

flowers (all gifts from the children of both schools) lining the aisle, framing the altar, crowning the font, and gleaming pure and star-like on the re-table; the white-robed choir children preceding the Bishop up the aisle, the melody of the orchestra, consisting of four violins and a 'cello and organ, the fresh young voices raised in holy chant and Psalm, was so thrilling that it brought unbidden tears to her eyes.

The music and singing were exceptionally good. We had Baden-Powell's Communion Service, and his setting of "Hail, Festal Day!" and Tour's anthem, "God hath appointed a Day." The two latter, also the hymns, and evening canticles (Monk) were accompanied by the orchestra. The girl violinists did very well indeed under Miss Rose Moody's training. She laid her own violin aside to play the 'cello for the special Easter services, and our organist held all together with her finished masterly touch, giving everyone confidence and courage. For some were timid, and some were shy, but all desired to do their best, and the Bishop encouraged us to think we had succeeded when he kindly said that it had been "a treat" to him to spend Easter at All Hallows again this year.

Easter Tuesday brought an unusually heavy snowstorm, it looked like the beginning of cold weather, but we knew that it was only Dame Winter's last and final effort to assert herself before giving place to the young Malden Spring.

On Thursday we felt we could say "another Spring has come." How lightly the words slip off one's pen; yet what a wealth of lyric poetry they hold. The poetry is really lyric, too; the first quavering bird notes set the measure while yet the earth is black and the tree boughs show promise only by that glittering greyness of their bark which comes in early spring; the very wind is lyric, as it flutes—with a shy warmth in it—through the answering twigs. Quietly, magically, the season grows in fulness and in grace. One morning—such things are epochs in the country—we find a crocus flaunting its yellow livery down by the garden path, a snowdrop follows, then violets show their gentle bloom.

The days seem to pass so quickly at this season; it is the time of action and action is always swift when a long waiting time has gone before.

Spring has come! There is no music in the language like to these three words. Birds are mating or nesting, and Nature croons her cradle-song above the green things and the feathered things that she loves.

This is the poetical aspect of Spring; but what is the practical kitchen garden point of view? The head gardener shows us that it is no time for dawdling, and we see her, while the mountain mists