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# All Hallows in the West

*"SERVIRE DEO SAPERE."*



Michaelmas  
1906

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Published at

All Hallows' School, Vale, B.C.

Editor, The Sister Superior.

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# 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 Francis.
Junior and Senior Classes, English Subjects, Latin, Mathematics, French and Musical Drills.	}	Miss Shibley, B.A., Queen's University, Kingston.
		Miss Harmer, holding Certificates from St. Andrew's, Scotland, and S. Kensington, London, Eng.
		Miss Kelley, B.A., Trinity University, Toronto.
		Miss Dodd, Matriculation McGill University, 2nd Class Professional, Normal School, Vancouver.
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.
Music, Piano - - -		Miss R. Moody Miss Francis, Miss Dodd.
German - - -	-	Miss R. Moody.
Drawing and Painting	-	Miss Francis.

### 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 Matriculation Examination.

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.

Application for further particulars to be made to:

**THE SISTER SUPERIOR**

**All Hallows' School, Yale, B.C.**

**Work Undertaken and carried on in Yale, 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, 50 pupils	- -	" 1890

**Staff of Workers:**

Two Sisters	Miss Francis
Miss Shibley	Miss Harmer
Miss Kelley	Miss Dodd
Miss R. Moody	Miss Cotton

**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. Appareath 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 wiltest, and finally may reign with Thee in Life everlasting. Amen.

# All Hallows in the West.

VOL. VI.

ASCENSION-TIDE, 1906.

No. 8

## Poetry.

### Peace, Be Still.

And all the Ministers of Peace were there;  
Faith, Hope and Love, and all the Starry Host  
Of Angels, and the Rulers of the Calm.  
And all looked down, leaning o'er heavenly walls—  
The battlements of Heaven itself—to watch  
One tiny skiff that tossed upon the flood  
Of the Great World-sea, while the mighty waters  
Were gath'ring all their strength. For still the bark  
Rose on each billow. Though the thundrous shock  
Of warring waters filled the air with foam,  
Still she was safe. And all the Sacred Choir,  
The throned Virtues, the Great Hierarchy,  
Dominions, Principalities and Powers,  
Still gazed and wondered; till an Angel turned,  
And looking up, behind him saw the Form  
High above all, of One with pierced Hand,  
The King of all these Princes, and their Lord.  
That Hand was outstretched now, as once before  
When ruling the tumultuous water floods  
In Galilee; and well the Angel knew,  
And all the Powers in Heaven, and all its Host,  
That neither force of wind or water, nor strength  
Of adverse spirit could prevail to drown  
The little bark o'er which That Hand was held.

T. V. FOSBERRY.

## Walking With God.

"Enoch walked with God." Holy Scripture tells us little of Enoch, yet that little is all good. The name he bore was significant, and singularly appropriate, for it means consecrated, initiated. He who consecrated his life to God and was initiated into the secrets of the Most High.

To Abraham God said "Walk before Me, and be perfect." Of Noah we read that before the Flood "he walked with God" and found grace in His Sight. but of Enoch, the consecrated one, it is

written he walked with God until the very end of his pilgrimage upon earth, and then "was not, for God took him." Enoch's son, Methuselah, lived the longest of all the Patriarchs, even nine hundred and ninety-nine years, as if the good and holy father had made a good and wise son, who inherited the blessing of a long life, whose filial piety made the commandment of promise his own.

All the day's of Enoch's life on earth before God took him were three hundred and sixty-five years—a year of years—each year a day in the ordinary circle of time, perfect and complete, a pattern life.

St. Jude speaks of him as a prophet "And Enoch also, the seventh from Adam, prophesied of these, saying "Behold the Lord cometh with ten thousand of His Saints to execute judgment upon all and to convince all that are ungodly among them, of all their ungodly deeds which they have ungodly committed." Amongst all the ungodliness of the men who lived before the Flood, Enoch preached of righteousness, and before his translation he had this testimony, "he pleased God."

Trained was the hand, the ear and eye of his soul to wait upon the Lord, to hear the Voice of God, to pierce the veil, and it was his real childlike, practical faith which enabled him to "walk with God."

He realised God's presence with him continually, he knew Him as his Friend. He set God always before him, willingly dedicated to Him all the powers of body and mind, took counsel with Him as a friend, and talked to Him. He gave to God his life, worshipped Him with a holy worship, even the worship of his entire life. Then "God took him"—the place that once knew him knew him no more.

Enoch was translated to that place of safe-keeping—the Paradise of God; and a true human existence found its home in Glory.

It is an ancient tradition of the Church that Enoch and Elijah will return to earth in the days of Anti-Christ, and will die even as other men. For even the Son of God, when He took the form of Man, was not exempt from death.

Let us try to understand what this "walking with God" really means, of which we see in Enoch such a wonderful example.

Walking indicates action, a forward movement; to walk with anyone bespeaks concerted action. He, who set God always before him, took Him for his Guide, trusted His Counsel, waited on His Will, was able to walk with him as companion and friend. What a high vocation! Higher, closer even than that of the holy Angels. And to this Jesus calls us. He has said, "Ye are My friends," but unless there be agreement of will and purpose we cannot walk with God. Jesus has taught us to pray "Our Father . . . Thy Will be done." If we mind the things of the flesh we cannot please God, Whose Favor is far better than all the world has to offer. He must be First, Last and in the Midst of life.

"Teach me to do the thing that pleaseth Thee." May this petition be often on our lips. By a hidden life of prayer and praise and secret self-denial, all unnoticed and unknown, by a life of holy deeds, may we learn to walk and talk with God the Creator, Redeemer and Sanctifier of our human race. In the time of trouble when all earthly props fail and the soul looks out alone upon the dark valley, He will be there, Father, Saviour, Friend, to lead us out through the shadows, even the shadows of death, into the light of perfect day. "He will keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Him."

Be then content to find the narrow way  
 Made plain for thee to walk in day by day;  
 Serve thou Thy God with heart and soul and might;  
 Darkness and doubt are wrong—belief is right;  
 To him that seeketh God vouchsafeth light,  
 But think not that which seemeth right to thee  
 Must needs be so for all men, thou canst see  
 Footprints of light upon the world's highway,  
 Left there by Him who had not where to lay  
 His lowly Head,—the plainest nearest thee.  
 Duty is plain unto sincerity:  
 There may be footprints which thou canst not see,  
 Made plain by Heaven's light to other men—  
 Jesus went many ways to Jerusalem.

### Leaves from Our Journal.

A May morning, and on the elm tree under my window a little bird was carolling blithely "Why do you worry me?" the repetition of this song, containing in itself both question and accusation, disturbed Chrys in his cage, so he lifted his little crested head from under his wing and gurgled forth an indignant protest. At this point a second tiny warbler joined little "worry" on the elm tree, and gaily trilled, "Where are you Mary?" Then a third added his tripping call, "th-th-th-Bill-ee," to swell the chorus of sound. Chrys became frantic and flew around, waking all the other cage birds, and together they answered the trio outside. Under the circumstances sleep was impossible. I looked at my watch, it was only four o'clock, but the dewy morning in that subdued silvery grey light was so beautiful it seemed to draw the soul from sleep to worship God.

So far the spring has not brought much sunshine, and as the months slip by we still look out on dull days. Last night the sky was luminously red, and the dawn was grey, not a hopeful grey, but dark and sullen, and thus it remained all day in contradiction of the ancient couplet, "Evening red and morning grey, sure signs of a

bonny day," but the sweetness of the flower-laden air was indescribable. By open windows, on the verandah and lawn, on road and hill-side, everywhere, acacias, roses and honey-suckle shed sweetest perfume, the pines and all growing things in nature's wild garden added their scent of pungent freshness, making life, even without sunshine, a joy in spring.

Among the pleasant events of the month we recall Miss Halson's visit. It was very short, and occurred just before the Indian school closing and prize-day, when the school work was naturally slightly disorganised. Still we were able to get up a little entertainment in her honor. The dormitory and school-room did not show to advantage on this occasion. We noticed, as we took her around, how dingy the walls were, the plaster was broken in many places, and the floor was rough and worn. This was disappointing, for naturally we wanted to make a favorable impression on a visitor who is such a good friend to our work, and who was on a tour of friendly inspection of all the Indian schools under Church management in Canada. However, we showed her things as they were, and told her how we hoped to be able to afford to repair and kalsomine in the summer holidays, and how we also intended to make an application to the Department of Indian Affairs for new flooring for the school.

June 1st was the occasion of a great festivity on the lawn. The Literary Society invited us to the Forest of Arden to witness scenes of touching sentiment between fair Rosalind and gallant Orlando; to partake of ice-cream and cake by the brook, and then as the evening lights became softly grey and mysterious to dream "A dream of Fair Women." Shadowy forms, yet somewhat familiar, strangely apparelled, stole into sight from behind tree and bush, and uttered strange words of "vastly poetic meaning." It was beautifully planned and beautifully carried out, and left on the memory an impression of beauty satisfying to every sense, deepening one's consciousness of God's great goodness to His creatures in bestowing upon them such immortal gifts as our Great Poets possessed, and such gifts of memory and voice, of artistic taste and perception, of pleasing physique, plump, wholesome and rosy, which our young entertainers displayed on this very delightful occasion.

The examinations, beginning in May, went on at intervals throughout June. Besides this the preparations for the great annual entertainments made every day so full of interest that we seemed unable to mark the flight of time. Sundays came with a benediction, calm and restful. I particularly remember one Sunday, warm and sunny, and perfect in its gentle atmosphere of devotion. The evening was full of golden light, the sun, a stranger to us so long, had been shining with intense heat all day, and as the Vesper bell rang out we watched him sink to rest behind the great mountains peaks, then a voice softly murmured some lines from Scott's "Rokeby," truly descriptive of our sunset that evening:

The sultry summer's day is done,  
The western hills have hid the sun,  
But mountain peaks and village spire  
Retain reflection of his fire.

We closed as usual with a house full of guests and a gay prize-day.

On the 29th the Canadian school saw all its members, small and great, pouring out of the gates on their way to the station, for the school year was over and holidays had begun.

July.—The word "vacation" implying "emptiness," is not a good word to employ in describing this period of refreshment which nature demands and kindly circumstances grant. Rest comes not from lying fallow but from change of scene and occupation, and there are many good things which may be profitably done during the holidays.

There are many good books to be read, for which we are too busy at other times, fresh touch with nature to be gained, and time for quietness and recollection of spirit. A holiday well spent ought to be to the year what every Sunday is to the week.

I wonder if there is not a tendency among us to make the holiday a time of selfish ease and indulgence, just as there is too frequently a tendency to make Sunday a day of rest, but not a day of worship. A holiday well spent ought to make us more earnest in life's work, more brave to meet its trials and bear its burdens. Across the space of rest and recreation the work should be contemplated and the end kept in view.

With many such thoughts in our minds perhaps, a small party of us started for "La Cabane," our tiny home of rest, newly built, nestling away in the woods beside the quiet waters of an inlet near North Arm. Here we did everything for ourselves, and everything in the open air, for the kitchen had a roof but no walls, and meals were eaten on the verandah. We ran down six yards and no more (rather less when the tide was high) to bathe, and we took our own little skiff and rowed away over the placid waters, sometimes undisturbed by a single ripple, sometimes gently rocking, once only rough and angry, lifting us high on the tops of great waves, only to throw us down again into a trough of dark water, thence to pick us up and only shake us about like dice in a box. There were occasions when the exigency of circumstances drove us out to seek drift-wood for the fire on our hearth, and so expert did we become in this industry that our boat used to return laden with spoil, which we threw out on the beach and from thence carried up to the kitchen. It was not rest but change of occupation, and a returning to the natural life which seemed full of promise of health and refreshment. We found plenty of time for reading and sewing, for writing

and music, even for calling and receiving calls from fellow-campers, whose ways of living were even more primitive than our own.

At home the Indian school was looked after by two members of the staff, while fruit picking and jam making were carried on merrily. Towards the end of the month the Indian girls went away for their holidays, leaving only a small party of nine children in the household.

In August Miss Ramsay came up to spend a month at All Hallows and to help with the Indian school. The house was a scene of disorder and discomfort at this time, because the workman was in possession, repairing all the broken plaster and coloring the walls. We had the chapel and every part of the old building in the Indian school renovated, except the play-room. This we intend to do later. Then the Canadian school "new wing" was invaded, and put under a similar process of repairing and coloring. Now nothing remains to be done but to put down new flooring in the Indian school, and for this a grant has been made by the Indian Department.

September ushered in a change of weather, and after two months of almost cloudless skies and perpetual sunshine the rain returned to refresh the parched ground. By the first week in September the "family" had assembled, and the houses were resounding with childish voices and cheerful laughter. Not a bed was empty in the Canadian school dormitories, not a desk in the school-room or a seat in the dining hall. In a few days we had returned to the routine of the daily life of the winter term, and "La Cabane" and the sea, boating and bathing, flowers, birds and sunshine were only lovely memories of spring and summer. The long drought had spoiled the gardens, the rain we feared would now spoil the tints of the autumn leaves, and even while we doubted and grew despondent the first touch of frost came, clearing away rain clouds and displaying drifting wreaths of mountain mists nowhere so lovely as in our valley, and the maples and dog-wood waved their banners of crimson and gold in the woods.

The first social event was, of course, a birthday party, and a brief visit from Mae Cook, an "old girl," who brought her two younger sisters to school. Next we heard of Florence Davis' marriage, and the only two girls left who were fellow pupils with her in the good old days, of course had to be chaperoned to meet her at the station, although the night was cloudy and the train an hour late.

We regret to say that owing to a severe operation, Miss Shibley is still absent from her post, and we are concerned to hear how slowly she is convalescing. That we should all miss her very much is only natural, and if we had been told on the 1st of the month that the end of the month would still find her place here vacant we should have been in despair, but quietly and ably has Miss Dodd, herself once an "old girl," stepped into the breach and carried on

the work of the senior room, strengthened in her labors by the loyal and loving co-operation of Miss Shibley's pupils.

To-day we expect the Bishop for the festival services of St. Michael and All Angels.

Work and play and prayer, how they mingle and make up the tale of our years in the wholesome atmosphere of school life at All Hallows in the West. May God help us to live this life to His glory, and wherever we go to take with us the Presence and the Worship and the Service of Himself.

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### An Old Girl's Farewell to School Life.

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After nine years of a happy school-life at All Hallows the time has come at last for me to leave it. To become, as it were, a stranger to the place in which I have passed half my life, how unnatural, how sad it seems!

I have watched year after year the seasons come and go, the river rise and fall, the terms begin and end. Here I am, risen from the primary class of little ones to the matriculation class of grave and responsible seniors, from sums of simple addition to the knotty problems of algebra. I have often thought I wished myself away, I have even uttered the words of discontent, but even as they passed my lips I have felt deep down in my heart distinct sorrow at that same "going away," the shadow of which was always coming nearer. Now that it has fallen, for a little space it seems to blot out every thought but how I love the old school, my room in the dormitory, my desk in the school-room, my corner in chapel, the pleasant garden, the rugged mountains, Linky and Jew's nose, especially, so familiar in their outlines, so memorable of picnics and half-holiday scrambles, the mighty Fraser, "whose murmurs unceasing," have put me to sleep night after night; how can I bear to say good-bye to them all!

Generations of girls seem to have come in and gone out of the school since I first entered its kindly old walls. Very soon now I will be numbered among those who have "gone." And next term someone else will occupy my place. I know in September I will get restless, the habit of returning to All Hallows at the end of the summer will re-assert itself, and then all this pain of parting will revive. Yes, I anticipate a bad attack of "school sickness" in the autumn, that is an ailment new girls at any rate cannot understand.

All through the year we have looked forward to Prize Day and the end of the school year. Now that it approaches one almost shrinks from the last Vespers in chapel, when Hymn 577, "Lord dismiss us with Thy blessing," will be sung as usual.

"Let Thy Father hand be shielding  
Those who here will meet no more."

That prayer coming from the lips of our companions will indeed fall like a benediction, but oh, the heart ache and the sorrow of saying good-bye to the happy girl-life, the blessed school-life at All Hallows, where every influence is for good. May I be able to too, in my little measure, give out to others something of what I have received here.

"May every soul that touches mine—  
Be it the slightest contact—get there from some good,  
Some little grace, one kindly thought,  
One aspiration unfelt, one bit of courage  
For the darkening sky, one gleam of faith  
To brave the threatening ills of life.  
One glimpse of brighter skies beyond the gathering mists,  
To make this life worth while,  
And Heaven a surer heritage."

## Prize Day.

All Hallows School for Girls closed a prosperous year on Thursday with the most successful closing exercises in its history. The school was crowded to its utmost capacity with fifty-three boarders, and many are on the list for vacancies. The school was honored by the presence of the Right Rev. Dr. Keator, of Tacoma, and Mrs. Keator, and there were also present Ven. Archdeacon Pentreath, Rev. Canon Beanlands, of Victoria; Rev. C. J. Brenton and Rev. H. J. Underhill. The prize-giving took place in the afternoon. The list was read by the Rev. H. Underhill, chaplain, and the prizes were presented by Bishop Keator. The prize-giving was preceded by an excellent programme, comprising orchestral music by the school orchestra of five violins and 'cello; songs, recitations, violin solos and quartettes, and a fairy operetta, "The Court of Queen Summergold."

### Afternoon Programme.

- I—Part Song—"Flower June" . . . . . Jackson  
School.
- II—Violin Solo—"Traumerein und Romance" . . . . . Schumann  
Bernice Harrison.
- III—Quartette—"Stately Dance" . . . . . F. H. Cowen  
1st violin, Bernice Harrison; 2nd violin, B. Inkman;  
viola, Miss Francis; 'cello, Miss Kelly.
- IV—Recitation—"Grandmother's Advice" . . . . .  
Sybil Underhill.
- V—Violin Solo—"Mazurka" . . . . . Harold Henry  
Beatrice Inkman.

- VI—Song—"I Am So Very Sleepy" . . . . .  
Ella Underhill.
- VII—"Washington Post March" . . . . .Sousa  
School Orchestra.
- VIII—Part Song—"In Our Boat" . . . . .F. H. Cowen  
Senior Class.
- IX—Recitation—"The Reason Why" . . . . .  
Enid Underhill.
- X—Violin Duet—"Presto" . . . . .Mozart  
B. Harrison, B. Inkman.
- XI—Fairy Operetta—"The Court of Queen Summergold" . . . . .  
Juniors.
- XII—All Hallows Patriotic Song . . . . .

### Prize List, 1906.

- Class Prize—Class V (Senior)—Elsie Honeyman.  
Class IV (Junior)—Annie Hill.  
Class III (Primary)—Mabel Green.  
Class II—(Primary)—Sybil Underhill.
- Scripture (Bishop's Prize) (Senior)—Marjorie Armstrong.  
Junior—Jean Jephson.  
Primary—Mabel Green.
- French—Senior A.—Margaret Wilson.  
Senior B.—Beatrice Inkman.  
Junior A.—Hope Bradburn.  
Junior B.—Mildred Campbell.  
Primary—Jean Ross.
- Latin—Senior A.—Margaret Wilson.  
Senior B.—Evelyn Holmes.
- English Literature and Composition—Senior—Dorothy Day.  
Junior—Jean Jephson.  
Special Prize—Elsie Honeyman.
- English and Canadian History—Senior—Edith Rich.  
Junior—Viva Gulletly.
- General Improvement—Rita Ferguson.
- Monitresses—Beatrice Inkman, Alyson Beanlands, Grace Cross.

### Honor and Merit Cards.

Honor Cards given to pupils who have obtained over 75 per cent.  
in each subject of examination.

- Ella Underhill, with average of 84 per cent.  
Margaret Wilson, with average of 81 per cent.  
Elsie Honeyman, with average of 85 per cent.

#### Merit Cards.

Given to pupils obtaining a total average of 75 per cent. on all  
examinations.

- Senior—Dorothy Day, Dorothy Broad, Edith Rich, Jessie Choate



### Matriculation.

The Results of Arts and Matriculation Examinations at  
McGill University.

"The McGill Board of Examiners announce the results of the Associate in Arts and Matriculation Examinations in the preliminary division given in their order of merit, completing the matriculation results."

We copy the above from a local paper published in July. In the column of 266 names which followed we found:

Fifth on the list—Elsie Honeyman, All Hallows' School.  
Twenty-third on the list—Gladys Wickwire, All Hallows' School.  
Twenty-seventh on the list—Dorothy Broad, All Hallows' School.

### Result of Music Examination.

"The results of the annual examinations held throughout the Dominion, from Halifax to Vancouver, under the supervision of McGill University, by the examiners sent out by the Royal College of Music and Royal Academy of Music, London, England, are as follows."

Again we are copying from a Vancouver paper, and in the long list of names published we are delighted to find our children's names occupying very favorable places:

Local Centre—Intermediate Grade—Pass—Piano—Beatrice Inkman.

Local Centre—Rudiments—Dorothy Broad, Phyllis Davis, Beatrice Inkman, Edith Rich.

School Examinations—Higher Division—Pass—Piano—Dorothy Broad, Phyllis Davis.

Violin—(Distinction)—Beatrice Inkman.

Harmony and Grammar—Ella Underhill, Phyllis Davis.

Lower Division—Pass—Piano—Jean Jephson.

Violin—Hope Bradburn.

Harmony—Beatrice Inkman.

Elementary Division—Pass—Piano—Marjorie Johnston.

Primary Division—Pass—Piano—Eileen Nesbitt, Hilda McCormick, Sybil Underhill.

Primary—Theory—Helen Godfrey, Madge Holden, Gladys Gray, Anne Hill, Jean Jephson, Irene Creery, Ida Shaw, Hope Bradburn, Gertrude Sutton.

### The Royal Drawing Society.

Examination of Schools, 1906.

(Founder and Art Director—T. R. Abbott.)

For All Hallows' School, Yale, B. C.

General Report for School—"An Excellent Result."

#### Division I.

##### Honors.

Madge Holden  
Alyson Beanlands  
Gertrude Sutton  
Alice McMynn  
Evelyn Holmes  
Hope Bradburn (Prize)  
Helen Godfrey

##### Pass.

Irene Creery  
Mildred Campbell  
Gladys McCreath  
Rita Ferguson  
Calista Haws  
Ermine Bass  
Viva Golletley

#### Division II.

Madge Holden  
Phyllis Davis (Prize)

Alyson Beanlands  
Edith Rich  
Alice McMynn  
Ermine Bass  
Hope Bradburn  
Rita Ferguson  
Gertrude Sutton  
Gladys McCreath  
Mildren Campbell  
Jean Jephson  
Irene Creery  
Helen Godfrey

#### Division III.

Grace Cross (Prize)

Ida Shaw  
Dorothy Day  
Ella Underhill  
Jessie Choate  
Dixie Wilson

## The First Gaiety of the Season.

This was in honor of Miss Moody's birthday. For a week before the auspicious event, the "play roomers"—for the first time in history preparing a fete unaided—spent the afternoons by themselves, doing what none might guess. The result of these meetings, and of several leaf-gathering expeditions, was seen at seven-thirty on Saturday evening, the twenty-second of September. The Sister Superior and Miss Moody were the guests of honor. The staff and the seniors followed. Two young ladies, wearing heart-shaped badges, with the words "Welcome, Ladies" thereupon, met us at the door of the dining-room, and escorted us to our appointed seats.

The guests of honor had arm chairs. After a period of waiting, intended, no doubt, to awaken expectation and arouse curiosity, the screens were withdrawn at the ringing of a bell, and the first item on the programme was presented to our admiring gaze. It was described as "Under the Old Apple Tree." We saw the evidence of the tree in the apple-bestrewn ground, as well as the sentimental backs, nestling together beneath a Japanese umbrella. Loud applause greeted this tableau vivant. The screens were then replaced by two Jesters in scarlet, who took their office so literally that their endeavors to pry into futurity through holes in the screen aroused universal mirth.

A thrilling melodrama, in five acts, formed the next part of the entertainment. The action of the play was extremely rapid, scene succeeding scene without delay, while the story could be at once comprehended, even by those unfamiliar with the classic legend of "Little Red Riding Hood."

"Where are you going to, my Pretty Maid," was acted and sung by Hope Bradburn and Alyson Beanlands in costume. An enthusiastic encore followed the fall of the curtain—I mean the "rushing to" of the screens!

"The Queen of Hearts," in pantomime, followed. The costumes were elegant, the pantomime was ambiguous. This piece, also, received a well deserved encore.

Justice must be done to the musical accompaniments and interpolations—as to the spirited action given by Alice McMynn. The whole entertainment did infinite credit to both the hearts and heads of performers and organisers, who gave a delightful finale in the shape of a supper quite beyond criticism. It would be pleasant to celebrate birthdays quarterly, instead of annually, if all celebrations were productive of so much innocent gaiety and wholesome good cheer.

A NEW-COMER.

School Register.

September, 1906.

1. Hope Bradburn . . . . . Victoria, B. C.
2. Erminie Bass . . . . . Victoria, B. C.
3. Dorothy Broad . . . . . Vancouver, B. C.
4. Alyson Beanlands . . . . . Victoria, B. C.
5. Helen Beck . . . . . Port Arthur, Ont.
6. Doris Beck . . . . . Port Arthur, Ont.
7. Kate Bower . . . . . Vancouver, B. C.
8. Grace Cross . . . . . Victoria, B. C.
9. Irene Creery . . . . . Vancouver, B. C.
10. Frances Cook . . . . . Vancouver, B. C.

11.	Beatrice Cook	Vancouver, B. C.
12.	Monica Childe	Calgary, Alta.
13.	Lillas Davys	Nelson, B. C.
14.	Rita Ferguson	Savona, B. C.
15.	Rita Findley	Vancouver, B. C.
16.	Floss Findley	Vancouver, B. C.
17.	Mabel Green	Kelowna, B. C.
18.	Kathleen Green	Kelowna, B. C.
19.	Annie Grant	Victoria, B. C.
20.	Viva Galletley	Banff, Alta.
21.	Bernice Harrison	Victoria, B. C.
22.	Constance Hall	Calgary, Alta.
23.	Constance Howell	Eburne, B. C.
24.	Annie Hill	Vancouver, B. C.
25.	Elsie Honeyman	Ladners, B. C.
26.	Calista Haws	Okanagan Landing, B. C.
27.	Madge Holden	Victoria, B. C.
28.	Evelyn Holmes	Victoria, B. C.
29.	Hilda Hogbin	Calgary, Alta.
30.	Rosabel Homfray	Kamloops, B. C.
31.	Beatrice Inkman	Agassiz, B. C.
32.	Jean Jephson	Calgary, Alta.
33.	Marjorie Johnston	Vancouver, B. C.
34.	Violet Kirby	Keremeos, B. C.
35.	Margaret Lake	Calgary, Alta.
36.	Gladys McCreath	Greenwood, B. C.
37.	Muriel McCormick	Vernon, B. C.
38.	Hilda McCormick	Vernon, B. C.
39.	Alice McMynn	Greenwood, B. C.
40.	Lena Nelson	Vancouver, B. C.
41.	Ina Norton	Victoria, B. C.
42.	Eileen Nesbitt	Vancouver, B. C.
43.	Laura Phipps	Revelstoke, B. C.
44.	Edith Rich	Ladners, B. C.
45.	Jean Ross	Vancouver, B. C.
46.	Lorena Rourke	Vancouver, B. C.
47.	Ida Shaw	Greenwood, B. C.
48.	Clara Swenson	Port Gulchon, B. C.
49.	Bessie Scoley	Nelson, B. C.
50.	Winifred Sands	Vancouver, B. C.
51.	Ethlyn Trapp	Vancouver, B. C.
52.	Sybil Underhill	Vancouver, B. C.
53.	Enid Underhill	Vancouver, B. C.
54.	Frances Whitworth	Vancouver, B. C.

### Names Registered for Future Vancancies.

Huberta Shaw	Greenwood, B. C.
Gwendolyn Pearson	Vancouver, B. C.
Naomie Beanlands	Victoria, B. C.
Lulu Kirby	Keremeos, B. C.
Lillian Holden	Victoria, B. C.
Marguerite McLagan	Hatlic, B. C.
Doris McLagan	Hatlic, B. C.
Anna Davies	Edgecliffe, B. C.
Penelope Davies	Edgecliffe, B. C.
Marguerite Davies	Edgecliffe, B. C.
Emily Davies	Edgecliffe, B. C.
Julia Stevens	Edgecliffe, B. C.

Katherine Dempster.....	Kamloops, B. C.
Constance Astley.....	Banff, Alta.
Helena Astley.....	Banff, Alta.
Violet Mallory.....	Vancouver, B. C.
Fern Minthorne.....	New Westminster, B. C.

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## Visitors' Book.

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June—Miss Halson, Charlottetown, P. E. I.; Rev. H. Underhill, Vancouver; the Ven. Archdeacon of Columbia, Vancouver; Rev. R. Small, Lytton, B. C.; Rev. J. Brenton, Vancouver; Colonel Holmes, Victoria; Canon Beanlands, Victoria; Mrs. Broad, New Westminster; Mrs. Honeyman, Ladners; Bishop of Olympia, U. S. A.; and Mrs. Keator.

August—Miss Ramsay, Vancouver.

September—Mr. Kirby, Keremeos; Mrs. Lake, Calgary, Alta.; Mrs. Homfray, Grande Prairie; Miss Rourke, St. Paul, Minn.; Miss Mae Cook, Vancouver; Rev. H. Underhill, Vancouver; Bishop of New Westminster.

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## Heartsease.

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### "Ye That Excel in Strength."

Strength! What a world of helpfulness in that word! How a mother delights in the strength of her daughter at home from school as she helps her in all the dear old homely ways! How teachers rejoice in the strength of purpose which ensures a diligent, and, therefore, successful, pupil! How children, though they may grumble, yet in their heart of hearts, repose on the sense of quiet strength within their teachers! How her school-fellows respect the one among them who is strong enough to stand up for what she knows to be right—and it sometimes takes more strength and courage to do this than grown-up people have any idea of!

We all turn to those who in any way "excel in strength."

How can we, being conscious of our weakness, gain this very much-to-be-desired strength?

If we but have in us the consciousness of our weakness, we have in us one of the very greatest possible assurances of gaining that longed-for strength. As St. Paul says, "When I am weak, then am I strong."

It does not matter how small and weak our life may be, if we bring our emptiness to God, He will fill it with His Fulness, if we but bring our weakness to Him He will fill it with His Power; His "Strength will be made perfect in our weakness."

As a good bishop once said: "Oh, if we only were nothing, how much God would be able to do with us!"

He would then be able to pour His power into us, that we, being nothing in ourselves, might let His Light shine out to others through us; like that tiny, dark, insignificant thread which lights our homes so brilliantly as the electric current passes through it.

Yet we must learn another lesson from that little electric light. Directly the connection with the Central Power is cut off, it is its own dark little self again, unable to give out a single glimmer of light.

Weak and powerless as we are, our lives may be filled with more than Angelic strength, for into the weakness of our mortal nature the Power of Divine Life may be daily poured, through prayer, Sacraments and other means of grace, till, little by little, the Christ Life is formed in us, and we, too, can say, "I can do all things through Christ Which Strengtheneth Me."

Life and Strength of all Thy servants,  
 Brightness of the Father's Light;  
 Men with Angels, earth with Heaven,  
 In Thy praise their songs unite.

#### Childrens' Sequence for All Saints.

Christian Children, hear me,  
 Children gather near me,  
 Of the children's Lord I sing.  
 Of the Child so glorious,  
 Of the Child victorious,  
 Of the Child, the children's King.

He, on earth a stranger,  
 Living in a manger,  
 Pillowed on His Mother's breast;  
 While that Virgin-Mother,  
 Blest above all other,  
 Gave Him food, and gave Him rest.

He had many a fervent  
 Happy baby servant,  
 Full of courage, full of love;  
 Many a baby martyr  
 Who rejoiced to barter  
 Life on earth for Life above.

Agnes leads the story,  
 Agnes in her glory,  
 Whom they cast amid the flame;  
 But the flame, defeated,  
 From her steps retreated,  
 At the Infant Monarch's name.

From the heavenly regions,  
 Girt with heavenly legions,  
 Eight days past, her home she sought;  
 And a Lamb, the whitest,  
 Loveliest, purest, brightest,  
 In her arms she brought.

"These thou seest, my mother,  
 These, and many another,  
 Are my blest companions now;  
 Once so far above me,  
 Dwell with me, and love me,  
 Palm in hand, and Crown on brow."

Landed day by day be  
 Cyriac, victor baby,  
 Cyriac and his mother blest;  
 How Julitta tending,  
 Till his torments ending,  
 Saw him enter into Rest.

Happy lambs and glorious  
 Lambs o'er wolves victorious,  
 Doves that put the hawks to flight;  
 Strength made firm in weakness,  
 Victory won by meekness;  
 Faith that now is lost in sight.

Some day, some day, we too,  
 Your bright home will flee to,  
 In your song will bear our part;  
 Meanwhile you above us  
 Very dearly love us,  
 As we you with all your heart.

REV. J. M. NEALE.

### All Hallows Chapel Furnishing Fund.

June, 1906—	
Cash on hand . . . . .	\$142 50
Members of A. H. Literary Society . . . . .	20 00
Win. Armstrong . . . . .	2 00
August—	
Mrs. Mitchell . . . . .	1 50
September—	
Violet Astley . . . . .	2 00
	\$168 00

## Letters.

### The Warwick Pageant.

Clifton, England, July 2nd, 1906.

The morning broke in dull grey mist, almost a fog, distant hills invisible, nearer trees and houses a blur. Before we started a few drops of rain fell, but not enough to lay the dust, merely enough to give us a feeling of anxiety as to the fate of the open air festivities in the afternoon. After an early breakfast we hurried off to catch our train, arriving in time to get good seats with a few minutes to spare before starting. These we employed in collecting information as to our return route. However, at last we were fairly off, and scudding along through fields and meadows, past banks of lovely flowers and hedges full of roses, all in the glory of their prime. The sky was grey, with looming clouds, but the rain had stopped, and to our joy we saw many of the cows in the fields lying down—sure sign of fine weather, as, indeed, it proved. A beautiful journey it was (though the jogging of the train might have been improved). The newly-cut grass lay in long straight lines of scented swathes as it fell from the machine, and some which evidently had been cut on Saturday lay tossed in heaps irregularly over the meadows, filling the air with scent. Some still left standing appeared like cloth of gold from the buttercups in the undergrowth, softly veiled by the pinkish blossoming heads of the tall meadow grass, like a cloud overlying the gold, the whole spangled here and there by the bright faces of the field daisies. The hedges were a wealth of blossom, pale pink roses, the darker blossoms of the sweet briar appearing at intervals, and the great heads of elder flower dwarfing into insignificance the lesser blooms. From Gloucester onwards the country became more hilly, bold carps standing out against the still dull sky, here and there a fir tree among the elms and oaks of the foreground giving a strong patch of color. Orchards there were, by the score, but not in a very interesting state just now, no fruit appearing, but darkly tinted leaves. Every now and then we came upon a glorious sheet of color in a field of blazing scarlet poppies or of bright charlock, often in course of being weeded up by women in the sober garb of the field worker.

We had to change at Birmingham, and were fortunate enough to get corner seats, while others were crowded out or obliged to stand in the gangways. However, the pressure was relieved by the prompt action of the officials, who, almost before one could say the traditional "Jack Robinson" of nursery memory, had shunted off the engine and returned it with several extra carriages, into which the surplusage sorted themselves with glee. We changed again at Coventry, and were equally fortunate. We passed Kenilworth, but you cannot see the castle from the train, and drew up at Warwick. By the advice of some people in the carriage we did not get out

there, but went on to the next station, Heamington, where the trams start from, so as to get more chance of an empty tram, when to our disgust, as we started out of Warwick, we saw rows of empty trams waiting, and there were none at Heamington. We amused ourselves by buying picture post-cards, stamps and strawberries, and before long a tram arrived. It was a very pretty road along which we went, with nice houses in shady gardens, and occasional fields between. It took us about a quarter of an hour to get into Warwick, then we were ejected at the foot of a steep little foreign-looking street, gay with flags, leading to a quaint little church at the top of the hill. We did not go up there, but turned down to the left towards the river, and in a few minutes found ourselves in the midst of the crowd at the castle gates. There was nothing out of the way about the gate-house, except, perhaps, its solidity, but when one stepped inside it was like the grounds of an enchanted palace. The drive led slightly up hill, and wound its way between high walls hewn out of the solid rock, overhung here and there by clinging bushes, festooned with trails of ivy. Overhead towered enormous trees, shutting out the light of day by their interlacing branches, producing that dim green light which is so mysteriously suggestive of gnomes, elves and ogres.

Emerging at length, a beautiful scene was before us, grassy slopes, well wooded and crowned at no great distance by the very picturesque castle, whose grey walls rose behind shrubs and trees growing in the disused moat. Here were many people, hurrying along the route to the place where the pageant was held, saving the smooth lawns from the utter destruction which would otherwise have been their fate. This part of the grounds was extremely beautiful, the castle mound rising on the left hid the river from view, but the well planted and carefully tended shrubberies were very pleasant to the eyes, set off as they were by some elegant peacocks, who daintily trailed their tails along the grass before the admiring crowd. Passing along still further we came to a sort of Dutch garden, with trim little beds and gravel paths, not very interesting, as none of the things were in blossom, but in the middle was the very prettiest thing we saw in the whole day. It was a basin of water lilies, not the regulation marble edge full of muddy water and silly little gold fishes swimming about in an aimless way, but a large round basin of clearest water with a bottom of mosaic in beautiful shades of greeny blue, and on the top of the water floated reddish green leaves anchored by long red stalks to the posts beneath, and lovely lily cups all tinged with pink. A fountain in the middle sent forth tiny jets, ruffling the surface of the water and bedewing the flowers with drops of crystal spray.

This garden was just behind the grand stand, a huge wooden construction with a roof to it, very conveniently arranged for seeing the pageant. We had no difficulty in finding our seats, and had still

an hour to wait when M— came. She asked if we had seen the castle, and hearing that we hadn't, offered to take us in in Miss Faithful's name (the head of the Studley College). So back we went to the castle, and were fortunate enough to get in without difficulty. We went first over what had evidently been a drawbridge, but is now solidified, through a battlemented and portcullised gateway and on into a most beautiful grassy courtyard. The walls rose round it at different heights, with irregular towers at intervals. At one corner and at another a group of turrets, most picturesquely rising over some fine trees. There was a gravelled drive round the courtyard, and various trees and shrubs and festoons of ivy on the walls took off the grimness of the once formidable fortress. On the south side was the habitable part of the castle, and we went in by a little postern door. Passing through several narrow passages, whose walls were hung with armour, we were ushered into a spacious apartment with great mullioned windows looking out over the river, and beyond were wooded hills as far as the eye could see. Inside the rooms, which opened out of each other, were paintings beyond description—Van Dyke's, Ruben's and many others, amongst them most noticeable were Van Dyke's lovely picture of Queen Henrietta Maria, and a fine one of Prince Rupert. There were some enormous porcelain vases and bowls, too, and some cases of old Lowesloft china on the walls. One of the living rooms we saw too, a magnificent lounge, with huge palms on pedestals, and in one corner the armour and sword of Guy of Warwick, of whom more anon. In this same room was a charming window seat with most inviting-looking cushions, a place where one could spend hours with a book or in thinking of the lords and ladies who had lived there long ago, a delightful place to dream away an idle afternoon. We saw the private chapel of the house too, but except for some fine old glass there was nothing much of interest there. They were not showing the big chapel that day, and of course we could not complain, as we had only come in at all by courtesy.

We had only just time to get back into our seats before the pageant began. The arena was a beautiful smooth lawn, very large indeed, with banks of shrubs and trees on either side. The background was formed by splendid trees and hills in the distance, and on one side the Avon, placidly flowing on between its wooded banks, moor hens and water lilies alike undisturbed by the gay doings so close at hand.

Heralded by a flourish of trumpets, the Druids made their appearance, solemnly pacing forth from the trees, a long train on either side, each headed by an Arch Druid, one bearing a lighted torch, the other an oaken bough. In the forefront of the arena was a gigantic stone altar, with one open side. Behind and round this the Druids grouped themselves (there must have been from 60 to 70 men all in flowing garments, some white, some blue and some

green. From the right entered Kymbeline, the old king, supported by two pages, and Caradoc, his son, upon whom he proceeded to bestow his crown and kingdom, rudely interrupted by his other son, Arminius, whom he dismissed and disinherited for his evil deeds and known partiality for the Romans. The crowning completed, Kymbeline retired to die, leaving Caradoc on the throne, the Druids proceeded to conclude the ceremonies with a human sacrifice. The uncouth British warriors, in their garments of undressed skins, round leathern shields and spears were mingling with a group of women and children, who had gathered to watch the proceedings. From among the little ones the men seized a child, in spite of the entreaties and protestations of its mother, and handed him over to the Druids, who proceeded, regardless of her agonies, to wall him up alive inside the altar. Just before the last stone was placed the woman threw herself between the men and thrust a cake into the child's hand, and there he sat—a dear little boy, contentedly munching it, quite regardless of his awful doom. Caradoc meanwhile became conscious of the mother's cries, and demanding the reason, proceeded to call men with levers to get the child out, saying (in response to the Druid's angry assertions that his ruin would follow his defiance of the gods, that he would rather perish himself than see the innocent suffer for his sake. The child being liberated flew to his mother, who, sobbing for joy, clasped him in her arms. A messenger now appeared in the distance running post haste to tell Caradoc that the Romans were upon him, led thither by Arminius, his traitor brother. Immediately the women and children fled into the bushes, and the Romans appeared, drawn up in line of battle, in beautifully shining armour, behaving in correct military style, the Britons behaving in an equally characteristic way. Yelling like the savages they were, brandishing spears and skirmishing about, they fell upon the Romans tooth and nail, and one would have thought that by the violence and frenzy of their onslaught they might have won the day, but the ordered array of the Romans and their military discipline evidently stood them in good stead, for they little by little gained upon the Britons, who eventually fled helter skelter into the bushes, leaving Caradoc a prisoner, but with the satisfaction of having slain Arminius in the fight. Caradoc was then led away captive. The scene was resumed a few years later by the down-trodden Saxons, bearing heavy sacks of corn to feed the armies of the victorious invaders, and cursing them as they came. Being joined by the women they lamented their hard lot with longings for the reign of Caradoc. While they were still speaking of him he appeared among them, clad in a long white garment, and bearing in his hand a slender wooden cross. Cries of joy greeted him, and in answer to their eager homage he explained to them that he had not come back to reign over them, but to lead them and teach them to serve another King, and His Name was the

Saviour of Men. (The legend is that Caractacus met St. Paul during his imprisonment in Rome and returned to Britain and converted his people to Christianity.)

The second episode was shorter, and dealt with the origin of the Bear and Ragged Staff. The bear was very well done and the fight between Picts and Britons most exciting. The story goes that the Britons being led by three brothers, Gwar, Morvid and Artteal (apparently having their stronghold at Warwick), defeated and drove off the Picts and Scots, a wild and rugged crew of savages, and as they went through a wood a giant attacked Morvid with a tree, which he plucked up by the roots. Morvid slew him after a terrific fight, and wrested the tree from him. His brother meanwhile had fought a great bear, and, coming off victorious, led his captive by a chain, whereupon Morvid presented him with the giant's tree as a staff for his bear, and ever since the bear and ragged staff has been the crest arms of the Warwicks.

Episode III.—Ethelfedla, Alfred's daughter, appears on horseback with a retinue of armed men, her coming stilling the cries of frightened women and children fleeing in terror of the Danes. In her train, well guarded, is yoked together in threes by heavy beams of wood, are Danes whom she had taken captive. These the people madly long to kill, but the old priest comes to her and begs her to give them to him to make into Christians, which she does, on condition that they work out their freedom by building the mound on the river on which Warwick Castle stands. She also then and there endows a school to commemorate her victory over the Danes.

Episode IV.—The scene opens with several peasants rushing in in distress with terrible stories of the ravages of the Dun Cow, a dread beast with all the attributes of a dragon, which had devoured children, sheep and cattle indiscriminately. Lord Robant, an amiable, wild old man, then appeared and asked rudely what was the matter, and hearing all the tales of misery betook himself off to seek her lair, lamenting the absence of Guy, the steward's son, and lover of his daughter Phylis. Then across the grass comes tripping a gay crowd of girls with Phylis in the midst of them. She alone is sad, and being taxed with it, confesses her sorrow at having sent Guy away to fight ogres and giants in order to prove himself worthy of her love. However, on Guy's suddenly appearing, she changes her tune, and disdains his suit, despite the tale of his valorous deeds. Then she commands him to kill the Dun Cow. This, it appears, he had already done on his way to her, and the head is drawn in on a huge car, amid the cheers of the crowds, who had assembled to welcome Guy. A fearsome sight indeed it was—with flaming eyeballs over which the lids fell slowly every now and then, and smoke issuing from its nostrils, it was enough to strike terror into the bravest heart. So then they go off gaily to be married.

A few years pass, and Phyllis, now an elderly woman, robed in black, comes in with stately step attended by her women dressed in most effective violet robes, and proceeds to sit her down to spin. It appears that again she has sent Guy off, and for years he had not been heard of. In the middle of her lamentations for him, an old palmer appears, very aged and feeble, and asks for his dally dole of bread. He has lived for years a hermit's life in a cave in the cliffs. She tells him of her grief, but he is under a vow of silence, and can give her no consolation. On his way home, however, he falls down in a dying condition, and calling his attendant sends him to Phyllis with a ring, thus proving himself the long lost Guy. Bearers appear with a bier, on which they take Guy back to his wife, in whose arms he expires. Phyllis then throws herself upon the bier and dies of grief. They are carried off together with a procession of priests and acolytes.

Episode V.—This episode is an extremely pretty scene, with Gundrada and her maidens playing at ball with a scarlet ball of wool, with which they were supposed to be making tapestry. Her lord and master, returning from the Crusades, comes in behind her and surprises her in her game. When the excitement of his return has subsided a little, he proceeds to call in the six priests, who come in each with his little band of boys, acolytes and banner, and group themselves in order, and then Roger reads the writ raising St. Mary's Church to the dignity of a collegiate body. The final procession of this act is most imposing, the vestments of the priests (copied from old brasses and contemporary illustrations) being chiefly black and white in quaint devices, relieved by the gorgeous coloring of the banners in the gay light tints among the crowd in the background.

Episode VI.—This was one of the most interesting scenes. The acting of Piers Gaveston was splendid. He came on first as the mincing dandified friend of Edward II., supercilious and haughty to inferiors, insolent and overbearing to his equals. The bishop, whose lands and manors are given by the king to Piers, comes on in beautiful vestments and mitre, all of which are torn from him by Gaveston, whom he had offended. The scene of Gaveston's trial by the barons was most interesting—the insolent way he replied to their accusations and his parting curse when led off to execution were very effective.

Episode VII. opened with the French king's court, Queen Margaret and Princess Bona (his sister), sharing his throne. Warwick, the king-maker, enters, demanding the hand of Princess Bona for Edward IV., whom, in spite of the Queen's protests, he declares is king of England. Louis eventually engages to give his sister as desired, and while they are still discussing it a messenger rides up post haste with letters announcing Edward's marriage. This creates great confusion, and Warwick, in wrath at Edward's mean action, returns to his allegiance to Henry. The scene changes again to

England, and shows a tent and Edward IV. entering, with a guard of men-at-arms. Suddenly they are surprised by an attack, led by Warwick, who, when Edward is taken, as was inevitable, uncrowns him calmly and sets off to make Henry king.

Episode VIII.—Across the meadows comes a troop of girls in pretty light dresses, with garlands of flowers, gaily singing and dancing as they sing. Their gaiety is suppressed by some of the burgesses, who come lamenting the hard times and how there is no one to keep the children in order or teach them. A herald is seen approaching, and to the townsfolk, who hastily assemble, he reads a proclamation from the king, restoring the Church and endowing the King's School. The scholars all appear with their quaint ruffs and plumed caps and chant a Latin song, amid great cheering. (An amusing feature of the pageant was that whenever the cheering became very vociferous it was caught up and echoed by peacock after peacock behind the scenes, with a very ludicrous effect.)

Episode IX. was a quaint scene dealing with the proclamation of Lady Jane Grey as Queen. The citizens of Warwick were not at all enthusiastic in their reception of it, and when Queen Mary's men appear they are warmly supported and the others flee to save their lives.

Episode X.—An amusing little scene occurs at the beginning of this episode. The burgesses of Warwick enter to take their seats at the council table with the pomposity usual on such occasions, and having arranged themselves a man is brought on on the charge of having pumelled one of the councillors. He gives his name as Arthur Sackville, scholar and gentleman, and is ignominiously put in the stocks. His dog, which followed him, was very amusing, snapping at the heels of his detainers, and when at last he sat in the stocks the dog sat on the other side with its paws on the top watching its master. When later on the burgesses, after various small quarrels and bickerings, agreed to give a present of a yoke of oxen to the Earl of Leicester, whom they expected, and the oxen appeared on the scene, the dog becomes greatly excited, and his master had much ado to quiet him. Presently one of the prettiest sights of the whole pageant appeared. A long train of horses with Leicester, Warwick and many others, including a good many ladies in most gorgeous attire, is seen in the distance, winding its way down the hill and through the trees until they come upon the crowd, which greets them with acclamations, and Leicester, after various demurs, accepts the present from the people, giving them as a return of courtesy the foundation for the hospital for twelve old men. Warwick then announces that Queen Elizabeth is coming to see them, so there is a great scene of bustle and activity, and all the guilds of the city march in with banners and the boys of the Warwick School, and they all sing a madrigal in honor of the occasion. After this is finished the Queen's coach appears with a guard of honor, and draws

up in front of the stage. The curtains are drawn aside, and disclose the queen sitting in state with her ladies. Several addresses are presented to her, and the pretty little scene with William Shakespeare takes place. The queen calls up the lad, a dear little boy of about eight, and kissing him says, "There, tell thy playmates the queen kissed William Shakespeare," whereupon the child shyly asks, "And please, may William Shakespeare kiss the queen?"

After some more speechifying the queen alights from her coach and ascends the throne, hastily put up in her honor, and disposes herself to be amused. The schoolboys in their yellow and brown livery sing a pretty song, which calls for great applause, and the courtiers lead out the ladies for a most magnificent dance. The clothes of both men and women were truly gorgeous, and the dance was very well executed. Just as it was finished, with a discordant yell, a crowd of grotesque dancers in quaint costume rush in, and dance a most extraordinary dance, almost a gymnastic display in its queer contortions. Their parti-colored clothes were edged with little bells, whose faint tinkle and the clacking of the colored sticks they carried, mingled oddly with the music of the dance. When this was finished the queen descended in a stately manner from her throne, and led by Leicester, walks through an avenue made by the staves and banners of the crowd, to her barge on the Avon, and embarking in it was rowed off on the lily-covered river. During the next (and last) episode, the barge was slowly drifting on the river, and turning reached the landing stage again in time to take part in the final tableau.

Episode XI. dealt with the great fire at Warwick in 1694. When all the townfolk trooped in with their goods and chattels, having left the burning city, William III. came in on horseback, and did what he could to relieve the distress.

Immediately upon this followed the very pretty song of the Warwick High School girls. They were all dressed in white, and carried wands or baskets or bouquets of flowers, making a pretty little pageant of their own.

During their song the arena became filled with groups of the various people who had taken part in the pageant. It was odd to see hoary Druids jostled by priests and acolytes of the middle ages, and knights in shining armour side by side with fierce-looking, half-clothed Pict or Scot or ancient Briton in hairy garb. The whole made a most effective tableau, and very sorry were all when it became time to sing "God Save the King." The pageant lasted exactly three hours, from three to six, without a single break or hitch. It is impossible to conceive a more perfectly-managed show. Interest never flagged the whole way through, and there was such a constant change and variety of scene that the onlookers had not even time to think whether they were tired or to know that they had quite left out their tea!

## All Hallows' Indian School.

All Hallows Indian School was established in Yale, British Columbia, in 1885, by the Sisters of All Hallows Community, under Bishop Sillitoe, the first Bishop of the Diocese.

The Dominion Government of Canada provides a frugal maintenance for 35 pupils, which is paid under an annuity allowance of \$5.00 per month for each child.

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

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

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

Salaries do not form a heavy item in the Indian School expenditure, as nearly all the work for it is done voluntarily.

A Sister and three teachers take part in the educational work.

A matron has charge of the house work and clothing.

The whole establishment is under the personal supervision of the Sister Superior.

## Indian School Register.

1.	Katie Shiparkimnak	Ashcroft
2.	Sophie She-a-mat	Yale
3.	Maria O-almoole-nack	Chilcoten
4.	Suzanne Schoutimich	Spuzzum
5.	Lisa-Mah-ah-then	Lytton
6.	Milly Mah-amat-ko	Lytton
7.	Lena Shilth	Lytton
8.	Allie, from	Savona
9.	Elizabeth Nah-ah-ches-cut	Nicola
10.	Elizabeth Aoosa	Nicola
11.	Josephine Skamee	Chilliwack
12.	Nellie Ska-ka-mie	Chilliwack
13.	Sara I-exaltsah	North Bend
14.	Grace Oleson	Lillooet
15.	Therese Niquakooshin	Cariboo
16.	Elsie Kooshin	Cariboo
17.	Stella He-he-nack	Lytton
18.	Alice Ka-zat-ko	Lytton
19.	Lottie Moweech	Shuswap
20.	Matilda Jakasat-ko	Lytton
21.	Ellen Sushell	Lytton
22.	Jennie Newht-in-ko, from	Lytton
23.	Hilda Ma-kawat-ko	Lytton

24.	Ada Ender . . . . .	Lytton
25.	Beatrice Sheeshiatko . . . . .	Lillooet
26.	Gina Shpinzoozoh . . . . .	Lillooet
27.	Hilda Ziltatko . . . . .	Cisco
28.	Betty Ho-peat-ko . . . . .	Lytton
29.	Elsie Histko . . . . .	Lytton
30.	Agnes Emminmatko . . . . .	Spuzzum
31.	Nancy . . . . .	Lytton
32.	Anne Duncan . . . . .	Lytton
33.	Minnie . . . . .	Lytton
34.	Therese Canada . . . . .	Lytton

### Daily Time Table.

Morning—Rise—Senior girls, at 6; Junior girls, at 6.30.

6.30—House work.

7.30—Prime in chapel.

8—Breakfast, bed-making, etc.

9—School—I., II., III. Standards. Reading, writing, musical drill.

10—School—IV., V., VI. Standards. Reading, Canadian and English history.

10—I, II, III. Standards. House work.

11—All Standards in school for arithmetic.

12—Recess and luncheon.

Noon—1—I, II, III. Standards. Needlework.

IV., V., VI. Standards. Scripture, singing, drawing, needlework.

2—I, II, III. Standards. Scripture, elocution, general knowledge.

2—IV., V., VI. Standards. Geography, grammar, musical drill.

3—Recess.

3.30—Walk.

5—Setting table for dinner. Lamps, etc.

5.30—Dinner.

6.30—Vespers in chapel.

7—Study hour.

7.30—I, II, III. Standards go to bed.

8—IV., V., VI. Standards. Recess.

8.30—IV., V., VI. Standards go to bed.

### Indian School Prize Day.

After a week of dull, showery weather it was with feelings almost akin to gratitude that we saw the sun shine out genially on the 14th of June, the Indian children's Prize Day.

The rain spoilt the acacias, it almost spoilt the roses, and we were wondering if we should be able to find any flowers left with



The May-Pole Dance was a very pretty performance, and the only reason it was not encored was because our eyes were bewildered and aching from watching the dancers tripping in and out, round and about, while winding their streamers of green and white round the May-pole in so many fantastic designs.

When the moment arrived for reading aloud the prize list the excitement among the children was great, although the only sign they gave of it was by heightened, color and brightening eyes. Competition in all the class work had been very great, those who won only gaining by two or three marks, a fact which spoke well for the proficiency and application of the children, and the report of the term's work was most satisfactory.

#### PRIZE LIST.

Scripture—Bishop's Prize—Senior Division.....	Flossie Porteous
Junior Division.....	Jennie Ne-whin-ko
Infants' Division.....	Hilda Makwatko
Class Prize—Standard VII.....	Therese Philippine
Standard V.....	Josephine Skamee
Standard IV.....	Sarah I-exaltsah
Standard III.....	Anne Duncan
Standard II.....	Hilda Ma-kawat-ko
Standard I.....	Agnes Emminmatko
Writing—Senior Division.....	Suzanne Schoutimich
Junior Division.....	Hilda Ziltatko
Needlework—Senior Division.....	Gina Lasher
Infants' Division.....	Elsie Histko
Housework—Therese Philippine, Anne Duncan, Elizabeth Toosha	
Breadmaking.....	Sophie She-a-mat
General Improvement—Senior Division.....	Sophie She-a-mat
Junior Division.....	Elsie Philippine
Infant Class.....	Nellie Ska-ka-mie
Church Catechism.....	Flossie Porteous
Conduct—Silver Medal.....	Hilda Ziltatko

I should like to point out two facts on this prize list which was eminently satisfactory to my mind, the girl who won the VII. Standard class prize also won a Housework prize; and the girl who won the special "Silver Daisy" prize for her care of the chapel moved by the help of a crutch.

Archdeacon Pentreath's words to the children were very striking. He commended them for what they had already done, and encouraged them to greater efforts, not in imitation of the white race, but for the honor of their own race. "You should be proud of being Indians, members of a great and brave nation, and you should use all your endeavors, all your talents, all your education, to better the condition of your people, to make a name and a place for them in the world." He spoke to them of Pauline Johnston (Tekan-non-wake), the poetess, whose little poems are so widely read and so

greatly admired; of Dr. Oronhyatekha, and one or two others of their own people, whose names are well known in the Dominion. "What other Indian men and women have done, you can do too, dear girls, if you use aright the educational and religious advantages you are receiving here in your old school.

A pleasant little informal supper for the Indian school, in which the School Mother and several of the teachers partook, closed one of our pleasantest and most successful Indian school functions.

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## The Royal Drawing Society.

### EXAMINATION OF SCHOOLS—1906.

Report for Yale, B. C., All Hallows' School.  
"An Excellent Result."

#### Division I.

Honors.  
Josephine Skamee.  
Elsie Phillippine.

Pass.  
Maria Ross.  
Lisa Dunstan.

#### Division II.

Sophie She-a-mah.  
Allie Wood.  
Millie O'Shaimalst.

#### Division IV.

Flossie Porteous.  
Suzanne Schoutimich.

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## Children's Corner.

### A Letter from Lytton.

Lytton, B. C., June 17th, 1906.

My Dear Sister,—

Many thanks for the magazine you kindly sent me. I was so delighted to get it.

I hope you all had a happy Easter. How I miss the lovely services and the lovely anthems. There were crowds of Indians here on Easter, and all sang so loudly too, generally out of tune, as they don't have practise. I was glad Miss M. was not here to hear it.

We are having a very strange summer this year. We would have a hot morning, very hot, then the weather would suddenly change to a dull, cloudy day, and very high winds, then the rain would pour, so it makes all the place nice and green.

We are getting such dear little birds here. I don't know all their names, but I often look in my book (the prize I got at the last closing I was there). The meadow-lark is one of our best songsters, very sweet and sings all sorts of notes which some of them is easy to imitate. I think its favorite tune is "You can't see me." I often think they play hide and seek.

We have a great many strawberries here, the little ones and I go to pick them sometimes, we take our lunches with us.

I am dear Sister,

Your affectionate little pupil,

EMMA CHUTATLEM.

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### Religious Despondency.

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(A sermon I heard in the holidays preached at All Saints' Church, Vancouver.)

A great many professed members of the Church grow despondent and think they may as well give up the fight. Like Elijah of old, they sit under a juniper tree and ask to die, as he did, and say: "It is enough now, O Lord, take away my life for I am no better than my fathers."

They think there is no use in living a good life any longer. They may have been interested in the Church before, and tried to serve it and to do right, but they have grown tired and despondent.

They don't try to help the Church any longer, they ask "Our fathers did without religion, why can't we?"

Now we want to find out the cause of this state in any man, and we find it in studying Elijah's case.

He wasn't despondent when he, alone, stood to sacrifice before the four hundred and fifty prophets of Baal; he wasn't despondent when he slew the prophets. How comes it then that he is despondent now? It was because he was—idle.

That is the case with us. If we don't do any active work for God in His Church we grow despondent, and, of course, we cannot then see the good of living according to His Law.

We must work for Him.

If we have to work for our living, we can do all for His glory. If we don't have to work for our living, there are still many ways in which we can work for God.

We can help those who don't know about Christ, and in hundreds of other ways.

Another reason for despondency is this, we look on the bad side of others and think no one else besides ourselves is trying to do right, we think as Elijah did "I only am left." What can I do?

We get into a wilderness of miserable self, like Elijah we flee from the rest and sit desponding under a juniper tree, when we should be standing up for Christ among our fellow-men, and doing work in His Church. We should try to think the best of others, and see what good we can find in them, what good we can do them.

There are many who are willing to serve God but are not brave enough in themselves and are perhaps waiting for our help.

God told Elijah, "I have left Me 7,000 in all Israel who have not bowed the knee to Baal." They had not done wrong, but were not brave enough and strong enough by themselves to work openly and actively for God. We can help many such.

So we must be "up and doing" remembering "Life is real, life is earnest," then we won't be liable to fall into this state of religious despondency so common among the professed Christians of the present day. We must all work, that is a necessity of our being, and we must do that work to God's honour and glory.

THERESE PHILLIPINE.

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### Gifts Acknowledged.

One bale clothing, St. Matthias' Church W. A., Toronto, Ont. .  
 Two books orchestral music, Mrs. Harrison, Victoria.  
 Two conduct medals, gold and silver, from Mrs. Croucher, Yale.  
 Two dollars for prizes, Rev. H. Underhill, Vancouver.  
 One book for prize, Dr. Underhill, Vancouver.

Gold and silver crosses for Scripture prizes, from the Bishop of New Westminster.

One small parcel containing baby jackets and scarves, from Miss Hornibrook, St. Leonard's-on-Sea, England.

One bale of clothing and stationery, from Edinburgh.

One bale of clothing from Eastern Canada (no list or address received).

One small parcel knitted stockings, from Mrs. Leveson's Stocking Guild, London, Eng.

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### Wants.

**BLANKETS** for single beds.

**Boots, rubbers and overshoes of all sizes (especially from 13 to Scarlet tam-o'-shanters.**

**Strong thin summer stockings.**

Strong woollen stockings for winter.

More scarlet cloaks for little new girls.

Dresses of blue serge or any strong 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 the better—either a closely-fitting body with gathered skirt, or a "Mother Hubbard," etc., a yoke with full skirt gathered on and full sleeve. The measurements of sizes especially needed are given below:

Neck, to edge of hem.	Inside Sleeve.	Neck.	Waist.
42	18	13	28
39	17	13	27
36	15	12	27
33	13	11	27
30	11	11	23

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 back, a long slit left at each side seam for the armhole, and the whole pinafore, frills and all, gathered into a neckband; good washing print. It is better to avoid any light colors as much as possible.

Lengths 27 inches and upwards. New blouses of strong, pretty material, for girls of 14 to 16.

Materials for blouses for older girls. Unbleached cotton chemises and drawers of all sizes, in sets of three if possible. White or colored aprons for older girls.

Unbleached cotton or flannelette night-gowns.

Plants, bulbs, or any contributions towards the garden. Strong knives and forks. Enamelled iron mugs and bowls.

Stationery is always most useful.

Buttons, tapes, cotton, needles, hooks and eyes, black Andalusian wool for mending any needlework materials will be very thankfully received.

We publish our list of constantly recurring wants as usual. Owing to the kindness of friends our stock of house linen has now been nicely replenished, not by large gifts, but by small donations, "the helpful little ways," one or two pairs of sheets in this bale, and one or two in that, until the number has mounted up making the supply all sufficient. We still need a few pairs of blankets. The quilts sent are beautiful and warm, and we are very grateful for

them, but they do not quite take the place of blankets in really cold weather, and we should like to have one good pair of blankets for each child's bed. Miss Halson noticed the absence of white counterpanes in our dormitories, now that the plaster is repaired and the walls colored a clean refreshing green, we think turkey red counterpanes bordered with white would look very well instead of the dark and red print ones we have been using, and which are beginning to show signs of wear. May we venture to ask for some of these, and to add a little paragraph sent in by the matron about clothing SPECIALLY wanted for this winter:

Thick flannel petticoats, red or grey, for girls aged 12 to 17.

Winter vests, for girls of 10 to 12.

Dark aprons for older girls.

Dark pinafores from 32 to 38 inches long.

Flannelette chemises and drawers of all sizes for girls from 9 to 17.

Flannelette night-gowns, all sizes.



## NOTICE.

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This Magazine will be published three times a year. All the pupils in the School will be encouraged to write for it. Copies will be sent to parents and charged for at the rate of 10c. a copy, in the quarterly stationery accounts.

More subscribers to the Magazine will be gladly welcomed. The subscription is 30c. a year (1s. 3d. English money); 2c. or penny stamps will be accepted.

The Canadian School Winter Term will close Dec. 20th, 1906. The Spring term will begin, D. V., February 1st, 1907.