

Out of doors, too, there have been many changes since I first came. The dear old brook has not changed its course, but some of the large trees that shadowed its banks have been cut down, and wild undergrowth and rough paths leading to it have been levelled into terraces, and a stone wall banks the brook towards the road, and has two flights of stone steps leading down to the water's edge. We used to have a dear, dangerous, old swing standing under the trees, but that, too, has been taken away.

I remember well the first time I fell into the brook, just after I came. I did not get very wet, only a little splash and a bruise or two. The last time I fell in (I am afraid it will be the very last time) was last Sunday. When I come back to visit the school, I shall be too old and too big to fall into the brook any more.

The mountains alone remains unchanged since I first saw them. How well I remember steaming into the village on the Eastern Express and seeing Linky and Jew's Nose, and all the other mountains clad in young fresh green, for it was April. The village was wrapped in mist, and a gentle rain was falling. That night I had my first experience of shyness, and a little home-sickness, and how very good every one was to me.

(Continued by Florence.)

Goodbye is a sad word, and yet how beautiful it is when we realize that it contains the blessing "God be with you."

How lonely and strange the first night at school feels! Such new surroundings, so many new faces, such hard lessons and tiresome rules. The first time I went home, how excited I was. The train seemed, to my impatience, to move so slowly. Then, before I realized it, I was back again. After that, countless terms came and went, and time after time I re-appeared like the proverbial bad penny. What lovely times we have had! Picnics, plays, parties and all manner of good and pleasant things. We grumbled sometimes and had our grievances. Once, at a "rose lunch," wreaths of roses were placed on the heads of two girls whom we voted for because they never grumbled; the rest of us paid a "grumbler's fine"!

Shall I ever forget these dear familiar scenes as I see it now? The hills and the river, the trees shading the old wagon road, and the school itself, so large and yet so cosy and picturesque in its lovely surroundings. Only those who are leaving after many years spent at All Hallows can know the regret lying deep in the heart as the last term approaches its end.

We have spent our last Sunday here. We are parting from girls who have grown up with us. We are each going our different ways on life's journey, probably to be scattered far and wide and separated for ever.

Goodbye, then, dear old life, dear school, dear friends and companions. To-night I go to sleep only a school-girl; to-morrow I shall awake a woman. It will be almost like going to school again, only in a new, grown-up way, for how much there will be still to learn and to do in the years to come.