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PAGE

MISSING

ALL HALLOWS IN THE WEST.

All Hallows' Canadian School.

YALE, B. C.

ESTABLISHED 1890.

Conducted by the Sisters of All Hallows.

VISITOR: - - THE LORD BISHOP OF NEW WESTMINSTER.

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

THE COURSE OF STUDY INCLUDES:

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

STAFF OF TEACHERS:

English Subjects and Latin,	Miss Shibley, B. A., Kingston University.	Miss Hart, B. A., Miss Kelly, B. A., Trinity University, Toronto.
French & German,	Miss Shibley, B. A. & Sister Alice, C. A. H.	
Music, Piano, - -	Miss Moody, Sister Alice, C. A. H.,	Miss Hart, B. A.
" Violin, - -	Miss Money, Cert. Assoc. Board.	Sr. Local Centre.
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.

Also for School Examinations of the Royal Drawing Society.

Entrance Fee \$5.00.

SCHOOL FEES: (In Advance.)

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

Application for further particulars to be made to:

THE SISTER SUPERIOR,

ALL HALLOWS' SCHOOL, YALE, B. C.

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 Hart,
Miss Moody,	Miss Kelly,
Miss Shibley,	Mrs. Woodward,
Miss H. Woodward.	

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

Prayer for the Children of the Schools :

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

V. Take this child and nurse it for Me.

R. And I will give thee thy reward.

Let us pray.

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

**Commemoration of those who have gone out
from the Schools :**

Antiphon—They will go from strength to strength.

V. And unto the God of gods.

R. Appareth every one of them in Sion.

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

All Hallows in the West.

VOL. IV.

MICHAELMAS-TIDE, 1902.

NO. 2.

Hymn for St. Michael and All Angels' Day.

Christe sanctorum decus Angelorum.

CHRIST of the Holy Angels Light and Gladness,
Maker and Saviour of the human race,
O may we reach the world unknown to sadness,
And see Thy Face.

Angel of peace, may Michael to our dwelling
Down from high heaven in mighty calmness come,
Breathing all peace, and hideous war dispelling
To hell's dark gloom.

Angel of might, may Gabriel swift descending,
Far from our gates our ancient foe repel,
And, as of old o'er Zacharias bending,
In temples dwell.

Angel of health, may Raphael lighten o'er us,
To every sick bed speed his healing flight,
In deeds of doubt direct the way before us,
Guide us aright.

Mary, the harbinger of peace supernal,
Mother of God, with all the Angel train,
All Saints be with us, till the bliss Eternal
In Christ we gain.

Be this by Thy thrice Holy Godhead granted,
Father and Son, and Spirit ever blest,
Whose glory by the Angel Host is chanted,
By all confessed. AMEN.

“The Blessing of Peace.”

We live in stirring times, and events follow each other in such rapid succession, that we are hardly able to realize the things that have been, before we find ourselves swept onward to share in a nation's heartfelt thanksgiving for the things that now are.

Only a few months ago—it seems like yesterday—our hearts were wrung with anxiety for our countrymen surrounded by the enemy in Ladysmith

and Mafeking. Thereafter came a day of mourning for the heroes slaughtered at Spion Kop.

General Buller's reverses at Tugela River, Lord Roberts' appointment to be Commander in Chief, and his subsequent management of the war, Cronje's surrender, Dewet's exploits, held us spell-bound for a little while. Now they are passing from our memories with other incidents connected with this struggle, to give place to joyful pride in the triumphant return to England of our great General, Lord Kitchener, after peace had been proclaimed

throughout His Majesty's dominions in South Africa.

Beneath the stately dome of St. Paul's Cathedral in London, the King and Queen and the representatives of the nation gathered to offer their service of thanksgiving to Almighty God, Who had guided the counsels of our rulers to prosecute this war with prudence and mercy, Who had granted success to our armies, and Who had at length in His Divine goodness given the inestimable blessing of peace to our Empire.

The Bishop of London preached the sermon on this memorable occasion. Taking for his text the words, "The Blessing of Peace," he said: "And if it is obviously a blessing to ourselves, is it a piece of unworthy cant to say that we believe it is a blessing also to our gallant foes? Often in the course of the many intercession services we have had in this Cathedral, and in other places, for the success of our arms, we have been met with the question, 'Why should your prayers be heard rather than the prayers of the other side? They are praying with equal confidence to the same God, in the name of the same Jesus Christ, for success for their arms.' Our answer then was precisely the same as it is to-day; 'we were appealing,' we said, 'to the God of Judgment, by Whom actions are weighed. We only prayed then, if we prayed as Christians, that, if it was His will, we might succeed.' We believed then, as we believe now, that there is only one 'best' for both sides, that, therefore, in the Highest Wisdom, we were both praying for the one thing—and that even if our words did not take this form, our thoughts spoke in the words of the Psalm, 'The Lord sitteth above the waterfall, and the Lord remaineth a King for ever.' And for that name we went on with confidence to say, 'The Lord shall give strength unto His people, the Lord shall give His people the blessing of peace.' There is no inconsistency, therefore, in be-

lieving that the prayers of both nations are answered in the gift of this blessing of peace. And sinking all thoughts now of enmity or revenge we shall welcome as fellow-subjects of our Empire, as those likely in the future to help us to build up a prosperous South Africa, and those who, sharing our religion, should help us to spread there the Kingdom of God, the very men who have been our foes so long.

And if it is a blessing to both nations, it is a blessing to the brave soldiers who have fought and bled, and marched and counter-marched, and watched night after night. They have received the thanks of both Houses of Parliament, but we must thank God for them to-day; we must thank God for their courage, their perseverance, their cheerfulness, their unselfishness, their self-control. We must thank God that now at last their labors are ended, and that the prize of their toil is the blessing of peace. And if to those who will come home alive and well, or go back with honor to the Colonies from which they came, peace is a blessing; so it is to those who with sad faces and aching hearts will see in the returning legions the vacant places of those who will return no more. There is a blessing in the peace for them, for it tells them that their dear one did not die in vain. "I will appeal," said Mr. Ruskin at the end of the Crimean war, "to the testimony of those whom the war has cost the dearest, I ask their testimony to whom the war has changed the aspect of the earth and the imagery of Heaven, whose hopes it has cut off like a spider's web, whose treasure it has placed in a moment under the seas of clay—those who can never more see the sun rise, nor watch the climbing light gild the eastern clouds without thinking what graves it has gilded first far down behind the earth-line, who never more shall see the crocus bloom in spring without thinking what dust it is that feeds the wild

flowers of Balacava. Ask their witness, and see if they will not reply that it is well with them and with theirs, that they would not it were otherwise, would not if they might receive back their gifts of love and life, nor take again the purple of their blood out of the breastplate of England." Would the witness of those whose hearts are buried beneath those little crosses in South Africa be a different witness to-day? "The blessing of peace," then, we acknowledge in our prayers, we turn to God and thank Him first in our Te Deum and presently in our solemn Eucharist. In God's name let us keep the blessing as those who believe that they have received it from God Himself. Let us mar it by no excesses, either now

or on the return of the victorious troops; and not forget in the softer days of peace the lessons we have been taught in the stern school of war. In the last letter received from the front yesterday these words occur: "It is a splendid experience that everyone is gaining, learning more and more of the things that are real, the things that matter in life, acquiring from the bracing effects of meeting discomfort and danger, something of self-control and endurance, and patience and cheerfulness, that should always remain with them." May they always remain with us, and may the lessons wrought into the very fibre of the nation's character by the discipline of war be deepened and not blunted by the blessings of peace."



A Prayer for the King.

Edward VII. Crowned in Westminster Abbey,

August 9th., 1902.

LORD, Who hast called King Edward
A Monarch great to be,
Give him of Thy dear Likeness
And knit his heart to Thee.

From childhood's earliest hour,
In manhood's gracious Spring,
Thy call was still before him,
To serve Thee as a King.

No hour of life's experience,
That he has ever known,
But rested 'neath the glory
And shadow of a throne!

To suffer for a season,
To lie in feverish pain,
To taste of mortal weakness,
Ere raised to serve again.

'Tis thus Thou did'st prepare him,
His Sacring to endure,
The Crown, and Orb, and Sceptre,
Each kingly emblem sure.

Dear Lord, our prayers grow bolder,
His need we know is great,
With Thine Own Presence help him,
To bear such Royal State.

Thy crownèd servant stands he,
To hear and to obey,
Thy Voice of Love and Wisdom,
This Coronation Day.

With heart and voice united,
His people to Thee sing,
"God bless our Royal Edward!
"God Save our Gracious King!"

ALL HALLOWS IN THE WEST.

Yale, B. C.

Catholic, Yet Protestant.

The Coronation Proclamation.

At the services held throughout England simultaneously with the coronation at Westminster the following proclamation is appointed to be read to the people:

"First I proclaim unto you EDWARD, the Son of Her Majesty the late most gracious Queen Victoria as our undoubted King.

"This day the King and Queen are Anointed and Crowned in manner following:

"First His Majesty takes the Oath pertaining to his high Office, to govern the people of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland and the Dominions thereto belonging, according to the Statutes in Parliament agreed on and to the respective Laws and Customs of the same; to cause Laws and Justice, in Mercy, to be executed in all his Judgments; to the utmost of his power to maintain the Laws of God, the true profession of the Gospel, and the Protestant Reformed Religion established by Law; and to preserve inviolably the Settlement of the Church of England, and the Doctrine, Worship, Discipline and Government thereof as by Law established in England.

"Then His Majesty is solemnly Anointed, as Kings, Priests, and Prophets of old were made and consecrated to teach and govern the people of Israel.

"He then is girded with the Sword of Justice; invested with the Imperial Robes; presented with the Orb, the Ring, the Sceptre of the Cross, the Sceptre of the Dove, the Ensigns of Kingly Power and Justice.

"Then His Majesty is Crowned in the ancient Chair of St. Edward.

"And being Crowned, he is presented with the Holy Bible, the most valuable thing this world affords, wherein is Wisdom, wherein is the Royal Law, wherein are the lively Oracles of God."

"After the Coronation of the King

the Queen also is Anointed and Crowned.

"And finally the King receives the Homage of the Peers and Bishops, who have been summoned for that purpose."

It is usual to point out, in connection with this subject, that the term "Protestant" is not to be met with in any formulary of the Church of England, and in particular, that it does not occur anywhere in the pages of the Prayer Book. Some persons may very likely be astonished at this statement; but it is strictly true, and anyone who cares to do so may verify it for himself. The word "Catholic" occurs over and over again in the Prayer Book, but the word "Protestant" not even once. And yet there is a certain reservation which it is only right to make at the present time. There are certain editions of the Prayer Book, just lately published, called "Coronation Prayer Books," in which the service appointed for the Coronation of our King and Queen is bound up with the services of the Book of Common Prayer. Now, in the Coronation Service there occurs—as you will all be aware—the King's Coronation Oath. It occurs in Section VII. And in that Oath the King solemnly pledges himself to maintain "the true profession of the Gospel, and the Protestant Reformed Religion established by Law." It is only natural then, for people to ask—in view of the facts that have already been stated—how it came to pass that this expression, "Protestant Religion," found its way into the Coronation Service, and in what sense it is there used. And the explanation is really a very simple one. The present form of Coronation oath is not that which was administered to Edward VI., nor to Queen Elizabeth, nor to any of the Stuarts—nor to James I., nor Charles I., nor to Charles II., nor James II. Up to the Coronation of William and Mary, the King had promised simply to uphold "the true profession of the Gospel established in this Kingdom," without any reference at all to the Reformed or Protestant char-

acter of the Established Church. But in 1689, by the sole authority of Parliament, a great change was made in the wording of the Oath. And the reason for this change was the experience through which the nation had passed under James II. James II., you will recollect, was a Roman Catholic, or (as people then put it) a "Papist." And yet, in spite of his Roman Catholic belief, he had taken the Oath in the usual form. His Romish advisers had assured him that the expression, "true profession of the Gospel established by law," did not necessarily denote the Church of England as it then existed, but might just as well be taken to mean "the Church in communion with the Pope." And so, with this understanding—or rather, misunderstanding—in his mind, and with this private reservation, James II. had taken the Oath in its old form; and then, a few years afterwards, when the nation had found him out, he had to flee the country.

What, then, was to be done, in order to protect the true character of the Established Church, as reformed and non-Papal? It seemed as though there was only one word in existence that could effectually meet the case. "Supposing that the word 'Reformed' alone had been used, the Church of Rome itself has been 'reformed' since the Council of Trent. If they could hold that 'the Church by law established' meant the Church in communion with the Pope, what other word than 'Protestant' would destroy their contention? For 'Protestant,' with all its various meanings, has never been used for one in communion with the Pope; and in this way, a word being wanted to express a purely negative sense, the use of the word 'Protestant' is not only justifiable, but, as a recent writer has pointed out, 'even desirable.' And 'a man who rejects Papal Infallibility need not complain if he be called a Protestant, though he may believe with all his heart the ancient Catholic creeds, and all the articles of the Catholic Faith.'"

The word "Protestant," therefore, was inserted by Parliament into the Coronation Oath—not with any idea of its being opposed to "Catholic"; for in the same Service the King receives his royal Ring expressly in token "of defence of the Catholic Faith," and he joins in the Creed that confesses the "One Catholic and Apostolic Church"—but it was inserted simply as the opposite of "Papist," or adherent of the Pope. This is its strictly historical and proper sense, as used in the Coronation Oath, and in this sense, of course, it belongs to us of the Church of England."

Extract from sermon preached in the Parish Church of Lyme Regis, England, by the Rev. G. Ottor.

Leaves from our Journal.

May—After the Confirmation, which took place on the 2nd of May, our little Chapel was again given over to workmen to finish the alterations and repairs which they had begun in April.

Nicely made varnished seats of light wood, have taken the place of the old, well-worn ones, they are placed so as to face the Altar, this is an unusual arrangement in a School Chapel, but it is adopted in our case on account of the limitation of space. Four small choir seats and seats for the Sisters are placed choirwise at the Chancel end. A new Prayer Desk, a seat for the Bishop, and an Altar rail, have also been procured, all very small and simple, but helping to make the appointments in God's place more complete and reverent than we have ever had them before.

Our hopes of building a large and beautiful permanent Chapel are deferred for the present, but with such an improved building in which to assemble for daily worship we can afford to wait patiently. Patience is a strong virtue, in it lies, to a very great extent, the secret of all true success.

This month there were no picnics, no fancy dress parties or concerts to break

the routine of work. Indeed a cruel edict went forth from the "seat of government" in the Sister Superior's office, that all thought of pleasuring was to cease until the examinations were over.

Four trying ordeals must be passed before "play" would again be lawful at All Hallows! Fortunately the weather was lovely, and the garden was radiant with the bloom of roses, syringas, and honeysuckle, so a great deal of enjoyment could be found out of doors by weary little students who strummed and studied, and studied and strummed from "early morn till dewy eve," until one memorable day in June, when the examiner appointed by the Associated Board R. C. M., and R. A. M., arrived to supervise the paper work, elements of music. I have written "arrived," but it would be more accurate and according to facts to state that the flutter was occasioned by his non-arrival, and the receipt of a telegram stating that his train was held for twenty-four hours at Calgary owing to the destruction of a bridge, and authorizing the Sister Superior to appoint someone to supervise the examinations for him on the appointed day. Fortunately a registered budget containing the all-important examination papers had already arrived and was waiting at the post office, so the Rev. J. Antle, of Holy Trinity Church, Fairview, who had come up to take the services and instructions in the school Chapel for that week, kindly consented to act as Mr. Lee Williams' substitute.

A week or ten days later, Mr. Lee Williams himself arrived to take the practical music examination. What a long and anxious day that was for us all! Into what depths of despair we were flung. How our hopes suddenly rose, how we dared once even to feel rather complacent, then again how dark clouds of gloomy despondency crushed our spirits, and, like Bruce of Scotland, we "gave it all up in lone despair," until at last, at long last, the ordeal was over, and we learned with thankful

hearts hat out of the twenty-three pupils who had gone in for the practical (piano) examination, eighteen has passed successfully, and three in theory.

On the 9th of June, the Rev. A. Dorrill from Ashcroft, came to preside as local examiner for the McGill matriculation examinations. Five pupils tried for this. We heard, after six or seven weeks' anxious waiting that ALL had passed successfully.

Then at last when the June roses were beginning to scatter their petals and the mature beauty of midsummer made all nature joyous, when it seemed imperative that lesson books should be put away, and all "humans" should join the birds and flowers in holiday-making, then the Royal Drawing Society, from London, sent out their belated examination papers, and once more the children were caught and shut up in an Ogre's Castle, within, while the sun shone golden without, and the flowers bloomed and birds sang gaily. These are very good things in themselves as we all know, but on this occasion they were a sad temptation to our little artists who longed to look out of the window when they ought to have been gazing at the blackboard, or to be playing with the flowers instead of guiding their pencils in "memory drawing." But that such temptations were resisted on that fair summer day, we may feel sure, for the success which comes to all good earnest work came to All Hallows in the drawing examination as blithely as it attended the three previous examinations. The papers were sealed up and sent away to London, and in due course of time, twenty-two certificates arrived, twelve of these marked with Honor, showing us that only three in the class had failed. It was a very humble beginning, only in the First Division, but it proves that the system of drawing as taught at All Hallows is good so far. Next year a more ambitious attempt will, we hope, be made.

To vary the monotony of this month's work, the Indian school closing and

distribution of prizes came as a pleasant diversion. The Rev. H. Underhill very kindly took the chair, and a large audience assembled in the school room to witness this most pleasant annual function.

July—On the 2nd, the closing exercises and distribution of prizes of the Canadian School took place. The Bishop of New Westminster kindly came to preside at the afternoon ceremonies. The Archdeacon of Columbia and the Rev. H. Underhill arrived in time for the evening concert.

On the evening of the 4th, part of the "family" took their departure Eastward-bound for the summer holidays, on the morning of the 5th the remaining part expected to go Westward, but, alas, alas, we were reckoning without the C. P. R. on that day of all days in the year, the passenger train was cancelled, could anything have been more heart-rending?

Fortunately we are "old timers," and know how to deal with such emergencies. So the wires were set in motion, and through the courtesy of those in high places in the service of the company, we were comforted with the assurance before we went to sleep that night, that a "special car" would be sent up and would stop at the school for passengers. Accordingly, on the afternoon of the following day we were able to stand at the gate and from that point of vantage see our "family" safely placed on the train for their four hours' railway journey to the coast.

The Teachers and Sisters dispersed a few days later. To what different points they were all hastening in search of long-parted friends, health, or rest. One took her way to sunny California, others to the "purple-haded mountains" of the Rockies, a fourth, who was saying a long good-bye to the old school, her Alma Mater, went to a new mining town in a far-off district of British Columbia, a fifth was returning, after some years' of absence, to visit the large cities of Ontario, a sixth

had friends living under the "Star Spangled Banner" of Washington State.

Some were staying behind quietly to look after the Indian school, for we have, little ones there to mother and take care of all the year round.

August—The days of this month went by uneventfully. A multitude of small duties, chiefly needlework and house-cleaning, marked the weeks. So much done, so much left to do, it was thus we made our prosaic calculations, reminding ourselves sometimes whimsically that

"The finest life lies oft in doing finely

A multitude of unromantic things."

Miss Ellis left on the 11th to sail North, having been engaged to take up work among the Indians of The Selkirk Diocese, under Bishop Bompas of the C. M. S. Mission.

We are expecting new Teachers to reinforce our staff next term.

The improvements, repairs, and addition to the Indian school building have been going on for several months, when we receive it back from the workmen's hands, we shall feel as if we are having almost a whole new building instead of only a very small part of one.

The approach to the Chapel from the garden is greatly improved. Up a step or two on to a small verandah, through a narrow, gray-plastered hallway, instead of through the old, shabby barnlike passage of former days, which, however, carried out more entirely the idea the idea of the Stable-Chapel, which, from association, will always be so dear to us.

September 1st—As I close the pages of our summer journal, memory, as usual is busy, looking back over the season that is gone, marking the successes we have had, the progress we have made in many directions, and above all counting up our blessings, so many, so richly strewn all along the path we have travelled since Ascensiontide, by the same dear Father's hand.

About Places we Know.

Montreal.

An Old City of the New World.

It seems rather rash to offer what is merely a collection of very hazy memories to the Editor to form one of the series of articles "About Places We Know."

One's early recollections are so little to be relied upon that one is afraid of being accused of "making it all up." The reader's indulgence is therefore asked for what is probably a very inaccurate account.

Montreal is one of the most beautifully situated cities in America, being built on the terraces of Mount Royal, overlooking the St. Lawrence. The summit of the mountain is reached by a winding road shaded with maple trees and when one reaches Lookout Point the view is something never to be forgotten. Just below one are the congregated roofs and spires of the city gleaming in the sunlight, and beyond the broad St. Lawrence winds its way to the Gulf and far away to the south can be seen the Adirondacks.

What strikes the stranger most forcibly in Montreal is the mixture of ~~romantic and~~ ~~romantic~~ and the strange mingling of mediævalism and the ways of the Twentieth Century. There in Notre Dame Cathedral is a statue of St. Peter, the feet of which are worn smooth and shining by the lips of penitents, while here, but a stone's throw away are banks and business blocks, surrounded by a crowd of busy, bustling humanity, all very practical, modern and American. The Bons-cours market on a market day is a veritable Tower of Babel, where one hears every variety of intonation—the habitant's patois, the broad tones of the Scotchman, the brogue of the Irishman, the twang of the Yankee, and occasionally the King's English. The French language and the French people predominate however, and there are no less than forty Roman Catholic Churches in

the city. It is a strange sight to see a Corpus Christi of St. Jean Baptiste procession filling through the streets of a modern city of the New World.

But it is Montreal in winter that is the real, typical Montreal, and it arouses longing memories to think of the crisp, clean, snow-covered streets, the tinkle of sleigh bells, and the gay parties setting out for long drives, or skating, or tobogganing. At the carnival time, especially, Montreal is at her best. The whole of Dominion Square is occupied by a magnificent ice palace, lighted at night by thousands of electric lights, which make the ice walls gleam and glitter with green and blue and opalescent tints, making it look like the home of fairies. Then too, there are snowshoe tramps at night and from the city one can see long lines of torches winding their way through the woods on the mountain side and disappearing over the summit.

A carnival in the Victoria Skating Rink is an intensely interesting sight, the whole city goes to it and one sees some wonderful exhibitions of skating. Every one skates—men, women and children, although the women are, on the whole, the best skaters, and one may see waltzes and sets of lancers danced on the ice with the utmost grace and precision.

Historically, Montreal is one of the most interesting places in Canada. Its site was selected by Champlain in 1611, although it was not until some thirty years later that the city was formally founded with a solemn dedication service by the Company of Montreal, under Maisonneuve. For the first fifty years of its existence, the village had a hard fight for life, being continually at war with the surrounding tribes of Indians.

After the fall of Quebec, during the Seven Years' War, Montreal was the last stronghold of the French in Canada, and it was at the Chateau de Ramezay on Notre Dame street, that the articles of capitulation of all Can-

ada were finally signed.

During the Revolutionary War, Montreal was again occupied by a hostile force in the shape of the Americans under Montgomery. In little more than a year, however, they were forced to evacuate the city, and since then the record of Montreal has been one

of uninterrupted peace and prosperity.

Montreal is a charming place on the whole and one longs to return there for a visit, but to live—well, to me no place on earth is like the Rocky Mountains.

WINIFRED ARMSTRONG.

All Hallows Canadian School.

Closing Exercises and Distribution of Prizes.

AFTERNOON PROGRAMME.

- | | | | |
|-----|---------------|---------------------------------------|-----------------------|
| 1. | PIANO DUET, | "March from Capriccio Brillante," | <i>Mendelssohn.</i> |
| | | Miss Flewelling and Muriel Underhill. | |
| 2. | CHORUS, | "The Sailor's Lullaby." | |
| 3. | PIANO SOLO, | "Elegie," | <i>Gade.</i> |
| | | Louise Ferguson. | |
| 4. | VIOLIN SOLO, | "Sleep, Baby Dear," | <i>Gatty.</i> |
| | | Eileen Hoops. | |
| 5. | SONG, | "Hush a Bye," | <i>Lane.</i> |
| | | Muriel Underhill. | |
| 6. | PIANO SOLO, | "Arabesque," | <i>Meyer-Helmund.</i> |
| | | Ethel Raymond. | |
| 7. | | BALL DRILL. | |
| 8. | VIOLIN SOLO, | Selections from "Norma," | |
| | | Alice Ladner. | |
| 9. | PIANO SOLO, | "Souvenir," | <i>Karganoff.</i> |
| | | Susie Pearse. | |
| 10. | FRENCH ROUND, | | Junior Class. |
| 11. | PIANO SOLO, | "Minuet," | <i>Paderevski.</i> |
| | | Eileen Hoops. | |
| 12. | VOCAL DUET, | "Oh Wert Thou in the Cauld Blast," | <i>Mendelssohn.</i> |
| | | Muriel and Ella Underhill. | |
| 13. | PIANO SOLO, | Sonata, | <i>Beethoven.</i> |
| | | Daisy Dodd. | |
| 14. | CHORUS, | "April Showers," | Junior Class. |
| 15. | PIANO SOLO, | "Deuxième Mazurka," | <i>Godard.</i> |
| | | Muriel Underhill. | |

All Hallows' School,

YALE, B. C.

The closing exercises and distribution of prizes took place in this school on the afternoon of July 2nd, when the Lord Bishop of the Diocese occupied the chair.

The school room was (as usual) beautifully decorated with ferns, pink roses and syringa, and the pupils, forty-four in number, (all of whom, with one exception only, are boarders, day pupils not being received) were dressed in white, with breast-knots of white flowers, in the centre of each of which nestled one or two violet panises, giving thus a delicate yet unobtrusive touch of the school colors to their costumes.

A very pleasant programme, consisting of songs, violin and piano solos and a fancy ball drill, was presented be-

fore the Bishop read the prize list and addressed a few words to the pupils and teachers, expressing in warm terms the pleasure it gave him to see the marked progress the school was making in every direction, and the honor he felt it to be so privileged to assist in their great annual function.

Class prizes, prizes for Latin, French, Arithmetic and English Literature, a gold medal for conduct, besides twenty-one certificates for music won at the recent examination of the Associated Board of the R. C. M. and R. A. M. were presented to the several successful candidates, amidst hearty applause, and then the school adjourned with several specially invited guests to partake of ice cream and cake in the study and dining hall.

A delightful entertainment was given in the evening, for which tickets of admission were sold at the door. The following programme will show how varied was the performance:

EVENING PROGRAMME.

PIANO SOLO,

"Scherzo,"

Hummel.

Miss M. Shildrick.

VIOLIN SOLO,

Valse,

Miss Money.

CANTATA,

"THE ENCHANTED PALACE."

Characters :

King,	Mae Cook.
Queen,	Daisy Dodd.
Princess,	Muriel Underhill.
Prince Charming,	Aline Day.
The Chancellor,	E. Hannington.

Three Pillars of the State :

The Wise Man,	Cecily Galt.
The Poet,	Peggie Hunt.
The Court Jester,	Ella Underhill.

The Fairies :

Queen Fairy, Margaret Graveley.

Attendant Fairies:

Olive Day, Ursula John, Mollie Laug, Kathleen Laug,
Beatrice Westwood, Beatrice Inkman.

The Wicked Fairy,
Dorothy Westwood.

Village Maidens :

Ethel Raymond, Winifred Bell, Alice Ladner, Louise
Ferguson.

Ladies and Gentlemen of the Court.

VIOLIN SOLO,	"Serenade,"	<i>Moszkowski.</i>
	Miss Money.	
SOLO VOCAL,	"Slumber Song,"	_____
	Muriel Underhill.	
PIANO SOLO,	"Dance des Gnomes,"	<i>Godard.</i>
	Eileen Hoops.	
CHORUS,	"What will you be,"	<i>Gatty.</i>
	Junior Class.	
PIANO SOLO,	"Prelude,"	<i>Rachmaninoff.</i>
	Susie Pearse.	
SOLO VOCAL,	"The Baby on the Shore,"	<i>Grossmith.</i>
	Elinor Hannington.	
PIANO SOLO,	"Hungarische,"	<i>Scharwenka.</i>
	Daisy Dodd.	
CHORUS,	"Flower Song,"	<i>Pinsuti.</i>
	Senior Class.	
VIOLIN SOLO,	"Concert,"	<i>Siedl.</i>
	Miss Money.	
CHORUS,	"He, She, It,"	<i>Gatty.</i>
	Junior Class.	
PIANO SOLO,	"Mariana,"	<i>Macfarren.</i>
	Muriel Underhill.	
WALTZ,	"Aberdeen,"	Orchestra.

GOD SAVE THE KING.

The operetta "The Enchanted Palace," was a charming performance, rendered with grace and spirit. The singing throughout was very pleasing; the violin solos by Miss Money were beautifully rendered. The orchestra, consisting of piano, organ, two violins, mandolin and drum, was a delightful success. Only one encore was allowed, although the temptation to demand

more was, under the circumstances, very great.

The pupils, teaching staff and sisters of All Hallows' are to be warmly congratulated on this successful closing to a most satisfactory and successful term of hard work and close application to study.

Many friends from Vancouver and other points were present. The Bishop

of New Westminster, Archdeacon Pentreath and Miss Mildred Pentreath, the Rev. H. Underhill, from Vancouver, Miss Muriel Green, from Ladner, Miss Agassiz from Agassiz, and Mrs. Pearse, from Kamloops, were all of the house party at All Hallows' on this occasion."—Vancouver World.

PRIZE LIST.

Form III, class prize, Vera Erickson; Form IV Jr., class prize, Ella Underhill; Form IV Sr., class prize, Winifred Bell; Form V, class prize, Eileen Hoops.

Class A, Scripture, Louise Ferguson; Class B, Scripture, Susie Pearse; Class C, Scripture, Marjorie Armstrong; Class D, Scripture, Margaret Graveley.

Class A, French, Daisy Dodd; Class B, French, Mae Cook; Class C, French, Marjorie McCartney; Class C, French, Dorothy Broad.

Jr. Div., Latin, Louise Ferguson.

Sr. Div., Arithmetic, Alice Ladner.

Jr. Div., English Literature and Composition, Aline Day; Sr. Div., English Literature and Composition, Daisy Dodd.

Jr. Div., General Improvement, Olive Day; Sr. Div., General Improvement, Marjorie Tunstall.

Neatness and Order in School, Muriel Underhill, Ella Underhill, Gwendoline Bell.

School-room Mistress, Ethel Thynne.

HONOR CERTIFICATES.

For General Proficiency, over 60 per cent. in each subject and a total average of 75 per cent.:

Form III, Ursula Johnson.

Jr. Form IV, Marjorie Armstrong.

Sr. Form IV, Susie Pearse.

Form V, Louise Ferguson.

Form VI, Daisy Dodd.

Honor Roll.

For the Year Sept. 1901, to June 1902.

First in Merit.

Names on for one month in the year—Ella Underhill, Muriel Shildrick, Dorothy Westwood, Aline Day, Florence Davis, Beatrice Westwood.

Names on for two months in the year—Louise Ferguson, Ethel Thynne, Kate Tunstall.

Names on for three months in the year—Olive Day.

Names on for five months in the year—Ursula Johnson, Beatrice Inkman.

Names on for seven months in the year—Muriel Underhill.

Names on for eight months in the year—Alice Ladner, Susie Pearse, Daisy Dodd.

The teachers' votes were taken on these three names, and Daisy Dodd won the gold medal by a majority of one vote only over Susie Pearse.

A special prize for good conduct was awarded to Susie Pearse by the Sister Superior.

McGill University,

ENTRANCE EXAMINATIONS,

June, 1902.

The following names were entered for this examination, and we hear that all have successfully passed, though we have not received particulars of their marks: Eileen Hoops, Ethel Raymond, Alice Ladner, Frances Paget, Florence Davis.

We print the following as it was sent to us from Montreal, thinking it may be interesting as showing the position All Hallows' takes as regards all Canada in these music examinations:

EXAMINATIONS IN MUSIC

Of the

Associated Board of the Royal
Academy of Music and the
Royal College of Music,
London, Eng.,
In conjunction with
MCGILL UNIVERSITY.

An arrangement was made a year ago in accordance with which McGill University undertook to carry on throughout Canada the Local Centre and School Examinations in Music hitherto conducted by the Associated Board alone, and successful candidates will hereafter be entitled to receive certificates bearing the imprimatur of the University as well as that of the Associated Board.

These examinations cover every subject, theoretical and practical, and are most judiciously graded. The standard is exceptionally high, and those only receive certificates who show real merit. Next year there will be an examination for Teachers' Certificates, in addition to those already established. *Syllabuses and full particulars may be obtained from the Registrar of McGill University.

The following candidates have been successful in the examinations just held:

LOCAL CENTRE EXAMINATIONS.

Pianoforte (Senior Grade).

(In order of merit).

Hilda M. Bingay, Windsor, N. S.,
(honors).

Mary C. McCarthy, Quebec.

Kate Eden Heaps, Vancouver, B. C.

Maud McKinnon, Montreal.

Annie S. Fraser, Charlottetown, P.
E. I.

Eugenie Lewis, Montreal.

Claire E. Gordon, Vancouver, B. C.

Agnes I. Lancefield, Hamilton, Ont.
Emily J. Trembath, Vancouver, B. C.
Ida Martineau, Ottawa, Ont.
Edna Buckpitt, Sarnia, Ont.

Pianoforte (Junior Grade).

(In order of merit).

*Muriel Underhill, Yale, B. C.

Helen M. Grantham, Hamilton, Ont.

Muriel Thom, Sarnia, Ont.

*Margaret K. Dodd, Yale, B. C.

Florence E. Turver, Hamilton, Ont.

*Muriel Shildrick, Yale, B. C.

Harmony (Junior Grade).

(In order of merit).

Olive M. B. Clark, Montreal Annex,

P. Q.

Winifred R. Jaques, Westmount, P.

Q.

Vera Chalmers, Sarnia, Ont.

Rudiments of Music.

(In alphabetical order).

Bartlett, Matilda, Sarnia, Ont.

Clark, Lillian, Sarnia, Ont.

Davis, Nora, Sarnia, Ont.

*Dodd, Margaret K., Yale, B. C.

Gordon, Claire E., Vancouver, B. C.

Grantham, Helen M., Hamilton, Ont.

Hyatt, Anne S., Dickinson Centre,

N. Y.

Jones, Hettie, Sarnia, Ont.

Lancefield, Agnes I., Hamilton, Ont.

Lewis, Eugenie, Montreal.

McKinnon, Maud, Montreal.

McMichael, Eleanor, Montreal.

*Raymond, Ethel, Yale, B. C.

*Shildrick, Muriel, Yale, B. C.

Thom, Muriel, Sarnia, Ont.

Turver, Florence E., Hamilton, Ont.

Twohy, Ada, Hamilton, Ont.

Varnum, Florence, Sarnia, Ont.

SCHOOL EXAMINATIONS.

Pianoforte (Higher Division).

(In order of merit).

Pansy B. Fleishman, Vancouver, B.
C., (with distinction).

*Susie Pearce, Yale, B. C.

Ethel May Wynde, Montreal.

Jear. L. E. Weber, Vancouver, B. C.

*Eileen Hoops, Yale, B. C.

*Ethel Raymond, Yale, B. C.

Marcy E. Wilkinson, Vancouver, B. C.

Pianoforte (Lower Division).

(In order of merit).

Edith Constance Forrest, Vancouver,
B. C.

*Louise Ferguson, Yale, B. C.

Flora A. Barnes, Ottawa, Ont.

*Alice Ladner, Yale, B. C.

*Mae Cook, Yale, B. C.

*Gladys Lord, Yale, B. C.

*Ella Underhill, Yale, B. C.

Mary Ellen Campbell, Vancouver, B.C.

Pianoforte (Elementary Division).

(In order of merit).

Winifred B. Carden, Vancouver, B. C.

Constance Amy Perceval, Vancouver,

B. C.

Doris Wilbers, Vancouver, B. C.

Helen E. Godfrey, Vancouver, B. C.

Mina Wylie, Ottawa, Ont.

*Beatrice Inkman, Yale, B. C.

Jennie B. Harrison, Vancouver, B. C.

*Marjorie Armstrong, Yale, B. C.

Irene Whittaker, Sarnia, Ont.

*Marjorie McCartney, Yale, B. C.

Constance A. Heape, Vancouver, B. C.

*Dorothy Broad, Yale, B. C.

Sylvester Garfield, Weber, Vancouver,
B. C.

*Winifred Bell, Yale, B. C.

*Aline Day, Yale, B. C.

*Olive Day, Yale, B. C.

Elizabeth G. Hicks, Vancouver, B. C.

Violin (Lower Division).

Darwin E. Ostrom, Vancouver, B. C.

Rudiments of Music.

Eva May Taylor, Montreal.

Ethel May Wynde, Montreal.

The Royal Drawing Society.

(INCORPORATED 1902.)

PRESIDENT: H. R. H. PRINCESS
LOUISE, Duchess of Argyll.

VICE-PRESIDENT: SIR GEORGE
KEKEWICH, K.C.B.

ART DIRECTOR: T. R. ABLETT,
ESQ.

Examination of Schools, 1902.

Report for British Columbia,
Yale, All Hallows.

General Report for School.

"A very good result in Division I."

Signed T. R. ABLETT.

HONOURS.

Marjorie McCartney, Ella Underhill, Gwendoline Bell, Maud Hamersley, Florence Davis, Frances Paget, Margaret Dodd, Louise Ferguson, Susie Pearse, Ellen Marstrand, Zeta Clark, Gladys Lord.

PASSED.

Dorothy Day, Eileen Hoops, Ethel Raymond, Alice Ladner, Kate Tunstall, Mae Cook, Janet Tunstall, Ethel Thynne, Marie Cross, Dorothy Broad.

Honours 12

Passed 10

Failed 3

Total 25

School Register.

September, 1902.

1 Marjorie Armstrong, Ft. Steele.

2 Dorothy Broad, New West'r.

3	Gwendoline Bell,	Surrey Centre.	Laura Nichols,	Vancouver.
4	Winifred Bell,	" "	Claire Corbould,	New West'r.
5	Zeta Clark,	Lytton.	Violet Ladner,	Ladner.
6	Marie Cross,	Silverton.	Eleanor Paget,	Revelstoke.
7	Mae Cook,	Vancouver.	Dorothy Tunstall,	Vancouver.
8	Marjorie Croasdaile,	Nelson.	Gwendoly Tunstall,	"
9	Florence Davis,	Vancouver.	Ruth Tunstall,	"
10	Dorothy Day,	Victoria.	Gladys Campbell,	Rossland.
11	Olive Day,	"	Dora Leighton,	Ashcroft.
12	Daisy Dodd,	Yale.	Lilian Greenfield,	Vancouver.
13	Olive de Wolf,	Vancouver.	Leonora de Beek,	Alert Bay.
14	Vera Erickson,	Cranbrook.	Daisy Bayne,	Victoria.
15	Dorothy Eskrigge,	Nelson.	Ruby Clark,	Lytton.
16	Louise Ferguson,	Vancouver.	Myrtle Stevenson,	"
17	Margaret Graveley,	"	Mary Davey,	Grand Forks.
18	Cecily Galt,	Rossland.	◆◆◆◆◆	
19	Meda Hume,	Firlands.	Visitors' Book.	
20	Eileen Hoops,	Cariboo.	◆◆◆◆◆	
21	Maud Hamersley,	Vancouver.	MAY—R. S. Day, Victoria ; Mrs.	
22	Elinor Hannington,	Victoria.	R. C. Davis, Vancouver ; Kathleen	
23	Peggie Hunt,	Vancouver.	Davis ; Mrs. E. Hannington,	
24	Beatrice Inkman,	Agassiz.	Victoria.	
25	Ursula Johnson,	Vancouver.	JUNE—The Rev. J. Antle, Rec-	
26	Agnes Lambert,	Vancouver.	tor Holy Trinity, Vancouver ; Mrs.	
27	Alice Ladner,	Ladner.	Bompas, St. Saviour's, Cariboo ;	
28	Gladys Lord,	Vancouver.	The Rev. A. Dorrell, S. Alban's,	
29	Ellen Marstrand,	"	Ashcroft ; Mr. C. Lee Williams,	
30	Marjorie McCartney,	"	Worcester, Eng. ; The Rev. C.	
31	Mollie Lang,	Moosejaw.	Bell, Surrey Centre ; The Rev. H.	
32	Kathleen Lang,	"	Underhill, Rector S. Paul's, Van-	
33	Fraunces Paget,	Revelstoke.	couver ; Mr. Croasdaile, Nelson ;	
34	Susie Pearse,	Kamloops.	Miss Muriel Green, Ladner ; Mrs.	
35	Ethel Raymond,	Vancouver.	Pearse, Kamloops.	
36	Elsie Raymond,	"	JULY—The Bishop of New West-	
37	Ethel Thynne,	"	minster ; Miss Agassiz, Agassiz ;	
38	Janet Tunstall,	"	Miss Mildred Pentreath, Vancou-	
39	Marjorie Tunstall,	"	ver ; The Ven. Archdeacon Pen-	
40	Muriel Underhill,	"	treath, Vancouver.	
41	Ella Underhill,	"	◆◆◆◆◆	

Names registered for future vacancies :

Grace Cross,	Silverton.
Phyllis Davis,	Nanaimo.
Margaret Fisher,	Corvalis.
Sybil Walker,	"
Lilian Pearse,	Kamloops,
Catherine Ross,	Vancouver.
Leonora Ross,	"
Irene Ross,	"

HEART'S EASE.

TWO festivals, during this Autumn term, should lead us to a living realization of that world beyond the veil, of which we know little, but which yet surrounds us with its great cloud of witnesses ; S. Michael and All Angels, and our own dear dedication festival of All

Saints. The echoes of the Angels' hymns will scarce have died away when our little Chapel will be ringing once again with the loved strains of All Saints and with our own special "Hymn of All Hallows."

"All Hallows, wherein all strains of
grace and glory blend
God's Love in purpose and God's
Love in end."

Like a rainbow circling the Throne of God, stands the great army of All Saints, the Light Unapproachable, divided into separate rays of colour, showing the manifold grace of the Lord.

The truth of this reality—the reality of this truth, was once brought vividly home to a young girl, living in a town in the Middle States. There had been a heavy snow-storm one night, and in the morning, standing at her door, and wondering at the great snow-drifts, some of them as much as five and six feet deep, she saw the assistant Priest ploughing his way back from the Parish Church of S. Mary's, where daily service was held. In response to the kindly greeting, without which he never passed anyone, she asked, "How many people were at Church this morning?" The good, kindly, German face was absolutely transfigured, as waving his cap, he answered, "Meel-yons! meel-yons were there dear Madam!"

It was a new thought to his hearer—that then was the meaning of the "Communion of Saints." Angels and Archangels and all the company of Heaven, the blessed dead, the Church at rest, are *really* with us to laud and magnify God's glorious Name. Though we may only see "two or three gathered together" for Celebration, for Matins, or Evensong, "Lo, a

great multitude" throng around, and angels present our prayers with those of "All Saints."

It is many years since that dear Priest joined the "meel-yons" of those "redeemed by love,"

"that multitude
"The stoled in white who sing be-
fore the Throne
"Where never pain may dull, nor
pride delude
"Those happy Spirits evermore
God's Own,"

but the lesson taught by this child-like faith remains, and always, when you are permitted to make one of a congregation, be it in a crowded city, or some lonely Parish Church, or standing side by side in our School Chapel, try to realize the presence of the Angels who

"see us come
To worship day by day,"
and who rejoice in our living fellowship with those "meel-yons" of happy Spirits who have gone before us into God's Presence. Let us try to gather strength from their example, as we pray God in the words of our Hymn that He will

"Grant us their faith and patience,
and their love,
Their power below, in Him, their
bliss above."

Letters.

From an "old girl" Canadian School.
Fort Steele.

June 23rd., 1902.

MY DEAR MISS MOODY:—Very many thanks for your delightfully long letter.

I think you are to be warmly congratulated on the results of the Examinations. I think they are splendid. I feel quite uplifted my-

self by the success of this younger generation !

How nice the Chapel must be, I feel quite jealous of Muriel Green who has had the chance of seeing it, and you all again.

I have been having a little "experience" of a most enjoyable kind lately. A friend living near us, who is a Civil Engineer, and who had to make a survey of the "Big Shore" Mineral Claim, somewhere in the mountains, above the clouds, offered to take his wife and me with him on this interesting expedition.

It was very exciting to think of camping in a region where no women had ever been before, and few men for that matter, and I was dreadfully frightened of something happening to prevent my going.

The day we started it poured with rain, but a trifle like that was not worth considering. We travelled in a farm-wagon, protected from the deluge by umbrellas. We had only seven miles to go in this manner, for we spent the night at a ranche belonging to two Englishmen who were to be members of our party.

The sun shone out brightly next morning and we started off on horse-back, using Mexican saddles.

It was a little hard to mount, but otherwise that mode of riding is vastly superior for a stiff mountain trail, a lady's side saddle would have been terribly dangerous there.

The country we went through defies description in its wild, majestic grandeur, and the wild flowers were simply wonderful for their variety and luxuriance.

Our progress was very slow, we went up, and up, and up, for five miles, and it took us three hours to do it. We lived upon real camp fare, bacon and beans and tomatoes, but no meals ever tasted so de-

licious, owing to the ravenous appetites we acquired in cloud-land.

The second night in camp it snowed—imagine snow in June !—We quite enjoyed it because of the novelty.

I made one solitary expedition, with rather trying results. I climbed the mountain one morning to admire the magnificent view from above, but on coming down, I could not find the camp, it was there when I went up, so after wandering about for some time I thought I would go down to the foot of the gulch and work upwards ; I did this, and for about half an hour kept on getting more and more hopelessly lost. I was rather frightened, especially when I fell into the creek, and twisted my ankle. so I sat down to think it over, and came to the conclusion that eventually some one would come and find me, so I disposed myself as comfortably as circumstances would allow, by the creek, and there I would have been quite happy, if I hadn't been so very damp, and if my cuts and bruises hadn't hurt so much.

After resting for a while I suddenly remembered that there were two creeks in that gulch, one of which ran within a hundred yards of our camping ground, the only trouble was that *that* creek was nowhere to be seen. However I dragged my weary feet along until I found it, and there right above me were the tents ! But, oh dear, that climb, I think the memory of it will haunt me for years. I had literally to crawl on my hands and knees, then, when I did reach the camp, it was deserted, everyone had gone off to hunt for me ! Afterwards, when we had all found each other, I tried to explain that it was not I, but the

camp that was lost, no one seemed to see it! It was true nevertheless, I knew perfectly well where I was, but the camp was no where to be found. It has been suggested that I should wear a cow-bell the next time I go out exploring alone so as to avoid falling into such an inconveniently, romantic situations a second time.

I shall have to take "a day off" I think, to answer letters from six of the "little girls," letters I enjoyed immensely.

With love to everyone, from

WIN.

HOLIDAY LETTERS FROM CHILDREN OF THE INDIAN SCHOOL.

Lytton, July 16, 1902.

Dear Sister:

I got here quite safely. Milly's father came here to meet me, and I was so glad to see him. We got here some time about 12 o'clock, but it was moonlight, and it was not raining at all, only blowing very hard. I stayed at S.'s place; it was just enough room.

We went to the store in the morning, and went to pay a visit.

Our new house is nearly finished; some new rooms in it, and hope to have a new set of dinner things, and to have hot water to our stove and paper to our walls.

It is nearly time to go across the river. Katherine went up on the stage in the evening. Give my love to the girls. From

EMMA.

Spuzzum, August 12, 1902.

Dear Ma'am:

I am writing you a few lines to show that I am safe with Clara. This is a nice place, but I don't like it so much as Yale; nor does Maria.

On my way down I was looking out of the window; it was lovely; the green trees were waving "to and fro," like

the song says.

When Flossie left us it was sad. We slept in a tent last night, and got up at half-past six to-day.

When I was on the train I saw the red sun shining; it was lovely.

I will close. From the little school girl,

BEE.

All Hallows' School,
August 3rd, 1902.

Dearest Sister:

We got the letters you wrote very expectedly, and thank you very much for writing to us.

I will have all my things ready when you come back.

We had such a storm and such heavy rain a few days ago, with thunder and lightning. It made us all frightened.

I have been trying to be good, and so have the others I think, but of course we have our own large and small faults, which come when we are not ready, to find us out.

To-day is such a lovely day. Sisters took us for a picnic, and we bathed in the creek. We went bathing yesterday, too.

The workmen are busy upstairs plastering. I must close. I remain

Your Loving Child.

St. George's School,
August 26, 1902.

Dear Sister:

Katie and I arrived quite safely here. The cars were so full when we got on at Yale, we could not find any seats and had to stay outside.

We saw Mall and others at North Bend. Katherine didn't look very well. We felt so lonely when we left the girls. After North Bend poor little Katie's face began to ache so badly. It was the cold wind. A gentleman kindly gave his seat up for her. He had a wife. She was so nice. She told us about the different places she came from in the United States, and said she was going to Ontario.

Amy and her husband came to meet us; we drove up with them, and did not get here until after 10 o'clock.

Katie and I went up to the farm for a walk; it is lovely up there. We did not get up until 8 o'clock this morning, we were so tired; but we have to get up now at 6:30 and come down at 7. Mrs. Ditcham is very kind to us. Katie is going to work in the kitchen, and I am to do the sweeping and dusting.

I am writing this letter so late to-night, nearly 10 o'clock, and Katie can't sleep until the light goes out, so good-night.

Your loving child,
MANDY.

All Hallows' Chapel Building Fund.

RECEIPTS.

May 1st., 1902.	
Total in hand,.....	\$911 79
Mrs. Erickson,.....	4 85
Miss Ingleby,.....	24 00
Mrs. Davis,.....	2 00
June, 1902.	
Miss Armstrong.....	4 00
Through Mrs. Sillitoe,	485 00
Rev. A. Dorrell,.....	1 00
W. A. Thankoffering,	10 00
Mrs. Hannington,.....	2 00
Moksahm,.....	9 60
Needlework Committee	
G. H. C.,.....	1 00
A Friend,.....	50
Dean Paget,.....	1 00
A Friend,.....	2 07
Through Jessie,.....	22 00
Mrs. Fenwick,.....	9 75
July, 1902.	
Miss E. Lord,.....	1 22
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All Hallows' Indian Mission School.

Closing Exercises and Prize Giving.

According to invitation, punctually at half-past seven, we, (the Canadian children) filed into the Indian school-room, in a state of eager anticipation. The room was artistically decorated — the colour scheme being pink. All the lamps had pink shades on, and the white lace curtains over the windows at the back of the stage, seemingly had pink roses climbing all over them. The front of the stage was decorated with syringa banked up in unequal heights, and sending out a delicious perfume into the room. In front of the audience was an open space, reserved, as we afterwards learned, for a drill. At each side of this sat the Indian children, faintly charming in pink frocks and ribbons, among them Baby Grace, who was lost in the splendour of her new white kid boots, at which she gave proud, downward glances from time to time.

After a little speech from Mr. Underhill, the programme began. About twenty children mounted on the stage, each having in her hands a long branch of syringa to illustrate the "Tree Song," how the trees lifted their heads, or bent them to earth, or swayed to and fro "So do we, as you see." Then there was an amusing song about some little pigs in which the children grumped-grumped or wee-wee'd with great glee.

A recitation followed about the well known Little Revenge. How they ever managed to remember such a long piece was, to us, marvellous. This recitation accounted for the mysterious voices that we had heard spouting for many days past in school hours, it being put down to all causes except the right one. Needless to say we heartily clapped this recitation; in fact, be-

fore the evening was ended, our hands were sore from such enthusiastic clapping as the various items on the programme amply deserved.

The Drill of the Summer Flowers was one of the prettiest sights of the evening. About twenty-four girls took part in it. The bigger of these had no flowers, the little ones had a rose spray, and one of syringa. As they glided in circles round each other, to soft music, in some mysterious way the big girls received the syringa sprays from the little ones. They formed arches and circles, which revolved till the whole was a mass of waving roses and syringa, beautifully harmonizing with the pink dresses of the children. Then the little ones knelt and went to sleep swaying gently all the time to the music, only to be awakened by a gentle touch of the syringa branches from the girls who were standing over them. This was much enjoyed, and we would have liked to have had it over again if we could.

"Cruel Frederick" was very amusing. There, on the stage, was Beatrice, dressed as a little boy, standing in a defiant attitude, arms folded, and a pucker on his brow, while the rest of the school below slowly chanted out his shocking story, "Frederick" illustrating it. His look of malicious pleasure as he pulled off the fly's wings, and "threw the kitten down the stairs," (whose mournful me-a-ow from behind the stage sent us into peals of laughter) was good to behold. Then on came "Dog Tray" (Therese) who, after being cruelly chastised by Fred for coming to drink, "growled and bit him," so that Fred had to be put to bed by his nurse (Innis) and the doctor (Minnie) arrived with an alarming blue bottle full of pills, which he shook threateningly in Frederick's face while "dog Tray" got up in his chair at the table and "laughed to see the good things there." This was heartily encored by the audience.

"After a pretty song called "Cuckoo" another little bit of acting followed.

"Suck-a-Thumb" (Josephine), dressed in a wee sailor suit, stood alone in the centre of the stage, sucking his thumb vigorously, occasionally drawing it out to gaze at it lovingly and meditatively. Then his mother came in, and after giving him strict injunctions not to suck his thumb (all of which her son listened to with much gravity, carefully watching the articles in question) telling him that the tailor would clip them off if he did, departed, evidently on a shopping expedition. No sooner had her ample form disappeared round the corner, than in went the thumb—whereupon the threatened tailor bounded in, wonderfully attired in a red costume, and brandishing an enormous pair of shears. The mother returned to find Suck-a-Thumb in a woeeful attitude, his hands, minus the thumbs, held up to incite her pity, but, far from sympathizing with her child, she closed the sad scene by remarking exultantly. "I knew he'd come to naughty little Suck-a-Thumb."

Then followed a song called "Birds in a Nest," the moral of which (they all had morals) was "Try."

Then came yet another "Illustrated Recitation," this being the "Story of Fidgetty Philip." Again the solemn throng gathered, this time to expose to the public the awful deeds of Philip! This time they were grouped at the back of the stage, in front of them a table set for three. Then entered "Papa" (Flossee), from one side of the stage. "Mamma" (Emma), and "Philip" (Therese), from the other. As they seated themselves, Philip began to rock violently, notwithstanding the gentle expostulation of his parents, tipped too far, and went over, clutched at the table-cloth, and crash! went the—tin-ware! "Where is Philip? Where is he?" mournfully asked the chorus, looking vainly around, and on "Mamma" bursting into tears the curtain fell, to the music of claps and stamps.

"Good Night," was a pretty bit of baby acting, accompanied by the singing of the patient chorus. They kissed

their hands to the audience, as they crossed the stage in the prettiest way imaginable, and when at the last they all stood in a line, nodding drowsily like mandarins, Baby Grace's head had to be nodded for her!

! Last, but not least, came the prize giving, and so continuous were the cheers that twice Mr. Underhill had to ask for a little pause that he might make some remark! After this pleasant function, we went around to see the prizes and make love to Baby Grace, who was sitting on a form, those precious boots stuck out straight in front of her, and nodding in real earnest. Then, as all the outside people had gone, we too, wended our way over to our own abode, there to sleep and dream it all over again.

ELINOR HANNINGTON.

Prize List.

STANDARD.	SUBJECT.	NAME.
I.	Class Prize,	Sarah.
II.	" "	Josephine.
III.	" "	Suzanne.
IV.	" "	Therese.
V.	" "	Flossie.
Infants,	Scripture,	} Gina, } Lisa.
III.	" "	
IV.	" "	Therese.
V.	" "	Katherine.
Juniors,	Reading,	Beatrice.
Seniors,	Writing,	Katherine.
Juniors,	" "	Suzanne.
Open to all,	Composition,	Emma.
	Laundry,	Clara.
	Needlework,	} Lucy, } Intis.
	Breadmaking,	
	Housework,	} Flossie, } Millie.
	Monitress	
		Katherine,
		Flossie.
	Marked Progress,	Millie.
	Church Catechism,	

Medal, Mandy.
2nd. Prize, Katie.
Conduct, Silver
Medal, Katherine.

St. George's School, Lytton.

"St. George the Perseus of Christendom stands up for ever before the young manhood of the church, one of its great champions, the type of courage—shown in brave intercession for the oppressed, of purity, not merely spotless in whiteness, firm to endure, but fiery, with chivalrous manhood, mighty to save; true soldier of Christ, rewarded for victory in one combat by being sent forth to another harder fight; the martyr soldier, whose order and decoration is not a crown, but a cross." In honor of this St. George, who was born and lived in the East, and yet for centuries has been loved with a peculiar possessive love by all England, has a school been erected in this Western land.

Leaving the track of the C. P. R. at Lytton, you drive out of the "town" over the bridge that crosses the Thompson River immediately before its junction with the Fraser—the clear water of the one running beside the muddy stream of the other for some distance before they intermingie (remininding one of where the Rhone flows into the Lake of Geneva, though in this case, the mud, alas, predominates) then steadily up hill for two miles or so, the Fraser lower and lower to your left, swiftly and ceaselessly sweeping onwards.

Here you are in the "dry belt," although it has happened that when some visitors, for whom every one was anxious that the country should show itself off to the best advantage, were told that in coming to Lytton they had entered the "dry belt," the rain began to descend in such torrents that it was an impossibility to move from the house without the aid of a canoe. Still, it is the dry belt, and here you

see no luxuriant undergrowth of grass and ferns and numberless bushes as at Yale, though wild roses abound, of peculiarly deep hue, and large yellow daisies, with rich brown centres of glorious color, gladden the eye. Down, far down by the river, are one or two ranches, and more Chinamen's huts. The great hills on either side are nature's magnificence in the rough, none of the tender loveliness here that marks the countries and places that have long been "dressed and kept" by man, as ordained by the Almighty. You drive on, and presently a rise in the ground hides the river from your view. There are the pine trees to look at and the sandy ground, and the brilliant yellow daisies, nothing cultivated. But suddenly, it seems, there is a turn in the road, and amidst this domain of nature's, hitherto so little touched by man, you come upon the fine new building erected by the New England Society, "to the glory of God and in honor of St. George, for the education of Indian boys."

For many years the school of All Hallows', Yale, has done good work in the education of Indian girls, and now with great thankfulness all who care for the spread of the knowledge of God among the rightful inhabitants of the land, should and do welcome this companion school, which was duly blessed and dedicated on the 7th of June by the Bishop of the Diocese.

On that day a goodly company assembled by the kind invitation of Rev. G. and Mrs. Ditcham, who have undertaken the charge of this new work for the society which founded it, a number of friends from Lytton, as well as the clergy, many Indians, young and old, the women and girls in the gay-colored "Sunday best" that so well becomes their dusky complexions, and swarms of little soft-faced brown boys, all ready to come to school as soon as the school should be ready to receive them.

The service of dedication began in the little Chapel; school room, dining

hall, dormitories and master's house all being visited in turn, suitable collects and Psalms being said in each, and several hymns sung well and heartily during the procession from place to place. Finally the declaration of the dedication of the School, its purpose, and its name, was made in the Chapel before the blessing.

The building itself is most excellently designed for its purpose. The part of the house intended for the use of the principal and his assistants, while affording easy access to the school proper, is quite complete in itself, and as for the other part, folks from Yale School, which has grown up in a more humble manner, think that St. George's boys will be brought up in the lap of luxury with their electric light, large furnaces, swimming baths, etc.

When the fertile soil around has been brought into subjection and lawns and flower beds surround the house, it will be one of the most beautiful places in the country.

The farm belonging to the School is about a mile away, and more and more land is being reclaimed from nature's wilderness and proving to be good and fruitful ground, as the problem of irrigation is mastered in each new enclosure.

And surely the work around is a type of the work for which the school is destined, the reclaiming from nature of those whom hitherto it has not been found possible fully to educate. Yet remembering with reverence that nature is the nurse God has given them, and that she may have taught them more of the love of the universe than we, with all our "advantages," may know. The ground is good and fruitful; "with water it will do anything." May St. George's School prove to be a channel of the living water, the grace of God, to many of the souls He loves, that this new ground may bring forth abundance of fruit to His glory.

You had better drive back to Lytton in the evening, after resting a while among the pine trees, soothed

by their murmur and refreshed by their fragrance. When you reach the top of the long hill, you can drink your fill of beauty. The clear golden light of evening shows above the hills on the further side, throwing them into bold relief. The wide sweep of the river is one sheen of radiant glory; the mountain you are leaving behind you on your left in majestic height, is now a tender, wondrous blue, with softened shadows of grey; the hard, clear lines of the blazing noon that is past are forgotten, for nature's mystic rest of night has begun.

You have seen it all before; it is nothing new; you will see it for ever. It will never be old, for all the beauty of this world's sunsets, so saddening because so transitory, will be ours for ever in the eternal joy of "that glorious evening that shall last."

Where all the halls of Syon
For aye shall be complete,
And in the land of beauty
All things of beauty meet.

But the eternal rest of perfect service is not yet ours. We are now in the daytime of endeavor in work and prayer; pray then that this new work may prosper, and worthily fulfil its end; and let us see to it that the new ground being reclaimed by our "fair Father Christ" do not put us, who have the inheritance of so many centuries of Christian teaching and living, to shame; but rather, may this fresh evidence of the Christ-life in our midst, this mission school of St. George, not only prove a blessing to those young lives there to be trained in the knowledge and love of God, but, being a new centre of spiritual life, a new stronghold of the Church, in that circle of Divine activities wherein even the smallest child cannot "be good" without helping others, serve to quicken us all to a more whole-hearted devotion to our God, and to each duty in that state of life to which it has pleased Him to call us.

Indian School.

Birds.

"How pleasant the life of a bird must be,
Fluttering about in each leafy tree."

I think the birds must be very happy, I watch them flying about from place to place, now in this tree then in that and I know God made them to be happy just the same as He made us to be happy in this beautiful world, with such a many nice things to enjoy and to do.

Early in the morning the birds begin to sing, before almost the night has gone and just a little light comes they wake up and sing. The birds sing and fly, it seems as if no other animals are so happy, not even myself. I laugh and sing, and play and run only sometimes, the birds do it all the time. They are contented wherever they are, in lonely places up the mountains, in the flower garden, in the fields, in this country, or when winter comes in other countries they sing just the same.

Sometimes they twitter and chatter, but I think they never grumble like we do when we don't like anything. Perhaps they don't like to have to go away but they sing pretty just the same. When it is time to build their nests, or to feed the young ones, who are always very hungry, I am sure they do not say "Oh, dear, how troublesome, there is always work to do."

The flowers are just the same. Some are in rocky places where it must be hard to grow up and be pretty, and some grow among thorns and nettles, and some grow in places where hardly anybody ever will come to see them, but their colors are just as lovely and they smell as sweet as those that have the easy times and best places to grow in. The birds and the flowers in the loneliest places have each other. The flowers have the birds to sing, and they have the sweet scent and honey from the flowers.

The humming bird is very fond of honey, it is a very tiny bird, the small-

est I think of all birds, it is green and brown (bronze), sometimes it has a scarlet feather, it does not sing, but it flies very fast.

We have lots of snow birds and thrushes, robins, blue jays, mountain warblers, wild canaries, magpies and other birds, I don't know their names. I made a little song about birds, it is this:

Good-night, good-night, the birds all sing,

Twad soon be dark, now fold your wing
And nestle down to sleep and rest,
Each thankful bird in soft, warm nest.

Good-night.

EMMA CHUTATLEM.



PRAYER.

The Bishop once talked to us about prayer, how we ought to pray, and when we ought to pray.

Prayer did not only mean going into Chapel to say the Lord's Prayer and Collects and other prayers with our lips, but it meant making our hearts speak to God always, not only in the morning and evening, but all day long.

There are many people who do that, and they are the people who do the best of work, the work they do succeeds because God is with them, and He works with them, there are other people who go to Chapel or Church and say prayers and then they go out and begin to work, but leave God in the Chapel; they don't take Him with them, and what they do does not bring a blessing to them or to other people, at least not a great blessing, only a little one for the work's sake that they did, not God in them. It is very hard to make plain in words.

When the Jews were in captivity in Babylon some of the Jews were allowed to go back to Jerusalem, but some stayed. The ones who went back were very sad when they found the walls of their city broken down and a desolate place left there. They sent the news back to those who remained, in Babylon, and Nehemiah, who was cup-

bearer to the King, came in looking sorrowful, so the King asked him "Why are you sad?" Nehemiah said, "Because of bad news from Jerusalem." Then the King asked what he should do, and Nehemiah was silent, praying, he said, "I pray to my God," because he did not know first how to answer the King, and took his difficulty at once to God. That was his habit.

We should try to have this habit too, in trouble, in difficulty, in work, in play, before eating or sleeping. We should pray to our God, and we can say something Nehemiah couldn't say, we can say, "through Jesus Christ our Lord." Whatever we are doing, sweeping, or dusting, or sewing, or gardening, or fishing, we can pray to God through Jesus Christ, because our Lord when He was a man noticed all these things and spoke about them in parables, so we may be sure He will help us to do them if we ask Him, and notice how we do them, and bless all we do. The time you spend in real prayer, speaking truly to God, is the time you will be serving God best.

THESE.



OUR HOUSE.

Twelve years ago, when our house was first built, it was a very plain, poor sort of a house. There was only one coat of paint outside, and none inside, and there were no roses creeping over it, and no flower beds around it.

We lived in the play-room, or common-room, and did all our work there; in the school room we did our lessons; in the dormitory we went to sleep. Then we had a wash-house built next our play room, with a nice sink, and two tubs for washing, with taps for hot and cold water, and waste pipes, all nice and comfortable. We had a lamp-table for trimming the lamps, and a new laundry stove, a good, fat, round one. At first when we got this stove we did not know how to manage it, because it had no door, but we soon

found out. We have a big boiler attached to the stove for hot water.

After that we had a porch put over our front door, and a new half-glass door instead of the plain wooden one; a balcony was built up-stairs, where we can sit on rain ydays, or where sick people who cannot come down-stairs can lie and enjoy the sun; but except the measles for a few days last summer, no one has been sick in school yet.

The Chapel has been made a long piece larger; it has new seats, and the walls are all painted, soft green on top, and lovely dark moss green low down, and the seats are light cedar and varnished.

Last winter the play-room was kalsomined a pretty color, and now there are turkey damask curtains to the windows to keep out the sun, and to cover the tables. We feel we must be so tidy when our room is so grand.

While we were away for our holidays the workmen plastered all the dormitory and rooms up-stairs, and put new floors and painted them. All the place up-stairs now is gray walls and red window sashes, and our beds are covered with white quilts with red borders. The quilts are not all new; they have been mended and made to look nice. Now the school-room is painted green, something like the Chapel, but a great deal more of it is dark, and the little new building is small but very nice. It is nearly finished. Now our house comes right up to the doors of the Chapel; it seems all like one house.

Everything is improved since the school was first built. Every year something more is done to make our house nice. We are very proud of our house.

LUCY.

Gifts Received.

In acknowledging the gifts we have received this summer, we should like to offer special thanks to all our kind friends in England, Scotland, India, Eastern Canada and British Columbia not only for the things they have given us but also for their prayers, for their kind sympathy and helpfulness. Words are very inadequate to express all we feel, and we can only ask them to believe that we remember them very gratefully, and try to make the best use of all the blessings they are instrumental in bringing to us.

We know that those bales of clothing represent not only many hours of work, but much self-denial of one kind or another. Those books and medals for prizes, those subscriptions to our Chapel Building Fund, and our Furnishing Fund. That thoughtfully devised plan for an invalids' holiday, the kindly medical aid we receive from time to time, those helpful visits from the Bishop and Clergy of the Diocese, are all reflections of the light received from the Divine Masters, expressions of love for Him "who all men's sins and all men's sorrows bore," and whose tender command "Bear ye one another's burdens," His faithful servants thus strive to obey.

The burden of this work would be intolerable if we had to bear it alone, but supported by so many helpful hands all of whom receive strength from the true source of life and power, the work becomes a joy to us, and, as we humbly trust, a blessing to many around us.

May—Bale of clothing, groceries, etc., from the W. A., Prescott, Ont.; 6 jars plum preserve, Mrs. Dodd, Yale; barrel and box of most acceptable groceries and box of most acceptable groceries, clothing and household requisites from the W. A., Charlotteown, P. E. I.; coronation music, services, and leaflets, from H. Moody, Esq., and from Miss Helen Grafton, England.

June—One large bale from the W. A., Ottawa, containing clothing, groceries,

and 15 yards beautiful rag carpet, quilts and other beautiful things; bale from W. A. Sherbrooke, Que., containing clothing and all sorts of useful and acceptable articles.

July—Two parcels Church music from Miss Helen Grafton, Hereford, England; one large case containing new household linen; 300 yards towelling, twill, crash, buck, linen; 3 best bronze and gold figured table covers; 85 yards Turkey on white Damask; 30 yards pillow linen; 51 yards sheeting; 91 yards, white and unbleached Damask table-cloths; odd napkins, Damask, about 8 dozen; 2 dozen quilts, white; 1 dozen toilet covers, glass cloths, tea cloths, floor cloths, etc., about 150 yards; 1 dozen fine Damask table cloths, different sizes, through Mrs. Sillitoe.

August—One parcel stockings (summer and winter) from Mrs., Leveson, London, England; box of plums, Mrs. Dodd, Yale.

September—One parcel stockings from Miss Bate, Clifton, England.

PRIZES RECEIVED.

Gold conduct medal for Canadian School; silver conduct medal for Indian School, Mrs. Crucher, Yale.

Medal for Church Catechism, Ven. Archdeacon Pentreath.

Books, H. Moody, Esq., England.

Book and Picture, Mrs. Moody, England.

Set of Fairy Tale Books, written by an old pupil of Strathallan House, through Miss Spark.

Book, Dr. Underhill, Vancouver.

Book, the Rev. H. Underhill, Vancouver.

Seven dozen Coronation Medals from the Mother Superior, All Hallows', Ditchingham, England.

WANTS.

Six new iron beds, and bedding for extra rooms in Indian School, (or contributions towards this and towards furnishing.)

Scarlet cloaks, very warm, for winter, and tam-o'-shanters to match, for Sunday wear.

Turkey twill and dark print aprons for older girls (woman's size.)

Turkey twill dark print aprons for older girls (woman's size.)

Serge frocks for ages 4 to 18. It is especially wished to make up a set for Sunday winter wear.

Print dresses and overall pinafores, of all sizes, are very much needed, pretty, bright colors are specially liked.

Sun-bonnets, pink for week-days, and white for Sundays (those so kindly sent made everybody long for more!)

Strong, thin summer stockings.

Boots, shoes, rubbers and overshoes of all sizes, out especially numbers 12 to 3.

Unbleached and flannelette under-clothing for children from 4 to 14.

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

NOTICE.

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 30c a year (1s. 3d. English money) 2c or penny stamps will be accepted.

The Canadian School Winter Term will close on December 20. Children going East will leave D. V. on Friday evening, December 19; those going West on Saturday morning, December 20.

Spring Term will begin on or about January 20, 1903. Exact date will be given in Christmas number.

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, 1903; earlier if possible.