

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

Canadiana.org has attempted to obtain the best copy available for scanning. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of scanning are checked below.

Canadiana.org a numérisé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de numérisation sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers /
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged /
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated /
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing /
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps /
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) /
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations /
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material /
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Only edition available /
Seule édition disponible
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion
along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut
causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la
marge intérieure.

- Coloured pages / Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged / Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated /
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached / Pages détachées
- Showthrough / Transparence
- Quality of print varies /
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Includes supplementary materials /
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire
- Blank leaves added during restorations may
appear within the text. Whenever possible, these
have been omitted from scanning / Il se peut que
certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une
restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais,
lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas
été numérisées.

- Additional comments /
Commentaires supplémentaires: Continuous pagination.

PAGE

MISSING

ALL HALLOWS IN THE WEST.

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 and a croquet ground.

The Course of Study Includes :

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

Staff of Teachers :

- | | | |
|-------------------------------|--|--|
| English Subjects and Latin | Miss Shibley, B.A., Queen's University, Kingston, | Miss Hart, B.A., Trinity University, Toronto. |
| Euclid and Drilling | Miss Kelley, B.A., Trinity University, Toronto. | |
| French and German | - Miss Shibley, B.A., and Sister Alice, C.A.H. | |
| Music, Piano - - | - Miss Moody, Sister Alice, C.A.H., Miss Hart, B.A. | |
| Music, Violin - - | - Miss Money, Cert. Assoc. Board, Sr. Local Centre. | |
| 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. |
| Music, Violin | - - - - - | 5.00 a month. |

Application for further particulars to be made to:

THE SISTER SUPERIOR

All Hallows' School, Yale, B.C.

ALL HALLOWS IN THE WEST.

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, 30 pupils | - - | " 1885 |
| Canadian Boarding School for girls, 40 pupils | - - | " 1890 |

Staff of Workers:

| | |
|-------------------|---------------|
| Three Sisters | Miss Hart |
| Miss Moody | Miss Kelly |
| Miss Shibley | Mrs. Woodward |
| Miss H. 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. Appeareth 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 wilt, and finally may reign with Thee in Life everlasting. Amen.

All Hallows in the West.

VOL. IV.

CHRISTMAS-TIDE, 1902.

No. 3.

Christmas in the Sanctuary.

'Tis winter, but to faithful hearts 'tis spring;
And truly God, as longer grow the days
And stronger the sun's beams, casts His bright rays
Upon His Church's swiftly dawning year,
To bid us forth from Advent gloom and fear
And lift our hearts to Him and joyful sing.

Our happy souls mid vernal musings dwell,
And all responsive, buds and blossoms bright,
Of lovely forms and varied hues, mid light
From countless flames, round cross and altar meet
The wistful eye, through veil of incense sweet;
While, from the organ, chords melodious swell.

O bless'd fulfilment of the prayers and dreams
Of men of old, when, in the silent night,
The shepherds heard the voice of angel bright;
And hast'ning saw the Shepherd born to lead
His docile sheep to pastures, green to feed,
In certain safety, by the quiet streams.

But lo, the myst'ries from their eyes concealed:
The simple, wond'ring shepherds but a child
Beheld; nor knew that He, Who lay and smiled
So sweet, was Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, King,
And Spotless Lamb for the world's ransoming
Ere long, by desert seer, to be revealed.

O well may little children eager make
This blissful day their own: O may they learn,
Who early towards the Blessed Infant turn,
To imitate His gentle, gracious charms:
What joy to those uplifted by His arms
In age, who still are children for His sake.

What those poor shepherds saw, we seem to see;
The queen-like, calm-eyed, virgin-mother pure;
Her spouse, once justly questioning, now sure
Of all the angel told; and Him Whose birth
Brought mercy from high heav'n to sinful earth;
The holiest type of happy family.

And well may we before God's altar bring,
With our memorial of Christ's natal day,
Prayers for our kin and dear ones far away;
Yea, e'en for those, unseen, who waiting rest
Expectant of His promise to the blest,
When partings dread will cease and sorrowing.

But all in vain we gather for the feast,
If we, though freely fed, omit to feed

The hungry, or supply the pressing need
Of those who thirst, or far from kindred dwell,
Or are unclad; or cheer, by cot, in cell,
Chrst's pining brothers, even to the least.

O gracious God, Who did'st all-pitying give
Thy peace, beyond man's ken, by angels' song,
To all who for the heavenly gift should long;
Grant us this choicest blessing from above,
Our hearts and minds, in knowledge and in love
Of Thee, to keep; that we in Thee may live.

St. John, N. B.

—I. ALLEN JACK.

Humility.

"Jesus called a little child and set him in the midst of them."—St. Matthew xviii., 2.

To those who companied with our Lord during His life on earth, the thought of the Kingdom of Heaven was a great, though mysterious, reality.

How could it have been otherwise, while He, the Founder and Ruler of that Kingdom dwelt among them, teaching them its laws, telling them of its greatness, and ever striving to lead them on to see the things of earth in their true relation to the glories of Heaven? Yet it was uphill work, for then, as now, the disciples and followers of Christ seemed to find it difficult to understand the "self-less-ness" required of those who would become true subjects of that Kingdom—so far off and yet so near.

We see this in their anxious questioning, "Who is the greatest in the Kingdom of Heaven?"

Perhaps there had been jealousy and heart burning amongst them because of the three the Lord had chosen to ascend with Him the Mount of Transfiguration—whatever the occasion, our Lord answered by a very significant action. He called a little child—some wee toddling thing, with the freshness and purity of its Maker's work still unmarred by contact with the world—and He "set him in the midst of them."

There had been strife amongst the disciples; there is always strife in the great family of mankind for precedence. Who shall have the best place? Who shall be most honored, most loved, most powerful?

Very gently our Lord rebukes this spirit in His friends. He sets the little child in their midst, and says, "unless you are like little children you cannot even enter the Kingdom of Heaven, much less be great in it."

All through the ages even till now Jesus calls little children "from Heaven which is their home," and sets them in the midst of the families on earth, that by the example of their simplicity and innocence, those who have grown selfish or hardened in the world's ways may learn to forget themselves in the sweet humility of loving service, giving place to others after the manner of the little child who is content to see others preferred before it because it esteems every one greater than itself.

As year by year the blessed festival of Christmas comes round, and we assemble to keep it, family by family, congregation by congregation, by hearth and home, by church and altar, we are reminded how God the Father took His own dearly loved Son, Jesus Christ our Lord, and set Him as a little child in the midst of the great family of mankind.

When the faithful shepherds, who kept watch over their flocks by night, came to Bethlehem, the City of David, to look for the Saviour, Christ the King, of whom the angels had told them, they found Him, a little child, lying in a manger. When the wise men from afar came with their royal gifts to look for One Whose star they had seen in the East, Who was born King of the Jews, they found still a little child Whose only throne was His mother's arms.

Every Christmas since that night, now nineteen hundred years ago, God seems to answer the questionings and strivings of poor foolish human nature, "who shall be greatest?" by drawing our thoughts upwards to the Divine Child to learn from Him the lesson of true humility.

"Such as are gentle," they shall learn the ways of the gentle Christ-child who tarries with us still, but so silently and quietly that we cannot see Him except by faith.

Shut the eyes of your body for a little while this Christmas night and try to see with the eyes of your soul, try to see as God sees hidden under the lowly forms of earth the spiritual treasures of Heaven. Realize that in every communion He, the Son of God, the Divine Child, comes to you as truly as He came to Bethlehem's stable once so long ago.

From Him learn to be truly humble, truly simple, believing with lowly reverence what God tells us in His Holy Word, accepting with thankfulness the messages and gifts He sends us through His Church, recognizing with joy the evidences of His will in the circumstances of our lives, praying ever that we may not only bear that will, but learn to love it with singleness of heart. "My meat is to do the will of My Father which is in Heaven," for so spake our Master.

"Sacred Infant all Divine, what a tender love was Thine."
Thus to come from highest bliss down to such a world as this!
Teach, O teach us Holy Child, by Thy face so meek and mild,
Teach us to resemble Thee, in Thy deep Humility."—Amen.

Leaves from our Journal.

SEPTEMBER.—An extra week's holiday in honor of the King's Coronation having been granted in the summer to all schools in the Dominion, our re-opening for the winter term did not take place until the 12th and 13th of September.

Then the noisy vigorous young "family" arrived, forty-two in number, and filled the house once more with fresh young life.

Miss Shibley and Miss Kelley were coming from Toronto by the Lake route; unfortunately they met with very adverse winds, lost connection with the "Imperial Limited," on which their sleepers were taken from Port Arthur, and altogether encountered so many mishaps on the way that they did not arrive in Yale until the 16th.

Miss Hart came a week later, and then every one settled down to steady work for the term.

We notice several new faces at the table and in the school-room whom we welcome with gladness, but we sadly miss a few dear, long-familiar faces. Separated as such members of our All Hallows' children are through circumstances from the old School, we trust that they will always remember that they are never separated from our love, and the Saturday evening memorial "for those who have gone out from our schools" is a prayer faithfully offered in the School Chapel every week all the year round.

OCTOBER.—The weather was so warm and sunny in October that tennis players were tempted to get up a tournament. To practice for this certain "stay-a-beds" were ruthlessly routed up at 6 o'clock in the morning by their more energetic companions.

A paper-chase was also organized, the rules of which, however, were not clearly understood by certain little "hounds," who thought short cuts permissible when the "hares" appeared on the hill slopes above them, and the trail was very round about!

Two Saturday afternoons in October were thus pleasantly occupied; on the third, as the weather still continued fine, a mountain climbing expedition was undertaken by some of the staff, who privately advertised for a light porter to help them with the lunch baskets!

Many eager, if not very strong or capable applicants appeared in answer to this advertisement. The sturdy little maid whose services were eventually accepted, proved herself an ideal climber. With Miss Shibley she actually reached Jews' Nose, "O place of renown!" The rest of the party contented themselves with a view from the bluff just below it, and it was whispered that one laggard did not get even so far, but sat down half way to sketch, her artistic quality being stronger and more subtle than her athletic ability.

Towards the end of the month, a birthday gave the President and Vice-President of the Amusement Club a favorable opportunity for getting up a little entertainment, to which both schools were invited.

The above mentioned officials, Aline Day and Ella Underhill, decorated the stage with great taste and skill, fetching in rocks and moss-covered logs, cutting down and setting up young fir trees until an ideal forest scene was presented wherein the "Fairy Governess" sang her sad songs, instructed her elfish pupil, and protected a "mortal child," who, in wilful disobedience had tempted fate by wandering into the depths of the enchanted forest.

The play was very simple and pretty in its setting, and the three principal actors, Aline Day, Ella Underhill and Phyllis Davis, assisted by the "fairies," Olive Day, Margaret Graveley and Kathleen Lang, took their parts with spirit and good will. Miss Hart was pressed into the service of this juvenile dramatic company, and most kindly played all the piano accompaniments required. The evening was voted a very enjoyable one. After the entertainment the audience dispersed, the Canadian school going to the dining hall to dance, the Indian School assembling to cut and eat Miss Kelley's birthday cake and to have their powers of arithmetic tested by the numberless little lighted candles surrounding it.

On the last day of the month a Hallow E'en party was given by eight hospitable girls in the play room.

NOVEMBER.—Archdeacon Pentreath kindly came up to take the services for our dear dedication festival.

The Chapel was very prettily decorated, ferns and daisies making an aisle of flowers, leading up to the altar, which was beautifully adorned with white pinks, chrysanthemums and snow berries, an offering of "a sweet smelling savor" to the Divine Master from some of His faithful little servants.

Evensong, Celebration and Matins were all fully choral, the schools and choir sang out tunefully and heartily; one, sometimes two, violins strengthened the organ accompaniment, and all the congregation assembled in that little school Chapel seemed desirous on that day at least to offer their best of praise and prayer to Almighty God.

The weather changed in November, and after a few days of initial cold, the snow came down, not in a "flurry," but softly, silently and steadily for two days, until the brown earth and green grass were covered three feet deep with its chilling whiteness. We began to think of the delights of snow-shoe parties and sleigh rides, but even while we were thinking, the weather changed, a treacherous thaw set in and after that came rain, such rain as even British Columbia has seldom seen equalled. Heavy, gloomy, continuous rain, until one's very bones ached at the monotonous sound of the dull swish-swish outside. At this most unpropitious time the influenza put in an appearance. With gentle pertinacity it took hold first of one and then of another, and laid them low with a little cold, a slight cough, a touch of fever, and then with a general all-overish feeling

of good-for-nothingness indicative of influenza, and of nothing, nothing else.

We are very much indebted to the good clergy, who have, as usual, most kindly supplied the fortnightly services in our Chapel. Since school re-opened Archdeacon Pentreath has been up twice, Mr. Dorrell twice, Mr. Underhill twice, and we are expecting a visit from Mr. Antle before the end of the term.

The deplorable accident which befel the Bishop in the summer, and the long compulsory period of convalescence succeeding it has, of course, deprived us, in common with the rest of the Diocese, of his much valued ministrations, but we trust that when it pleases God to restore him to health and strength again, and he is able to return to British Columbia, All Hallows will be one of the first places he will be good enough to honor with a visit.

Many of our readers, both east and west, will remember Stella Flewelling, an old pupil belonging to the Canadian School, whose name often figured in the School Magazine as a winner of prizes, a performer and sweet singer at school concerts, and last, but not least, as an occasional contributor to our pages.

On the 5th of November Stella was married in St. John's Church, Phoenix, of which parish her father is Rector, to Mr. S. Towgood, of Sandon.

We hear that she had a very pretty choral wedding, her sisters, Adela and Ray, were her bridesmaids. The choir from St. Stephen's Church, Greenwood, attended to help with the singing. The young bride was very charmingly dressed in white chiffon over white satin, and her presents were numerous and handsome.

Returning from her wedding trip she passed through Yale, and some of her old school fellows and teachers had the pleasure of seeing her for a few moments at the station.

We must chronicle another wedding which will also awaken affectionate interest among our scattered "Family." This was Captain R. Bryson's (Dr. Jack), and took place in Southern India. His bride was Sybil, second daughter of Colonel Hackett-Wilkins. The bridegroom, best man, groomsmen and the bride's father all being military men, they were all in uniform. A company of Colonel Hackett-Wilkins' men lined up before the church porch, and the military band was in attendance. The pretty little bride was dressed in white satin, with a court train, and the wedding cake, which came from Buszards in London, was cut by the bride with the bridegroom's sword! The young couple were going to Ceylon for their honeymoon. When that is over we hope "Dr. Jack" will find time to write as usual to his little friends at All Hallows, especially those in the Indian School, who have most often been favored by him with interesting accounts of travel, besides many kind and generous gifts, and who all now unite in wishing great happiness and blessing to these dear friends, into whose lives such strange new joys have come.

The Study Girls' Birthday Party.

So cleverly had the girls kept their secret, and made their preparations, that I had no idea that such a thing as a party was "in the wind" until the evening of the 28th, when a little pink note invited me to be present "in the Dining-Hall at half-past seven on Saturday evening, Nov. 29th, at a party given in honor of Miss Hart's birthday." Besides surprising and delighting me, this little note also explained why, on one or two occasions within the last week, I had not been welcomed to the study with that warmth and spontaneity one loves to see in one's friends, and even on one occasion was lured out of the room with the promise of some chocolate!

Saturday morning's breakfast at the "grown-ups" table was rather unsatisfactory, regarded as a "meal," but at least one person was entirely satisfied. Out of a mountain of varied colored tissue paper emerged dainty collarettes, sachets, photograph books and frames, etc., so that the table quite resembled a flourishing fashionable bazaar.

All day long a stern guard watched the study door, through which the uninitiated were strictly forbidden to pass. All day mysterious pounding and hammering was heard on the other side of the wall, while the excited chattering and giggling from within made the outsiders long to enter. But in vain; even on neutral ground in the hall, they were too absorbed to pay any attention to us.

Strictly on the stroke of half-past seven, the "grown-ups" presented themselves in the dining hall, where they had nothing to complain of the cordiality of their many hostesses. The thin layer of ice so often to be observed at large functions, was here only noticeable by its absence, and soon the whole party was merrily dancing a good old fashioned polka. The entertainment committee had to cater for a variety of tastes, but this difficulty was solved satisfactorily by mingling dancing and games throughout the evening. "Spin the Platter"—"Flower Basket"—"Family Coach" followed one another in quick succession; in "Musical Chairs" a grown-up who should have known better, grieved her friends by selfishly holding on to the last chair. The game of pinning a tail on a tailless donkey showed that grown-ups and children alike were painfully ignorant of the laws of anatomy, and a dainty prize was awarded to a small child who succeeded in pinning it on in the most orthodox manner.

When the announcement was made that "supper was served in the study," excitement ran high! At last we were to enter the forbidden room. But where was the somewhat scholastic study we were all so familiar with? Vanished, and in its place was a perfect fairy-land, lit up with festoons of Chinese lanterns, which shed a soft pink glow on the walls now decorated with big sprays of sword ferns and graceful ivy; on the dainty white curtains and tempting "cosy corner;" on the mantelpiece, now a vision of pale green silk, green ferns

and scarlet geraniums, on the old tired piano, now festive in its pink drapes and bank of green fern, and lastly, on the most alluring of supper tables and eager, happy girl faces. The scene that followed must be imagined, how everyone talked at once, and passed everything to everybody else; how Sister shook her head at so many rich dainties, but enjoyed them nevertheless. In the centre of the table, from which issued delicate green ribbons to the four corners stood a prince of birthday cakes, so firm and rich that the lady of the birthday had to appeal for the big girls' assistance in the matter of dissecting it. After supper Sister Agatha made constant raids upon the younger ones of "her family," and as these raids grew more and more frequent, the party broke up and "good-nights" were said. Not a jarring note had been struck the whole evening, all the details of the party were so beautifully and thoughtfully managed that everybody—and especially the one for whom it had been given—declared it to be "An Ideal Birthday Party."

E. C. HART.

About Places we Know.

ANACORTES.

Anacortes is a small town on the Puget Sound, about sixty miles from Seattle, a branch of the N. P. R. connecting it with the main line. It is a very pretty place, especially in summer and early autumn. Not many people live there, although the building of three large canneries about six years ago brought a good many strangers in. The town had been almost free of Chinamen until then, but they flocked in after the canneries, which offered them work, were opened.

In the Sound and opposite Anacortes, there are a great many small islands. In summer these are favorite resorts for picnic and camping parties. There are numbers of singing birds around Anacortes, and in spring to go out early when the sun is shining and the birds singing seems to wake you up to feel the happiness and gladness of living; and as you walk to school in the morning and hear the birds from the branches and telegraph wires, singing with full-throated joy, the world seems as bright and sunny as if there could be no care or suffering in it at all.

The house we lived in was situated on a high hill, at least two miles from any other dwelling. Up there we had a beautiful view of the Sound, away over the town. The school was about three miles off, too far for us to walk, so we were driven in to school every morning while we lived in that house, but afterwards we moved into the town, and we always walked from there.

Anacortes is not a pleasant place at all in winter, but many people go there in the summer for their health. There are plenty of nice drives, and the bathing is very good, although the water of the

Sound is not quite like that of the open sea. On the whole we were all very sorry to leave it, after living there for two years, and pleasant memories will always revive in us at the name and sight of Anacortes.

GLADYS LORD (aged 15.)

NORFOLK, VIRGINIA.

Norfolk, the chief sea port of Virginia, is situated on the Elizabeth River some thirty miles from the ocean, and together with Portsmouth is the most important naval station in the United States. It has a commodious harbor, which generally looks very busy, as large boats are always coming and going. The wharves, too, are always thronged, as very many exports are sent out through this port, the chief being fruit and cotton, which are largely grown in these parts. At all times of the day busy negroes may be seen loading and unloading carts and boats with great bales of cotton and cases of fruit. The town itself is a historic place, with old colonial houses and buildings, houses whose inhabitants keep as relics the arms of their forefathers who fought for their country many years ago. There still remains in the oldest part of the town a church which is entirely covered with ivy, in one of whose walls is a cannon ball, shot from an English vessel in the American War of Independence. In the graveyard which adjoins the church are many very old tombstones. One we found dated 1750, the year in which the terrible yellow fever was epidemic in the Southern States. Other stones, which seemed to be older, but whose dates and epitaphs had been erased by time, were lying on the graves of those—now forgotten—who had died many, many years ago.

The older part of the town remains almost unaltered with narrow streets and oyster shell roads. The new suburbs, Brambleton and Guelph, are entirely different, both having broad asphalt roads and paved walks. All the newest and most fashionable residences are in these places, although many very beautiful and interesting houses still remain in the old town. Most of these have large grounds with beautiful trees and hedges, the cool shade of which is very delightful in the hot summer days of the South.

LOUISE FERGUSON (aged 17.)

LOS GATOS.

Los Gatos is about sixty miles south of San Francisco, and is one of the stations on the Southern Pacific Railway. It is very beautifully situated at the foot of the Santa Cruz Mountains, the suburbs really being in among the mountains themselves.

Once I saw an old gentleman look out of the car window, and after reading the name which was written above the station door, he said "Los Gatos, isn't that an appropriate name for the place? See, it is the gate of these mountains." However, he was very much

out in the meaning of the word, which means "the cats." The name was given because there were so many wild cats around there when the first settlers came.

Los Gatos is a health resort and contains many good public as well as private buildings. Among these are the Lynden and El Monte Hotels, and Mr. Cunningham's beautiful house, which is built after the fashion of the old adobe houses, and is surrounded by lovely lawns. I shall also mention the Episcopal Church, which was burned when all the business part of the city was destroyed by the great fire. It was a small, red building, surrounded by tall oak trees, and was not nearly as grand or as large as the other churches, but to me it was the best.

I often wish that I were in Los Gatos again, but console myself by thinking that I will go there again when I am older and can appreciate it more.

ALICE LADNER (aged 16.)

The Hallow E'en Party.

On the 30th October various invitations were issued to "grown-ups," study and playroom girls as follows: "Eight of the playroomers request the pleasure of your company in the playroom tomorrow night, ten minutes after Evensong!"

This was a pleasant surprise to many members of the household, as preparations had been managed very quietly, and only a few people knew of the enterprise. At the appointed time the guests be-took themselves to the playroom, and were received by "the eight," dressed in white, with pink ribbons, and wearing pink and white tasselled caps, which quite distinguished them from the rest of the merry throng.

The playroom was very prettily decorated with evergreens and colored scarves, which made a cheerful background for the children's bright faces. A screen across one corner of the room evidently concealed something exciting; but soon a fishing rod, presented to the Sister Superior with a request that she would "go and fish," explained the matter. After one or two futile attempts, a large carefully packed potato rewarded her efforts!

Archdeacon Pentreath, who was among us, having kindly come to take the All Saints' services, was next offered the rod, and to the amusement and delight of the small fry, his fish turned out to be a box of hairpins!

Each guest in turn had a "bite," and many and varied were the queerly-shaped fish landed, until after a while, the pond being emptied, other Hallowe'en games were started. Two amusing little recitations were given, with the gracious permission of "the eight," by Ursula Johnson and Phyllis Davis; soon after which we were summoned to a surprise supper in the study. The table was prettily

decorated with pink geraniums and ivy, lit up by fairy lamps, the brilliant lights of the burning logs on the hearth adding a cheerful glow to the same. "The eight" distinguished themselves by the way they looked after their guests, and the supper was a great success. An appropriate creepy "poem" was then recited by Elinor Hanington, after which the room resounded with cheers for the Sister Superior and "the eight," and also for Miss Shibley, who had helped so kindly with the supper.

Dancing and fun were kept up until it was time for "God Save the King," and the happy play-room party was over. H. W.

An Ideal Girl.

Into every girl's life there comes, I think, a time when she is wrapped up in one person only—living for her, taking her for an example.

To some it comes early, to some late; but show me the girl who has not at one time idealized a girl friend almost to extravagance.

As one watches this play of feelings, one wonders what it is about this girl that makes her so attractive. Is it her prettiness? Her sweet temper? Manners, or what is it?

Perhaps the fascination is not very general. She may be idealized by only a few, and those with great fervor, or again, she may be the idol of all she comes in contact with.

Such a girl is surely blessed, and we would all wish to be blessed with her; and it is in thinking of this that there comes the question, "What is it that makes the "ideal girl?"

First, I think, she must be sympathetic, quick to understand the feelings of others; but that sympathy, though deeply felt, is almost useless unless there goes with it that necessity of all necessities—tact.

To have tact is to have friends.

Outspoken she is, but always with a regard for people's feelings, and a genuine hearty interest in others. A sweet smile is often more effective than words, or a kind look than all the opinions and theories of others.

Some people say that clothes do not matter when the heart is right—that it does not make any difference in the dressing of a girl, as to whether she is liked or not.

One is never attracted by a slovenly dressed girl. The "ideal girl" dresses daintily and simply, with an appropriateness to the occasion, always doing justice to her hostess or chaperone, and being herself a sweet lovable girl.

The strongest point in an "ideal girl's" character to my thinking is—she keeps her own counsel, not telling all her little worries and troubles to other people—they have plenty of their own—but doing

her own part, helping others unobtrusively, always remembering not to go too far.

She is very sincere and straightforward, and you can always feel sure, in talking to her, that she would repeat nothing told her in confidence.

Through all this, there seems a strain of buoyant happiness, and a feeling of good will towards everyone that makes her beloved everywhere.

She is her "mother's girl." Those two hearts beat and work for each other, the mother in her girl, the girl in her mother. No little worries or discords come into their two lives.

Sweet confidences are exchanged. Father has his share in them. Of course there are exceptions. "Mother" may be an invalid hard to please and nervous. The "ideal girl" then takes up her cross with a smile, controls her temper and opinions. She may be the "odd one" in the family, but she perseveres, helps others, if home help is rejected, and fights down longings and envious feelings, knowing that God has placed her there to suffer for her own good, and all will come right in the end.

A person who is a little reserved in her ways is always more liked than the girl who gives you unasked thoughts, ideas and opinions on all subjects from the baby's new tooth to the problem of new boots.

Of course it is good for every girl to share her opinion and thoughts with others, but the little thoughts and ideas are what make one's individuality, and when these are made public property there is hardly any depth of character left for one's intimate friends to fathom.

The giving of girlish confidences is one of the sweetest privileges girlhood has, if you are sure that your confidante "understands" you, and can help to share your troubles as you share hers, each thereby sweetening and strengthening her own character.

The "ideal girl" is almost always made a confidante of. It seems to me that most of the "nearly ideal" girls I have met are a wee bit old for their age. You seldom meet a girl with the graces and virtues I have mentioned at fifteen. If you do she is sure to have her hair half up, and be much older in her ways than you would imagine.

She is never childish when she is ideal. Imagine confiding to a girl in pigtails and pinafores. Of course there are exceptions.

The ideal girl has a great control over her language. She never "answers back," but she has plenty of backbone. She never says inopportune things—oh, that blessed art of pleasing speech! She may have these faults, but she controls them under that sweet manner and smile which she possesses.

Then that last and important question, "Must she be pretty?" Well, I think if a girl has all these virtues she can't help being pretty. There is a sweet look on her face which is past denying.

We all of us may practice these, and through gentleness, unobtrusiveness and sweetness, may in time approach more nearly to the perfection of those few, favored and loved ideal girls.

ELINOR M. HANINGTON (aged 15.)

Strangers and Sojourners.

Golden cliffs on either side, clear golden haze over all things, clear golden sky reflected in clear golden sea—the "Golden Gate"—fit entrance to the "Sunset Land;" surely we are drifting to some fairy city, in beautiful Lyonesse; would that we could drift on, as in dreams, for ever—"sinking sublimely to radiant rest."

But, oh dear! a wharf at San Francisco soon shook us out of that, particularly as we had not settled where to spend the night. A devoted ship attendant hurried us through the customs, and kept most of our hand baggage till we wanted it for the southern steamer next day; but there we were, standing forlorn in the crowded square by the ferry, looking wonderingly at the scores of electric cars whizzing in every direction. Which would take us to—we quite forgot where? Somewhere somebody had told us of; but oh! we were so tired, and so weak in the knees. Our time on the steamer had been spent in—well, rather a sordid manner; steamers don't always keep as still as they might. And the worst of it had been that we had a real storm, every one had been frightened, freight had been washed away, and we had been asleep all the time—such a wasted opportunity. It has been necessary since to draw on our already hard-worked imagination when describing that storm. But now, safe on terra firma, which car should we take, to where? Fatal hesitancy! We blush to tell its consequences. A police officer (but not a common one, he must have been a general at least) came up and took us in charge. "What were we doing? Where were we going?" We didn't know. He said he should take us to a drug store to enquire where our friends might be found. What could one do under such circumstances but follow meekly? He led us in front of rushing cars; at first we shrank back, alarmed, but he held up a lordly forefinger, explaining casually that with him we were safe, and cars stood still for us to pass, waggon wheels waited and pedestrians paused. But at the drug store we were less successful, our unknown friends were not to be discovered. We did not feel like facing a big hotel, and a certain Christian Association had been suggested to us, so the right car was stopped, and, put in charge of the conductor, at length we arrived somewhere. But alas! after weary waiting we were weighed in the balances and found wanting. Ineligible for their charity, but by then too faint and miserable to mind anything, we stumbled away, and somehow found a car to take us to the best hotel in San Francisco. Oh! the luxury of cleanliness and quiet! and oh! the

bill next morning! Fortunately we had been too wary to order breakfast there, so on our way to the boat we went to a certain little place we know of, where cafe-au-lait worthy of Paris and as much bread and butter as you like can be purchased for 10c. And then for the best boats that float the Pacific, and away down to the sunshine of Southern California. What a good time we had! All our ill-feeling towards the sea had been got over in the preceding days, and while one after another of the crowd of passengers thought they would go and take a little rest, we paraded the ship, invaded the pantry, where the chief steward regaled us with pie and refreshed us with tea, and finally, under the care of the boatswain were ensconced on the upper deck, to read a little, and write a little, and gaze with eyes not filled with seeing at the golden coast line of the well-loved western land. Less than forty-eight hours had to be spent on that boat, and yet what a store of memories have we from those days. There was the walk at Santa Barbara in the early morning, past old adobe houses, with their gardens full of great graceful palms, and trees of lemon verbena, plumbago and heliotrope, though, to our sorrow, we found we could not reach that mission. But another mission there is in that land, where, entering in, we saw the priests at the altar, and heard their solemn chant taken up by the voices of monks from some dim gallery, and we gave thanks to God that one of our nearest and dearest sleeps his last sleep close by the sanctuary there, where seven times a day God is praised because of His righteous judgments.

And oh, the color of that sea! such clear brilliant blue! such dancing "white horses."

And then what interest the passengers afforded. One truly pathetic scene rises up before us. There was a fat American boy, a youth of twenty—such beautiful cheeks he had; so very large and smooth, so very pink and white. How he enjoyed his first meal on board; how steadily he worked through the menu! He came to the second, and his attentive waiter feelingly implored him to try this, or that, but no, he could fancy nothing except, perhaps, a little coffee. Presently his women-folk joined him, and reproached him for not trying to eat. This was more than our poor fat boy could stand. "Marm," he said, "you needn't speak like that, I feel just badly about it, for I'm real fond of eating!" Alas, poor boy! he appeared no more, but joined the ranks of those who, as we heard a waiter explain, were not sea-sick! "Oh, no! but most of them had a little head-ache, and didn't care to come down." It was not on that boat, but on another, when one of us was feeling rather forlorn, that a dear little American theatrical boy sent a small parcel with a timid message, "Would the lady kindly excuse him, but did she chew gum," and that the captain gave us the use of the large and comfortable sofa in his cabin, the society of a beautiful and mischievous pup, and a package of scented soap!

This voyage ended in early morning; morning in the sunset land.

In we passed amid countless islands and low cliffs on either side; white-sailed boats floated past, beginning the day's work or pleasure; days of rest lay before us; days ending in glorious sunsets, with great banks of red and gold in pale green skies, and rosy radiance reflected in the east. "Oh! the grief; oh! the grace—of the days as they died;" till, the last sunset over, once more we put out to sea. There were crowds on the wharf under the flickering lamp-light, but all we could see through gathering mists was the dear faces of our friends, and then away into the starlight and the clear cold night. Farewell for a time to the sunset land; to the beauty and breadth of golden spaces; to the country that never loses its hold on the hearts that have once responded to its call; farewell to seas of wondrous blue, and gorgeous sunset skies.

Yet not the last farewell; into the night we went under starlit skies; but again we entered the Golden Gate; for one more night the sunset land should shelter us; and then should send forth, no more alone by night, but in the early morning, fed with mystic foods: from the rest of refreshment to the rest of loving service; for now to us the Sun of righteousness had risen with healing in His wings, and the warmth and the light and the love of that land that needs no sun had sprung up in our hearts.

Gladly could we welcome the pain of parting, for in love unutterable we were called to leave the sunset land, so dear to us, to give to others as we had received from Him, of the sunshine and the joy and the warmth of His love.

A SOJOURNER.

School Register.

Christmas, 1902.

1. Marjorie Armstrong.....Fort Steele.
2. Dorothy Broad.....New Westminster.
3. Gwendoline Bell.....Surrey Centre.
4. Winifred Bell.....Surrey Centre.
5. Zeta Clark.....Lytton.
6. Marjorie Croasdalle.....Nelson.
7. Marie Cross.....Silverton.
8. Mae Cook.....Vancouver.
9. Louise Chantrell.....Blaine, Wash.
10. Daisy Dodd.....Yale.
11. Dorothy Day.....Victoria.
12. Olive Day.....Victoria.
13. Florence Davis.....Vancouver.
14. Phyllis Davis.....Nanaimo.
15. Vera Erickson.....Cranbrook.
16. Dorothy Eskrigge.....Nelson.
17. Louise Ferguson.....Vancouver.
18. Margaret Fisher.....Vancouver.
19. Margaret Graveley.....Vancouver.

| | | |
|-----|-------------------------|-------------|
| 20. | Cecily Galt..... | Rossland. |
| 21. | Maud Hamersley..... | Vancouver. |
| 22. | Eileen Hoops..... | Cariboo. |
| 23. | Meda Hume..... | Firlands. |
| 24. | Elinor Hanington..... | Victoria. |
| 25. | Beatrice Inkman..... | Agassiz. |
| 26. | Ursula Johnson..... | Vancouver. |
| 27. | Alice Ladner..... | Ladners. |
| 28. | Violet Ladner..... | Ladners. |
| 29. | Gladys Lord..... | Vancouver. |
| 30. | Agnes Lambert..... | Vancouver. |
| 31. | Mollie Lang..... | Moosejaw. |
| 32. | Kathleen Lang..... | Moosejaw. |
| 33. | Ellen Marstrand..... | Vancouver. |
| 34. | Marjorie McCartney..... | Vancouver. |
| 35. | Frances Paget..... | Revelstoke. |
| 36. | Susie Pearse..... | Kamloops. |
| 37. | Ethel Raymond..... | Vernon. |
| 38. | Elvie Raymond..... | Vernon. |
| 39. | Janet Tunstall..... | Vancouver. |
| 40. | Marjorie Tunstall..... | Vancouver. |
| 41. | Ethel Thynne..... | Nicola. |
| 42. | Muriel Underhill..... | Vancouver. |
| 43. | Ella Underhill..... | Vancouver. |
| 44. | Olive de Wolf..... | Vancouver. |

NAMES REGISTERED FOR FUTURE VACANCIES.

| | |
|-----------------------|------------------|
| Grace Cross..... | Silverton. |
| Sybil Walker..... | Corvallis. |
| Lilian Pearse..... | Kamloops. |
| Catherine Ross..... | Vancouver. |
| Leonora Ross..... | Vancouver. |
| Irene Ross..... | Vancouver. |
| Claire Corbould..... | New Westminster. |
| Winifred Cook..... | Vancouver. |
| Eleanor Paget..... | Revelstoke. |
| Gladys Campbell..... | Rossland. |
| Nellie Leighton..... | Ashcroft. |
| Lilian Greenfeld..... | Vancouver. |
| Leonora de Beck..... | Alert Bay. |
| Daisy Bayne..... | Victoria. |
| Mary Davey..... | Grand Forks. |

VISITORS' BOOK.

September—Mrs. Davis, Nanaimo; Rev. A. Dorrell, Ashcroft; Rev. H. Underhill, Vancouver.

October—Rev. A. Dorrell, Ashcroft; Archdeacon Pentreath, Vancouver; Mr. W. Dodd, Mrs. W. Dodd, Yale.

November—Archdeacon Pentreath, Vancouver; Rev. H. Underhill, Vancouver; Archdeacon Small, Lytton; Archdeacon Pentreath, Vancouver.

Heartsease.

THE MINISTRY OF CHILDREN.

"Children are God's apostles, day by day
Sent forth to preach of love, and hope and peace."

—Lowell.

You have quite lately had the word missionary explained to you. Your childish voices have repeated the definition, "A missionary is one who is sent to tell the Gospel Story."

The Gospel Story began on Christmas Day, and the Babe of Bethlehem was the first great missionary. He was sent from Heaven by God the Father; sent from His home of light and love; from the adoration and service of the angels, to our poor sin-stained earth, where men had lost fellowship with God, and were wandering in darkness and ignorance. To them Jesus, the Word of God, was sent to tell of the Father's love. All His life as Man was spent in manifesting that love to all men.

The earliest missionaries after our Lord Himself were the shepherds. They saw a wondrous sight and heard a wondrous song. They came and found the infant Saviour, and straightway they went and told all that they had seen and heard to the Jews, their countrymen.

After the shepherds came the wise men, travelling afar to find the Christ, and when they had worshipped Him, they returned to their own country, to the cities of the Gentiles, telling what they knew of the wonderful Gospel Story. It was very little they knew, but what they knew they told to others.

So Christmas Day, the day on which God sent His Son into the world, and Epiphany, the day on which the Magi found our Lord, are two great missionary days of the Christian year.

The next missionaries were "The Seventy," whom our Lord sent "two by two into every city and place whither He Himself would come." And he said to them: "The harvest truly is great, but the laborers are few; pray ye, therefore, the Lord of the harvest that He would send forth laborers into His Harvest."

The message He told them to carry was this: "The Kingdom of Heaven is come nigh unto you."

The chief of all missionaries were the twelve Apostles. Apostle means one who is sent. God sent His Son, our Lord Jesus Christ. Our Lord sent His Apostles. The Apostles sent others; so all through the centuries the officers of the Church to-day can trace back their commission to the Apostles.

Of these St. Andrew was the first to be called, and immediately he went and found his brother, and said: "I have found the Christ." At once he fulfilled the duty of the missionary, telling out the "good news." For this reason St. Andrew's Day is honored by being regarded in the Church as the special day for missions.

When our Lord sent His missionaries out, He said to them: "As my Father hath sent me, even so send I you." These are very strong words, for God the Father is all-powerful.

The commission the missionary received from our Lord was this: "Go ye therefore and teach all nations." "Go ye and baptize all nations." When our Lord ascended into Heaven, what missionary took His place on earth but God the Holy Ghost. Christ said, when He went away, that God the Father would send "the Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost" to be with His Church. So another great day for Missions is Whitsun Day, the day of the Holy Ghost.

Of our Lord's Apostles, St. Peter was the great missionary to the Jews. St. Paul was the great missionary to the Gentiles or Foreigners, and St. James was the first Bishop of Jerusalem. This corresponds to the present system of work in the Church. There are our City Missions, our Domestic Missions, and our Foreign Missions to the heathen, either in our own or in distant lands.

We have shown how great and all-important our Lord and His Church esteemed mission work to be. Now we may ask, What share have children in the sacred commission?

As soon as you were baptized you became a missionary. You received your orders from Christ, the chief of all missionaries; Christ, the Head of the Church of which you were made a member. As a member of Christ's Church you have your privileges and blessings, as also your duties and responsibilities.

Pray—Teach—These are your orders. There are many ways of praying: Alone, in Church, with your voice, or silently in your heart. The Chapel bell rings daily at noon for the Sisters' Office. You are just coming out of school then; pause for one moment to offer a brief prayer, "God bless all missionaries and prosper the work of Thy Church."

Give something of your own for the support of missions. If you have ten cents pocket-money a week, put aside a one-cent stamp—that will be your tenth. Begin at once, on Christmas Day. Then if you are spared until next Christmas, you will have your own little offering to give to the newly-organized Missionary Society of the Church in Canada, which is pledged to raise \$75,000 for the Church's work within the Dominion and in foreign parts. Lastly, let "the Music of the Gospel" make true melody in your hearts, so that your lives may "preach of love and hope and peace."

The Falling of the Year.

The forest leaves are changing
To radiant red and gold;
The mountains' darkening purple
Soft rolling mists enfold.
While far above a snow-capped peak,

All radiant with the sun,
 Stands as if in benediction
 On the new day just begun.

The woods are sad and silent,
 The song of birds is stilled,
 For Autumn's gusty cold winds
 The face of Nature chilled.
 The petals scattered round about,
 Our fleeting joys recall,
 Till eyes are raised in hope to greet
 The red glory of the Fall.

Dark wintry days are coming,
 No more with golden light
 The sun will shed his radiance
 O'er vale and mountain height.
 White frosts with glittering splendour
 Lend beauty to the land,
 And all around we feel the power
 Of the Father's Mighty Hand.

—Elinor and The Editor.

All Hallows' in the West, Yale, B. C.

Letters.

FROM A FRIEND WHO SPENT LAST CHRISTMAS IN THE
 HOLY LAND.

Charlottetown, P. E. I., October 15th, 1902.

My Dear Sister Superior:—

So often, while travelling in the Holy Land last spring, I thought of you and your work in the Valley of Yale, and trust All Hallows continues to prosper under your kindly rule.

While in Jerusalem I saw one of our Church Missions, near the Jaffa Gate. It is quite large and flourishing, with separate classrooms for boys and girls. One of the native missionaries acted as our dragoman and guide, and he gave me a great deal of information re missions of our Church in that land, and I was more than sorry that my time did not admit of my seeing as well as hearing more about them.

How full of interest that land is to us who even call ourselves by the name of the dear Christ who once lived there as man; but, alas! almost every shrine has become a means of revenue to some religious body—a fact which continually brought to my mind our Lord's indignation in the Temple, when He scattered the tables of the money-changers and drove out those who made a market of the sacred place.

At least, it was impossible for any to stand and beg or barter on the shores of the beautiful sea of Galilee; and as certain we are

that those shores bore the footprints of "the beautiful feet" as that the Jordan gave its waters to be poured on His sacred head.

When we saw the Jordan some fifty Greek pilgrims were on its shores receiving baptism. A burly Turk guided each one along a rough sort of pier to deep water and dipped them in three times. Some of the poor things were very frightened, they implored him not to put them under again, but his only answer was the added pressure of a large solid hand on their heads, which sent them more completely under the cleansing waters. In witnessing their fear I understood what faith they must have had in the rite. The white garment they are clothed in for baptism is carefully put away to be used again only as a shroud when death calls them hence.

The Dead Sea is well named. It is a most desolate place, without even a shell lying amongst the stones and gravel on its shores; no life exists there, and the water is very, very bitter.

I greatly enjoyed two whole days we spent in Nazareth. If the stones there could speak, what tales they might unfold. We were shown Joseph's workshop and the Blessed Mary's house and kitchen. One could picture the Mother moving in and out of her humble home, drawing water after the manner of Eastern women; and like other good mothers all the world over in all ages, talking to and instructing her son.

There is an excellent school and orphanage at Nazareth, supported by the Church Missionary Society. The drive from Haifa by carriage to Nazareth is one of the most beautiful you can imagine.

Bethlehem is a quaint little town, "the city of angels." There is an old church built over the manger, the Church of the Nativity, and it is a most ancient specimen of Christian architecture.

In this town was enacted Ruth's little love-story and the "fields of Boaz," even to this day, are fair to see.

St. Jerome lived in Bethlehem, and we saw a place in the subterranean vaults of the Church of the Nativity where he is said to have translated the Bible into the Vulgate. The people of this land still live and dress in the manner described by ancient writers.

We saw the Church of the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem, the site of which has been so much discussed because of the recent discoveries of the remains of the old walls of the city, whose boundaries would place this ground within the city, throwing doubt, therefore, on the site being, as was so long believed, the Calvary.

The site is owned by three Christian churches—the Greek, Latin and Armenian, and the Latins say that when St. Helena found the three crosses on it, she had them conveyed to the room of a very sick woman. The touch of two increased her malady, but the touch on the third had healing power, and it was in this way that the wood on which our dear Lord suffered was discovered.

We were shown the exact spots on which each cross stood. Then there is the rent rock of the earthquake; also the tomb of Adam, and "the centre of the earth." (?)

The Church of the Holy Sepulchre is built over and around our Lord's tomb. As you enter the church you are shown the stone on which the angel sat; also the stone of anointment. The grave itself has a stone upon it which is used as an altar by the Latins, and is always guarded by two monks. Only two people at a time can get into this tiny chapel. Modern superstition has covered up much of the ancient simplicity we would rather see surrounding these sacred spots.

We stood on the Mount of Olives one lovely morning and looked down upon the city. It was here that our Lord's feet last pressed the soil of earth. We visited the little town of Bethany, the home of Jesus' friends, and saw Lazarus' tomb—a deep cave entered by a stairway.

We crossed the Valley of Jehoshaphat to Gethsemane. The Latins have fenced off this garden and outside the fence have set up rather tawdry little shrines to mark the stations of the cross, but the olive trees in the garden are grand, and look so old and venerable. One trod the ground with reverence, remembering that it was here, under such trees, the Christ had suffered His unspeakable agony and shed drops of blood. Here He was deserted by his friends, betrayed by Judas, and taken by His enemies, who led Him to a cruel death. I feel as if I could write a whole book about my travels in the Holy Land, but must not trespass longer on your time. Remember me kindly to your fellow workers, and to the girls, especially to my three bright "helpers" who shouldered my light luggage so kindly. I should love to see you all again. I have not heard what our Auxiliary is doing for your work this year, but trust it may be even more than in the past.

With my best wishes for the success of your good work,

Believe me to be,

Your affectionate friend,

M. J. GARDINER.

All Hallows' School.

ANNUAL HOUSEHOLD ACCOUNTS.

Advent, 1902.

RECEIPTS.

| | |
|---|-------------------|
| December, 1901, cash in hand..... | \$ 417 91 |
| Five scholarships, Indian School, S. P. C. K..... | 240 00 |
| Dominion Government grant, Indian School..... | 1,466 50 |
| Donations for prizes..... | 6 50 |
| Entertainments and sales..... | 100 00 |
| Canadian School fees..... | 7,310 10 |
| Rent of land, sale of hay..... | 30 50 |
| Total..... | \$9,571 51 |

EXPENDITURE.

| | |
|--|-------------------|
| Teachers' salaries..... | \$ 599 00 |
| Servants' wages..... | 669 55 |
| Laundry..... | 683 90 |
| Outdoor labor and drayage..... | 269 95 |
| Freight..... | 528 79 |
| Journeys..... | 293 95 |
| Prizes and entertainments..... | 38 25 |
| School books and stationery..... | 367 83 |
| Music and examination fees..... | 275 36 |
| Postage..... | 43 90 |
| School printing..... | 122 33 |
| Clothing and boots, Indian School..... | 91 09 |
| Wine..... | 52 92 |
| Medicine, medical fees, dentist..... | 61 60 |
| Furniture, crockery, hardware..... | 792 07 |
| Repairs Canadian School..... | 230 67 |
| Candles and oil..... | 113 40 |
| Fuel..... | 509.37 |
| Prayer books..... | 2 50 |
| Taxes..... | 15 20 |
| Offertory..... | 30 00 |
| Housekeeping..... | 3,149 90 |
| Indian School repairs..... | 112 14 |
| Balance..... | 517 84 |
| Total..... | <u>\$9,571 51</u> |

INDIAN SCHOOL FURNISHING, GARDENING AND SUNDRIES.

RECEIPTS.

| | |
|---|------------------|
| Jan., 1902, cash in hand..... | \$ 25 60 |
| Sales—Clothing and needlework, fruit, baskets, plants, etc... | 71 90 |
| Donations: | |
| Mrs. Bompas..... | 5 00 |
| Rev. J. Rhodes..... | 3 00 |
| Rev. R. Small..... | 2 45 |
| Donations toward furnishing: | |
| Senior Girls' Class, St. James' Sunday School, Vancouver..... | 6 00 |
| Sister Fanny..... | 7 30 |
| Miss Rolfe..... | 9 75 |
| H. Moody, Esq..... | 21 00 |
| Total..... | <u>\$ 152 00</u> |

GARDENING: EXPENDITURE.

| | |
|----------------------------------|------------------|
| Seeds, bulbs, and plants..... | \$ 14 95 |
| Manure, drayage and labor..... | 28 10 |
| Furnishings: | |
| Improvements to house..... | 24 10 |
| Stove..... | 21 00 |
| Lamp and freight..... | 4 50 |
| Tables, chairs, etc..... | 19 10 |
| Sundries: | |
| Postage and duty on parcels..... | 8 75 |
| Boots for children..... | 12 70 |
| Baskets and dry goods..... | 7 35 |
| Balance, Nov., 1902..... | 11 45 |
| Total..... | <u>\$ 152 00</u> |

INDIAN SCHOOL BUILDING FUND ACCOUNT.

Advent, 1902.

RECEIPTS.

| | | |
|-------------|--|-----------------|
| Dec., 1901. | Cash in hand..... | \$1,244 38 |
| Nov., 1902. | Mrs. Shaw, England..... | 48 00 |
| " | Miss S. Wallace, England..... | 24 00 |
| " | The English Association, England..... | 15 00 |
| " | Miss Wilson, England..... | 48 00 |
| " | Rev. R. Simpson, S. School, Charlottetown, P.E.I | 34 58 |
| " | Advanced from General Fund..... | 112 14 |
| Total..... | | <u>1,526 10</u> |

EXPENDITURE.

| | | |
|--|-----------|-----------------|
| Plastering, flooring and repairing old school building.. | \$ 392 00 | |
| New wing, as per contract..... | 600 00 | |
| D. McQuarrie, labor..... | 3 50 | |
| Fittings for new wing, kalsomining, painting, etc., school room..... | 200 00 | |
| Cornish & Cooper, transoms..... | 20 60 | |
| Last payment due by contract on Xmas Day..... | 310 00 | |
| Total..... | | <u>1,526 10</u> |

ALL HALLOWS' CHAPEL BUILDING FUND.

Advent, 1902.

RECEIPTS.

| | | |
|-----------------|--------------------|-------------------|
| Sept., 1902. | Total in hand..... | \$1,491 78 |
| Sept. 22, 1902. | Mrs. Sillitoe..... | 3 75 |
| | | <u>\$1,495 53</u> |

EXPENDITURE.

April, 1902. Repairs and Enlargement of Old Chapel:

| | | |
|--|----------|-------------------|
| J. Macrae, labor..... | \$ 26 35 | |
| D. Macrae, labor..... | 63 05 | |
| Harrison B. Mills, lumber..... | 124 91 | |
| G. Skeamatta, labor..... | 9 00 | |
| A. Howell, blacksmith..... | 4 45 | |
| D. Creighton, paint and oil..... | 18 40 | |
| Weller Bros., kalsomine.. | 6 80 | |
| R. City Planing Mills..... | 2 10 | |
| D. Macrae, painting..... | 13 50 | |
| C. Brown, painting..... | 6 75 | |
| Altar rail..... | 20 00 | |
| Prayer desk and seat..... | 6 00 | |
| Shingling and painting roof, new posts, etc..... | 88 00 | |
| | | <u>\$ 389 31</u> |
| Cash in hand..... | 1,106 22 | |
| | | <u>\$1,495 53</u> |

 RECORD OF PAROCHIAL MISSION WORK AMONG THE
 INDIANS.

Advent, 1902.

| | |
|---|----|
| Sunday afternoon services.... | 46 |
| Instructions..... | 46 |
| Festival services, and Communion, Christmas, Easter and Whit- sun..... | 6 |
| Interpreters' journeys..... | 5 |
| Services and instructions on Good Friday..... | 3 |
| Infant baptisms in School Chapel..... | 2 |
| Special communicants' classes..... | 7 |
| Patients treated for simple ailments..... | 72 |
| Christmas and Easter entertainments..... | 2 |
| Sales of clothing at the School, or in the ranches.. | 4 |
| Visits paid to the sick, food and nourishment supplied..... | 27 |

 All Hallows' Indian School.

We have many blessings to be thankful for during the past year.

After long waiting the completed transformation of the Indian School is an accomplished fact.

The original plain wooden building with four large windows downstairs and four small ones above has blossomed out into balconies, porch, verandah, a very tiny greenhouse (but this is a private venture), and all sorts of enlargements and improvements; while inside since the dingy wooden walls have given place to plaster, paint or kalsomine, and have been further adorned with pictures, etc. The School is becoming quite a show place.

Our latest addition (though only 17 feet by 26 feet, besides a small lean-to) gives us eight little rooms, and a spacious entry, besides a staircase so diminutive, yet so aspiring, that it may aptly be called a "flight" of stairs!

It is very nice to feel that the Chapel is now part of the house, and the warmth and brightness of the new entry form a most cheering contrast to the dark cold passage of former days.

The Chapel itself is altogether so different, now that it has been altered, that a sense of restful reverence diffuses itself everywhere.

Though not quite large enough for the family, yet it is all complete now in every detail, altar rail, lectern, Bishop's seat, etc.

The long, low windows on either side give air and light, and frame most exquisite views of foliage, clouds and mountain top; sometimes cherry blossoms look in in their snowy purity, then the ruddy fruit, then again as autumn comes on the glowing leaves stand out royally against the "purple headed mountains." Now we see snowy mountain peaks often gleaming through a crystal fringe of icicles. Sometimes in the early morning long shafts of light stream across the Chapel, gently resting on the Altar flowers, and looking like ladders leading up to Heaven.

Quite near the Chapel is the workroom, fitted up with cupboard, shelves and lockers, besides a set of most delightful pigeon-holes for the week's allowance of clean clothes, one hole for each of the family, and enough left over for some more new little girls. Though only seven feet wide this room is the very greatest comfort.

The reception room is about the same width, but shorter, yet most convenient in every way. We never had any small rooms on the ground floor before, so these very nice ones are doubly appreciated!

Thanks to the kindness of friends we have been able to furnish the new building very simply, but very comfortably. The stove and the new beds are sources of unbounded satisfaction.

In the schoolroom the intellectual outlook is equally cheering. A new era began with Miss Kelley's arrival, and the capable manner in which she has tackled the government code, together with the order and discipline in the schoolroom, augurs well for the future, while her hearty co-operation in all other matters connected with the Indian School lightens our care and responsibility in many ways.

Three new little girls arrived this term, Alice, Stella and Lottie, who all have, or have had, sisters in the School.

One more of our former children, Emmeline, was called home to rest as the leaves began to fall this Autumn.

We had a great pleasure this term in the visit of one of our old girls, Annie, to the School. We hope this is only one of many pleasant visits that we shall have.

Lately we have had a visitation of influenza, which we have not enjoyed so much.

We think we hear a sound of wedding bells in the distance. A simple trousseau is engaging our attention, and early in the New Year one of our dear girls will probably leave the shelter of the old School, to go and make the sunshine of a good man's home.

ALTHEA MOODY.

Children's Corner.

All Saints' Day.

It was in the beautiful month of November when this great day comes, and it does make every one feel happy.

In the morning we had Celebration, and the nice pretty voices would come out when the music began to play. We also had Matins, and we had two lovely sermons about the Saints and about the Church.

All Saints is a very great day and everyone is glad when it comes. Every little girl seems happy and they have dances and parties as they like, because the Saints are so happy now, and we

must be happy, too. All Saints' Day was on a Saturday this year, and we always work pretty hard, but on this Saturday we did not and we had a good rest. In the afternoon we spent most of our time in reading story books; they did seem so nice. We went out for a walk at 3 o'clock and we went to the store. It was a very pleasant walk and we liked it very much.

When we came home we got an invitation to a "Rain Party." It was all lines and umbrellas on the envelope and sheet of paper to show this was the rainy party, which was to be held in the School-room.

We always have some kind of treat on All Saints' Day, and this year's treat was very nice. The Schoolroom was all cleared and done up and it looked pretty with the white curtains. Some of the grown-up people came and we played games and danced, and we had a lovely time. We played blind man's buff with two blind men and two tables. It was so funny, and it made us laugh.

Near the end there was a lovely walk. Miss Moody got us all sun-bonnets or Tams, and one of the girls had a big hat to keep the rain off, and we were told not to look up, but to look down, so as not to get our feet wet. And we all had to have partners, and we had a very slow march. Now All Saints was a very rainy day, and this was supposed to be a rainy party, and all of a sudden the rain began to fall on our heads, and candies, flowers, nuts, papers, pens, lace and other things made very nice puddles, so we picked them up as we marched along, and this funny rain went on for a long time.

Then we took off our bonnets, while three witches were to sweep the room. So we ended very happily.

BEE AND MARIA (aged 11).

What Animals Teach Us.

Animals teach us things that we are meant to do in our life. The ant teaches us forethought. We have something to do all the time, and if we did not get things ready before hand, everything would get into a muddle and we would not succeed with our work.

The ass and horse teach us patience. A horse works all day long very often; the only rest it may get is for its mid-day meal.

A dog who is kept by a person receives things that are left from the table to live upon, and it very often has to stay outside, but it is contented. So dogs teach us contentment.

Birds fly in the air, and some sing sweet songs or chirp as they go; they do their duty quietly and cheerfully. So birds teach us to be quiet and cheerful.

If we cannot do a thing the first time we tried we ought to try again. The spider, when it has a web to spin for itself and cannot fasten it where it wants to, spins a fine thread and goes up a little

way. Then perhaps the thread breaks, or it falls, but it begins again and again till it succeeds. Perseverance is the lesson the spider teaches.

The bee and beaver both teach us industry—work is given to every one to do, and we ought to be industrious about it.

The cat teaches us to walk softly.

SOPHIE (aged 14).

Bedside Musings.

Most people get sick sometimes in their lives; there are very few people who have not been sick some time or other.

Sickness comes in many forms; some are catching sicknesses which pass from person to person and place to place through the air; some diseases are not catchy.

Sickness is sent to us from God, sometimes to make us patient, sometimes as a punishment; like when we go and do something on purpose, which will produce sickness, like walking in the water when we are told not to, and then we get a cold as a punishment. Sometimes it is sent to us to show God's great love for us, for it says, "Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth." Some people who are very good seem to suffer more than the ones who seem bad or not so good. That shows He loves them very much, as the saints and martyrs suffered a great deal and our Lord Himself did. We are told that the saints came out of great tribulation.

When we get sick we generally have to have medicine (sometimes very nasty), and we have to take it without calling it nasty or making a fuss and giving trouble to those who are nursing us, and getting cross all for nothing. We should remember who made the medicine and drink it right down, because it says in the lesson for St. Luke's day (who was a physician) that we should not despise medicines, for God made them for our use, even as He made all other things.

Some people say that there is in every place, all the medicines we need, growing around us, in certain roots and plants, if we were only clever enough to get them and find for which diseases they are.

When we are sick in bed we should think of how much trouble we give those who nurse us, and how tired they must get when we don't do what they tell us. When we want to get up and are told not to, we should not get into a rage with the person who tells us we must not, but think whose orders they are and patiently obey.

So we learn to be patient in sickness, and we learn to be obedient, at least we ought to be, and we are also shown how much God loves us. And all the while we are sick we should think of His love for us, and try to pay His love back, which we can never do. But in our own small way we can try, by being patient and obedient

to those who are placed in charge of us, and do all we can to make things easier for them by doing just what they tell us.

THERESA (aged 13).

Sundays at Home.

When I went home on Sundays a whole lot of people used to go to church. Just on Saturday they come, a whole string of them coming along in the night time with lanterns in their hands, and going into different ways.

Sometimes the church used to be quite filled with people. The women take their little babies with them in a cradle. The service used to seem quite long. It is only a very small church and yet it holds a lot. The babies would cry, but the mothers would rock them too and fro. When we came out of church the old people would sit around the church and sing Indian songs to their god children, while the older ones used to play at hide and seek. Old men would watch at them, as if they themselves would like to join the company.

One old man would always like to sing hymns on the grass. He always used to sing outside, then others would join him; that was such a comfort to him. He was a blind old man.

SUZANNE (aged 12).

Gifts Received.

Two dollars for prizes, Indian School, from Mrs. Gardiner, Charlottetown, P. E. I.

One hall stove from H. Moody, Esq., England.

Two books for library, Rev. H. Underhill, Vancouver.

Six new iron beds, from the W. A. in Quebec, Toronto (2), Ottawa, Niagara dioceses, and one from Montreal (exact particulars have not yet arrived as to who the kind donors are).

One parcel beautiful hoods, scarves, vests, knee-caps, etc., from Miss Susan Wallace, England.

One barrel of useful clothing, new and old, quilts, groceries, and two very nice feather pillows from the W. A., Norval, Ontario.

One bale of warm, strong, well made clothing, from St. Saviour's, Haddington, Scotland.

One beautiful prize Coronation book, from the editor "Work in the Far West."

One parcel fancy work, from Miss Gaviller, Hamilton, Ont.

Wild ducks, from D. J. McRae, Agassiz.

Grouse, from M. Creighton, Yale.

One parcel books and music from Miss H. Grafton, England.
Box of beautiful fancy work, and one dozen knitted vests, dolls and toys, from Miss M. H. C. Legh, Hamble, England.
Christmas gifts and linen from Mrs. Moody, England.

Wants.

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

Grey-blue flannelette sailor blouses, with skirts of darker grey-blue serge for wet Sundays in spring and summer. Skirts 16 to 28 inches long in front, with a lining body attached. The blouses may be of any pretty fancy pattern, mixed with white, if desired, so long as the prevailing tone is a soft grey-blue.

One dozen (or more) shady black straw hats for Sundays. If the kind donors could line them with some thin black material they would still pack nicely for travelling, and would wear so much better. If a piece of muslin the same color as the dresses could be also sent for trimming it would be very nice.

Dresses of blue serge, or of any strong, warm material for winter, and of print, or some thin, strong stuff for summer are a great necessity. A simple mother hubbard pattern is almost the best for the younger girls. The sizes that are specially wanted measure from 26 to 36 inches from neck to edge of hem in front.

Sunbonnets of pink print for week days, and white ones for Sundays. We shall be very glad of 18, or even more, of each kind.

Strong thin stockings for summer wear.

Flannel petticoats of women's size, and also in small sizes from 12 to 22 inches long.

Small drawers of flannelette or unbleached cotton (in sets of 3) —waist sizes 21 to 28 inches. They wear better if not gathered in at the knee.

Turkey twill and dark print aprons, also a few white aprons for the older girls (woman's size).

Boots, shoes, rubbers and overshoes of all sizes, but especially numbers 12 to 4 are a very great boon.

New, strong Bibles, prayer books, hymn books, Bible stories, simple devotional books, and story books for the library.

If anyone had a copy (even in the old edition) of Smith's Dictionary of the Bible to spare, it would be very warmly welcomed.

Also we should be very grateful for Canadian or American Church papers.

New Year's Morn.

Swing the arches open, hail the New Year born,
Wave aloft the token, now acclaim the morn.
Gently draw the curtain, round the Old Year dead,
Sunrise tells as certain, all its glories fled.

Softly lay the Warrior in the storied past,
Dawn may break the merrier, pain less shadow cast;
But around the Old Year tenderest memories cling,
Would we blot them out, dear, or their requiem sing?

Not whilst hearts are human can those niches dear,
Built in Time's Cathedral, reft of forms appear;
Spectral, fair, or sun-bright, be the gleam they shed,
Still, despite the midnight, rise our holy dead.

Stand we at this Portal, wondering as we wait,
How shall fall the hanel? What shall be our fate?
Whether health or sickness, whether Death or Life,
Tell, O Child of weakness! how shall end the strife?

Speaks the New-born Stranger: "Time is ruled by God,
He Who once in manger held a Sceptre-rod
Now wields full dominion over spheres of light,
Holds in leash Time's pinion, curbs its rapid flight.

"Boldly tread the pathway, at whose Gate to-day,
Ye, with Angel Guardians, Life's ascent essay;
Not on sward of velvet, not in base reprieve,
But with Sword and helmet, on till dewy eve—

"In this blood-red battle, on the well-fought field,
Must ye strive and conquer, not to foeman yield;
'Neath the glorious Banner of the Holy Cross,
In heroic manner, counting Time as dross!"

"Courage, comrades, Forward!" shouts the Victor King;
Tread we up and starward, fears to cowards fling!
Open doors of service, open wells of grace,
Nerve true hearts to prowess, scars and wounds efface!"

Golden are the moments of this Coming Year,
Bright the sure adornments of its Eve appear,
If with patient labor we its steps ascend,
Constant our behaviour, bliss shall crown its end.