full of bright hope and promise, but shadowed (as are all earthly things) by the present, very real pain of parting, a pain shared at All Hallows by Teachers and Sisters and Children alike.

The Teachers provided a small "Surprise Supper" on the evening of the 14th., in honour of Meda Hume, our last summer's gold medallist, who was leaving School at Christmas.

Very interesting secret preparations were made for this feast, and unwonted dainties were provided. Trifle and sandwiches, salted almonds, fruit cake and French coffee! If the "House-Mother" had been consulted, bread and butter, seed cake and milk is what *she* would have advised as being good and wholesome, but simple fare is

old-fashioned now.

The Study-girls on coming out of their drilling class at 8 o'clock one Saturday evening, found such good cheer provided for them in the Study, that they speedily forgot they were very tired, and the surprise so kindly planned by Miss Shibley, Miss Woodward and Miss Flewelling was as complete and delightful as heart could wish.

On the evening of the 18th., the usual "breaking-up party" took place, when the energetic members of the Amusement Club provided a pleasant programme, consisting of some funny recitations very well presented, and a charming little play called "The Dolls' Club."

The Amusement Club must not be confounded with the Recreation Club. The latter is a society composed of seniors and "grown ups", who do everything with great deliberation, and never launch into an entertainment until they have "called a meeting" to consider ways and means, then they proceed with commendable zeal to turn the house topsy-turvy before their costumes, parts and programme could possibly be got ready to place before a critical public.

This is not the way of the Amusement Club. With youthful audacity they "make" their own plays, at two hours notice they "get up" their costumes, issue invitations, and *even* provide refreshments. The scene of their operations is generally confined to the Play-Room. The most venerable member of the Club, (I believe she is President) is thirteen years old, the youngest has seen six summers.

We elders will have to present them with a testimonial some day, in acknowledgement of the alacrity with which they have come to our aid on various occasions, and the