

mother's wing. So "Phil" and "little John" and "Martin" came into the world and gave promise of happy bird-life in the great cage—a promise which, unfortunately, is not fulfilled to-day for sad tragedies befell our young brood. "Martin" left the nest too soon, and met death by drowning in the small birds' bath. "Phil" flew away once, twice, three times, and after enjoying a few hours' unwonted freedom in the garden he returned each time, a tired, hungry repenting prodigal. But there came a day when Phil flew away and returned no more, because a fierce hawk was hovering overhead, and even as our birdie left the safe shelter of the verandah he was seized upon and carried away in the cruel claws. Then "Ladybird," who was very young and delicate, insisted upon rearing a family on her own account, and, not having the strength for it, she died. Our last hope of having a nursery in bird-land was finally destroyed by "little John," himself this Spring's fledgeling, who upset his mother's nest and broke all her eggs.

SEPTEMBER 1ST.—School re-opened to-day. We miss Sister Alice, who is still in England, and we are fortunate in having Miss R. Moody on our teaching staff this term; otherwise no changes have taken place in the old school since we closed in June.

Peggie's Valedictory.

Only a few days more, and I shall be leaving this dear old School to which I have returned term after term ever since I was ten years old. I am not as old as some of the girls who are leaving, but then they have finished with lessons, and I shall probably have to go on studying for some time yet; but there are other better, higher things in life than lessons which we learn at All Hallows—things I shall never forget.

Many changes have passed over the old school since I first came. There were only twenty girls then, and half of these were "play-roomers." The play-room was upstairs, just over the teachers' sitting room. Every night after "preparation" we used to rush round that poor old room, playing "wild man." Half the excitement of the game consisted in making a great noise, but not great enough to bring some one up to hush us. Sometimes Miss D. used to come up and threaten us with that dreadful punishment of writing out five French verbs. Those dear old times have been long since over; there is a new play-room now on the ground floor, occupied by new girls, who do not know the delights of playing "wild man" over the teachers' sitting room. But though Miss D. and the old play-room and most of the old girls are gone, the old school stands larger and broader and better than ever, and there are still good times and lots of fun to be had.