

spared for decorating the room, as they were needed for our "rose drill." We picked all the wild flowers we could, especially the pretty white spraying spireas, and the long sprays of little pink bells, which are called linnea. The stage was prettily decorated with spirea and long soft ferns in bamboos, which were nailed to the wall in rows. It was a good thing to have used the bamboos, for if it had been anything bigger it would have taken up our room on the stage. The stage had been made bigger on purpose to give us more room the day before the prize-giving.

The first thing on the programme was an overture, "The Flying Horses." The Rev. A. Dorrell read out the things on the programme as they came, as he was here for our prize-giving. After the orchestra, which was very short, followed the recitations and songs, and then came the "rose drill," which was just before the prizes were given out.

The Rev. A. Dorrell gave a short address and made some remarks of our programme. They were good remarks, but it would not sound nice to tell what they were. When he had done speaking, two of the girls went down from the stage to bring forward the table on which the prizes were loaded. He said something to each girl as she came for her prize.

After the prizes were all given we stood as we were, but instantly sang that old Canadian song, "May God Preserve Thee, Canada," and as soon as we had sang the last chorus, we began to sing "God Save the King," which was joined by the whole congregation. We stayed in the school-room while the people were leaving, then we all dispersed to look at and admire each other's prizes, and after we had quite done that, and had had our cup of cocoa and some slices of cake, we went upstairs to bed, as it was near 11 o'clock.

MILLIE (aged 14).

Holidays from a Little Girl's Point of View.

In the Summer holidays we went for picnicks. We climbed up hills and picked berris. It was so steep, and some places we nearly fall down and spill our berris. Sometimes we do, when we come sliding down rather steep places. Sometimes we see snakes. Sometimes we step on them. Oh, they feel so nasty, rolling under our feet.

We try to catch fishes, but we can't. Sometimes we catch little ones and put them in the brook. We can't catch the big ones because they are too swift and they hide in hard places.

When we are picking huckleberris it is not hard because we can sit down at one bush and pick till it all gone. Some berris are very hard to pick, because they are not much on the bushes like the huckleberris. Sometimes we go up the hill to pick nuts. We have hard time picking them because they do prick us so, but we don't mind as long as we got them.

JOSEPHINE (aged 10).