

When we got there I could scarcely believe that was the place we used to know. I couldn't believe my eyes because it was all cleared, the trees were all chopped down and the greater part of it was quite bare. We looked for our old swing, but it was in vain, for I suppose the wood cutters must have chopped away the two trees on which the swing was tied.

The different little spots brought back to memory many of the absent ones now in different parts of the world far away and near.

But for all this we enjoyed ourselves very much. We had our Lunch at twelve. We

* * * Made a fire upon the field
And boiled a can of tea."

As it says in a poem we learnt last year. After lunch some of us planned to climb up to the second flat, which was much prettier than the first. Sister Alice took the few who wanted to climb up, while the rest remained with Mrs. Woodward.

Some of us got out of the commander's sight and went all over the different places gathering the dearest lilies, and the sweet little violets, until we thought it was quite time the sheep were collected.

When we got down to the first flat there was Sister Alice with a long stick to support her, and a number of companions along with her. She was just laughing for she had been travelling a great deal, going up hill and down again with a small girl who did not know much about the way.

It must have been amusing, but I am quite sure poor Sister must have been worn out after all her long travel.

We all returned about 3 and were nicely rested for the rest of the day.

It was a beautiful fine April day we went for this picnic, everything about was beautiful, all the birds singing their spring songs to cheer the earth.

LUCY.

Spring.

Spring is always a very happy time. It makes one think of the happy spring of souls, and also of when our Lord rose from the dead.

Spring began in Lent this year; the word "lent" means spring.

This year we kept thinking spring had come, but then it melted snow and got cold again.

The winter is like when we are in our sins, as it says in one of our hymns:

"All the winter of our sins
Long and dark has been."

The spring is like the happy time when we shall wake up in "Christ's own likeness satisfied."

When we die we are put into the earth, that is like planting seeds, but in the spring of souls we shall all wake up, and come forth to meet the Lord.