

not put the kindlings in the stove then, but in the morning she put some sticks into the stove and lighted them. She poured water in the kettle on the stove. The water boiled.

THEODORE WILKIE

My brother chopped some wood with his axe. He took the wood and put it on his arms. He carried it into the house and put it into a box. He cut some kindlings with his knife and took some of them off the floor. He put them into the stove and took some wood out of the box. He put it into the stove and took a match out of the match-box. He lighted it and put it in the stove. He poured some water into the kettle and put it on the stove. The water boiled. My sister put some tea into the tea-pot and took the kettle off the stove. She poured some hot water into the tea-pot and put the tea-pot on the stove. The tea boiled. She poured some tea into a cup and put some milk and sugar into the tea. She gave it to my father. He stirred it and drank it.

H. A. LONSDALE.

In winter my father and a man hitched the horses to the sleigh. They drove through the wood and looked for a good place to chop wood. They chopped the trees with their axes. The trees fell down. My father and the man put the logs on the sleigh. They sat on them and drove over the river to the house. They jumped from the sleigh and unhitched the horses from the sleigh. They watered them and led them into the stable. They fed them with some oats and hay and went out. They threw the logs off the sleigh on the snow. The man helped my father to chop them. He chopped them and cut them. He put the wood in his arms and went into the house and put the wood in a large wood-box. My father took the wood out of the wood-box and sat on the chair. He cut some kindlings with his knife and gathered them. He put them in the stove. He put some wood in the stove. Then he took a match out of a match-box and struck it on the stove. He lighted it and put it on the wood. The fire burned.

MARY CAMERON.

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Say no evil of others.

Every one has some good trail.

Charity is the greatest of virtue.

True affection is not born in a day.

## A LETTER.

The following letter by one of our pupils to her mother will give an idea of how the children spend their time in school :—

WINNIPEG, March 31st, 1892.

My Dear Mother,—I was very glad, indeed, to receive your letter a few weeks ago, and now I am going to answer it, but I have very little news to tell you. The weather is getting warmer. Last Sunday was the loveliest day we have had for months. In the morning we went out for a walk. At three o'clock the principal lectured about Christ. It was a very interesting lecture. We spent the rest of the day on the piazza facing the river. But for the last few days it has been gloomy. The roads are in a terrible condition making it impossible to walk across them for the snow which is rapidly melting has left large pools of water everywhere. Although to-morrow will be first of April there is not a single green object to remind us spring is here. I am longing for it to clear up, then perhaps the principal will allow us girls to go to the city. I have not been there since the fire. The matron is teaching the girls how to cook. She teaches us once or twice a week after school. Our time is more fully occupied now than it used to be last term. As soon as school is over I have lessons in articulation, after that I and the other girls sew till half past four, and often till five o'clock. We then amuse ourselves until quarter past five. We have supper at half past five. After supper we wash the dishes. Then we can amuse ourselves again until half past seven. Then we study our lessons until half past eight. At nine we retire. We get up at half past six in the morning, and have to be down by seven. We set the tables for breakfast. At half past seven we breakfast. After breakfast we wash the dishes, make our beds, and sweep the floors. School commences at nine, and closes at three. Tell Maud I was delighted to get her letter a few days ago. I will answer it soon.

Well, I must close now with love to all at home. I remain your loving daughter,

O. J.