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Christmas at All Hallows in the West.

This was my first Christmas at All Hallows, and I think I can safely say it has been one of the happiest I have ever spent. Outside the weather was ideal—lots of snow and just cold enough to make the air crisp and bright. Inside all was cosy and warm, with bright, comfortable fires burning in every grate. On Christmas Eve the children had plenty of work to do. They divided themselves into two bands, one band was sent off to cut cedar boughs and evergreens, while the other tacked them up on the walls and made them into wreaths as fast as they could be brought in. For quite a month before Christmas the children had been off on each fine day collecting sword ferns and Oregon-grape, which is very similar to holly, but without the red berries, and they had stowed these away safely in tubs in the cool cellar. These were brought to light, and by dinner-time everything was finished, and each room looked like a diminutive forest. Needless to say the little chapel was not neglected. Everything possible was done to make an ideal Christmas at All Hallows.

On Christmas Eve we were to have the usual mid-night Eucharist for the Indians, and we spent many happy hours practising and getting accustomed to the Indian words, which are set to Gregorian music, which, strange as it may seem, suits them exactly. The Indians used to come up from the little village for practices, and they did enjoy it so! I don't know what we should have done without their strong sonorous voices. We had an orchestra, too, which was the greatest help. Miss Main and Katherine both brought their violins, and under Miss R. Moody's training did wonders. We sang everything in Indian but the Nicene Creed, and began with the "Venite Adoremus," two verses of which had been translated into Yale Indian. I think for the rest of my life I shall always want to sing "Emeyjap tu wulta, Emeyjap tu wulta, Emeyjap tu wulta, Christ Salth Shiam," instead of the usual chorus, "O come let us adore Him." There were thirty communicants at the service, twenty being Indian. Archdeacon Pentreath came up from Vancouver to conduct the services, and we had such a happy party at supper, after the service. The table had been decorated and set early in the evening, and we ate our first Christmas meal by the light of fairy lamps and candles. Most of us were not sorry, however, when it was over and time for bed, as we had had rather a busy day.

On Christmas morning we were awakened—shall I say it?—by the sound of a prosaic bell. I had been told such things did not happen on Christmas Day, but I certainly heard it. A few minutes later we