

Ash Wednesday fell late and spring's tender green beauty was already covering all the earth when the church's call to Lenten fast and Lenten prayer fell upon our ears.

How one shrinks in anticipation from those forty days of sadness, yet how rapidly they pass and how hope gathers and strengthens with each passing day, for "hopefulness in the long run is only possible for one who prays," and in Lent we learn to pray anew.

The Chapel Choir and Orchestra were full of zeal and they began early to practice for the Easter services. Calmly and peacefully the days glided by, our good friends Archdeacon Pentreath, Mr. Underhill and Mr. Dorrell came in turns to supply our weekly Lenten services. Thus March passed into APRIL and spring beauty grew apace.

Holy Week, Good Friday and Easter found the dear Bishop in our midst, and he took the services for the schools, and also for the little Yale Indian congregation, as in former years.

Easter Day dawned beautiful and bright. Our Eucharist was offered early in the morning, and the perfume and beauty of spring's fairest flowers filled the chapel; surrounding the altar cross were stately Easter lilies, in the vases hyacinths, narcissus, and wild cherry blossoms gleamed purely white, while bordering the dorsal and reaching up to the windows were more wild fruit blossoms, ferns and trailing smilax.

The aisle leading to the altar was marked by a path of pale gold daffodils in a setting of young ferns, the font was crowned with narcissus, and a tall plant bearing three exquisite lilies stood beside the lectern.

All the services were fully choral. We used Baden Powell's setting of the Communion Service, specially arranged for women's voices. At matins we sang "Hail Festal Day" as a processional, and had the anthem, "Behold the Angel of the Lord Descended from Heaven," by B. Tours. Five violins, a 'cello and viola blended with the notes of the organ and formed a noble accompaniment to the children's voices. The young soloists in the anthem sang out well without self-consciousness or nervous effort.

In the afternoon the Indians from the village assembled for their class and service. On Easter Monday the Bishop celebrated for them. The service sung in Indian was, as usual, very reverent, and the older people's voices were well supported by the children of the Indian School who were present.

Evensong was as brightly and heartily sung as our earliest service; there were no symptoms of weariness, although the night's quiet and rest, when they came, were very welcome.