

still float lightly over the valley, start out to "plough her lone furrow," wielding the latest invention for ploughing, hoeing, seeding, etc., with a practised hand, followed by her happy little assistant, who thinks gardening better than lessons, and to whom the soft Spring air means health and strength.

Picnics followed each other in quick succession during the remaining days of the Easter vacation, and little dances were given in the Dining Hall in the evening.

On the Sister Superior's birthday a very special holiday was given to the Indian children who went out as soon as their work was done, laden with baskets of cake and hot corn-bread and other good things to picnic somewhere, it did not matter where in this sweet Spring time, so long as it was out of doors under the blue sky and yellow sunshine, within sound of rippling water and the scent of the woods.

The Canadian School had too many examinations on hand to make another holiday possible; but they gave a very charming party in the evening. The little fairy play of "Hans and Gretel" was attempted, but, unfortunately, the "prompter" lost her book just before vespers, and although everyone was engaged to look for it afterwards it was not forthcoming at 7.30, when all the invited "grown-ups" began to arrive, consequently the little performers became nervous and did themselves less than justice. Still the attempt was very good, and called for hearty applause, and a special word of thanks from the School-Mother, whose "benefit night" it was. After "Hans and Gretel" the children danced until a summons to supper took every one to the study, where a bountiful repast had been prepared by Miss Shibley and the senior girls.

Among the many useful and pretty presents received by the School-Mother on her birthday was a set of Japanese gongs given by the children of the Canadian School. No one has learnt to strike them yet quite musically, but before every meal a small crowd assembles in the Hall to admire or assist the performer, and the "pantry-maid," whose duty it formerly was to ring the dinner bell, finds herself superseded.

In a cage in a pretty, airy room upstairs a little bird is nesting. Her dainty, dark green head peeps over the edge of the nest, while her bright eyes and sweet twitter welcome her mistress' visits, heralding as they always do such "treats" as comfortable baths, green morsels of chickweed or lettuce, bits of fruit and merry conversation, for this mistress surely understands bird language and little "Nella" can confide to her all her hopes and fears about those five tiny eggs nestling under her wings, her mate, yellow "Goldred," flies in and out of the cage, for the door is open, often perching on top to sing to Nella, when his duties as husband and father are not pressing.