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PAGE

MISSING

All Hallows' Canadian School,

YALE, B.C.

ESTABLISHED 1890

Conducted by the Sisters of All Hallows.

VISITOR - - - - THE LORD BISHOP OF NEW WESTMINSTER

Yale is healthily situated amongst the Cascade Mountains. The School buildings are most comfortable, and are surrounded by lawns and pretty gardens. In the Playing Fields there are two tennis courts, basketball, hockey and croquet grounds.

Games Mistress, - - Miss R. Moody.

The Course of Study Includes:

- | | |
|---------------------------------|-----------------------|
| Holy Scripture | Music |
| History and Geography | French, German, Latin |
| English Language and Literature | Natural Science |
| Arithmetic, Euclid and Algebra | Drawing |
| Class Singing and Musical Drill | Painting |

Staff of Teachers:

- Primary Class - Miss Cook.
- Junior and Senior Classes, English Subjects, Latin, Mathematics, French and Musical Drills. } Miss Shibley, B.A., Queen's University, Kingston.
 } Miss Hart, B.A., Trinity University, Toronto.
 } Miss Kelley, B.A., Trinity University, Toronto.
- Music, Piano - - - Miss Moody and Miss Hart, B.A.
- Music, Violin and Harmony } Miss R. Moody, Cert : Senior Local Centre, Assoc :
 } Board R. A. M. & R. C. M., Pupil of Wolfermann, at
 } the Dresden Conservatorium.
- German - Miss R. Moody.
- Drawing and Painting - Miss Moody.

School Terms:

- Winter Term - 1st Sept. to 20th Dec.
 Summer Term - 20th Jan., to 1st July.

School Hours : 9 to 12, 1 to 3 Study Hours : 7 to 8.30

Two private Examinations are held during the year. Prizes are awarded at Midsummer. Reports of Conduct and Progress are sent home at Christmas and Midsummer.

Pupils are prepared for the McGill University Entrance Examination, and for Matriculation.

Also for the Associated Board of the Royal College and Royal Academy of Music Examinations.

Also for School Examinations of the Royal Drawing Society.

Entrance Fee \$5.00

School Fees (in Advance)

Board and Education	\$20.00 a month.
Music, Piano	5.00 a month.
Violin	5.00 a month.
Organ	5.00 a month.

Classes for sketching from nature will be formed in the Spring. Fee for term will be \$10.

Application for further particulars to be made to:

THE SISTER SUPERIOR

All Hallows' School, Yale, B.C.

**Work Undertaken and carried on in Vale, B.C., by the Sisters
of All Hallows' Community, from Norfolk, England:**

Parochial Mission Work among the Indians - - Begun 1884
Indian Mission School for girls, 35 pupils - - " 1885
Canadian Boarding School for girls, 45 pupils - - " 1890

Staff of Workers:

Two Sisters	Miss Kelley
Miss Moody	Miss R. Moody
Miss Shibley	Miss Cook
Miss Hart	Mrs. Woodward

Chaplain: (Provisional appointment) Rev. H. Underhill, of St Paul's, Vancouver, B.C.

Prayer for the Children of the Schools:

Antiphon—All thy children shall be taught of the Lord, and great shall be the peace of thy children.

V. Take this child and nurse it for Me.

R. And I will give thee thy reward.

Let us pray.

O, LORD JESUS CHRIST, Child of Bethlehem, everlasting God, bless, we beseech Thee, Thy children whom we have taken to nurse and train for Thee, that they may be true, pure, obedient and ready to do their duty in that state of life to which it shall please Thee to call them. And grant us grace so to nurture them for Thee that they may be received into Thy everlasting Love, who livest and reignest with the Father and the Holy Ghost, one God, world without end. Amen.

Commemoration of Those who have Gone Out from the Schools:

Antiphon—They will go from strength to strength.

V. And unto the God of gods.

R. Appareth every one of them in Sion.

Remember, O gracious Lord, for good, all who have gone forth from us; pour out upon them, evermore, Thy Holy Spirit, to strengthen, deepen, chasten and purify them; that, giving themselves up to Thy service, they may do and suffer all that Thou willest, and finally may reign with Thee in Life everlasting. Amen.

All Hallows in the West.

VOL. V.

ASCENSION, 1904.

No. 3

Ancient Hymn.

The early Christians were accustomed to bid their dying friends
"Good-night," assured of their awakening at the Resurrection Call.

1 Thes., IV., 14.

Sleep on, beloved, sleep, and take thy rest,
Lay down thy head upon thy Saviour's breast,
We love thee well, but Jesus loves thee best.

Good-night.

Calm is thy slumber as an infant's sleep,
But thou shalt wake no more to toil and weep,
Thine is a perfect rest, secure and deep.

Good-night.

Until the shadow from this earth is cast,
Until He gathers in His sheaves at last,
Until the twilight gloom is over past,

Good-night.

Until the Easter glory lights the skies,
Until the dead in Jesus shall arise,
And He shall come, but not in lowly guise,

Good-night.

Until made beautiful by Love Divine,
Thou in the likeness of Thy Lord shalt shine,
And He shall bring that golden crown of thine,

Good-night.

Only "Good-night," beloved, not farewell;
"A little while," and all His Saints shall dwell
In hallowed union indivisible.

Good-night.

Until we meet again before His Throne,
Clothed in the spotless robes He gives His own,
Until we know, even as we are known.

Good-night.

The Likeness of Christ.

"Can there any good thing come out of Nazareth?" "Come and see." St. John I., 46.

The world to-day is full of doubters, the age of actual hard unbelief perhaps is passing away and men of science, men of learning, the deeper they search into the mysteries of Nature, the less they dare to doubt the existence of a God. When there was less knowledge in the world there was more unbelief, for ignorance and unbelief go hand in hand.

It is useless to argue with the man who will not believe in the sun because he does not see it shine; pray for him, because he is outside of light and warmth by his own act. But the doubter, the questioner, meets us at every turn in the pathway of life; even in a school such as this the children question, doubts involuntarily arise about some fact or doctrines, of which their small, untrained minds are, as yet, unable to grasp the full meaning. The note of interrogation, the question mark, is the sign of the age in which we live. If doubts had never arisen before we might well be discouraged by the spirit of doubt which now meets us on every side. But let us think of our text and the circumstances under which these words were spoken: "Can there any good thing come out of Nazareth?" It is a question, and a question expressing strong and sincere doubt felt and uttered by a good man, a man in whom our Lord Himself testified there was no guile. Philip had received his call to follow Jesus, and immediately he wanted to do something for His Master, to tell some one else about him, so he went and found Nathaniel and said to him, probably with great earnestness and with great joy. "We have found Him, of whom Moses in the law, and the prophets did write, and He is Jesus of Nazareth," and Nathaniel turning to Philip, said: "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" Philip answered simply, "Come and see."

Nathaniel was sincere in his doubt, was willing to have it cleared away if possible, so he went with his friend and when he had seen Jesus, had heard His voice speaking to him, had felt the divine yet simple gracious dignity of His Presence, he confessed "Rabbi, Thou art the Son of God; Thou art the King of Israel."

There was great wisdom in Philip's words, "Come and see." He did not waste time in argument, in reiterating his own opinion, he took Nathaniel to the Master Himself.

It is a very common objection to Christianity that the people who profess it are no better than others, who profess less—perhaps they are not even so good they are less charitable, more worldly, and

people make this a stumbling stock in their own paths to hinder their acceptance of Christ.

It is as if a man entered a studio to see some beautiful painting by a Great Master and as he moved up the room, he came across students sitting at their easels, trying in their own crude way to make copies of the famous picture. As the man looked first over the shoulder of one student and then of another and saw their poor, faulty attempts at imitation he turned away disappointed and discouraged and was leaving the building until one met him and turned him back and said, "Look away from these poor imitators they are sincere but they are ignorant as yet, they have no skill, their hands and eyes are untrained, come and see the Great Master Himself, His work is perfect." The man goes on, sees for himself, and is satisfied; enraptured with the beauty of the picture before him, he forgets everyone else, his mind, his sight, his whole being is lifted up and filled with that which he beholds for himself.

It is so with Christ and His poor followers, they are but unlearned imitators of the great Pattern, making a little progress it may be every day, but still very far off, very faulty, then when the doubter, the questioner, meets them, they need to take him to the feet of the Master Himself. "Come and see, and learn for yourselves Whom we know and Whom we serve."

"Let your light shine so that others may see your works and glorify"—not you—but your Father in Heaven. How often is it that after our Communion others can see in us that likeness to Christ which ought to be growing in us more and more day by day? How often do our words and works speak to others of Jesus and lead them on to see Him in His divine goodness and love? The people we know whose good deeds and amiable qualities hold our eyes to themselves are not the truly Christlike souls who count themselves nothing and God everything. Do you remember how it was said of the Apostles that the people when they met them said one to another, these men have been with Jesus, they have companied with the great Master? There was that in them of gentle recollection of love, courtesy, zeal which pointed them out as companions of Jesus. In them was reflected the light of holiness, shining to the glory of God, leading men out with them after Jesus; onwards over trials and difficulties, the rough, steep climb of their Mount Olivets; upwards through all clouds of doubt and questioning into the presence of God Himself, where the eye of faith can see Jesus, as Man, standing on the right hand interceding for us, from whence He will come again in great glory and all His Saints with Him.

"O! the rapture of that vision!
Every earthly sorrow o'er;
Our Redeemer's Coronation,
And the blissful exaltation,

Of His servants gone before!
Grace that shone for Christ below,
Changed to glory we shall know;
And before His unveiled face
Sing the glory of His grace!"

Leaves From Our Journal.

JANUARY, 1904.—Twelve o'clock, midnight! A pale moon was touching with silver, mountain, forest and river, and the silent beauty of earth seemed filled with an unutterable peace, as if some faint echo of the Song of the Angels of the Incarnation still lingered on the air.

A few of us quietly gathered in the Chapel, our Sanctuary of Rest, to say Lauds, to hallow the first moments of the new-born year with prayer and chant, and Psalms of praise to the All-Father in whose sight time is as nothing, and to whom a thousand years are but as yesterday, and yet a Father, loving and tender, whose hand holds with infinite care the tiny lives of all His earthly creatures.

During the Christmas holidays the Canadian School was represented by six little girls only. They had had a small party on the previous afternoon to which some of our friends from the village were invited. The study was prettily decorated with evergreens and holly and our guests, small and great, were received there, and entertained with conversation, tea and cake. Then they were taken to the dining hall, where two games of "ping-pong" were set up and entered into with due enthusiasm; lastly, the beautiful little Christmas Tree, hiding snugly in an alcove, was brought forward and lighted by a hundred pretty wax tapers, and Christmas souvenirs from All Hallows were discovered among its branches for every one in the room.

On New Year's Day the annual communicants dinner for the Indian School gave place, by unanimous consent, to a general party for the Indian children. "Ping-pong" and musical chairs amused them during the early part of the afternoon, then refreshments were handed round, and when the evening shadows began to deepen a "Surprise" Tree, which, as before, had been hidden away in the bow-window, shone forth with brilliancy, and a blind-folded troop of children were led expectantly up to it to be suddenly dazzled by its gleaming beauty.

The Christmas Tree party proper, had taken place on the 26th of December and no one, of course, had dreamt of having another Christmas Tree. This extra one, however, was provided by Miss

Kelley, who, while enjoying Christmas holidays in her own beautiful home at Humber Heights had not forgotten her pupils in far away British Columbia, so interesting looking parcels, done up in dainty tissue paper and baby ribbon, addressed to each child, arrived in good time, and were found at the right moment hanging from those peculiarly fruitful branches.

Owing to influenza, measles and snow-storms, the children of the Canadian School returned to All Hallows with less punctuality than usual. By the 25th of January we had only mustered thirty-five pupils with whom to open school. About this time, too, we had some very severe weather, high winds prevailed, bringing with them continuous "flurries" of snow and the mercury registered twenty-eight degrees of frost; during the night we think it must have sunk to zero.

FEBRUARY.—It continued most wintry all through February. The snow lay thickly on the ground, and weighed down the branches of the trees. We looked at our beautiful acacias with misgivings—how long would their slender stems bear the icy burden laid upon them? The curious stillness which broods over a snow-bound country during day and night alike, was broken for us only by the very occasional sound of sleigh bells when Macquarrie's team brought up parcels from the station. We lived in this silent world of snow and forest for several weeks, seeing and hearing almost nothing of the world beyond our gates.

With the beginning of Lent came a slight change in the weather enabling the clergy who were most kindly supplying our weekly chapel services to arrive "on time" every week. Mr. Underhill, Mr. Dorrell and Mr. Hilton came in turns, some once, some twice until Holy Week, when the Bishop arrived and stayed until Easter Monday, providing us with daily services.

Before this, however, a great trouble came to our "family" in the unexpected breakdown of Sister Alice's hitherto robust health, a breakdown which necessitated the most complete and immediate rest and change.

MARCH 12.—On this day our dear Sister went out of all the warmth, brightness and joyous sounds of young life in the house, into the chill, dark, rainy night to begin her long journey homewards.

The arrangements we had made for starting her comfortably from Yale failed because the East-bound train was delayed several hours in the station, and then it drew out unexpectedly at 8.30, when we had been given to understand that it would not leave until 10 o'clock. So, all alone, Sister Alice was hurried off on a "Speeder" by a kindly railway official, just in time to secure her seat. Nearly twenty years have passed over our heads since she arrived with her fellows to work for Christ in this distant outpost of His Church.

Twenty years of continuous labour, with "duty" for her watchword. Duty, often arduous, not always congenial but bravely and faithfully fulfilled up to the very last moment of her sojourn at All Hallows in the West.

In Refreshment Week the little ones belonging to the Chapel Club got up an entertainment in aid of their funds. They took possession of the Dining Hall (with permission, of course) and charged an entrance fee of 5 cents to all the "family" who were not privileged members of the Club. The entertainment they provided was short, simply consisting of a few recitations given in character, but they were spirited and amusing, and extremely well presented. Towards the close of the evening, when our appetites naturally suggested "supper," we were charged another 5 cents for good coffee and excellent cake, which was very generously dispensed for that small sum. The Village Store lost a great deal of its custom from the school that Saturday morning, because every one resolved to "save up" their pocket money for the "C. C." entertainment in the evening, of which due notice had been published, and in the evening, when the fete was over, every one felt rewarded for their previous thrift.

All this time the Chapel Choir and the Chapel Orchestra were extremely busy practising for Easter.

The Literary Club and the Camera Club were also doing a good deal. With all these interests to occupy the "Family" outside of their school work, the weeks went by very quickly, and Passiontide and Holy Week came with their usual solemn hush, reminding us that Lent was nearly over, that our "day of Grace" was slipping rapidly by.

The Bishop's presence in the school was a great pleasure to us all, and the services he held thrice daily in the Chapel during Holy Week were a blessing and a privilege indeed.

APRIL 3rd.—Easter Day.

In the tender hush of the morning, ere the great world's heart was stirred,

And the only Easter Carol was the plaintive song of the bird,
We went out with joy to meet Him—the Saviour whom men call
dead!

We went to our beautiful Chapel, where His mystical Feast was
spread.

He was there, in the solemn stillness of the Holy Easter tryst;
Were our eyes too dim to behold Him, the glorified, human Christ?
Oh, no! when that Bread was broken, when the Wine from that Cup
was poured,

By the touch of His own love-token, we knew our dear, risen Lord.

A stranger who was in our midst on Easter morning said that the radiant beauty of the Chapel, with its wealth of sweet, white

flowers (all gifts from the children of both schools) lining the aisle, framing the altar, crowning the font, and gleaming pure and star-like on the re-table; the white-robed choir children preceding the Bishop up the aisle, the melody of the orchestra, consisting of four violins and a 'cello and organ, the fresh young voices raised in holy chant and Psalm, was so thrilling that it brought unbidden tears to her eyes.

The music and singing were exceptionally good. We had Baden-Powell's Communion Service, and his setting of "Hail, Festal Day!" and Tour's anthem, "God hath appointed a Day." The two latter, also the hymns, and evening canticles (Monk) were accompanied by the orchestra. The girl violinists did very well indeed under Miss Rose Moody's training. She laid her own violin aside to play the 'cello for the special Easter services, and our organist held all together with her finished masterly touch, giving everyone confidence and courage. For some were timid, and some were shy, but all desired to do their best, and the Bishop encouraged us to think we had succeeded when he kindly said that it had been "a treat" to him to spend Easter at All Hallows again this year.

Easter Tuesday brought an unusually heavy snowstorm, it looked like the beginning of cold weather, but we knew that it was only Dame Winter's last and final effort to assert herself before giving place to the young Maiden Spring.

On Thursday we felt we could say "another Spring has come." How lightly the words slip off one's pen; yet what a wealth of lyric poetry they hold. The poetry is really lyric, too; the first quavering bird notes set the measure while yet the earth is black and the tree boughs show promise only by that glittering greyness of their bark which comes in early spring; the very wind is lyric, as it flutes—with a shy warmth in it—through the answering twigs. Quietly, magically, the season grows in fulness and in grace. One morning—such things are epochs in the country—we find a crocus flaunting its yellow livery down by the garden path, a snowdrop follows, then violets show their gentle bloom.

The days seem to pass so quickly at this season; it is the time of action and action is always swift when a long waiting time has gone before.

Spring has come! There is no music in the language like to these three words. Birds are mating or nesting, and Nature croons her cradle-song above the green things and the feathered things that she loves.

This is the poetical aspect of Spring; but what is the practical kitchen garden point of view? The head gardener shows us that it is no time for dawdling, and we see her, while the mountain mists

still float lightly over the valley, start out to "plough her lone furrow," wielding the latest invention for ploughing, hoeing, seeding, etc., with a practised hand, followed by her happy little assistant, who thinks gardening better than lessons, and to whom the soft Spring air means health and strength.

Picnics followed each other in quick succession during the remaining days of the Easter vacation, and little dances were given in the Dining Hall in the evening.

On the Sister Superior's birthday a very special holiday was given to the Indian children who went out as soon as their work was done, laden with baskets of cake and hot corn-bread and other good things to picnic somewhere, it did not matter where in this sweet Spring time, so long as it was out of doors under the blue sky and yellow sunshine, within sound of rippling water and the scent of the woods.

The Canadian School had too many examinations on hand to make another holiday possible; but they gave a very charming party in the evening. The little fairy play of "Hans and Gretel" was attempted, but, unfortunately, the "prompter" lost her book just before vespers, and although everyone was engaged to look for it afterwards it was not forthcoming at 7.30, when all the invited "grown-ups" began to arrive, consequently the little performers became nervous and did themselves less than justice. Still the attempt was very good, and called for hearty applause, and a special word of thanks from the School-Mother, whose "benefit night" it was. After "Hans and Gretel" the children danced until a summons to supper took every one to the study, where a bountiful repast had been prepared by Miss Shibley and the senior girls.

Among the many useful and pretty presents received by the School-Mother on her birthday was a set of Japanese gongs given by the children of the Canadian School. No one has learnt to strike them yet quite musically, but before every meal a small crowd assembles in the Hall to admire or assist the performer, and the "pantry-maid," whose duty it formerly was to ring the dinner bell, finds herself superseded.

In a cage in a pretty, airy room upstairs a little bird is nesting. Her dainty, dark green head peeps over the edge of the nest, while her bright eyes and sweet twitter welcome her mistress' visits, heralding as they always do such "treats" as comfortable baths, green morsels of chickweed or lettuce, bits of fruit and merry conversation, for this mistress surely understands bird language and little "Nella" can confide to her all her hopes and fears about those five tiny eggs nestling under her wings, her mate, yellow "Goldred," flies in and out of the cage, for the door is open, often perching on top to sing to Nella, when his duties as husband and father are not pressing.

Such happy little creatures they are, filling the house with song through the dark winter days, and now in the time of sunshine and flowers attending to the duties of feathered-life with cheerful serenity. That roomy cage is not a prison, it is their "home," and often after investigating all the cosy corners of the room they return to it with contentment.

Birds, flowers and children fill the old school with beauty, fragrance and vigour, but the daily routine of life is very unromantic. Meals have to be cooked, clothes mended, rooms swept, beds made, lessons learnt, lessons taught; there is no hour without its own prosaic duty, and if we are sometimes tempted to grow weary of this daily round, let us try to remember that—

"The finest life lies oft in doing finely
A multitude of unromantic things.
The heroism of all such true endeavour
Shall gild the common place of common days,
And God Himself shall guard such work for ever,
And crown it with eternity of praise."

Friendship.

"They seem to take away the sun from the world, who withdraw friendship from life."

It is very hard for me to find an adequate definition for that little word "Friend," which contains so much and such wonderful meaning. I will simply tell you what my idea of a true friend is, and how we ought to make choice of our friends.

Most people have some hobby which gives a certain amount of interest and color to their lives; some have horses, some dogs, others care for books or flowers, etc., but to me all these put together would count as nothing beside the dear companionship of my friend. The former can be quickly obtained by any one who possesses a little wealth, and can, perhaps, even be easily replaced when lost, but a friend is sometimes won after years and years of waiting, and often it is only after death we realise the bitter measure of our loss.

In life we come in contact with hundreds of people to whom we must show courtesy and kindness; but we cannot call them our friends, for we know little about their characters, thoughts, or feelings. In selecting a friend we should be very careful to choose one who will advance us and not drag us down. When buying a horse one always enquires about his age and pedigree, his temper and other good points, but many people take less than no trouble in

choosing their friends, and simply accept the first person they meet who happen to be well dressed and has pleasant manners, or who is amusing. To casual acquaintances we speak of outside things, the topics of the day and about current events; but with our "friend" we exchange mutual confidences, we tell her our inmost thoughts, our ideas expand and we gradually find ourselves improving, not because our friend is very clever, but because of her ready sympathy, her sweet and wholesome influence, and the feeling of trust with which she inspires us.

Few friendships will bear the test of criticism, but for my part I think the opinions of the friend we value should be regarded as something almost sacred, something all our own, for she loves us well enough bravely, yet tenderly, to tell us of our faults, for true friendship is not blind, and because my friend loves me she will try and help me to be better. To criticise me or talk me over with other people will be impossible to her.

Friendship should not be selfish; in its own satisfying happiness it should be ready to show friendliness and helpfulness to all around. How much better it is, by a little thought, a little tact, a little love, to give happiness; to make friends rather than enemies.

"He that hath a thousand friends,
Has never a one to spare;
But he who has an enemy,
Will meet him everywhere."

We love our friends for what they are, not for what they have; but we sometimes lose them by what they do, for friendship, once disappointed, can-forgive; but to forget is more difficult.

How precious are the friendships begun in our school days; what a help and comfort they have proved to us there, helping us to shape our course, to form our characters, and then when separation comes and the close companionship of the school life is over, how sweet it is to correspond with your friend, to find her, after years of absence it may be, still faithful and true, unchanged in her affection for you. How empty life would be without such friendships, and if each of us would try to befriend others, to make the lives of others a little less lonely and friendless, what a much happier world this would be.

MAE COOKE.

About Places We Know.

VANCOUVER HARBOUR.

Vancouver is about the centre of the "Commercial World," some people say. "The stepping-off place," because when coming from the

East of Canada bound for the Orient you step off the train and on to the steamer.

Approaching from Eastern Canada the first sight you have of Burrard Inlet is near Port Moody, twelve miles from the coast. That first view is disappointing, and people are apt to ask: "Is this the beautiful harbour on which Vancouver is situated?" For there it is, a low mud flat, but gradually the waters get deeper and then beautiful mountains come into view to the north as you travel westwards.

Some distance further on is the "North Arm," where the scenery is much wilder and better than it is in any other part of the Inlet; but strangers often miss seeing it. At the head of North Arm is a magnificent water-fall called the Fairy Falls—they are very high and on one side is a log chute. Near the top is a small landing with a very rickety fence round it for people to look down the Falls; but only very energetic climbers ever view the Falls from that position.

Going up the harbour you pass saw mills and factories and the wide-spreading town of Vancouver. Looking north you can see the "Sleeping Beauty" of Vancouver. When the snows are melting and the young spring green shooting up, the irregularities of the hillside seen from a distance, take the form of an enormous human face—hence the name.

Then comes the entrance, or the "Sunset Gate of the Dominion," with the "Lions" guarding it. These are the natural formation of the mountains and are very striking. In this entrance, or "Narrows," there is generally a very strong tide, and opposite Prospect Point there is a "rip." It is where the wind and tide meet, and is very dangerous for little boats. Tugs and small steamboats often have to turn back, being unable to "buck" the tide.

Before leaving the Gulf of Georgia and entering the Narrows, you see a big rock, called "Siwash Rock," because from one side it is considered to resemble an Indian, and "Siwash" is the Chinook word to indicate an Indian. I believe Siwash is a corruption of the French word "sauvage."

On Brockton Point, and in a great many places in the Park there are ancient Indian graves. In one place the burying spots are marked by piles of stones in trunks of trees. Dead Man's Island was also an old Indian burying ground. People who are interested in Indian curios go there to look for arrow-heads, drums, hammers, etc.

MAUD HAMERSLEY.

All Hallows' Literary Society.

Our Literary Society is of too recent formation to possess a history worth recording, but possibly the "old girls" and others in-

terested in our progress may care to hear a brief account of our doings. At a preliminary meeting, held last autumn, it was decided to enrol all members of the staff as honorary members, all senior girls, past and present, as regular members, and to appoint the officers from the pupils of upper forms, since a training in official duties seems almost indispensable for women, in this club-loving twentieth century.

The first meeting was a memorable occasion. Few present were at all familiar with the customary routine of a formal meeting, and there was some natural trepidation on the part of the officers lest proceedings should not be in accordance with regulation methods. However, the gentle dignity and self-possession of the youthful President inspired her colleagues with confidence and everything passed off most successfully.

After explaining the object of the Society, namely, to cultivate and encourage a taste for good literature, the President outlined a plan of work for the following meeting and suggested that the Club should begin with a study of Scott's novels. It was decided to devote several hours weekly to reading aloud from this author and to call on all members for written papers in connection with their individual study. The reading and discussion of these papers proved most interesting, leading frequently to excited arguments in support of some cherished opinion, or to literary digressions widely removed, perhaps, from the original subject; but no less profitable and entertaining.

These informal discussions proved most beneficial in encouraging the expression of independent ideas and often gave opportunities for correcting wrong impressions or explaining puzzling passages.

At a subsequent meeting it was announced that the Lord Bishop of New Westminster had kindly consented to become Honorary President of the Society, and had written expressing his warm interest in our work. Letters were also read from some of the old girls, who one and all gave their hearty support and approval to our aims.

Owing to various causes our meetings have been rather infrequent. On fine days, sports, of course, have the precedence, and the numerous absorbing occupations of Saturday afternoons leave scant leisure for literary pastimes. Still, the interest has been maintained and the readings, if somewhat desultory, still continue. Various authors have more or less successfully run the gauntlet of our criticisms—their popularity apparently unimpaired by the scathing remarks of chronic fault-finders or the enthusiastic eulogies of youthful admirers.

Acting on the suggestion of our Hon. President we have studied some of Goldsmith's poetry and have read the author's pathetic love story, as told in "The Jessamy Bride." The quaint pastoral chorus of "As You Like It," came as a diversion to the "Waverley Novels."

"In Memoriam," and "Maud" opened up new fields of delight, and several conscientious little members, who had embarked on their literary studies from a sense of duty, found these becoming a source of the purest pleasure.

Several excellent papers were read at each meeting, showing earnest study and a keen appreciation of beautiful thoughts and noble ideas. Occasionally the proceedings were varied by songs composed by the author under discussion; scenes acted in costume, or "quotation competitions."

At Easter-tide the Bishop delivered a most interesting lecture on "The England of Shakespeare"—his allusions and quotations making one long for a more intimate acquaintance with the works of the immortal bard. At the close of the lecture the Bishop kindly favored us with a little "literary talk," offering many helpful suggestions for future reading.

This function formed a fitting finale to our meetings for the term. Out-door amusements are now in full sway and preparations for different examinations absorb every spare minute, so that literary inclinations are rarely indulged except on Sundays, when our "library" is freely patronised. One of the objects of our Society was to raise funds to form a library, but as all Club fees, for various reasons, are purely voluntary, contributions from this source have not been numerous. However, the modest sum realised has been expended in standard works—Ruskin, Kingsley, Thackeray, Browning, etc., which it is hoped may prove interesting reading for successive generations of school girls.

Possibly some generous benefactor may be moved to assist us financially and enable us to put the Library on a basis more in keeping with our ambitious aims.

So much for the past. Little accomplished in comparison to all we had hoped to do, but at least a beginning has been made and in spite of inevitable drawbacks and disappointments, there are evidences among many of the members of a genuine interest in high-class literature, a growing distaste for "trashy" books and magazines, and a more critical judgment of modern works.

One may hope that this brief taste of the "magic founts of Parnassus" may lead our girls to crave for more satisfying draughts and that the companionship of great minds may develop a cultivated taste for all that is elevating and ennobling.

As to the future of our Club—its success must depend largely upon individual effort as well as on mutual esprit de corps. We have every confidence that faithful devotion to its interests and constant effort on the part of officers and members to uphold its aims, must result in extending its influence more widely, for—"Lofty designs must close in like effects."

A MEMBER OF THE L. S.

FROM A JUNIOR MEMBER'S POINT OF VIEW.

When our Literary Society first was formed nearly all the Study Girls took great interest in it. It was something new; something we had never had before. Once or twice the question was asked: "What good will it do?" It certainly has done some good for those who have kept up their interest in it. Our meetings have been very pleasant. Essays have been written and read aloud; different passages discussed or quoted from the works of the author whom we were taking up.

Before our Society was started we read poetry more for the subject or the way in which it was related than for the beauty of language or feeling expressed by the author; but now we have taken up Tennyson, one of the greatest of all English poets. We have read his poems, written about them, and discussed them so thoroughly that we could not fail to see the beauty of language, thought, and rhythm in every verse. This has helped us to be more observing about poetry; to notice the special qualities of the author, not only to appreciate the story part of it, but to look at the details of choice of words, descriptive power, and rhythm.

Now that we have taken up the study of literature more seriously we find ourselves ready to take great pleasure in reading books of much deeper thought and understanding. We begin to lose that liking for the "latest novel," a passing bit of excitement that is published, read by the people, and then falls back to join that long list which has gone through the same process, and is now useless to mankind.

When one cultivates a taste for the highest poetry and the best books, they lose the liking for novels or books that have nothing in them and no lasting good. Poetry not only elevates one's mind, but gives one the power of conversing intelligently with cultivated people on the subject of literature. We would indeed feel awkward hearing people discussing poetry all around us, and have nothing to say on the subject. The works of Scott, Dickens and Thackeray, the poems of Milton and Tennyson will live for ages to come. It makes us glad to think that we live in a time when we have the opportunity of reading these works. We ought to make the most of this opportunity by studying and appreciating them.

So I think we may safely say that one, if not the best, of the results of our Literary Society, so far, has been to awaken an active interest in good literature, and to help us to understand works that we scarcely knew before, and therefore never prized as we ought.

School Register.

Marjorie Armstrong	Fort Steele
Violet Astley	Banff, Alta
Winifred Bell	Sapperton
Leonora de Beck	Alert Bay
Ruby Barger	Tacoma, Wash.
Hope Bradburn	Victoria
Dorothy Broad	New Westminster
Zeta Clark	Lytton
Ruby Clark	Lytton
Marjorie Croasdale	Nelson
Marie Cross	Silverton
Grace Cross	Silverton
Jessie Choate	Calgary, Alta
Winifred Cook	Vancouver
Dorothy Day	Victoria
Phyllis Davis	Nanaimo
Cecily Galt	Rossland
Helen Godfrey	Vancouver
Maud Hamersley	Vancouver
Eileen Hoops	Cariboo
Elinor Hanington	Victoria
Bernice Harrison	Victoria
Frances Harper	Crossfield, Alta.
Beatrice Inkman	Agassiz
Ursula Johnson	Vancouver
Jean Jephson	Calgary
Alice Ladner	Ladner
Violet Ladner	Ladner
Mollie Lang	Moose Jaw, N. W. T.
Kathleen Lang	Moose Jaw, N. W. T.
Elaine Leighton	Savona
Marjorie McCartney	Vancouver
Grace Monteith	Golden
Isabel Monteith	Golden
Eleanor Paget	Revelstoke
Lillian Pearse	Kamloops
Edith Rich	Ladner
Elvie Raymond	Vernon
Dorothy Sweet	Ashcroft
Ella Underhill	Vancouver
Rose Weddell	Kelowna
Margaret Wilson	Regina, N. W. T.

Dorothy Eskrigge Nelson
 Oonah Green Penticton.

Temporarily absent from school.

NAMES REGISTERED FOR FUTURE VACANCIES.

Gwynneth Stevenson	Atlin
Aileen Stevenson	Atlin
Lena Nelson	New Westminster
Huberta Shaw	Greenwood
Ida Shaw	Greenwood
Ethel Davey	Grand Forks
Muriel Wickwire	Greenwood
Alice McMynn	Greenwood
Flora Newton	Kelowna
Florence Newton	Kelowna
Reta Ferguson	Savona
Mabel Green	Kelowna
Kathleen Green	Kelowna

Visitors' Book.

JANUARY—Mrs. Wilson, Regina, Alta.; Mrs. Bradburn, Victoria; Mr. Leighton, Savona; W. Godfrey, Esq., Vancouver; Rev. H. Underhill, Vancouver; Dr. Underhill, Vancouver.

FEBRUARY—Mrs. Astley, Banff; Archdeacon Pentreath, Vancouver; Rev. A. Dorrell, Ashcroft.

MARCH—Rev. H. Underhill, Vancouver; Rev. A. Dorrell, Ashcroft; Rev. R. Hilton, Ladner; Bishop of New Westminster.

APRIL—Mrs. Cross, Silvertown; Rev. H. Underhill, Vancouver; Archdeacon Small, Lytton; Dr. Hanington, Victoria.

Heartsease.

"Even a child is known by his doings, whether his work be pure and whether it be right." Proverbs XX., 11.

What a wonderful and a glorious thing the life of a child is! Wonderful before the Incarnation, but far more wonderful afterwards, for part of the life of Jesus Christ on earth was the life of a little child. He lived in the quiet home at Nazareth, the child's life of obedience and submission, daily growing in wisdom and in stature, in favour with God and man.

And the life of the Child Jesus is the example for the life of every child. He gave His Childhood to His Father. He was about His Father's business all His Life—not just when he was grown up and working actively in the world, but when He was a little child, learn-

ing a child's lesson, "Sitting at the feet of the doctors in the Temple, listening to them and asking them questions."

And that ought to be the life of every Christian child. "Even a child is known by his doings, whether his work be pure and whether it be right." You were, indeed, given to God once, when as a little baby you were signed with the sign of the Cross "in token that you would not be ashamed to confess the faith of Christ." You were made God's child in Holy Baptism, and received the gift of the Holy Spirit to help you in the battle of life, and now before the days of your childhood are over, the fight with sin has begun. Will you wait till the fault has grown strong, will you wait till the glorious spring-time of your life is over, before you begin to cultivate those precious plants of faith and hope and love, and all those other virtues, the seeds of which were planted at your Baptism? No! You would like to give your best to God; you would like to begin to love Him from the moment you knew what love meant. You would like to work for Him; but, "Does Jesus accept the work of a child? Can he care for such humble, insignificant work as mine," do you say?

Ah! when Jesus would teach us what true love meant He took a little child in His arms and blessed him. When He would teach us what was the meaning of true humility, He took a little child and set him in the midst; and if we want to know if Jesus cares to have the heart of a little child for His own, we can learn the answer from His own lips when He says: "Whosoever shall offend one of these little ones that believe in Me, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck and he were cast into the sea."

Consecrate, dear children, your earliest time of life to God; give Him the pure, innocent, child-like love that He asks and longs for, and He will keep you, day by day, and make you beautiful for His Heavenly Kingdom.

Take as your copy the Holy Child. In all your work, in all your play, in your bright and happy moments, and in your childish griefs look up to Him, as you look to your earthly parents, and give your life—the life of a little child—again and again to Him. And then, as you grow older, and go out into the world, this habit of always "looking upwards" will become a part of your life, and amidst all the dangers and difficulties about your path, you will keep the calm and trustful spirit of a little child.

May the Lord Jesus help you, day by day, to give up your lives more and more entirely to Him, and may He, by the power of His own most Holy Childhood, keep you pure and innocent until of His Infinite mercy He shall call you to share His glorious inheritance in the Kingdom of His Father.

Letters.

FROM A FRIEND VISITING NEW YORK.

256 West 24th Street, New York.

Dear Sister,—

I am spending a few weeks with my brother in New York, dwelling for the first time in a flat.

What most delights me here are the churches, and what would especially interest you, I think, is the embryo Cathedral, which, when finished, is to be surrounded by seven chapels in which services are to be held in various tongues. At present the crypt alone is complete, and there is a wonderful chancel of Tiffany glass, which I mistook for marble mosaic till enlightened.

The altar is in opaque white and gold, with medallions in mother-of-pearl of the evangelistic emblems; three steps lead up to it, typifying the Trinity; each step is emblazoned with an invocation in Latin. Twelve pillars of rich, dark colours, made of 1000 pieces of glass in designs, support the arches of like material and represent the twelve Apostles. Behind the reredos is a mosaic of two peacocks (emblems of eternity) plucking at a bunch of purple grapes; the vine twines upward, heart-shape, to a jewelled crown set with amethysts and surrounded by clusters of grapes, green at first and ripening to fullness as they ascend.

The reading-desk is of white and gold, supported by slender columns, and it is lighted by standard candlesticks of like colors.

Two round lamps, one of purple and the other of green, swing from the arch of the chancel.

The immense font is of Moorish arabesque, and behind it is a fresco of the Angel of the Resurrection; on the opposite side is one of Joseph of Arimathea by his tomb.

On the walls are hangings of tapestry depicting the life of Christ, each hanging, I understand, is valued at \$1,200. They were brought from Rome and are several hundreds of years old.

This wonderful chancel, which I have attempted so feebly to describe, cost \$50,000, and was an offering to the Church from a Mother in Memory of her only Son. The tapestries were presented by another wealthy person.

Money is very plentiful in New York. At St. Thomas' Church, where the congregations are large and very rich, \$23,000 is subscribed annually for the work in the East, or poor side of the city.

I have very much enjoyed visiting the picture galleries, and one evening I went over the Natural History Museum, where I found a room devoted to British Columbian Indian relics and industries, with models showing how the Indians live and their methods of making various things. There was also a collection of idols and masks belonging to the tribes on the Pacific Coast, including a wonderfully-shaped war canoe, hollowed out of a giant tree.

Last night I went sight-seeing on Broadway. The shops and streets were thronged with people; it was almost as amusing as being at the theatre. One shop was decorated with huge sprays of imitation holly with red, electric bulbs to represent the berries in the centre. It was all very gay and bustling; but, oh! the high winds; it was difficult at times to keep your feet, especially when passing a twenty-storey building!

Please give my love to the other Sisters, and,

Believe me, dear Sister, yours affectionately,

M. HOSKIN.

FROM AN OLD PUPIL OF THE CANADIAN SCHOOL.

London, December 9th, 1903.

My Dear Sister,—

I hope this letter will arrive in time to wish you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

We break up on the 18th of December. Our prize-giving is on the 15th and the Hon. Alice Bruce is to distribute them. I have gained another honour certificate for drawing, which is a subject I do very well in.

My cousin, Admiral Sir Harry Stevenson, was married the other day and the King sent him a present with a note and on it was written from "Edward Rex." The King was going to the wedding, but did not, because he does not like the idea of his equerry getting married, because he cannot go about with the King so much when he has got a wife. He married the Hon. Mrs. Keppel. We went to the wedding, which was at S. James', Piccadilly. My uncle (mother's brother) was presented to the King yesterday because he won the silver cup and twenty-five pounds at the Smithfield Christmas Cattle Show, which was first prize. The King won three or four second prizes for his cows.

We shall, all being well, spend next Christmas in Canada, because we are going out next August; not because we do not like England, for we all love it, but because father's work is in Vancouver. I will soon write again. With very best love,

Your affectionate friend,

EVELYN T. WIDDICOMBE.

WRITTEN TO THE CHILDREN OF THE INDIAN SCHOOL BY
ONE WHO WAS FORMERLY A TEACHER IN IT.

Yonkers, New York, U. S. A.

Dear Children,—

Though nearly all "my children" have grown up and left the dear old school, those who are left, and, perhaps, some of the others whom I only know by name through the pages of "All Hallows' in the West" may like to hear how we spent Christmas in a Hospital.

On Christmas Eve the air of St. John's seemed full of mystery. Both the patients on their beds of suffering, and the nurses in the midst of their busy ministrations, felt the happy glow of expectation. Something unusually pleasant was astir. The night nurses went on duty full of importance for to them fell the arduous duty of helping Santa Claus that night on his "Hospital round."

The Rector of the Parish celebrated the Holy Communion at 6 a.m. on Christmas morning so that twelve of the nurses had the joy of participating in the Eucharistic Feast.

It fell to my lot to call my fellow-nurses at 5 and on returning to my own rooms I stumbled at the door over two large red stockings, one labelled with my name, the other with that of my room-mate.

I saw that at all the other doors similar stockings were laid.

Half the number of nurses were on duty in the morning, and the other half in the afternoon; but we all went together to the Hospital and gathered round the organ in the hall, where the night nurses and house surgeons joined us and together we sang "Hark! the Herald Angels Sing."

Then we visited the children's ward to sing the sweet old Hymn once again with the little ones. The ward was quite transformed, a giant Christmas Tree, beautifully decorated, was in the centre of the room, and from every cot hung a red stocking; the bright faces and excited voices of the children as they cried "Merry Christmas" gave assurance that for a little while at least pain and weakness were forgotten, and that loving care and kindness could make Christmas even in a Hospital a day of joy and gladness.

But it was breakfast time and we had to disperse hastily to our own wards, where "grown-up" patients were waiting to exchange Christmas greetings with us.

In my ward, the "Male Surgical," I found that Santa Claus had been equally busy, as he had been at the lodge and in the Children's Ward, and on enquiry I discovered that he had been to every bed in the Hospital, hanging up red stockings. Truly he must have had to work hard to make and fill nearly 100 stockings for one Hospital only.

In the afternoon at 4 p.m. Santa Claus drove into Yonkers up to the windows of the Children's Sun Parlour. I had just gone in to visit them when the jingle of sleigh bells filled the air, and the noise in the Sun Parlour increased until the door was opened and there stood Santa Claus with a reindeer. The snow had cleared away for Christmas Day so he had ridden in a waggon covered with bells instead of in a sleigh, and the waggon was full of delightful parcels for the sick children. Oh! the joy of these small people and their shouts of glee as they received their gifts it was indeed good to see and hear.

There were visitors almost all day for the patients, but all things, even Christmas Day, must come to an end, and bedtime arrived all too quickly for the children and other patients; but not before all the inmates of St. John's had borne testimony to that "Peace on earth, good-will to men" of which long ago angels sang in the far Judean fields.

GRACE F. WOODWARD.

All Hallows Chapel Fund.

November 30th, 1903:—

Cash in hand \$1351 71

November 30th, 1904:—

Rev. A. A. Dorrell \$ 1 00

Rev. S. N. Tebb and Mrs. Tebb \$ 4 80

Christ Church Cathedral, Ottawa (Epiph. offering) \$ 5 00

Moksahm \$ 14 35

Children's Chapel Club (through Easter Offertory,
All Hallows, Yale) \$ 30 00

Rev. A. A. Dorrell 1 00

Moksahm 12 00

April 21st, 1904:—

Total in hand \$1419 86

All Hallows Indian School.

Many are our friends, and in many lands, and they have been given to us at many stages on life's journey.

There is one thing we think most of them have in common and that is a real love for and a special interest in the work of the All Hallows Indian School.

Year by year those who saw the beginnings of that work drop out of the ranks of the Church Militant and are taken home to the rest and calm of Paradise. Somehow we feel their love for the work still goes on; the things they have cared for prosper so wondrously. Who can forget, after Bishop Sillitoe's death, when one of his much-loved little ones from the Indian School took the last long journey almost at the same time, how increasingly the work of the Indian School was blessed, beyond all expectation? After Archdeacon Wood's death the school garden he cared for, and for which he did so much, flourished in a most marked manner.

Many new friends have generously come forward to fill the places of those now at rest, and to carry on the work they began. It is for their sakes we specially want to thread together a little record of the infancy and early childhood of the work so dear to us all.

In 1880, when Bishop Sillitoe was appointed to the newly-created See of New Westminster, he found very few workers to cope with the Church's work amongst the varied nationalities in his new charge.

Chinamen and Japs were just beginning to come into the newly-opened country which was already inhabited by many tribes of Indians, all belonging to one branch or another of the great Sallish nation.

The Indian people, with their childlike, loving hearts, appealed to the Bishop very specially; but it was difficult to establish many settled missions among them on account of their roving habits.

It was also felt that, while doing all that was possible to help and teach the older people, yet the most permanent way of doing good would be by educating the young people of the race. The Bishop felt that those who had given up their whole lives to work for God in His Church would be best fitted to undertake this work.

He therefore applied to the Mother Superior of the Sisterhood of All Hallows, Ditchingham, Norfolk, England, for help.

In response to this request three Sisters were sent out to the diocese of New Westminster in the autumn of 1884.

After many vicissitudes they at length reached Yale, where they took up their abode in the then empty Parsonage.

Nor was the work for which they had volunteered long delayed. Very shortly classes were formed at the lower end of the Indian Church, the Sister Superior teaching the boys, Sister Alice the girls.

"Sister's boys" are still in evidence to interpret or speak for their people on special occasions when they come together for the great festivals.

Classes were held in the Indian Church until very bitter weather came, when, as the walls of the Church are only one board thick, with spacious cracks between, and standing well above the ground on piles, it was hardly to be wondered at if writing, for instance, was a difficulty when the ink froze solid unless it were kept standing on the stove!

Therefore, the Indian classes were removed to the Parsonage. There, amidst many tribulations, the nucleus of the present flourishing Indian School was laboriously gathered in. A hard struggle with poverty and cold was that first winter. Now the incidents can be chatted about lightly; but it was another matter living through them!

No means had this tiny Mission band, and it was necessary to resort to many unaccustomed expedients in order to earn bread and fuel for themselves and the little Indian children committed to their care.

The Sister Superior relates how her class of Indian boys did not like missing their lessons on certain days of the week while she washed and ironed, and sent out again the laundry work she had undertaken. So they volunteered to come in and help with it in order that Sister might have time to give at least a short class.

To-day, as we sorted out the weekly baskets of clean clothes for our present family of 35 Indian children in the beautiful little work-room and cloakroom of our latest addition to the Indian School, we could not help contrasting it with the little chicken-house where the Sister Superior nalled up a few shelves upon which to arrange her first scanty store of children's clothes!

Years went by at the Parsonage. The Sisters acquired the vacant C. P. R. Hospital and moved the Indian School there, where the Sister Superior took charge by night and taught by day, while Sister Alice brought grist to the mill by classes and music lessons for Canadian girls in the Parsonage building.

With many sad and painful memories of the brave pioneer work of those early days mingles the thought of constant kindness from the few staunch friends of the Mission.

In 1888 the Bishop having purchased a lovely house and garden on the western side of the then flourishing town of Yale, gave it to the Sisters as a school building.

Here there seemed to be abundance of room, but soon again the children began that constant cry which was so long ago prophesied of as a sign of blessing on the Church's work and which still sounds in our ears to-day—"The place is too strait for me; give place to me that I may dwell."

So in 1888 and again in the following year, with the Government grant now to aid them in supporting their young charges, and so enabling them more easily to carry on their work the Sisters took turns in going out on begging expeditions. How good everyone was in giving! And what kindness they met with!

Their travels extended as far as California in the second year, and so successful were they that the sum of \$1,500 was raised, and, the Government giving a grant for a like amount, the present Indian School building was at last an accomplished fact.

Then, indeed, it seemed as if the Sisters had reached the goal of their hopes, at least, so far as space was concerned. With accommodation for 25 Indian children and for 12 Canadian girls, what more was there for which heart could wish!

For some years that did suffice. Then the family again beat against the walls. This time it was the Canadian School which called loudly for "more room."

So the "Cottage" by the gate was finally fitted up as an extra dormitory, and then again that school was enlarged in 1900 by the addition of a large "new wing" built on to the original school building, containing dormitories, dining-hall, etc., while the "Cottage" having been a second time enlarged was again transformed, this time into schoolroom, where almost all the classes for the Canadian School could be held.

Insistent is still the cry for enlargement; but funds are not yet at our disposal for undertaking any more in this direction at present.

Now to the Indian School again. Until 1888 it had absolutely no support of any kind, except what the Sisters could earn, and the occasional contributions of friends.

In that year the Government made a grant of \$60 (twelve pounds) a year for each child.

Ten years after the S. P. C. K. gave a grant of fifty pounds a year for three years (renewed later on for another three years).

Donations to the Maintenance Fund of the Indian School have averaged less than \$100 a year for the last five years.

It will be seen from the above statement that it requires very careful financing to make both ends meet for this school.

In fact, it would be impossible to do so were it not that nearly all the work in that School is voluntary work, and also, thanks to our many kind friends of the W. A. in Canada, and of Missionary working parties in England, the clothing for our 35 Indian children is almost entirely provided.

Were it to be otherwise it would be impossible to maintain the School at its present state of efficiency, for \$60 a year in this expensive country does not go very far in feeding, clothing, warming, nursing, doctoring, housing and teaching, even a young child. Especially as we have had for years in the School some children for whom, from their circumstances, we are unable to claim any portion of the grant.

After many years of wear and tear of the School buildings, floors were found to be giving way and were necessarily repaired. More accommodation and greater conveniences for carrying on the work of such a large family were imperatively demanded.

Funds were at a very low ebb when the New England Company came to our aid with a welcome gift of three hundred and fifty pounds, just at the time when it was most needed.

Very carefully and with much anxious planning was that money expended, and, being eked out by various small sums earned or contributed at different times, it in the end accomplished many things.

First a "wash-house," and a laundry stove and boiler were added to the Indian "playroom," or "living-room."

Next year a balcony was built over a long passage way. This gave light and air, and also served to render the passage water-tight, while the increased comfort and greater ventilation has reduced our "sick list" almost to nil.

Last, but certainly not least, came the erection of the most complete and convenient little "new wing" of the Indian School, which, though only 17 feet wide, yet contains in its two storeys eight tiny, but delightful rooms, and joins the main building of the Indian School to the Chapel.

The Chapel, originally a stable, has been repaired and enlarged until it will just accommodate our present family of nearly ninety persons, who meet together morning and evening for worship there.

On great festivals when the Chapel orchestra assists in the musical portion of the services, a few of the family have to be seated in the passage-way, as the seats are overfull at present.

Part of an old laundry was fitted up this winter as an additional dormitory for the Indian School, so that our numbers have by degrees increased from twenty-five children, for which number the School was originally intended, to thirty-five at present in the house, with places promised to three more.

Already the School numbers several "grandchildren" among its pupils—children of some of the first girls who came to the Sisters, and we hear whispers of several more who are only waiting till they are old enough to claim a place in their mothers' old school.

All Hallows' Indian School is the only Church School for Indian girls in the Diocese, while All Hallows' Canadian School is the only Church School for Canadian girls west of Winnipeg.

Will you not join in the daily prayer that God will raise up unto us Sisters and fellow-workers, and will put it into the hearts of many to provide what is needful for the support of this two-fold work for His Church, that we may be able gladly to receive all those whom He commits to our care?

ALTHEA MOODY.

Children's Corner.

Christmas.

What a happy time Christmas is, opening stockings, laughing and talking and singing carols early in the morning, singing "Wake and Sing, Good Christians," and wishing everybody a Happy Christmas.

The Christmas Tree was just loaded with things—toys of all sorts, candies, apples and oranges. We sang carols and walked round the tree admiring different things and pointing it to who it is going to belong to. Soon the tree is empty, and we sit around admiring different people's things. We danced and played games and were merry. We were so excited that we could hardly eat our tea.

On Christmas Day we went over to the other house to have our dinner. The table was decorated up and there were little candles in little baskets, kettles and jugs, and crackers. We had such a fine time cracking them and see who could get the little scrip of paper and to see what is written on it—very funny sometimes.

Holidays was the time to read; nearly all had such lovely books from Santa Claus and on the Christmas Tree. We all played the different games we got off the tree, and we played just like a top would spin around, never ending.

EMMA.

Bales That Come.

To see the old Chinaman coming up the path with a huge parcel in his wheel-barrow, we may all well guess that it is a bale, from, well, I don't quite know where, for bales come from nearly all parts of the world—England, Scotland, Prince Edward Island, Toronto, Victoria—but what is in them? is the question to ask.

Well, the bale is brought up into the entry in front of the work-room door, where it will be easy to set the contents into. The ex-

citing moment has come, the ropes and strings are being cut, but it takes more than half a dozen of us to do this very quickly for the bale is done up so very carefully that it would take a long time for one to undo it.

The bale is opened and everything is before us; clothes of all sorts and sizes, toys, cooking things and often one or two large cakes; a good sign how we will spend Christmas or Epiphany. Often things are secrets to us. Miss Moody pulls something out and says: "I know what this is," and then calmly tells us to turn our backs for a moment. And so the bale is unpacked and the mess is cleared away. Candies are put in large jam bottles and stood in a row waiting for some exciting time to come.

SOPHY.

Our Epiphany Party.

On Epiphany we gave a little party to the grown-ups. We asked Miss Moody about it first, so she helped us and gave us the nice cake which came in the bale. We also clubbed together and got some sweets of all sorts and we decorated up the place. Miss R. Moody showed us how to make some pretty little flowers out of paper; they looked pretty. We all of us wore our pink summer dresses.

We also got some little presents for everyone. We made a fish-pond for our party, we got a screen and a long rod with a safety-pin at the end of the string, then each one threw it over the screen and caught their present, so it went on till it came to the smallest. When it was over we had the refreshments and some coffee and cake to eat.

MARIA.

About Sleigh Riding.

When it snowed we went for a sleigh ride in the front, down on the path. We had a lovely time sleigh riding. Sometimes two of us would go on one sleigh, go down swiftly, when the sleigh stops suddenly and gives a little jerk we fall on each other and go roaling down a little way while another sleigh is coming down we get so skared that we scream to them and tell them to stop, but instead of stopping they go another way. When we come again some one else gets on, when the sleigh does not go down, swiftly we pull each other down.

Sometimes we bob-sleighs, the swiftest sleigh at the front, then when we are all ready off we go again down the path. Sometimes the first sleigh does not go fast enough, so the other sleigh pushes it long so it would go fast.

JOSEPHINE.

An Ideal Girl.

A girl ought always to be gentle, modest and kind, loving everybody to the very poorest person in the world.

Teaching others of the good, not wrong; thinking of others, bearing their troubles with them, smiling, playing with young ones, making them happy in time of trouble.

An Ideal Girl ought to be neat and clean, and I think sensible, and mend her clothes when they are torn, helping others to do so too; doing all she can to help others, keeping troubles to herself, and not telling everybody but forget her troubles, and make others happy in their troubles. From the early morn till late at night do a bit of kindness to every little person.

When she has work to do, do it well, sweep well, and into the little corners, and next, to obey her mistress or masters wherever she may work.

BEATRICE.

Easter Holidays.

We had a week's holiday after Easter and I am sure we all enjoyed it.

On Easter Day we had no lilies to decorate our Chapel with, but later on we found lots. In the mornings of Easter week, after ten o'clock, when we were all finished our work, we went up the hill to look for lilies if leave was given to us.

In the afternoons, when it was fine, we went for long walks, sometimes we went to the Tunnel, and we would stop around there to touch the electricity wires, then come back again and up to the slide, and gather ferns and lilies and violets.

One day, near the end of the week, we had a picnic up the Flat. We had our lunch. Sister took six girls up to climb "Jew's Nose." The snow was quite deep in some places, it came above our knees, but we made our way through bushes and snow until we reached where it was sunny and bare, then climbed through the deep snow, then to the rocks.

Near the top it was slippery. We rested at a huge tree and looked down below us where the train just went pass, it looked as if it were only a toy train moving on.

The snow on the rocks blocked up our way. One girl went into the deep snow and buried her legs. So that she had to dig far down for her leg.

When coming down we had a good time sliding down on the snow. It was much easier going down than climbing up.

SUZANNE.

The Spider Party.

One day we had a party and it was called a spider party. When we came in here it looked just like cobwebs, but it was coarse, and it was cotten. After we had a fly with our names on we unwinded it and then we would follow wherever our cotton led to and soon as we are to the end we saw a prize and it is all rapped around with paper. Some girls got balls and little men sitting on little carts, and Nellie got a little sheep with white hair and it is curly and it could squeak, and one ore to of the othere girls got tops and Gina got a round thing with some men on it, and the men have all different colours coats on. We saw a big spider pind on the platfoarm certan.

When everyone had our turn all the spider webs were gone. After that Miss Moody had a basket of candies, and she threw all the candies around the flour and then we all picked them up and some of the candies had wrighting on and they had all kinds of funny words on them. When we were finished we were all sent out by the spider.

LISA.

Gifts Received.

Christmas Gifts from "Rose Circle" of the King's Daughters, through Mrs. Day, Victoria.

Cakes—Mrs. Underhill, Vancouver.

Fruit, nuts and candy for Christmas—Mr. T. Nichols, Mr. Creighton.

Christmas gifts for children—Rev. H. Underhill.

Barrel, beautiful Christmas gifts, books, etc—W. A., St. Saviour's, Nelson, B. C.

Christmas gifts—Miss F. A. Macdonald, England.

Bountiful supply of gifts for Christmas Tree—Captain Bryson, India.

Brass altar desk and candlesticks and beautiful embroidery for Chapel—From St. Anne's Guild, England, through Miss Dugdale.

Cards—Mrs. Lowe.

Cards and pinafores—Miss Coleridge, England.

Parcel Tam o'Shanters, etc.—Miss H. Grafton, England.

Bale very useful clothing, from W. A. of St. John the Evangelist, Montreal.

Bale of clothing, toys and groceries—W. A. Hawkesbury.

Most interesting bale of clothing, counterpanes, Christmas gifts, fruit, etc.—Junior W. A., Cornwall, Ont.

Barrel and box of most useful clothing, bedding, groceries, cakes, candy, books, etc.—From the W. A. and the Junior W. A., St. Peter's, Charletton, P. E. I., and from Cherry Valley P. E. I.

Magazines—Miss Fox, Jarrow, England.

Knitted vests, etc.—Miss Cornwall Legh, England.

Bale of much needed dresses and other clothing and groceries—From Girls' Auxiliary, St. Thomas, Toronto.

Bale all sorts of clothing, groceries, etc.—W. A. St. Thomas, Toronto.

Church papers and magazines—Mrs. Sillitoe and Rev. A. Dorrell.

Constant supply of magazines—Rev. H. Underhill.

Presents for a "spider party" and 24 "Sunday frills"—Mrs. Moody, England.

Four books and cards—Rev. H. Jephson, England.

Parcel clothing—Miss F. Davis, Vancouver.

"Graphic"—Miss Bourne, England.

"Punch,"—H. Moody, Esq., England.

Wants.

One iron bed, with bedding.

Strong, unbleached cotton sheets, 2 1-2 yards long and 1 1-4 yards wide.

Blankets for single beds.

Plain, strong Turkey twill counterpanes (unlined), 2 1-2 yards long and 1 3-4 yards wide, are very much needed for the Indian School dormitories. We should be specially grateful for these.

Boots, rubbers and overshoes of all sizes (especially 11 to 4).

Scarlet Tam o'Shanter.

Strong, thin summer stockings.

White or pink sunbonnets.

Warm shawls (new or second-hand), for old Indian women at Christmas.

Four more scarlet cloaks for little new girls.

Dresses of blue serge or any strong warm material for winter; of stout flannelette for spring, and of strong, pretty print, etc., for summer are a constant necessity. Very poor material is hardly worth making into dresses as it wears out so soon.

The old-fashioned "linsey-woolsey" or "wincey" makes capital dresses for hard wear. For the older girls dark, strong skirts, 25 inches long and upwards, to wear with blouses are much needed; for the younger girls the simpler the pattern of frock the better—either a closely-fitting body with gathered skirt, or a "Mother Hubbard," i. e., a yoke with full skirt gathered on and full sleeves. The measurements of sizes specially needed are given below:—

Neck, to edge of hem.	Inside Sleeve.	Neck.	Waist.
42	18	13	28
30	17	13	27
36	15	12	27
33	13	11	27
30	11	11	25

Pinafores of all sorts and sizes, either full, overall shape or plain sleeveless pinafores. The most satisfactory shape for the latter is made with a whole breadth in front, a half-breadth at each side of the back, a long slit left at each side seam for the armhole across the top of which a hemmed frill 3 or 4 inches wide is sewn, and the whole pinafore, frills and all, gathered into a neckband, about 22 inches long. They may be made in Turkey twill or any good washing print. It is better to avoid light colors as much as possible. Length from 27 inches upwards.

Material for blouses for older girls.

Unbleached cotton chemises and drawers of all sizes in sets of 3 if possible.

Flannelette chemises and drawers for the little girls.

Usters or long coats, new or second-hand, for the little girls.

Flannel petticoats of women's size, and also for the very little girls 22 to 23 inches long in front. Plants, bulbs, or any contributions towards the garden. Strong knives and forks. Enamelled iron mugs and bowls. Buttons, tapes, mending and any needlework materials. Stationery is always most useful.