

Twenty years of continuous labour, with "duty" for her watchword. Duty, often arduous, not always congenial but bravely and faithfully fulfilled up to the very last moment of her sojourn at All Hallows in the West.

In Refreshment Week the little ones belonging to the Chapel Club got up an entertainment in aid of their funds. They took possession of the Dining Hall (with permission, of course) and charged an entrance fee of 5 cents to all the "family" who were not privileged members of the Club. The entertainment they provided was short, simply consisting of a few recitations given in character, but they were spirited and amusing, and extremely well presented. Towards the close of the evening, when our appetites naturally suggested "supper," we were charged another 5 cents for good coffee and excellent cake, which was very generously dispensed for that small sum. The Village Store lost a great deal of its custom from the school that Saturday morning, because every one resolved to "save up" their pocket money for the "C. C." entertainment in the evening, of which due notice had been published, and in the evening, when the fete was over, every one felt rewarded for their previous thrift.

All this time the Chapel Choir and the Chapel Orchestra were extremely busy practising for Easter.

The Literary Club and the Camera Club were also doing a good deal. With all these interests to occupy the "Family" outside of their school work, the weeks went by very quickly, and Passiontide and Holy Week came with their usual solemn hush, reminding us that Lent was nearly over, that our "day of Grace" was slipping rapidly by.

The Bishop's presence in the school was a great pleasure to us all, and the services he held thrice daily in the Chapel during Holy Week were a blessing and a privilege indeed.

APRIL 3rd.—Easter Day.

In the tender hush of the morning, ere the great world's heart was stirred,
And the only Easter Carol was the plaintive song of the bird,
We went out with joy to meet Him—the Saviour whom men call dead!
We went to our beautiful Chapel, where His mystical Feast was spread.

He was there, in the solemn stillness of the Holy Easter tryst;
Were our eyes too dim to behold Him, the glorified, human Christ?
Oh, no! when that Bread was broken, when the Wine from that Cup was poured,

By the touch of His own love-token, we knew our dear, risen Lord.

A stranger who was in our midst on Easter morning said that the radiant beauty of the Chapel, with its wealth of sweet, white