

The swing is very, very high, and the rope and poles good and fat; a nice big board fixed well on to the rope, to prevent it from sliding off. Two big fat girls could get on comfortably, and three little ones.

After school, "swing" is the first cry, when all go rushing out into the play-ground.

A very kind friend, far, far away, gave us these presents.

We only wish we could go and thank her ourselves.

"One of the Girls From the Indian School."

THE PLAYGROUND

At the back of the house there is a field where we play. It is not like any other play-ground, such as they would have in a town, without any trees, and perhaps a bench here and there. This little field is not a bit like that.

There is a great big swing in one corner, and a summer house not far from it. There are also a great many trees on the slope of the play-ground, under which we sit when the sun is scorching hot.

Just on the opposite side of the play-ground are a row of little gardens from one fence to the other.

Each garden is marked off with either stones, boards or bricks. The green grass covers nearly every part of the ground, except the waggon road, which leads down the lane.

All along that end of the play-ground where the gate is, grow eleven lilac bushes, on this side of the fence.

There is a little ditch of water along the bottom of the slope, which runs into a deeper and wider part; from this we draw water to water our gardens.

I think we are very lucky to have such a nice play-ground. Do not you?

MY ESCAPE

I had never been out of the cage before. I had seen some other birds flying freely about amongst the trees and on the lawn, but they were not yellow like myself; they were dingy colored. They seemed so happy that I looked at them with an envious eye.

We always stayed in a great big cage during the day, and at night we were put into two other little cages to sleep in.

In the evening some big creatures always put us into the little cages. I had always looked but for an opportunity to get out of the cage, since it began to grow warm, so that I might not freeze while I was out there.

My chance came at last; as one of the creatures was taking us out for the night. I called Green Crest, and we flew right over her head, as she was putting some others in.

I had never flown so far before, and my wings were quite tired. After they were rested I looked round for Green Crest, but he had gone, so I flew down to some trees near the brook, where I thought I should be safe.

Meanwhile those big creatures were making a great noise on the lawn; they were looking amongst the trees, but we knew better not to go back.

When they stopped looking for us I went away and slept amongst the blossoms in one of the trees in the orchard.