

haps I should say the zeal, of the several denominations in claiming certain tribes as of their own flock, and these rivalries are not calculated to impress the mind of the Indian favourably. He cannot understand. And, personally, I am of the opinion that too much attention has been paid to the doctrinal aspects and forms of religion, to an understanding of which the training of the mind—very important in itself—is the preliminary essential. The new policy, I imagine,

looks to the establishment of central or consolidated schools, which necessarily involves the children being educated off the reservations, and one of the difficulties to be overcome is the disinclination of Indian parents to being separated from their children, though the establishment of efficient schools on the reservation is not practicable. Perhaps it will have to be carried on with not too great haste and with, at first, not too much compulsion.

(To be continued.)

SPRING IN TOWN

By MARY SUSANNE EDGAR

HERE the Spring wearies on the dusty pavement,
Here her heart falters on the gray stone curb,
Alien she wanders 'mong the dull-eyed strangers,
Begging a grass-blade or a cooling herb.

But out on the hillside, did you hear her merry laughter
When the wind sang through her tresses and the brook danced o'er
her feet?
Did you see the pale arbutus she had twined into a garland?
Did you catch the scent of violets strangely sweet?

Ah, the Spring may be a beggar-maid, beside the dusty pavement,
But enthroned upon the hillside she rules the world as queen:
Her heralds raise their bugles along the sunlit highway,
And her loyal subjects spread their cloaks of green.