

Hot Springs in the afternoon was the final event of a very happy day, which will live in our memory for some time to come.

L. SHIBLEY.

All Saints' Day.

THE "old girls" will like to hear how we spent All Saints' Day at School this year. Of course it is like an old story, for I dare say we only did the same things other girls did some years ago, but there are some stories of which one never tires, and All Saints' Day at All Hallows' School is one of them for us who are 'All Hallows' children.'

Of course it was a whole holiday, and everyone was looking forward to *that*. What a lot of things we all meant to do:

I am not sure whether "everyone" really enjoyed the thought of the "childrens' holidays." I think perhaps the Teachers had doubtful visions of children running up and down stairs with heavy boots on and slamming doors etc., on holidays it is hard to remember these things, we get so excited.

The day began with a lovely choral Celebration in Chapel. Every one who has been to School here will remember the beautiful old hymns we *always* have, "Spouse of Christ," "Hark the sound of Holy voices," and "All Hallows; by that voice Deep calls to Deep."

Miss Moody had put the loveliest white flowers upon the Altar, and she taught us a new anthem, "The Lord preserveth the souls of His Saints"

After Matins, which was at 11, Sister Superior gave the "big girls" leave to do "as they pleased," which was a great treat!

In our sitting-room there is a piano, which is only intended for

us to practise on, but when we could do "as we pleased," we strummed and sang songs until everyone was tired, and we received a polite message that "our concert had lasted long enough."

I don't know how the little girls spent the afternoon, but *we* were invited to afternoon tea at the Parsonage, and we went for a delightful scramble up the mountains to the Yale Falls. On our way down, we found a few ripe strawberries, which, at this time of year, was very remarkable.

On Festivals we speak English, at breakfast and lunch, but at dinner we always have to "*parler Francais*." On All Saints' Day however, we were allowed to speak English all day long, and I can assure you we made the most of that privilege.

At half-past seven, we had Evening in Church, and then, all too soon, the holiday was over.

RAY.

Our Sewing Class.

I made two mats with cross-stitch on canvas, and I hemmed one duster, and I am niting now. I do like sewing so much and it is very nice.

There are Kathleen and Edie and Hilda and Louie in my class. We are making Christmas presents for our friends.

Do you think the School nice, I do think it is very nice, and I have a good time. I am eight years old, and my School name is

FREDA.

The War in the Transvaal.

Now that England is at war with the Boers, the question "what caused the war?" is often asked.