

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

COMPOSITION BY CATHERINE NAHO, JR., IV. CLASS.

Miss Smith, Teacher in the Coqualeetza Institute, writes—I am sending you a Composition written and composed entirely by one of the girls, Catherine Naho. Perhaps you would print it and the readers of the PALM BRANCH might find it interesting.

We had a real nice time on the twenty-second of June. There were four waggon and two buggies full of Institute folks. The band boys were in the first one and the little girls in the second one and the bigger girls in the third, and the rest of the boys in the fourth waggon. We drove down as far as the Methodist Church, then we got off there and formed in line and marched on down to the Court house, and the school children all formed in line and the school teachers passed around the badges to all the children, then we marched up and down the street and while we marched the silver band played, and the Coqualeetza band played, and then the Indian band, then we marched on to the Fair Ground.

We had three addresses, first, Mr. Vedder; second, Mr. Wells, who spoke about the childhood of our Queen when she was a little girl, and how carefully she was taught and how she knew she was an heir to the throne of Great Britain and Ireland; he also told us about when she wanted to buy a doll but she did not have enough money to get it, so she told the man to keep the doll till she came for it again, so the man did as she said and after a while she came for the doll and then she bought it, and while she was on her way home she saw a little girl standing at a shop, wishing she had those cakes in the shop window, so she went back to the store where she got the doll from and gave it back to the man and went and bought the cake and gave it to the little girl. Queen Victoria is the best Queen that ever reigned in England.

Then Mr. McGillvary spoke, and before we sat down he said that we could do as we please, and after the addresses we went up stairs and had our lunch, and the other people had theirs down stairs. After lunch it rained so we could not go outside. The home boys played a piece or two in the building and so did the Indian band. After a while it stopped raining, we went outside and then we had boys race under twelve; two of the Coqualeetza boys went in and Tommy got first, \$1.50; and Isaac got second, \$1.00; one of the white boys got third; then they had boys tug-o-war under sixteen; it was eleven on each side, the white boys beat the Coqualeetza boys, but it was not a fair pull. So both sides got \$2.75. Next, they had girls race under twelve, two of the Coqualeetza went in and one of them got second, \$1.00. Then they had another

girls race under sixteen, just one of the Coqualeetza girls went in and she got second, \$1.00. Then they had boys race again under sixteen, two of the Coqualeetza boys went in that. After the races we came home so I could not say any more about that.

NEW YEAR'S DAY IN CHINA.

All shops are closed, no business done,
The busy, bustling crowd is gone,
One seems to be almost alone,
On New Year's Day in China.

'Tis strangely still,—few folks abroad,
No coolies stag'ring neath their load,
No chair or barrow on the road,
On New Year's Day in China.

Anon we saunter down the street—
Some jugglers doing wondrous feat,
With Punch and Judy there complete,
On New Year's Day in China.

As usual we invite them all,
Our native friends, both great and small,
To visit us at "Jesus Hall,"
On New Year's day in China.

All bright and early comes each guest,
The men clean-shaved and neatly dressed
In hat and gown and Sunday best,
On New Year's Day in China.

The children decked in colors gay,
Their well-combed hair so smoothly lay,
With rose and poppy each a spray,
On New Year's Day in China.

Then bending slowly to the ground,
Each person makes a bow profound,
And hopes good fortune may abound,
On New Year's Day in China.

Soon, seated round the board, each guest
Attacks the food with eager zest,
And with his chopsticks does his best
On New Year's Day in China,

On pleasure now each one is bent;
In cheerfulness and merriment
The quickly passing hours are spent,
On New Year's Day in China.

When day begins to wear away,
And little folks are tired of play,
We gather round to sing and pray,
On New Year's Day in China.

The elders then, with solemn voice,
Invite all those who would rejoice,
For God and heaven to make their choice,
On New Year's Day in China.

And so, not vainly spent our day,
Should some poor souls one feeble ray
Of brightness gain to cheer their way,
On New Year's Day in China.

—China's Millions.