

Indian Work.

BRIGHT MINDS AND NIMBLE FINGERS.

From Miss Clarke, Port Simpson, B.C.

AT the annual school examination the girls acquitted themselves creditably and elicited much commendation from the visitors, among whom we had the honor to welcome, Mr. Todd, the Indian agent. Written examinations were also held, and prizes awarded. The girls were delighted with their books, and I was pleased to notice the self-restraint and cheerfulness of the disappointed ones, from whom I have not heard one word of dissatisfaction.

The exhibition of work was much praised. Except a few of the smaller girls, each pupil exhibited a piece of work, and some of them two or three. Dresses, capes, coats, aprons, pinafores, pillow-slips, handkerchiefs, tray-cloths, centrepieces, and doilies, in ideal honiton, drawnwork, outline and crochet, knitted bedroom slippers, worked neckties, cross-stitch on canvas, toilet sets, pincushions and fancy articles in ribbon-silk and crochet—most of which were sold for the benefit of the hospital.

The programme of the Christmas entertainment consisted of choruses, motion songs, exercises and club-swinging. Everything was committed to memory, and the whole programme gone through without a book or paper in sight. When I tell you that only once was prompting necessary and that but for a single word, you can judge how perfectly the girls did their part.

On Christmas night, the friends of the girls were present at the distribution of gifts from the Christmas tree, and were served with refreshments.

New Year's Day brought a steamboat, and a very agreeable surprise in the shape of six large packages from friends in Ontario. The books, dolls and toys were too late for Christmas, but will be on hand for next year, and at the same time give us a comfortable feeling of having a great many very nice things in store for an occasion that must be considered a long time in advance. I need hardly say that all the gifts were most acceptable—the quilts, blankets and pillows especially so, as a number of new girls could not otherwise have been made comfortable.

Our little Lydia, aged five, who had been getting somewhat shabby, was transformed into a veritable Red Riding Hood by a little red jacket and hood from one of the boxes. A white