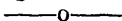




The Music for the Examination in 1900, was most unfortunately lost in the wreck of the "Scotsman."



The Certificates obtained in this Province in 1899, are still following the Examiner round the world requiring his signature.



The Consecration of All Saints' Church, Agassiz.

ON Friday, Nov. 3rd., a little party of ten set out from "All Hallows" to attend the Consecration Service of All Saints' Church, at Agassiz. This being a sister Church in our own parish, we were all deeply interested in the event, and eager to take part in the ceremony of dedication.

However the usual daily routine in the Schools could not be interrupted, even for such an occasion as this, so only a fortunate few were privileged to accompany the Sister Superior—among the number being some youthful members of the choir, who might, it was hoped, assist in the singing.

As we steamed out of Yale Station, the mist were just rising from the valley and the sun struggled to pierce through the rather ominous-looking clouds which covered the sky. Across the river the mountains rose grim and stern, unrelieved by the rosy light of morning, which during this late autumn season, has glorified their steep sides. Here and there, patches of brilliant colour met our gaze, the crimson and golden tints thrown into strong relief against the sombre background.

As we caught glimpses of mossy banks, clusters of delicate ferns, and many-hued wild-flowers, redolent of summer sweetness, it was

difficult to realise that this was an autumn landscape, and that ere many days had passed, the hills would be wrapped in a mantle of snow—yet the fast falling maple leaves and thickly covered hawthorn bushes are silent heralds of approaching winter, while on the hill-side are seen clumps of the waxen snow-berry (our Canadian misletoe) and branches of Oregon grape, with its spiked glossy, holly-like leaves,—both so suggestive of Christmas-tide festivities, and holiday joys to come.

Following the windings of the Canyon, we came in full view of Mount Hope, rising majestically amid her snow-crowned sisters, which stretch away, peak beyond peak into the dim distance, with changing purple shadows over all. Near by, a little stream was hurrying along to join the sullen waters of the Frazer, and from the overhanging brink of the river, groups of the far-famed Douglas pine lift their lofty heads to the sky, and tower in solitary grandeur from some rocky ledge.

Gradually the valley widens, the hills seeming to recede on either side, giving place to fields and orchards and prosperous looking farm-houses. As we near our destination, the weather-wise cast anxious looks at the threatening sky and made gloomy predictions of coming showers :

"We knew it would rain, for all the morn
A Spirit, on golden ropes of mist,
Was lowering its slender buckets down
Into the vapoury amethyst."

However we reached Agassiz before the rain, and had time for a short visit to the Experimental Farm, before service began. Though late in the season, there were evidences of a bountiful harvest in the form of heaps of un-