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VOL. III.

No. 3.



**ALL HALLOWS - -
- - IN THE WEST.**

"SERVIRE DEO SAPIERE."



**CHRISTMAS-TIDE NUMBER,
1901.**



PUBLISHED AT
All - Hallows' - School.
YALE, B. C.

H. MOREY & CO., PRINTERS, NEW WESTMINSTER, B. C.

ALL HALLOWS IN THE WEST.

All Hallows' Canadian School.

YALE, B. C.

ESTABLISHED 1860.

Conducted by the Sisters of All Hallows.

VISITORS: - - - THE LORD BISHOP OF NEW WESTMINSTER.

Yale is healthily situated amongst the Cascade Mountains. The School building is most comfortable, and is surrounded by lawns and a pretty garden. 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, - - -	Miss Shibley, B. A., and Miss Flewelling, Sr. Local Cambridge Certificate,
French, - - - - -	Miss Shibley, B. A. & Sister Alice, C. A. H.
Music, - - - - -	Sister Alice, C. A. H., Miss Flewelling and Miss Ellis.
Drawing or 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 Hour: 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.

Entrance Fee \$5.00.

SCHOOL FEES: (In Advance.)

Board and Education, inclusive of Music, French and Drawing,	\$20.00 a month.
Board and English, French and Drawing, - - - - -	\$15.00 a month.

Special reduction for sisters.

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

Staff of Workers :

Three Sisters, Miss Moody,
Miss Shibley, Mrs. Woodward,
Miss Ellis, Miss H. Woodward.
Miss Flewelling.

Chaplain :

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.

I. 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 :

I. They will go from strength.

R. To strength.

I. 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. III.

CHRISTMAS-TIDE, 1901.

NO. 3.

THE CHRISTMAS NIGHT.

*While all things were in quiet silence,
and that night was in the midst of her
swift course. Thine Almighty Word
leaped down from Heaven, out of Thy
Royal Throne.*

Wisdom, XVIII, 14, 15.

FROM realms above
Laying aside His Glory and His Might
The Word of God leaped from the heaven-
ly height
In the calm stillness of the Christmas night
With Gifts of Life and Love.

In Bethlehem's Stall
He lay, in weakness and humility,
But faith was strong, the hidden God to see
And shepherds worshipped Him on
bended knee
And owned Him Lord of all.

We kneel in prayer;—
Our love is feeble, and our footsteps stray,
We need more courage for our pilgrim way
We come to Bethlehem's Stall in faith
to-day.—

Shall we not find it there?

A. R. G.

"Shepherds and Wise Men."

BY that Divine ordering of events, which men call "chance," it fell out that the Benediction of the new buildings belonging to the Schools of "All Hallows in the West" at Yale, British Columbia, took place on St. Etheldreda's Day, Oct. 17th. 1901.

That day, kept in honour of an old time Queen, who laid aside her queenly dignity to become the Foundress of a great Community of Sisters, workers for God in the semi-heathen land of England, saw another English Community of Sisters rejoicing in the advancement of *their* work, and united to St. Etheldreda by a common bond of

life and purpose, though separated from her age and country by 1300 years of time, and by 6000 miles of space.

At the festivities in connection with the Benediction Services, the Superior of the English Mother House of the All Hallows Community, while admiring immensely the wooden walls and sense of newness of her western off-shoot, remarked with glad satisfaction that another branch of the same Community in England had acquired and adapted to its own use an ancient monastic building in Norwich, and that they felt it to be a peculiar privilege to be the means of thus restoring it to its original purpose.

One of those present when the Mother spoke said regretfully, "Ah, we have no old foundations like that in this country."

No, that is true; but is that altogether a cause for regret?

This western portion of the great Canadian Dominion is clearly the country of the future, not of the past.

All Hallows' Community holds a striking position, standing, as it does, in the midst of the centuries, the roots of one of its works reaching down into foundations laid many hundred years ago by those who have long since passed to their rest, while the branches of her Western work are reaching onward to the things before, into how many centuries who can say?

Outward circumstances of time and place change with the progress of the ages, but the eternal working of God's purpose remains unchanged, and still He works as of old.

On the day of the Benediction of this latest addition to the almost countless number of buildings devoted to the furtherance of God's work on earth, our thoughts naturally went back to the land so richly blessed from its early days with many like works which had sprung up in it under the Benediction of God; and further back still they travelled to the first "Land of Promise" where the original idea of the institutions we so venerate, first took permanent shape, where "Schools of the Prophets" educated the young; where the Holy Scriptures came into existence and were both zealously taught and jealously guarded for us by Colleges of learned men in Jerusalem.

Truly "other men laboured," and who can but rejoice that we are entering into their labours!

Few of us have been to that far off Eastern country, the birth-place of the Church universal; not many, perhaps, have seen that country of our fathers, the home of our English branch of the great Church; but some of us know well this country in the Far West, to which the course of the great spiritual Empire of our Lord is wending its way.

As thousands of years ago a band of humbled, proven people, strong because God was with them, were bidden to go in and possess that land whose description, for tender touching beauty has never been excelled;—The Lord thy God bringeth thee into a good land, a land of brooks of water, of fountains and depths that spring out of valleys and hills, a land wherein thou shalt eat bread without scarceness, thou shalt not lack anything in it;—so we too, who dwell in this fair land, cannot but feel that

we have been given "a goodly heritage" and may indeed "bless the Lord our God for the good land which He hath given us."

Dwelling, as we do, among the valleys and hills, where the thirsty land drinks water of the rain of heaven, and the incense of its fresh beauty rises in adoration to its God, we can hardly refuse to recognize this as indeed "a land which the Lord thy God careth for." Nor can we doubt that "the eyes of the Lord are always upon it, from the beginning of the year, unto the end of the year."

What do those far-seeing Eyes behold, as if it were already present in this land?

Do they see the grassy slopes of those foot-hills, such commanding positions, yet so accessible, crowned with stately churches dedicated to His glory?

The silent, lonely valleys, are they reverberating with the melody of bells calling to worship?

Do those majestic mountains echo back the sound of prayer and praise as it floats upwards on the pure keen air?

That secluded woodland dell, perfect in its beauty, glorious in its colouring, tall fir-trees arching overhead, the dim religious light beneath them brightened by myriad star-like blossoms, carpeted by richest verdure, the air laden with the fragrant incense of the woods,—is that an oratory of the Angels, where the invisible choir stand by night and by day, and carry on the Offices till a Community of holy men, or saintly women shall arise, as in the days of old in England, called by God to live a dedicated life to His honour and glory, and to strike the note of praise and prayer, clear and full amid the busy hurrying work-a-day life of this age?

Those quavering notes of praise, out of time, it may be, and with little knowledge of music to aid them, as they rise in uncertain faltering measure to the clear blue sky above, do they make that Father's heart rejoice, as being the first-fruits of more perfect worship to be begun on that same spot on earth and meet to be carried on in Heaven?

That solitary settler, is he the founder of some vast city? His imperfect half-forgotten prayers, are they an earnest of the great welling tide of prayer which shall some day ascend continuously to God from that very spot?

That one woman, far away in some up-country settlement, struggling zealously to draw others with her to work for the Church of God, in the midst of household cares and duties, and finding scant earthly encouragement,—is she the hidden foundation stone of glorious work for God, which shall some day redound to His honour before Angels and men?

What human pen can tell the keen intense interest with which those loving Eyes of the Lord follow the details of every single life, living in solitary grandeur, or in deep degradation before its Maker?

In a country so new, and so vast, it is true in an awful sense that "lives are not your own." Each life being lived here sets up a standard by which succeeding lives will unconsciously measure themselves.

Down into this immense, slowly peopling country, the Word of God, Whose delights are to be with the sons of men, still descends from His Royal Throne to dwell amongst His people as of yore.

Let us pass now from the separate consideration of the Past, Pres-

ent and Future, from the thought of these three typical countries, Judæa, England, Western Canada, in which the Word of God was, is, and shall be manifested; and let our thoughts be gathered up and concentrated for a moment on the One Central Event of the whole earth-history,—the Incarnation of our Lord, for in Him, all ages, all lands, and all places, are united; and let us consider His coming to us, as at that first Christmas-tide.

When, in far Judæa, He came to His own people, we are told that "His own received Him not." A stable was the only shelter He could find.

When He comes to *us* here in this new country, a stable is still all we have to offer Him.

We may prepare it with great care and reverence, even as Mary prepared the Manger for the Holy Child, but the roof which once sheltered the cattle is the only roof *as yet*, under which we can receive the Lord of Hosts.

Listen to the description of the Altar in our Stable-Chapel from the pen of the youngest communicant in our Schools.

"The Altar, a rude construction of wood, is now getting very old, and is not nearly beautiful or glorious enough to be the throne of God; for it is on the Altar that God descends at the great Eucharist, and as we hold the King's seat in Parliament with reverence, so should we look upon the Altar of God as reverently, for He is ever present, though we may not see Him."

Truly this approaches the idea of the "Manger-Throne!"

Called as we have been by the great "Shepherd of Shepherds" to tend and feed the lambs of His flock here at the ends of the world,

and having little but our lives to offer Him, our lot is to "watch" in the fields of duty, until His servants, in their Eastern homes, may like the Wise Men of old, "See His Star," and, following its westerling course, come hither to lay their rich gifts at His Feet.

It is no unworthy call. For to-day is waiting to be built not only the first Chapel of a Religious Community of our Church in this land, but also the first of those great School Chapels such as have entwined their memory and influence deep in the roots of many lives whom England rightly holds in high honour.

Like and yet unlike them, for while the primeval races of England have long since passed away, or have been absorbed into the conquering race, here, in this country, the ancient race of land-holders yet remains, and their children are worshipping side by side with your children, and calling to you, who are possessing their earthly heritage to repay them now as you can, and to let them be possessors with you of that Heavenly inheritance, where there is no distinction of race or language, but where the glory and honour of all nations equally shall enter in and do homage to the King of all.

Years ago a very small number of All Hallows' children banded together into a "Guild of the Holy Child," and learnt, then, the great lesson that "Union is Strength," and were able, amongst other good deeds, to present a very beautiful instrument to the Chapel, which has led their praises and those of their successors ever since.

Once again the Guild has been called to prompt action, and nobly are they responding to that call. A special Chapter has been formed.

the "Servants of the Sanctuary," bound to serve in appointed ways, by work, and by prayer, and by influence, till a fitting building has been erected and dedicated, free of debt, to God's greater glory.

"Are your plans ready?" How often do we meet that question, and answer it with a doubtful negative—Plans we have in our minds, yes, but actual working plans for the tangible actual Chapel, who is to dictate them?

Is it to be the utilitarian common sense of the 20th. Century, intent mainly, upon providing four strong walls to shelter from the wind, and a strongly built roof to protect, from storm and sunshine, the 80 or 100 people assembling night and morning, to worship God in a seemingly edifice, not a stable, yet approaching the barn-like idea in its architecture? Or shall the Spirit of Devotion design an edifice of stately beauty for the Temple of the Lord?

In this clever, highly-strung age of marvellous inventions, when mortal men use for common purposes, powers, before unheard of, stored in the armoury of high heaven to be indulgently granted now as playthings to the youngest born of the great Earth-Family. Can it be that we are still living in the age of faith? And can we recall to our aid that old-fashioned sturdy foundation-laying faith, whose self-forgetting generosity worked for generations yet unborn, pouring itself out lavishly "to make the place of His Feet glorious?"

Common sense may peradventure still demand "to what purpose is this waste?" Faith remembers the blessing enwrapped in the answer given by the Divine Master to that same question asked by "murmuring disciples" long ages ago.

"True is the old Latin proverb *Bis dat qui cito dat*, "He gives twice who gives quickly," and most especially applicable in this case, for urgency demands that ere the close of the first month in the New Year, before Epiphany-tide is over, our plans be ready to take permanent shape, and as we *cannot* run into debt, the plans for the new Chapel must be made to fit into the means at our disposal.

Come then like the Wise Men of old, you on whom the rays from the Star of Bethlehem have shone with the Knowledge and Love of God, come and lay your gifts at the Feet of the Infant Saviour, so that long ere another Christmas dawns, not a stable, but a place of holy beauty may be ready for Him reared there by the gold of your offering, the Frankincense of your prayers, and the Myrrh of self-sacrifice, yea, of self-oblation. Through you, may this Epiphany, if God wills it, be another great manifestation of our "Lord in His Glory" to all dwellers in this "ut-termost corner of the earth."

SERVIRE DEO SAPIERE.



CHRISTMAS BLESSINGS.

I. THE CRADLE.

He that cometh from Heaven is above all.

A little Child
Laid in a Manger bare,
A Maiden Mild
Watching beside Him there,
No kingly throne,
No Sceptre brave to wield
No glory shewn,
No majesty revealed.

Faith saw Thee then
O Christ, Incarnate Lord!
Angels and Men
Beheld, believed, adored;
Love at Thy Feet,
Found what Thy Love would hide
Its joy complete,
Its longings satisfied.

II. THE ALTAR.

The Bread of God is He Which cometh down from Heaven.

An Altar fair,
A Feast of Love outspread,
Heads bowed in prayer,
Souls waiting to be fed;
No wondrous sight,
No strange celestial sign,
No glorious Light,
No Majesty Divine.

Faith sees Thee now
O Christ, the King of Heaven
Love asks not how
Thy gifts of Life are given,
Where sight may fail,
And human weakness fear.
Faith reads the veil
And knows that God is here.

A. R. G.

Leaves from Our Journal.

SEPTEMBER, 1901. —The Notice Board is a very important feature of All Hallows' School life.

Marks, Remarks, Advertisements and Notices of various kinds appear on it almost daily, for the benefit of the family at large.

On St. Matthew's Day a crowd of curly heads and pig-tails collected round the all-important Notice Board to read the following announcement:—

"The Sisters of All Hallows, Ditchingham, Norfolk, England, have sent some Ice-cream for the All Hallows' children in Yale.

If the Ice-cream arrives, as is expected, on the "Local" to-day, the Family are invited to an Ice-cream Party in the Dining Hall this evening at 7."

Various exclamations of pleasure greeted this friendly invitation, but there was some pessimistic questioning among the little ones "Would the ice-cream last through such a long journey?" "Would it keep frozen?" "How would it be packed?" There even lurked a hidden

doubt in their minds, I fear, as to the integrity of those honourable guardians of the law, who might, they thought, be tempted to detain the ice-cream in the Custom House and levy a heavy duty upon it there!

The "Local" however arrived punctually and brought with it, as freight, a huge freezer containing chocolate ice-cream of the most approved kind, sufficient for one hundred people.

We often enjoy ice-cream at hotels, when making long railway journeys on the C. P. R. line, and in the summer ice-cream is a common refreshment to be ordered at the Pavilion at English Bay, or at the Lunch rooms in town. But surely no ice-cream ever tasted like this ice-cream from Ditchingham, with its flavour of mystery and romance for the little ones, and with its subtle aroma of good-will and kindly feeling for the elder ones, who saw in the little treat so kindly provided for both Schools (the Indian children were having a party too in their house) the English Mother Superior's loving care and thought for the happiness of All Hallows' children in the West.

OCTOBER.—On the 1st. of Oct. we were thrilling with excitement because the welcome tidings reached us that Their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York were really coming to visit us.

The weather was perfect; for a whole month we had been enjoying fresh bright sunny days, with a sky that was almost changelessly blue, while fresh falls of snow on distant mountain peaks chilled the air just a little, and the glorious crimson and gold which clothed the trees gave certain evidence that "summer was over and gone" and

Autumn's ripe beauty was now crowning the year.

Preparations to welcome our Royal guests were all of a strictly "home-made" character.

The maple growing on the hill-sides was largely used for our decorations, and no artist could have conceived an effect more perfect in point of colouring than our little maids achieved by twining bright maple leaves over the windows and balconies of our "Frazer-grey" buildings.

On the lawn a small pavilion was erected, and this too was embowered in maple, with here and there long graceful fronds of the late hardy ferns appearing, fastened by bows of rich violet-coloured ribbon.

A party of section men having a "day off" after the royal trains had passed Yale *en route* for Vancouver, kindly gave their skilful labour towards erecting a flight of steps from the railway track to the road beneath, directly opposite the School gates. They also placed an imposing looking maple arch above the gates. The steps and roadway were covered with crimson baize edged with maple and white daisies.

Such a bright busy picture, the children, the workmen, the Sisters and Teachers presented, as working harmoniously together, with many a laugh and light jest they flitted about, all loyally intent upon doing "homage to the son of our King."

In the afternoon the children were drilled to "line up," "march," "form guard of honour," "fall in," "courtesy," etc. How patiently and kindly some "grown-ups" consented to personate the Duchess, and over and over again to walk up the path acknowledging these laboriously learnt courtesies.

Even the "Song of Welcome"

was "home made." Our National songs, such as "The Maple Leaf for ever" "O Canada, dear Canada" and some others, though splendidly patriotic, hardly seemed courteous enough as a greeting to Royal English guests, so a Song of Welcome from All Hallows had to be manufactured to order on the premises.

Most fully repaid we all felt for our efforts when we saw the slightly wearied expression the Duke's face wore, as he descended from the car, change to one of warm interest, as he watched the simple, pretty scene and listened to the children's song.

The two little girls chosen to come forward bearing our homely and "home-made" presentations attracted very special attention from Their Royal Highnesses, by reason of their graceful movements and gentle self-possession. Each child was a perfect wholesome, healthy, pleasing type of her race—Anglo-Saxon Muriel with her pink complexion, fair hair, blue eyes, and well set up little figure, Indian Milly with her silky black hair, soft dark eyes, and cheeks like a rich ripe russet. Such honoured little maidens they knew themselves to be when they received "Princess May's" smile and gracious words of thanks.

Among our guests on this great occasion, were the Bishop and Mrs. Dart, the Rev. H. Underhill, and Mrs. Dorrell.

We had received important news from home that morning, but in view of the afternoon reception, it was not announced to the Family until the next day, that the Mother Superior of the Community had sailed from England, and was then on her way to visit her Branch house in the West.

On the 14th., for the first time

for many weeks, the train was on time, and soon after nine o'clock on that sunny Monday morning, the dear Mother Superior arrived and found a bevy of bright-faced little girls lining the path, ready to receive her with their recently acquired courtesies.

All too short seemed this precious visit from the Superior of our English Mother House, and out of it we had to spare her for three days, when she and the Sister Superior went to New Westminster, as guests of the Bishop and Mrs. Dart.

The Benediction Service, postponed from last March, took place on the 17th. of October, F. of St. Etheldreda.

The Bishop, attended by his Acting-Chaplain, Rev. H. Underhill, performed the service, which was followed by a festive luncheon for a party of fifty-five in the Dining Hall.

On the 28th. of October the Mother Superior left us to pay brief visits to relations in Brandon and Chicago, before returning to England.

NOVEMBER:—This year, more than in any previous year, All Saints' Day seemed a day of deep thankfulness and rejoicing to us. With what countless blessings had God crowned our year, and how greatly had He blessed our works.

Memory, ever active at such seasons, carried us back to the Autumn of 1884, when we spent our *first* All Saints' in this western land. Three Sisters, poor, landless, homeless, but for the temporary shelter offered us in the then vacant Parsonage, childless and fearful of the unknown future, we gathered round a tiny Altar in a tiny Oratory to keep the Feast of

our dedication, and to invoke God's blessing on our lowly endeavours.

To-day we see how bountifully He has answered our prayers, and through storm or sunshine, sickness or health, poverty or sufficiency, His Hand has ever been with us, leading, guiding, chastening, blessing, until to-day we are gathered before the Altar of our Chapel, a Family of eighty precious souls to sing with one heart and voice our glad Te Deum of praise.

At Matins on All Saints' Day, a handsome brass lectern was presented to "All Hallows" by the Rev. E. P. Flewelling and his daughters, "in loving memory of Sara Flewelling, Wife and Mother, who fell asleep on the 12th. of Nov. 1900."

"Grant her, O Lord, eternal rest, and may light perpetual shine upon her."

Archdeacon Pentreath's sermon will long be remembered by the Family, for with simple force he put before us the Church's great lesson contained in that single Article of our Creed "I believe in the Communion of Saints."

Mrs. Underhill and her three sweet baby-girls were our guests for a few weeks.

A gay little concert took place in the old School-room on the 12th, when Judge Bole very kindly took the chair.

This being a year of special events, a wedding was naturally to be expected. Annie Schwartz, who has been associated with us in the domestic work of the Schools for the last seven years, and who in the very early days of the Mission, had been a pupil, was married on the 16th., in the old Parish Church, to Mr. Munro, from Nicola.

Annie was dressed in white, and had a soft veil of Brussels net,

which was fastened by a delicate wreath of orange blossoms, falling over her. She made a very happy looking bride.

The wedding breakfast was laid in the "old refectory," now a "study," and a party of twenty guests, composed of a few of the elder girls from the Canadian School, a few elder girls from the Indian School, Mrs. Underhill, the Sisters, and all the Teachers were invited to it. The wedding cake, made at Oben's in Vancouver, was rich and handsome. Among the presents was a beautiful silver-plated cake basket a present from the Canadian School, a polished oak butter dish, silver mounted, from the Teachers, some fine pieces of needlework and embroidery from the Indian School. Mrs. Munro's home will now be in Nicola, in which district her husband owns a ranche.

After seven years of such faithful service, the good House-mother would have been in despair at the loss of her able coadjutor in the administration of the kitchen department, if it had not been for the timely arrival of another of her School daughters. Annie Main came to fill the vacancy made by the departure of the other Annie, and as Mali is also added to our domestic staff this winter, the House-mother feels that she is blessed indeed in having for assistants her good grown-up children.

Advent is very near. The leaves are falling fast, and the glory of their red and gold is changing to dusky brown. The year we so lately called New, is passing swiftly away, and will be numbered shortly among the old records of Time. We have placed on the Altar to-day almost the last of our bright maples.

Accept dear Lord, these wreaths—our
 Chaplets bright
 With crimson-yellow stained, like sun-
 set skies ;
 O Star of Morn, be still our Star at night,
 And bless our falling year, as Thou
 did'st bless its rise.

Hope Deferred, Hope Fulfilled.

LONG years ago, we were once helping a friend, rather famous for misquotations, to hurry off to a riverside meeting for some party of pleasure. It was then past the time when she was due, but when some one remarked how disappointed her friends must be feeling, "Never mind" she said cheerfully, "didn't Shakespeare or somebody say that 'Hope deferred maketh the heart glad.'" What a spasm of pain it gave one at the time, as one thought of many hopes, much deferred. But sometimes, after the hope deferred and the heart-sickness, come such a fulfilment and such heart gladness as compensate tenfold true joy coming in the morning.

We felt something of this on that bright October day, when at last, after so many months of waiting, the long procession, with cross and banner, formed outside the new wing of the Canadian School, and in response to the request of the Mother Superior, the Bishop, in his robes and with pastoral staff borne before him, entered the building to pronounce a solemn benediction on each of the rooms already grown so familiar to us.

Most of us well remember the keen disappointment last March, when, after much joyful preparation and expectation, and much practising of processional hymns, we learnt at the last moment that his Lordship found it necessary to

postpone indefinitely the ceremony that meant so much to us. But if we had only known how the disappointment itself should turn to joy, and how truly Hope deferred should make the heart glad, we might have risen above the state of resigned acquiescence which was all that most of us could attain to.

The most unexpected addition to our happiness was the presence of our Mother Superior, who had undertaken the long journey from England to visit All Hallows in the West, and thus providentially was with us to give, not only her personal sympathy in our joy, but that of the whole community in England, as being its head and chief representative.

Then too, thanks to the postponement, Miss Moody had long returned from her six months absence, and not only by her presence completed the sense of joyful union among the workers, which must have been lacking to many had the Benediction taken place during her absence, but was able to devote her knowledge and *savoir faire* to the organization of the procession, and the instruction of her little sub-organists, who so faithfully fulfilled their part in their various posts along the route.

And how busy we were in a humbler way that morning, we inhabitants of the new wing ! What extra dusting and polishing, what decking with maple leaves ! Cheerful, brisk voices sounded ; but the solemn thought underlay all—The house of the Lord must be exceeding magnificent—"We wait for Thy loving kindness, O God." And when the swift hours brought us to 11 o'clock, the time for the service to begin, one forgot all detail of preparation.

Early that morning many of us

had met in our little Chapel, there to offer ourselves and our children afresh with the Sacrifice of Christ to our Father, and as the Benediction Service began, and the long procession entered, singing Ps. 67, all intermediate thoughts of arrangement fell away, and it was to us the continuation of the solemn Eucharistic hour.

The procession passed up the staircase of the old building, and so into the new dormitories, which were the first to receive the blessing. The Antiphon at each place was sung by the Rev. Harold Underhill, who acted as Bishop's Chaplain, and whose musical help added much to the beauty of the service. "Save us waking, O Lord, and guard us sleeping." We know the Angels watched over us before, but we feel them nearer now. Then the procession passed down to the play-room, singing "Christ, Who once amongst us, As a Child didst dwell," and the children's room was blessed, and surely the Angels smiled on them, for the Lord of the Angels said "Suffer the little children to come unto Me."

Then we moved on into the dining-hall, the large room with its great windows which has brought such additional comfort to the whole household, as we are continually grateful for, and thanksgiving is more and more blended with our prayer for blessing. Then past a little room, at whose open door the Bishop stopped, a little room which possesses a large influence, the Sister Superior's Office, and the prayer rises for an increase of spiritual wisdom for the head of the household, and of loving obedience for all under her care. Then, lastly, before going down to the School-house, the domestic offices were visited, and kitchen and pan-

try were blessed, that "whether we eat or drink or whatever we do, all may be to the glory of God."

Then the long procession, now fully to be seen, wended its way through the garden to the School-house by the gate, singing one of our own All Hallows hymns. "Who are these like stars appearing."

The lovely October sunshine was flooding the valley, glory of maple leaves clothing the hills, all spoke of benediction, of beauty. And the procession both gained in dignity from its surroundings, and added a picturesqueness to the scene.

First moved the cross-bearer, then the Bishop and his Chaplain, followed by the Sisters and the whole of the Canadian School, two and two, a long undulating line of white, all the children of the Indian School who were not too small to understand the service, bringing up the rear.

In the School-house Ps. 8 was sung, and earnest prayers for blessing on that important work offered.

The procession then divided, the white-robed, white-veiled Canadian children moving up one path, the Indian children in scarlet pinafores and caps, up another, to meet again in the Chapel, where all having swiftly and silently taken their places, the Service was concluded.

So may we all meet one day, however different our paths may be, in our Father's house.

Till then, never will *Te Deum* be sung with more joyful, thankful hearts.

"We praise Thee, O God: we acknowledge Thee to be the Lord. O Lord in Thee have I trusted: let me never be confounded."

SISTER AGATHA.

A Royal Visit.

*"God save our gracious King,
Long live our noble King,
God save the King."*

THESSE words were borne on the air in clear ringing tones by the children of All Hallows in the West, as the train, drawn by two great engines, the fore one bearing the Royal Standard, drew up slowly before our schools on the afternoon of October 3rd.

The Bishop and his Chaplain stood at the foot of the steps leading up to the railway track to receive their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York, as they descended from their car.

Lining the road and the garden path, and forming a guard of honour for the royal pair, were the children of the Canadian and the Indian Schools. The latter stood on the left, dressed in scarlet, and wearing white daisies (their school

flower); the former took their places on the right, dressed in white with ribbons of violet fluttering round their waists. Both Schools carried garlands of maple leaves, and as the Duke raised his hat and the Duchess smiled and bowed, the children moved in deep sweeping curtsies. When their Royal Highnesses reached the seats, gloriously canopied by the crimson and gold of the maple, prepared for them on the lawn, the Sister Superior, followed by other Sisters and some members of the staff, came forward to welcome them and to be presented, a ceremony which was performed by the Bishop. The children, in the meantime, had wheeled round and taken their stations on the lawn in front of the house facing the "maple throne." From that position they went through some pretty graceful actions as they sang in unison the "Song of Welcome," specially written by one of the Sisters for this occasion.

SUMMER has gone with its wealth of sweet roses,

Autumn's gay leaves in profusion abound,
Nature new beauties each morning discloses,
Shadow and sunshine fall softly around.

Far on the mountains the white snow is shining,

Red maple leaves make a canopy fair,
Colours of rainbow all gaily entwining,
Joyously welcome Great Britain's heir.

Bear we to-day our rich garlands of maple,

Emblem of Canada, loyal and brave,
Decked are our houses, from gate to high gable,
Circling about leafy banners we wave.

Whisper the pine trees, and murmur the waters,
Voices of children in unison sing,

Shadow'd by mountains stand Canada's daughters,
Homage to pay to the son of our King.

Land of our birthplace, or land of adoption,

Fair is the soil of our Canada free,
To her, though we feel ever deepest devotion,
Our hearts still beat loyal, dear England, to thee.

Land of our forebears, and Home of our Empire,
 Far East and broad West thy great glories enshrine,
 We offer allegiance to son and to sire,
 With homage we bow to Victoria's line.

As the last line of each verse of this song was sung the children repeated their graceful curtsies, lowering their maple garlands until they swept the ground before them. It was, as the Duke graciously remarked, one of the prettiest sights they had witnessed in the course of their tour. In the background stood the "everlasting hills" in their silent majesty, shadowing the houses, gaily decked with maple leaves and Union Jacks. High above all on the central gable, gleaming white, the cross pointed heavenwards, and on the grassy slope in front stood, in two bands, All Hallows' family of seventy children; between them was the garden cross covered with English ivy.

At the conclusion of the song, Muriel Underhill from the Canadian School, and Milly O'Shámaist from the Indian School stepped forward together, and advancing, presented the Duchess, one with a copy of "All Hallows in the West" Magazine bound in white and gold and tied with a bow of violet ribbon fastened with a silver maple leaf, which is the School badge; the other presented an Indian basket made of cedar fibre, and filled with the best yellow plums and deep purple prunes that we could find in the garden, ornamented with a sheaf of delicate mauve autumn crocus. I may mention here that the Bishop, his Chaplain, and all the staff, and the Canadian children wore violet, the colours of the School, fastened by silver maple leaf brooches.

The Duke and Duchess shook

hands cordially with the Sisters before leaving, and the Duke desired that a copy of the "Song of Welcome," with the music to which he had heard it sung, might be sent to meet him at Halifax before he left Canada.

The children's "guard of honor" formed again and attended them back to their train, where the royal pair stood on the platform at the rear of their car, as the engines steamed slowly away, bowing and waving farewell to "All Hallows in the West."—*East and West.*

In obedience to the royal commands, the "Song of Welcome" was duly printed, and with the music, for which a specially beautiful "home-made" cover had to be prepared, composed of two water coloured sketches of views down the river, these were surrounded by violets, and were fastened together with violet ribbons. The parcel was despatched without delay, to the Royal Yacht at Halifax.

In due time a black edged envelope bearing the royal crest, arrived for All Hallows, and a proud and exultant "family" read the following letter:

H. M. S. Ophir,

Oct. 18th. 1901.

MADAM:—The Duke of Cornwall and York desires me to thank you for the copy of the "Song of Welcome" with the music which you have so kindly sent, and which he will regard as a souvenir of a very gratifying and pretty incident in the journey of Their Royal

Highnesses through British Columbia.

Yours faithfully;

ARTHUR BIGGE.

The Rev. Sister Superior,
All Hallows.

We have just seen in the *Irish Times* of Nov. 2nd., the following account of the Royal visit to All Hallows. Having evidently been written by one taking a view of the proceedings from *outside*, probably from the Royal train, it will be interesting to our readers. The last incident mentioned in it is quite correct, and occurred when Their Royal Highnesses stood on the platform at the end of the car.

"An interesting incident in the Royal tour through Western Canada has not been recorded on this side of the Atlantic. The Royal

train stopped at the gate of All Hallows' Mission of Yale, a little town at the mouth of the Frazer River Canyon, and comprising Canadian and Indian. Church of England Girls' Schools.

The pupils in varied coloured dresses, and carrying each a tall wand of scarlet maple leaves, sang a "Song of Welcome." The Duke of Cornwall learning that the song had been written by the Sister Superior, asked that a copy of the words and music should be sent to him at Halifax. A member of the Royal party described the incident as "the pleasantest function that we have had in Canada."

Several of the children presented gifts to the Royal visitors. A little Indian girl offered a basket of plums, and these the Duke appropriated to himself to the delight of the assemblage."

Recreation Club Concert.

PROGRAMME.

1. Opening Selection "Marche aux Flambeaux" "Prince of Wales Own"
2. Cantata "The Spanish Gypsies."

Muriel Underhill	}	"Grape Gatherers"	Gwendoline Bell.
Ethel Raymond			Peggie Hunt.
Alice Ladner.			Eileen Hoop.
			Marion Shaw.
Ray Flewelling.	}	"Spanish Gypsies"	Olive Day.
Daisy Dodd.			Aline Day.
Susie Pearse.			Meda Hume.
Frances Paget.			Muriel Shildrick.
			Marjorie Armstrong.
3. Violin Duet..... Miss Money and Mollie Halisey.
4. Orchestra..... 'Simplicius'..... 'Prince of Wales Own.'
5. Tableaux..... "Auld Robin Grey."
 - I. "Jamie Going to Sea."
 - II. "Auld Robin Grey Came a Courting to Me."
 - III. "My Father Pressed Me Sair."
 - IV. "Jamie's Return."
 - V. "Auld Robin Grey is a Gude Mon to Me."
6. Orchestra..... "Military Galop"..... "Prince of Wales Own."

7. Pantomime..... "An Evening Call."
 Performers: Ella Underhill. Doris Stocken.
 Marjorie Armstrong, Bessie Shaw
8. Song..... "Milking Time"..... Indian School.
9. Violin Solo..... "Berceuse"..... Miss Money.
10. Song..... "Dear Little Dolly"..... Margaret Graveley.
11. Modern Version of the "House That Jack Built."
12. Song..... "Ring the Bell Watchman"..... Indian School
13. Tableaux..... "Comin Thro' the Rye,"
 I, "Need a Body Cry," III, "Need a Body Frown,"
 II, "Need a Body Tell," IV, "What the Worse am I,"
 Chorus: "All the Lads they Smile at Me."

GOD SAVE THE KING.

November 12th, 1901.

It was a very wet night, and we were sorry for those, who, living at a distance, were prevented on account of the steady determined down pour from coming to enjoy the Recreation Club Concert.

Taken altogether, the concert was perhaps the most ambitious one yet attempted by the R. C. and it was certainly one of the most successful. The Band "The Prince of Wales Own" was a novel feature of the entertainment, and such glimpses as the audience caught of the red coats and caps behind the low circular partition forming the "band stand" were very gay and inspiring, while the various instruments, piano, violin, cornet, triangles, castanets, tambourines, bells, etc, produced a wonderfully imposing and harmonious effect of sounds.

The Cantata "The Spanish Gypsy" was very pretty. The scene opened on a vineyard, most artistic with its trellis of grape vines bearing luscious fruit. The grape gatherers, whose picturesque peasant costumes were very becoming moved about naturally, picking and eating fruit, singing snatches of song, filling and emptying their baskets at the feet of their leader. Muriel Underhill, who, throughout

the cantata, sustained her part as the little Prima Donna very creditably. Then the gypsies entered, their dark streaming locks, bizarre costumes, glittering ornaments, tambourines with gay ribbons adding greatly to the brilliancy of the scene, while the telling of fortunes by the old gypsy (Meda Hume) was as pretty and as effective a piece of acting as any I have ever seen. The gypsy's sweet if not very strong voice gave the words of her song with great distinctness, and as she looked at the palms outstretched for her inspection, and told one "blue-eyed maiden that she would have "lovers by the score" and another that her lover "would have a better purse than face" the interest became quite breathless.

The peasant dance and the gypsy dance were alike charming, and the thing which struck an onlooker most, apart from the general effect of pretty dresses, was the well set-up trim young figures, who moved with such rythmical ease to the sound of the music, thus giving testimony to good training alike of eye, step and ear.

In the gypsy dance Ray Flewell-ing and Daisy Dodd led specially well, managing their tambourines

and tripping about with very pretty grace.

The tableaux which followed, scenes from "Auld Robin Gray," failed in their object—they were amusing rather than pathetic, because "Jennie," was such a happy prosperous looking little maid, and the handkerchief she held to her eyes did not succeed in concealing the smiles dimpling behind. Then "Robin Grey," dear old man, owned such an inimitable tall hat of the fashion of sixty years ago, it upset everybody. "Jamie" was a dear, my sympathies were altogether with him "puir laddie."

The Pantomime "An Evening Call" almost defies description. The bashful lovers (Ella Underhill) played her part with much humour, while the little lady (Marjorie Armstrong) was most true to life in the way in which she tried to dispose of her young brothers who, with equal fidelity to life, portrayed the small boy's invincible curiosity — and serenely unconscious of being "de trop" disposed of his bribes, watch, sugar-sticks, etc., one after the other and persistently returned to find out "what was going on," until the tired mother dozing in her armchair, woke to a sense of her duties with such promptitude of action that the bashful lover sprang hurriedly up and sat down again *on his hat!* A Tableau in which facial expressions were capital.

Miss Money's Violin Solo obtained an enthusiastic encore.

The modern version of "The House that Jack built" composed for the occasion by a member of the R. Club was very funny. Child after child advanced to the front while the reciter went stolidly on repeating an exquisite farago of rythmical nonsense which her companions burlesqued.

The song "Dear Little Dolly" was nicely sung in a tiny childish treble by little Margaret Gravely.

The final set of tableaux "Comin' thro' the Rye" was a delightful combination of song, music and tableaux. Violin and Piano accompanied the singers while the curtain rose on a demure little village maid, who tripped to and fro, provoking, yet disdainful, the advances of the rustic swains who sought to win her favour. The climax was reached in the last verse when this bewitching lassie made her dainty and coquettish curtsies to the lads severally and then to the audience, as the words "what the worse am I" fell softly on the air, and the curtain descended amidst thunders of applause.

"One who was there."

SCHOOL DAYS.

This Composition if put into the Magazine will perhaps be read by some grown up people, but it is really written for new girls who may be coming next term, to introduce them to the ways and life at All Hallows.

If you are coming from the Coast you will arrive at 6 o'clock in the evening. We will suppose it is Sunday Evening, not because people travel on Sunday if they can possibly help it, but because I want to start you fair for Monday.

The train will come puffing into the station, and some one will meet you and walk with you to the house which is about a quarter of a mile away. As you come in at the gates, the "cottage" to your right is our school house, we go there every day for lessons from 9 to 12, and from 1 to 3. The garden and lawn are very pretty, you go up the gravel path to the house. In the hall Sister will meet you and welcome

you. The room to your right is the Teachers' sitting-room, the one on the left is the Study for the elder girls. Being Sunday they are all at Church of course, you won't be sorry for this because it is not very pleasant to meet 40 pairs of strange eyes at once, however friendly they may intend to be.

You will be taken upstairs, perhaps to Sister Agatha's dormitory, where there are rows and rows of beds all divided off by curtains, near each bed is a small bureau-washstand and a locker. You take possession of your corner, have some supper and go to bed and before the family come in you will most likely be asleep.

Waking up the first morning at school is pretty hard, and we all feel very sorry for the new girl, and want to show we are sorry but don't quite know what to say or what to do, so we don't say anything. There is always one big girl at school however, who comes along and does all the kind mothering.

At a quarter to 7 the bell rings and you hear every one jumping up, splashing about, and getting dressed, for at 7:30 we have to go to chapel.

We have the dearest little old Chapel. It used to be a stable, but you will never think of this when you go in and see the altar so beautifully draped, with the candles at Vesper time throwing a bright light on the Cross and the vases which are always filled with flowers. The seats are on either side, and the Indian School in red caps and pinafores sit on one side, and the Canadian school in white veils sit on the other. After morning prayers (or Prime) is said we all go back to make our beds and fill our jugs in the dormitory. At 8 o'clock the

breakfast bell rings and we go into the Dining Hall and sit at two long tables. We do not talk at breakfast but after every one is helped, Sister reads to us, sometimes she lectures us a little about manners, tidiness, punctuality and so on. On Saints' Days and Sunday we are allowed to talk all day long.

When it is fine Sister turns us out after breakfast to play. We only have half an hour, for at 9 we go into school. Recess is at a quarter to 11. It is very welcome especially on fine days when we can come out and walk about in the garden.

Morning school closes at 12 o'clock when we come to the Dining hall again for luncheon. Three times a week in the afternoons (afternoon school begins at 1.) the senior girls have drawing and painting classes for an hour with Miss Moody, the Juniors have their classes for drawing only twice a week. School closes at 3 o'clock, then we don't go to the "cottage" any more.

Three teachers give music lessons all the afternoon until 5; but you will only have a music lesson twice a week, so it does not spoil our recreation time much and we can go for a walk or to the Playing Field for Tennis and Croquet, or if it is wet we can stay indoors and amuse ourselves as we like. Of course all who learn music have to practice at some time, but the timetables for that are nicely made out and you will be told exactly which piano to take and when to practice.

We always have something to eat when we come out of school at 3, but by dinner time you will be dreadfully hungry again. At 5 o'clock we go up to dress for dinner which is at a quarter past 5. Lessons and mountain air are very

good tonics, and there are very few who do not come for second helpings of both meat and pudding.

Half past six is the hour for Vespers, so you will find us in Chapel again saying our evening prayers. At 7 we go to the Dining Hall where the long tables are cleared and we all sit down to learn our lessons for the next day. The little ones only stay until 7:30 others stay until 8, the elder girls study till 9. We are always ready for bed and don't waste much time lying awake. All the days of the week are alike as to hours, but the lessons are different. On Friday we go to Choir Practice in Chapel in the evening and learn all kinds of lovely Anthems and Hymns and Chants, and then we study Monday's lessons on Saturdays instead. We also darn our stockings on Fridays.

On Saturday mornings we do our shopping at the little village store. We can stay out until 10:30, then we go to the school house to write our home letters and learn our lessons. In the afternoons we do as we like. Just now everyone is busy making Christmas presents. Saturday evenings we have drilling, this term we are learning a Ball drill.

Sundays are quite different, but this is our week day routine. It sounds monotonous but it is not so at all. We have ever so many things always going on. Musical review once a month, little parties in the play-room or study, a concert every term, when getting ready for it is great fun. Visitors come to stay at the school and have a luncheon party with us. We had two luncheon parties this term, one the "Maple lunch" when the Bishop and the Mother Superior came, and the "Ivy Lunch" on All Saints' Day

when Archdeacon Pentreath and Mrs. Underhill came.

Mrs. Sillitoe came to "every day lunch" with us two or three times when she was here. I think all the girls will agree with me that our school is one of the best and happiest schools in the world, and as some one else said "our School Mother spends a great deal of time in bringing us up," which is quite true.—FRANCES RIVES.

(aged 13).

MUSIC AND ART.

As far as piano playing goes we cannot say that we are ever allowed to feel dull! "From early morn till dewy eve" a more or less melodious tinkle, to say nothing of more vigorous sounds pervades the house.

Ere break of day a thoughtful sister provides a tray of steaming cups of tea, which being partaken of by those whose timetables lead them to the study of an ancient proverb anent health, wealth and wisdom, the dreams of late risers are intermingled with the sound of energetic scales and exercises from dutiful musicians, or with surreptitious "pieces" of a decidedly lively character from those whose sense of obedience has not yet been fully developed.

The results of "Musical Reviews" however, reward the virtuous and bring just retribution on wrongdoers after the fashion of the most approved fairy stories of olden times.

Experience has shown the great value accruing to teachers and taught from the use of a settled system of classification, and each pupil is now "graded" according to her knowledge, technique, and general musical ability.

This system simplifies matters

very much in preparing Candidates for the Examination of the Associated Board of the Royal College, Royal Academy of Music, London, Eng., and, so far, results have been most satisfactory for the "School Examinations." Out of 31 pupils sent up during the past 3 years, 20 passed, and the 31st only failed by 2 marks, while only distinctions have been gained. The elder girls take it in turn to play for the Saturday night's ball drill, and for the dancing which sometimes follows.

Those who show aptitude for it, are, in addition to piano playing, taught and encouraged to play the American organ in Chapel, for such services as they are capable of undertaking. "Someday," that goal of so many hopes, we look forward to training real organists to play on a "pipe organ" in the beautiful new Chapel that is to be. Also, in that same dim future, we hope to have a real "band" too,—an orchestra to lead in grand services, blending the notes of all their instruments with deep organ tones, and clear, young, unspoilt voices.

Most unexpectedly we began to see the realization of this latter dream almost begin to come true.

At our last concert it was suggested that the cornet-like tones of our latest musical acquisition, a "baby organ," would combine charmingly with the piano. This was tried, to the delight of the household. So successful was it that we cast about for other instruments, and finding some had been procured for use in the Children's Cantata, "The Spanish Gypsies," they too were pressed into the service. Two triangles added their little din to the general uproar, while a drum roared so loudly as fairly to burst with enthusiasm!

Nothing daunted, however, some

tambourines were seized upon; untied ears with much difficulty selected those which each gave a note of the desired chord, and upon them the "drum major" performed manfully at intervals with great effect. Other tambourines were used in the usual manner.

Then unsatisfied minds, anxious that nothing capable of producing a musical sound should be left unutilised in the house, discovered that dinner-bells struck judiciously, gave forth a pleasingly cheerful tone! So the "F bell", and the "C bell" added greatly to the general effect.

It was rumoured that we might be able to procure the services of a talented violinist only 30 miles away, and Miss Money very kindly came from North Bend to assist us at the concert. Her gift for reading at sight was put to good use that night, and amongst many other performances, and many vicissitudes, the three orchestral selections benefitted by her musical gifts.

THOSE who are in the midst of the battle are not always the best people to act as "special correspondents" it is said, and, as far as general effect goes, one whose place was in the very centre of the hurly-burly, using both feet and one hand for the "baby organ," holding aloft a lamp in the other hand, by means of which the closely packed orchestra might gain clearer glimpses of the one sheet of music extant (there had been no time to make copies), dinner bells and drums at one ear, tambourines and triangles at the other, piano in front, and violin discoursing sweet music overhead, it is perhaps scarcely to be wondered at if the Conductor could hardly detach herself

sufficiently from the immediate surroundings, and be able to give a wholly unbiassed account of the effect of it all!

Judging by the loud and prolonged applause, however, the audience thoroughly enjoyed it, and many were the kind remarks heard afterwards.

It has been made known that Miss Money is quite willing to visit the School weekly, to give lessons on the violin, viola and cello, so that we hope our orchestral longings may soon begin to take permanent shape.

Miss Money gained highest marks, and a 1st. Class Certificate with honours in the Senior Examination for violin of the Associated Board of the Royal College and Royal Academy of Music, London, Eng., which took place at Aberdeen, Scotland, in April 1895; and has had great experience in teaching, in concerto playing, and in orchestral performances both in Scotland and in Canada.

Her father was a well known Professor of Music in the north of England.

IN "Art" so far as water-colour painting goes, we all feel that rapid strides have been made this term.

Drawing and painting have gone hand in hand, and mutually assisted one another.

While some newly-fledged young artists, who had hardly handled a brush in their young lives before, have achieved wonders, still "merit does tell," and others are now reaping the reward of the patient training of hand and eye in by-gone years.

Some evince considerable taste in flower painting, the rôle of others lies in neat and attractive "original" geometrical designing,

some shew such startling originality in figure drawing that (although the young artists study carefully, label each figure for fear of mistakes being made, and although we *have* seen a "guard of honour" standing on its head!) yet we quite look forward to the time when "All Hallows in the West" shall be published with illustrations, "by our own artists!"

At present many of the seniors, and some juniors, feel that being able to sketch from nature is the one end at which to aim. So "scenes" of various sorts are being painted, and order is somehow being evolved from the tearful skies, woolly trees (all in a high wind!) and the ponds with hard edges which sat at first upon the mountain-tops, tree-tops, or in the middle of the sky (they were not particular!) wherever the zealous artists tried to follow instructions and "lay their colour on wet!"

"Marking" was somewhat difficult under the circumstances, because in many cases, marks could only be given, like another famous award, "for colour!"

In view of the approaching Exhibition of painting to be held at the School the end of the term, the walls of the Dining Hall are being much enlivened by the mounted and unmounted productions which the "hanging committee" arrange there at intervals.

It is hoped that we may be able to have an examination here of the "Royal Drawing Society of Great Britain and Ireland" in June, 1902, and possibly to send some entries for their Exhibition to be held in London, England, next March.



SCHOOL REGISTER,

CHRISTMAS—1901.

1. Marjorie Armstrong.
2. Dorothy Broad.
3. Gwendoline Bell.
4. Winitred Bell.
5. Zeta Clark.
6. Marie Cross.
7. Grace Corbould.
8. Florence Davis.
9. Daisy Dodd.
10. Aline Day.
11. Olive Day.
12. Vera Erickson.
13. Ray Flewelling.
14. Louise Ferguson.
15. Margaret Graveley.
16. Cecily Galt.
17. Meda Hurve.
18. Peggie Hunt.
19. Beatrice Inkman.
20. Eileen Hoops.
21. Ursula Johnson.
22. Alice Lee.
23. Alice Ladner.
24. Marjorie McCartney.
25. Frances Paget.
26. Susie Pearse.
27. Ethel Raymond.
28. Elvie Raymond.
29. Frances Rives.
30. Muriel Shildrick.
31. Dorothy Stocken.
32. Dorothy Sweet.
33. Marion Shaw.
34. Bessie Shaw.
35. Ethel Thynne.
36. Janet Tunstall.
37. Marjorie Tunstall.
38. Muriel Underhill.
39. Ella Underhill.
40. Beatrice Westwood.
41. Dorothy Westwood.

Names registered for future vacancies:—Katie Snyder, Bennet; Grace Cross, Silverton; Josephine Trorey and Mae Cook, Vancouver;

Marjorie Croasdaile and Dorothy Eckrigge, Nelson; Agnes Lambert and Maud Hammersley, Vancouver; Phyllis Davis, Nanaimo; Elinor Hamington, Victoria.

VISITORS' BOOK.

SEPT. 22nd.—Mrs. Hoops, Vancouver.

OCT. 2nd.—Mrs. Tunstall, Vancouver.

OCT. 3rd.—Bishop of New Westminster; Mrs. Dart, New Westminster; Mrs. Dorrell, Ashcroft; Rev. H. Underhill, Vancouver;

THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES:

**Victoria Mary,
George.**

OCT. 11th.—Mrs. Day, Victoria.

OCT. 17th.—Bishop of New Westminster; Rev. H. Underhill, Vancouver; Archdeacon Small, Lytton.

OCT. 28th.—The Mother Superior, Ditchingham, Eng.; Mrs. Jenmett, Agassiz; R. A. Lambert, Vancouver; Mrs. Teague, Yale; Rev. C. Croucher and Mrs. Croucher, Yale.

Nov. 1st.—Archdeacon of Columbia, Vancouver.

Nov. 8th.—Mrs. Humphreys, Kamloops.

Nov. 13th.—Judge Bole, New Westminster; Mr. W. Dodd, Yale; Mrs. Underhill, Sybil Underhill, Enid Underhill, Helen Underhill, Vancouver.

OCT. 13th.—Miss Money, North Bend; Mollie Halisey, North Bend.

OCT. 16th.—Mr. Munro, Nicola.

Heartsease.

Born of the Virgin Mary.—

WE were reading the other day about Cleopatra, the Egyptian Queen, a contemporary of Augustus, during whose reign Our Lord was born in Bethlehem of Judæa. Cleopatra was a most beautiful woman, fascinating in manner, wity in speech, and possessed of great wealth and power. Thus endowed by God with many natural gifts, she might have done great things for her people and country, for mankind at large, and left the heritage of a noble name to be handed down to posterity. Instead of this, how did she use her gifts? what did she do with her wit and wealth and beauty, but live a life of pride and wicked self-indulgence, sacrificing even her nearest relations to what she considered her interests. Her friendship with Julius Cæsar only left a blot on that great man's memory. Her influence over Mark Anthony was only for evil, and she deserted him at the most critical moment of his life, her efforts to win Augustus, and her last cowardly act of suicide at the age of 38, are all matters of pitiable history, telling of a womanhood—brilliant, gifted and intelligent beyond any poet's imagination—falling to the lowest depth of degradation and woe.

Now it is remarkable that when we come to think about the Blessed Virgin, we find that we are never told that she was beautiful, or clever or fascinating, or highly educated. Thoughtfulness, obedience, purity, and love of her people seem to be the chief characteristics of the maiden to whom Gabriel came with a message direct from God. The greatest honour

and blessing ever given to mortal was given to a woman whom the world would have passed by as poor and insignificant.

In the books that are written to-day there is a great deal of word painting, and in current magazines we are always seeing portraits and reading accounts of great ladies, their looks, their clothes, the houses in which they live are described in many pages. In the Gospels there is a wonderful and dignified silence about the Blessed Virgin, the Mother not only of a King but of a God. The Angelic Salutation is enough, and surely more than enough, "thou hast found favour with God." The world knew about Cleopatra. God knew the Blessed Virgin, of whom the world had never even heard, and God chose her to be the Mother of His Son.

Painters of all ages have since delighted in making her their ideal of womanly beauty and grace. There is hardly a home in Christendom without some representation of the Mother of Our Lord, the very wild flowers at our feet testify of her in their sweet rustic names, and all this, not because she had great gifts of beauty or riches, but because she was good, and in this can we not all be like her? We may think we have no gifts, no talents, or accomplishments, we may know ourselves to be plain, awkward, stupid, but we *can* all try to be good, to say our prayers as she did, devoutly, not only in private but in public worship, in the daily Offices in Chapel, the Sunday services in Church, and we can try to be loving and obedient, as she was. And if we have some little talent, if we can play or sing, or write well, or if we are popular and people like us very much, let

us consecrate these gifts to God's service now and at once, so that rightly used they may become powerful for good.

And it will help us in all our thoughts of the Blessed Virgin, and in all our little efforts to be like her, to remember that our Lord said "Whosoever shall *do the Will* of My Father which is in Heaven, the same is My brother, and sister and mother."

— ♦ ♦ ♦ —
- 1902. -

AT the door of Time's new era,
Stands a Seraph tall and bright,
Round his head the clouds are gathered,
On his shining wings the Light.

'Tis the Angel of the future
Beckoning, pausing in his flight,
While three Spirits, pure and tender,
On our lower world alight.

Faith to lead us up to Heaven,
Hope to brighten every day,
Charity to whom is given,
Power to charm our griefs away.

Ministers sent down from Heaven,
Sorrow-laden Earth to cheer;
Whose finds and gives them shelter
He shall have a Happy Year.

L. MASON.

— ♦ ♦ ♦ —
LETTERS.

From Mrs. Bompas, wife of the Bishop of Selkirk, who spent a winter at All Hallows in 1891.

Cariboo Crossing,
Yukon Territory.

MY DEAR MISS MOODY: It is months and I even fear years, since I had any communication with you or any of the dear Community. I have heard of you from time to time, (I could hardly have got on without this, for my loving interest in All Hallows is as strong as ever.) Altogether one feels that the Community at Yale has come wonderfully to the fore of late years, that

its friends and admirers, and I hope solid helpers, are many, and that its enemies we trust are *very* few.

Perhaps you have heard a little of us from time to time. Of the Bishop's change of residence from Forty-mile to Cariboo Crossing at the southern end of his great Diocese.

Of the opening up of the country, the invasion of white men, in consequence of the discovery of the Klondyke gold mines. All this has added a great deal to my husband's burdens. The population of the Diocese has I suppose increased ten-fold. The influence of the white men upon the Indian has been mostly evil and the consequences disastrous.

Dawson and Klondyke, which five years ago were only small Indian camps, are now flourishing cities, with Churches numerous, three Hospitals, Theatres, Concert Rooms and saloons.

We have, I am glad to say, a nice church in Dawson, St. Paul's, well equipped organ and organist and volunteer choir and weekly celebrations.

We have also another rather flourishing Mission at White Horse, at the head of the river navigation. It is in charge of Mr. Bowen, an Englishman, he has been at White Horse only a year, and has succeeded in building a neat little Church and Parsonage. He has large congregations with correspondingly large weekly offertories, I believe.

But I will not dilate any longer upon Selkirk and its Diocese, but turn to Yale and the sweet Sisterhood where I spent such very happy tranquil days.

Your work, dear friends, seems to have largely increased, and continues to deepen its Spiritual life and interests since I was with you.

I heard of Mary's marriage and the thrill of excitement at your first wedding spread even to Cariboo.

Have any other weddings taken place among your girls?

How many Indian children have you?

Are there any still remaining whom I know?

How is the Sister Superior? I hope she has health and strength granted her wherewith to meet her greatly increasing duties and responsibilities, that her courage keeps up, and her well known pluck fails not, though the years go by so quickly, and there must be still so much she would like to do for the Glory of God in All Hallows in the West. I should so much like to hear from some of you some day.

Is your brush as busy as ever? I have thought of you so often, in connection with the lovely scenery in which I live. Cariboo is on the shore of Lake Bennett, among the Cassiar Mountains, one of the Stations of the Yukon and White Pass Railroad.

The beauty of this lake scenery and the lights and shadows on the mountains, are a continual joy and delight to me.

Believe me, dear Miss Moody,

Ever yours most sincerely,

C. S. BOMPAS.

From a pupil who has lately left the Indian School.

Spuzzum, B. C. Sept. 27th., 1901.

DEAR SISTER.—Did you sent me the Magazine ALL HALLOWS IN THE WEST, thank you very much dear Sister.

Some girls' letters in the Magazine are very nice, it made me very happy to read them. I was very glad to hear it, it was very

kind of you to sent it to me.

I was up the mountain about three weeks ago, there were seven of us went up. At 3 o'clock in the morning we got up, then got our breakfast and we were waiting for it to get light till about half past four, then we started off. Some stars were up in the sky, and the moon was shining yet. We reached top of mountain after 12 o'clock in the day. When we got up we could not find any water, we were looking all over the place for some. Annie went down a little way and she find some under a rock, it was as big as a cup only. We stay all night on the mountain. We did not find many berries, not much grow this year. We came down next morning.

I must close my letter, with kind regards to all my friends, from

Your child,

JANE.

Part of a Holiday in Japan.

From an Officer in the Chinese Expeditionary Force.

Nara, Japan, 1901.

MY DEAR CHILDREN.—After Miawshita, the place from which I wrote you my last letter, we left the beaten track of the tourist, thinking we would explore the real Japan for ourselves.

We went to a place called Hakone, and there we found a lake in which, on clear days, you could see a lovely reflection of Fugiyama.

Next we went to Atama, where a Geyser kept bubbling up every four hours and shooting a column of steam up just as high as one could see.

Finally, after trudging over a pass from which we obtained a view on either side of various bays, pen-

insulas, isthmuses, islands, etc. (it was a capital spot for a lesson in Physical Geography) we travelled along until we got to a place called Nara. Long before this we had given up Grand Hotels, stiff collars and evening dress, and were getting along coolly and comfortably. For lack of chairs we sometimes rolled on mats. When the tiny Jap hotels could cook one or two "foreign" dishes, we ate them, when they could not, we took to Jap food and chopsticks.

The Nara Hotel was in the midst of a deer park, on the shores of a lake. At one pool you clapped your hands, after the manner of those fellows in the Arabian Nights, and the fish came swimming to you to be fed. At another they had the most intelligent crowd of tortoises I have ever seen, (and I have had a pretty varied experience of those creatures as Sister can tell you.) The moment a visitor appeared on the bank, the Nara tortoises swarmed round him eagerly poking about for the biscuits they expected him to carry in his pockets for them.

Everywhere tame deer grazed about, came near and rubbed their soft noses into your hand, and with pleading eyes begged for more chow.

Here amongst such romantic surroundings of singing birds, green trees, balmy breezes, I was almost tempted to forget Hong-Kong and Field Service generally. But I am due back on the 15th., and will then probably go straight through to Calcutta without stopping.

I hope you will have a happy Christmas and a tip-top Tree. Good wishes to all from

Your old friend,

R. B.

From one of our Diocesan Clergy.

St. John's Mission, Phoenix, B. C.

September, 1901.

DEAR MISS MOODY.—Here I am, 600 miles away from my Bishop, to undertake work in a town where stood a forest less than four years ago. As I look from my window, the thick, unbroken, undisturbed forest stands not more than 200 yards, I imagine, away from me, and yet, a good, wide, well girded street, with plank sidewalk, 8 feet wide, on either side, lies between me and the forest.

Here I am without a Church, without a Parish Room, or house, but with a few earnest, faithful souls ready and willing to help in building up the Spiritual Home of God here.

One of my parishioners has cheered me by saying that the total snow fall of the winter amounts to 27 feet. Another, by saying that we may look for our first snow-storm next month.

We live, however, in the *present*, and the days and evenings are as pleasant as anyone can wish for. As I write, the sun is nearing the horizon, and is shining so brilliantly through my window that I am under the necessity of drawing the blind to exclude the brightness from my paper.

You asked me to tell you of my rough experiences in former Missions.

The thought of deep snow does not greatly frighten me, for in my first Mission, in New Brunswick, I had, on one occasion, to walk on snow-shoes, beside my sleigh, while passing through snow-drifts. The horse and sleigh were occupied in transporting my hay only, the horse had not power to pull more than this light weight over the heavy

road, and I held the sleigh to keep it from upsetting.

In the Campbellton Mission, in the northern part of New Brunswick, I went once to take a Service at a lumber camp, about 40 miles from civilization; when passing through the woods where there had *been no drifting of the snow*, we had walls of "the beautiful, 5 feet high on either side above the beaten track."

Leaving that Mission for the Prairie Province, I had during my incumbency at Brandon, to go occasionally to the outposts where it was a necessity at times, in the severe blizzards of the West, for farmers to have a cord stretched from house to barn, in order to ensure their finding their stables and their cattle, and thereafter finding their homes again. Men have been lost, and have perished in blizzards, only a few hundred yards from their own doors.

In the matter of long distances in connection with Parish work, Kamloops has supplied some notable examples.

I once had a mother bring me her 10 months old baby for Baptism,

she had waited since the birth of the child, in the hope that one of our clergy might pass her way, but none came; she then made the journey, 89 miles by waggon to Ashcroft, and on arriving there, found the Rector absent in another part of his Mission 186 miles away, so she came on to Kamloops, 50 miles farther, making, in coming and returning, a journey of 278 miles altogether.

On one occasion in connection with the baptism of a child, I covered 202 miles going and returning; 186 by rail, 14 on foot, and 2 on a hand-car.

During the past summer I was summoned to New Brunswick; while absent, in order to supply my place, it was necessary to secure the services of a priest from Vancouver. My kind friend travelled 252 miles on the Saturday, and 252 miles back to his home on Monday. In the hour of need, such is the measure of kindness that we receive at the hands of our brother priests.

My best wishes to you all.

Yours faithfully,

E. P. FLEWELLING.



ALL HALLOWS IN THE WEST.

**All Hallows Schools,
Annual Household Accounts,
Advent 1901.**

RECEIPTS.

Dec. 1900. Cash,	\$ 439 28
5 Scholarships, Indian School, S. P. C. K.....	240 00
Yale Catechist, Indian Parochial Work.....	240 00
Dom. Gov't. Grant, Ind. S.	1368 50
Donations :	
Through All Hallows Community, Eng.....	48 00
.. Yale Sch. Trustees, Eng.	175 00
Offertory, Lytton Indian Church.....	4 85
Branch W. A., Seattle.....	11 00
Through Rev. J. Simpson, P. E. I.....	32 70
Through Rev. J. Simpson, P. E. I.....	37 58
Captain R. Bryson, China,	24 00
Mrs. Bentley.....	5 00
Mrs. Erickson.....	5 00
J. Perkins.....	5 00
	348 13
By Sale of Photographs etc.	54 70
.. Rent of land,	6 00
.. Canadian School Fees,	6418 23

TOTAL.....\$9114 81

EXPENDITURE.

Teachers' Salaries.....	\$ 520 00
Servants' Wages.....	450 70
Laundry.....	613 15
Out-door labour and drayage....	185 84
Making Tennis Courts. Laying out Playing Fields.....	366 04
Freight,	636 65
Journeys. Indian School.....	41 65
Prizes, Treats, School Badges.	52 75
S. Stationery, Music, and Tuner.	228 45
Music and McGill Exam. Fees.	72 00
Postage,	60 81
School Printing.....	24 50
Clothing and boots. Ind. Sch.	78 45
Wine,	52 00
Medicine and Medical Fees.....	100 60
Furniture, crockery, hardware.	661 13
Photography,	43 50
School Furniture.....	93 00
Insurance of School Buildings,	348 25
Repairs, Canadian School.....	136 18
Painting	295 00
Candles and Oil,	109 96
Housekeeping.....	2820 72
Indian Parochial Work,	206 35
Fuel.....	499 25

\$ 8596 93

Dec. 1901, Balance..... 417 91

TOTAL.....\$ 9114 84

Average number in Household.

Staff of Workers.....	10.
Indian School.....	30.
Canadian School.....	40.
Visitors.....	1.
Total.....	81.

Canadian School Building Fund, Advent, 1901.

RECEIVED.

Michaelmas, 1901, Cash,.....	\$3178 24
Advanced from General Funds,.....	1185 88

TOTAL.....\$4364 12

SPENT.

F. Dalton, Architect.....	\$ 125 00
C. Warner, (excavating)....	104 90
J. Allen, Builder,.....	1807 00
C. P. R. Co., Freight,.....	244 07
C. Warner, (Chinese labour)	139 13
Rev. C. Croucher, Drayage,...	138 00
T. Kirk, Hardware & Plumbing	449 23
Weeks & McIntyre	6 90
Mrs. Revsbeck, Kitchen range,	50 00
C. Warner, Plumbing.....	34 10
Vanstone & Co., Hardware.....	57 00
Royal City Planing Mills,.....	1185 79
J. Perkins, Painter.....	13 00
J Turnbull, Builder.....	10 00

TOTAL.....\$4364 12

Indian School Building Fund, Advent, 1901.

RECEIVED

1900, Sale of fruit,.....	\$ 41 15
Don: New Eng. Society,	1688 75

TOTAL.....\$1729 90

SPENT.

1901. Laundry stove and boiler,	\$ 54 94
Lumber for balcony,.....	83 00
Drayage for lumber,.....	10 00
Freight,.....	42 73
Screws, etc.....	95
C. Warner, Carpentering and Plumbing,.....	123 90
J. Perkins, Painting roofs and building,.....	160 00
Building & repairing chimneys,	10 00

Dec. 1901, Balance.....\$ 485 52
1244 38

TOTAL.....\$1729 90

Chapel Fund. Advent, 1901.

RECEIVED.

1900, August, E. M. S.		\$101 00
Girls' Friendly Society, Ottawa		5 00
Mrs. Clyne		2 00
Miss Seger		1 00
A member of the Guild of the Holy Child		10 00
E. M. S.		85 00
Mrs. Hyde Baker		15 00
Jessie		2 80
O'Shamaist		55
1901, Anon: St. Peter's, Eaton Square, London, Eng.		168 00
Rev. E. D. Stone	£: 1 0	
A Friend	3 3 0	
H. M. and I. E. M.	10 10 0	
	14 14 0	71 56
St. Andrew's Day Offertory, All Hallows' Chapel		18 10
TOTAL		<u>\$480 01</u>

The old School Chapel, now grown so much too small for our needs, stands on the only site desirable or convenient to us, for such a building. When the new Chapel is erected in its place, it is our intention to remove the present Chapel, which, of course, is not consecrated, to the rear of the Indian School and use it, eventually, as a children's Infirmary.

Our desires for the extension of the Indian School accomodation must therefore be held in check until the new Chapel is finished and the site for the Infirmary, with the manner of its connection with the

Indian School building, can be decided upon.

All who are interested in work among the Indians, in Western Canada, and all who are praying for the extension of Christ's Kingdom upon earth, are earnestly asked to help the Chapel Fund of All Hallows in the West.

"Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these My brethren, ye did it unto Me."

Post Office Orders, Express Orders or Cheques may be made payable to Althea Moody, Treasurer, All Hallows Chapel Fund.

Yale Chaplaincy Fund.

Received from All Hallows Community, Eng. Oct. 1901, \$72 75

Paid to Rev. C. Croucher, thro' Mr. W. Taylor, Dio. Treas. \$72 75

Until a new appointment can be made to the position of Chaplain to the All Hallows' Schools, left vacant since the Rev. C. Croucher's resignation on Sept. 13th., the Bishop has kindly arranged to visit the Schools himself in turn with Archdeacon Pentreath and the Rev. H. Underhill, every other week, and in this manner temporarily to supply services and instruction in the School Chapel at Yale.

Record of Special Services and Instructions in All Hallows' Chapel
October 17th. 1901 to Advent 1901.

Oct. 17th.	Holy Communion.	Choral	7.30 a. m	Com'n'ts. 27	} Bishop of N. W. } Rev H. Underhill
	Bened'cn. Ser. new wing	Can. S.	11 a. m.		
.. 18th.	<i>St. Luke's Day.</i> Holy Com.		7 a. m.	9	Bis'op of N. W.
Nov. 1st.	<i>All Saints' Day.</i>	Choral	7.30 a. m.	19	Archd. Pentreath.
	Matins	11 a. m.
	Evensong & Ser.	7 p. m.	
.. 2nd.	Holy Communion.	Choral	7 a. m.	16
.. 12th.		7 a. m.	14	Rev. H. Underhill
	Matins & Catechizing.	Can. S.	9 a. m.	
	Litany	Ind. S.	10 a. m.	
	Evensong and Sermon.		7 p. m.	
.. 13th.	Holy Communion.		7 a. m.	7
.. 29th.	Evensong and Sermon.		7.30 p. m.		Archd. Pentreath.
.. 30th.	Holy Communion.		7 a. m.	11

Indian Baskets.

ALTHOUGH we had some excellent fruit in the garden, and some very fair specimens of drawing in the School, besides some really good lace work, circumstances most unexpectedly prevented us from making any entries in the New Westminster Exhibition this year, as we have so successfully done in former years.

Our plums and prunes however took First Prizes at the Agricultural and Horticultural Exhibition at Agassiz, and a collection of Indian baskets, the work of Spuzzum and Yale Indian women, sent in by the Sister Superior, took a Second Prize.

All Hallows Mission has for many years interested itself in this particular branch of industry among the Indian women, and the Sisters have done a great deal to encourage it, not only by purchasing all the well made baskets brought to them for sale, (inferior articles being refused on the principle of teaching workers to do their best always) but by suggest-

ing new patterns, shapes and sizes.

Apart from their value as curiosities, Indian baskets are most useful, being strong, if necessary they can be made watertight, enduring, and ornamental.

Small ones for waste paper, flowers, letters, work etc., range in price from 25c to \$2 or \$3. Large ones suitable for linen baskets, provisions, wood etc., are sold for prices varying from \$7.50 to \$15.

They are made from fibres of cedar roots, which are dug up with difficulty out of the ground,—these roots are scraped and split—as they are very tough I believe some process of soaking is necessary before they can be split and made pliable for work.

The silvery white appearance which the best baskets have, is made by working in with the cedar fibre, a white reedy grass, which only grows near the mouth of the river, and is very costly for the Indians to obtain. Patterns in red are worked in with strips of the inner bark of the wild cherry, while dark brown designs are obtained by deepening the colour of the

same wild cherry bark by natural dyes.

Indian baskets are not "woven" in the common acceptation of the word, but each "stitch" so to speak, is laboriously made by drawing the fibre through a hole which has been pierced by a sharp pointed bone instrument, in the preceding row. A single large basket very often represents a whole winter's steady work. When we realize this, the prices asked for them will not appear so very exorbitant.

We know one dear old blind body, whose only means of subsistence is basket-making, and she easily finishes more than five or six a year. They are beautifully made, firm, even and of silvery whiteness, (the brownly coloured baskets are not nearly so pretty or so good) and Katléa will tell you with a shake of her grey head that "young people don't make baskets like the old people, they are in too great a hurry." It may be so, the hurrying spirit of the age has penetrated even to our remote Indian settlements; but some allowance must be made, dear Dame Keatléa, for young, inexperienced hands whose finger tips, not yet hardened by the work, get sore and tired, and then fibres are not drawn firmly, and looseness and unevenness are the result.

It was rumoured that our entry of Indian baskets in the Agassiz Exhibition was a mistake, as the competition was only intended for Indians, not for Indian baskets. As a result, we naturally returned the small prize sent to us by the Treasurer, and wrote to withdraw from the competition, but the Secretary, Mr. L. Agassiz, kindly wrote the following letter, which of course, set our scruples at rest:

MY DEAR SISTER:—You seem to be labouring under a misconception as you will see by reference to the pages covering the subject on our prize list, and which I enclose herewith. Indians are not mentioned there.

Your scruples in this connection are very credible, but I assure you, you need not feel any compunction about accepting the Prize, which I wish were larger, as you are fairly entitled to it.

I may say that the idea of an Exhibit of Indian baskets originated with Miss Agassiz, with a view to eventually making it a feature in our Exhibitions of the future, and your collection of baskets was of great assistance to us in the initial exhibit, and was greatly admired. Several visitors would have liked to purchase some of them.

Yours faithfully,

L. A. AGASSIZ.

Oct. 19th. 1901.

This matter being so kindly and satisfactorily settled for us by the Secretary, we shall have much pleasure in telling the Indian women who, we hope, will assemble this year in their usual large numbers for Christmas, that their baskets had been so much admired, and that collectively they took a Second prize.

Next year they may possibly be influenced by this small measure of success to take the responsibility of making an entry in the Exhibition for themselves, and as *they* are always willing to *sell* their baskets, which *we* were not ready to do, the trade may become lucrative, and basket-making a recognized means of livelihood among the women of our Lower Fraser River.

Children's Corner.

Indian School.

A Sermon.

IN the Sermon there were three things we were told that people were not to do. They were not to walk in the council of the ungodly. That means that they were not to go with people and be friendly with people who talked of bad things and who made fun of what was good. They were not to stand in the way of sinners. The people here, who are called sinners, are not so bad as the ungodly. The ungodly were those who forgot about God altogether; the sinners were those who remembered and knew about God, but who chose to do wrong very, very, often, and they were not to walk with such on the broad way of sinners, but in the narrow road which led to Heaven. And people were not to sit in the seat of the scornful. That means those people who were always talking about others, finding fault with them and saying things against them, thinking themselves very good.

"His delight is in the law of the Lord," and he will exercise himself in good things day and night.

There were the things people were to do: To obey God's law and to love it, to be glad to do it. To be always thinking good day and night. To be speaking good and doing good to others. The people who did these things would be like the tree, planted by the waterside, bearing good fruit and leaves in season; that means at the right time.

When people are travelling in the desert they see nothing but sand for many miles, and perhaps

they look and there is a green palm tree and they know there must be water there, or that tree could not live and be green and bear fruit. So if people are speaking good, doing good, and being good, they are like that palm tree and we all know that God's Holy Spirit must be with them to give them this kind of life, like the water gives the palm tree life. God's blessing is with people like this, they are blessed, and all they do God blesses it.

KATIE.

The Benediction of the New Wing.

THE Canadian School has a new wing, which was blessed the other week by the Bishop and the Rev. H. Underhill. The Canadian children had white dresses, and a very pretty lilac silk around their waist and neck, it looked so pretty; and in the Indian School red, so it was red and white. Miss Underhill had the Cross and led slowly to the places. The Canadian girls went first, we followed the tail. The four sisters were the next. One thing I was glad of, that the Rev. Mother Superior was here, it was so nice for the highest Sister to be here, even if it was not our wing, perhaps we would be more glad than ever, if it was our wing. It was a fine morning, the sun shone over the new wing, and the trees swang backwards and forwards, which made the sun go behind the trees, and made little gold streaks all along the house. We sang hymns and psalms of praise to our God on high. We hope to have a new wing some day. We marched up and down stairs singing. We went from room to room. The place looked so nice and tidy everywhere, and then we marched out into the

gardens, which was a fresh air and there was a little breeze, we marched down these nice tidy paths and stood still singing, and then divided in two, the Canadians one path and we on the other we went up into two lines and the Canadians led in Chapel and we after, and we sang hymns and said prays. Afterwards we had holiday. It was very kind of the Bishop to give it to us. Some of us went up the hill.

EMMA CHUTATEM.

A Great Honour.

ON the 3rd. of October, we had a lovely day because we had a Royal visit paid us. The train stopped right in front of the School and T. R. H., the Duke and Duchess, came into our garden. We all had our best red pinnies on and nice red ribbon in our hair, and the belceny (balcony) was drest with red maple and so was the porch, and all the girls, and we went to the gate and stood accordent to our ages. As soon as the Duke and Duchess came we gave a deep pow. We had only just learnt how to pow.

We formed the Guard of Honour, because there were no soldiers there to take care of T. R. H., when they came to see us, only children to form the Guard to take care of the King's son, but we all did our best.

There was a little pavillion there all covered with maple, and inside was a chair covered with yellow silk, and a table with the Visitors' Book. The Royal names were written in it with their own hands.

Though there are a great many Schools in Canada, our School was the only one T. R. H. visited, that was a great honour which we will never forget.

LIZZIE & FLOSSIE.

All Saints' Day.

ALL Saints' Day is the day we keep in our minds all God's Saints whom He had taken away from our earth, to be with Him, and some of those Saints died for the sake of our Lord while they were on earth, but they will have their reward for the time to come. The Saints are always singing and praising God day and night. All the baptized people are called saints at their baptism. There is nothing more to harm the Saints, because they are in the Hand of God. The Saints always see our Lord and the angels. All Saints means All Hallows. On All Saints' we had a beautiful choral Celebration in our chapel. Archdeacon Pentreath took our services. We had matins at 11 o'clock, and in the evening we had evensong and sermon.

OUR HOLIDAY ON ALL SAINTS' DAY.

We had such a good time. Miss Moody very kindly gave us a party in the afternoon, about 3 o'clock. We played some games, we played the donkey's tail, and some of the tails were pinned on such funny places. And blowing out the candle without looking was so very amusing. And we had fruit and other nice refreshments. We danced too. This was in our playroom, we had the harmonium in. The playroom was all decorated up nicely, some of the girls did that with leaves and ivy, we were well amused in the time we had our party. Miss Moody was with us all the afternoon. I think every one of us enjoyed ourselves very much. When our party was over, we all began to cheer and cheer for Miss Moody. After evensong was over both Schools sang and drilled the "Welcome Song" for Arch-

deacon Pentreath and Mrs. Underhill to hear.

This is the end of that happy day.

Lucey.

Parochial Mission Work among the Indians.

Record of Classes, Instructions, Etc.

Sunday afternoon Services and Instructions	35
Festival Services, including 4 Celebrations of Holy Communion	7
Interpreter's Journeys.....	5
Service and Instructions on Good Friday.....	3
Baptisms (in Parish Church)	3
Burial Service in Indian ..	1
Patients treated for simple ailments	75
Informal Sales of Clothing.....	7
Christmas Party,.....	1
Afternoon Assemblies to meet H. Moody, Esq. ; to see T. R. Highnesses ; to meet the Mother Superior : to meet Mrs. Sillitoe.....	4

Most of the Yale Indians were away fishing at the time of the Royal Visit, but a handful of old people came to the School in good time on that eventful October afternoon, arrayed in their Sunday best. They grouped themselves on the sunniest corner of the lawn, nearest the Chapel, and, from that point of vantage, viewed the proceedings with great curiosity. Their old Chief evidently expected to be permitted to shake hands with the White Chief's Son, and was full of importance, and, I have no doubt, a prepared wordy oration, but the circumstances did not permit of our giving the Indians any particular prominence in the proceedings, so

we had to console Sam for his disappointment by pointing out what a privilege he and his people enjoyed by being permitted to come within the School grounds on such an occasion, while all the white inhabitants of the village stood outside.

His Royal Highness, the Duke, observed this quaint group of old people, and, with every appearance of kindly interest, asked many questions about them.

As years go on, Death thins out the ranks of our resident, Yale, Indian congregation, until now, their numbers have dwindled to less than twenty-five. These are nearly all quite aged people, there is but one small boy growing up among them. Their young men have moved to other neighborhoods, and only return, on special occasions, for their Communion, etc., and their young women have likewise married and gone. *Now*, the removal, by death, of one old friend, in this Community, is, to us, like a death in a family ; narrowing its circle, and drawing it together more closely by the bonds of a deep, common sympathy and sense of loss.

Susan Schmelch, whose death is mentioned in our Record, was a friend, whose connection with All Hallows began in 1886, when she and her sister Elizabeth, both of mature age, were admitted into the Church, by Holy Baptism, after months of careful preparation and instruction.

These old ladies had' lived together, in quite sisterly devotion to each other, until years had touched their heads with grey, and brought many wrinkles into their soft, old cheeks, then they thought of getting married. Shortly after their baptism, we had a double wedding in the Indian Church, and Sister

Alice, in the absence of the brides' male relations, gave away Elizabeth to Thomas, and Susan to John, to be their wedded wives.

Elizabeth's marriage was a satisfactory one in every respect: poor Susan had her troubles, but her gentle influence, over her husband, in the end prevailed, and for the last five years or more John has been a familiar figure in the Church.

Two years ago Thomas died, after a short illness, and Susan and John, with kindly hands, led his widow home to live with them.

Early last spring Susan was called to rest, and then it became Elizabeth's turn to comfort John.

Now, dear Elizabeth herself is very ill. The winter is always a hard time for these old people. Fresh, warm, summer air seems to make the dried salmon they live on, both nourishing and digestible, but in the cold, dark days, when they are confined to their musty cabins, dried salmon does not seem very wholesome, perhaps appetite for it fails and then they have no strength wherewith to battle with illness. As the days deepen into December, we begin to feel very anxious about Elizabeth and would fain ask God to spare her life to us a little longer.

For some time the Indians have been feeling very troubled about their Church, which is greatly in need of repairs, but Archdeacon Pentreath cheered them by promising to try and get them new shingles for the roof, which they have gladly undertaken to put on, themselves.

The walls require boarding in, and then the whole place badly needs a coat or two of paint.

The Interpreter, George Shianea-tea, is clever with his knife, and will doubtless make a very nice cross for the roof. At present the Church is sort of wet and draughty inside, and, though the Indians prefer coming to the School Chapel on Sundays and Festivals for Instructions and Services, yet they assemble daily, night and morning, for prayers, in their own Church.

GIFTS RECEIVED.

Two bundles of raspberry canes, from Rev. G. Ditcham.

Bale containing evening dresses for theatricals, coat and Christmas cards, Mrs. Moody, Fleet, Eng. Pink print, Mrs. Inkman, Agassiz.

Bale containing beautiful outfits for three Indian girls, St. Matthew's Branch of W. A., Quebec.

Large box of School books, Messrs. J. G. Wood, Vancouver.

Bskt. China lily bulbs, Quen Wo.

Brass Lectern, Rev. E. P. Flewelling and family.

Music and Magazines, Rev. H. Underhill.

The Graphic, Miss Bourne.

WANTS.

Print dresses to fit girls from 4-18 Pinafores, print and turkey twill for the same.

30 straw hats, sailor shape preferred.

Some good strawberry plants, roses, bush or climbing, bulbs and any ornamental trees or shrubs, or herbaceous plants, etc., thankfully received for the garden.

ALL HALLOWS IN THE WEST.

NOTICE I

THIS Magazine will be published three times a year. All the pupils in the Schools 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 50c. a year (15. 3d. English money) or 2c. or penny stamps will be accepted.

The Canadian School Winter Term will close on December 20th., (D. I.) The Spring Term will begin January 20th. (S. I.) Pupils are expected to arrive on that day.

Parents wishing to withdraw their children from the Canadian School, are requested to notify the Sister Superior to that effect, not later than January 1st., 1902.

PRAYER FOR 1902.

LORD, grant us eyes to see and ears to hear,
And souls to love and minds to understand,
And steadfast faces towards the Holy Land,
And confidence of hope, and filial fear,
And citizenship where Thy Saints appear
Before Thee heart in heart and hand in hand,
And Alleluias where their chanting band
As waters and as thunders fill the sphere.
Lord, grant us what Thou wilt, and what Thou wilt
Deny, and fold us in Thy peaceful fold :
Not as the world gives, give to us Thine own :
Inbuild us where Jerusalem is built
With walls of Jasper and with streets of gold,
And Thou Thyself, Lord Christ for Corner Stone.

CHRISTINA ROSETTI.