

"We never fall of glorifying God by reason of weakness, but only by reason of misused strength."

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"Be not amazed at life, 'tis still  
The mode of God with His elect.  
Their hopes exactly to fulfil  
In times and ways they least expect."

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"Our doubts are traitors,  
And make us lose the good we oft might win  
By fearing to attempt."

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"Life develops in the service of life."

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"If we use the strength He gives us, we need not live at the low level we do."

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Completeness (in work) is the surest sign that the Spirit of God has taken the soul captive, to make its work one with His own."

### All Hallows' Indian School.

All Hallows' Indian School was established in Yale, British Columbia, in 1885, by the Sisters of All Hallows' Community, from Ditchingham, Norfolk, England, under Bishop Sillitoe, the first Bishop of the Diocese of New Westminster.

The Dominion Government of Canada provides a frugal maintenance of \$5.00 a month for each child, up to the number of thirty-five children.

This sum is supplemented by an annual grant of \$240.00 from the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge in England.

Clothing is most kindly provided for the children by branches of the Women's Auxiliary in various parts of Canada.

Children's parents, or Indian guardians (when able to do so) are required to provide them with boots and shoes (moccasins not being desirable), and also with journey money for the holidays.

Two Sisters and three teachers take part in the educational work.

In the Indian School many things have conspired to make a very full and busy time during the last few months. "Measles" is quite an old and almost forgotten story now in the other school, but not so with us, for two of our little patients, who seemed to have got through it bravely, are still in the hospital at Lytton, suffering from the after-effects, and report says that it will be some time yet before the medical authorities consider them at all fit to take up school life again. As we were feeling a little sad over empty beds, two little motherless children of an "old girl" were brought to us by their father one night. Such a sad, pathetic little face the older one, Rosie, had, while the little one, Minnie, was the dearest little dumpling of a baby ever seen, full of fun and merriment. It turned out that they were really too young to be among so many older children just yet, as they were only five and three years old, and, as their people thought so too, they are being taken care of by them for the present, hoping to return to us later on.