

We Were Not Forgotten.

Work has been very steadily done—work of every kind—of the brain and of the hand. But work has not alone filled our thoughts—we have some play!

On the Tuesday following the Canadian Hallow E'en festivities a little voice was heard to murmur: "They have forgotten us!"

But "they" had done no such thing. And so we found when we received an invitation to a party that very Evening, and were bidden to prepare a programme. This was a delightful task. We prepared, and, in the presence of Sister Superior, and the Canadian school teachers, enacted the following:

1. Musical Chairs.
2. Song—"In the Cathedral."
3. Ducking for Apples (great fun!)
4. Blind Man's Buff.
5. Sir Roger.
6. Violin Solo. (Allie.)
7. Bobbing for Apples.
8. Little One's Song—"Little Bird."
9. Potatoe Race. (Very funny!)
10. Song, The Children's Home.
11. Games.

Then we returned to the play room, where a charming sight met our gaze. The table was set for a feast. Apples, hollowed of their sweet contents, held tiny candles, which gave a delightfully festive air to the room. A great cake, covered with pink icing, and jelly beans held the place of honour. Sandwiches and buns filled up gaps, candles were not lacking, and the odour of coffee refreshed our nostrils. After a merry meal, we said good night, and agreed that "they" had not forgotten us, after all.

The Christmas holidays must have a place to themselves. But another party came later—this time on the Tuesday of Easter week, in lieu of the picnic which the weather forbade. The programme was not very different, the refreshments were substantially the same, but the spring air filtered through open windows, and the summer was on the way. We enjoyed it very much. Picnics came later, and more are likely to come.

As we write, the new desks given by the Government are being unloaded at the door, and the Indian children are regarding with sorrowful affection the time-honoured "seats of learning" from which they are so loth to part. Endearred by many a scratched and cut initial, by many a mark, each with its meaning, the old desks will ever hold their place in a loyal memory.