

someone else said she was sure there were one hundred and three, no one could agree about the number, but they looked so pretty, all different colours, red, yellow, blue, green, purple and white. We all had tea and cake, sitting on the grass, and then, when our eating-party was over, our playing-party began. We went up into the shade, under the trees, and played games, and the Canadian School went to the tennis courts.

KATIE AND SOPHIE.

Aged 13 and 12.

About Money.

I AM writing a compershon about Money. When we get money we want to spend it right away, and we often eat our money and don't spend it on useful things.

There are two kinds of money, silver and gold, and there is too, paper money, dollar bills and checks. In other countries they use copper money, but we never do in British Columbia. I think it is in England they use the gold money. We can earn money in School, so much every week. I can earn twenty-five cents a week for washing up dinner things in our own School, the little girls can all earn a little every week by doing things, and the big girls earn more for they do hard things. We never often get money given us by our peoples, but Sister lets us try to earn and then we have some to shop with, we like shopping. Sometimes us little ones bye something, and we get proud of it, and we think we can keep it a long time. If we find money any time and cannot find who it belongs to, we put it in the frety (Offertory). Us little ones look at our money

hard, and see it is round and there is a head on it, and how much it is, and we should not eat it by buying candies all times, but we should spend it on useful things, like a stove or other frinture (furniture.)

LIZZIE. Aged 12.

(Very backward on account of ill-health and bad eye-sight).

"The Eternal Spring."

The invisible things of Him from the Creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made. ROMANS, I., 20.

ALL around us, on the hillside, a wealth of richest, tenderest verdure breaks out into rapturous life, at the gentle, penetrating call of Spring.

Miraculous seems the change a few short weeks have brought to pass, and where all was dead and bare, where hardly a sign of life could be discovered, now, every little woodland pathway is strewn with flowers.

Some plants that we know well, that were with us only a short time ago, we gladly hail again in their new and glorious beauty.

Some roots, seeds and bulbs which we ourselves helped to plant, dull and unattractive in the "body of their humiliation" to others, but of keenest interest to the gardener's prophetic eye, which sees every living thing with a view to its future capacities for beauty or usefulness, now vindicate the gardener's choice, and amply reward the "long patience" of those who planted, for the imprisoned flower-souls are set free at last, and gladden all the earth with their fresh and radiant loveliness.

Some plants, curious and beautiful, too, are coming to light at last