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All Hallows in the West

"SERVIRE DEO SAPERE."



Springtide
1907

Published at
All Hallows' School, Yale, B. C.
Editor, The Sister Superior.

News-Advertiser, Printers.

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All Hallows' Canadian School, YALE, B.C.

ESTABLISHED 1890

Conducted by the Sisters of All Hallows.

VISITOR - - - - THE LORD BISHOP OF NEW WESTMINSTER

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

Games Mistress, - - Miss R. Moody.

The Course of Study Includes:

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

Staff of Teachers:

Primary Class	-	Miss Francis.
Junior and Senior Classes, English Subjects, Latin, Mathematics, French and Musical Drills.	{	Miss Shibley, B.A., Queen's University, Kingston.
		Miss Harmer, holding Certificates from St. Andrew's, Scotland, and S. Kensington, London, Eng.
		Miss Kelley, B.A., Trinity University, Toronto.
		Miss Dodd, Matriculation McGill University, 2nd Class Professional, Normal School, Vancouver.
Music, Violin and Harmony	{	Miss R. Moody, Cert: Senior Local Centre, Assoc.: Board R. A. M. & R. C. M., Pupil of Wolfermann, at the Dresden Conservatorium.
Music, Piano	- - -	Miss R. Moody Miss Francis, Miss Dodd.
German	- - -	Miss R. Moody.
Drawing	- - -	Miss Francis.

School Terms:

Winter Term - 1st Sept. to 20th Dec.

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

School Hours: 9 to 12, 1 to 3

Study Hours: 7 to 8.30

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

Pupils are prepared for the McGill University Matriculation Examination.

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

Also for School Examinations of the Royal Drawing Society.

Entrance Fee \$5.00

School Fees (in Advance)

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

Application for further particulars to be made to:

THE SISTER SUPERIOR

All Hallows' School, Yale, B.C.

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

Parochial Mission Work among the Indians	- -	Begun 1884
Indian Mission School for girls, 35 pupils	- -	" 1885
Canadian Boarding School for girls, 50 pupils	-	" 1890

Staff of Workers:

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

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

Prayer for the Children of the Schools:

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

V. Take this child and nurse it for Me.

R. And I will give thee thy reward.

Let us pray.

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

Commemoration of Those who have Gone Out from the Schools:

Antiphon—They will go from strength to strength.

V. And unto the God of gods.

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

All Hallows in the West.

VOL. VII.

SPRINGTIDE, 1907.

No. 9

Poetry.

LIGHT-BEARERS.

"Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in Heaven."—St. Matt. v. 16.

Thy Truth is only, Lord, a trust
For me to take and carry on,
That when this body is but dust
The treasure too may not be gone;
But dwelling in a brother's heart
May fashion him new earth and sky,
And be a large and living part
Of all our great Humanity.

It is no good for me alone,
No private tool, no selfish toy,
But that whereon I may enthrone
A gentle universal joy;
A blessing for the common weal
That shall not pass or perish more,
But set as a Diviner seal
Mark what is pure and precious ore.

Father I take the Light from Thee
And kindle thus a brother's breast
With that eternal fire, till he
Finds in Thy Refuge only rest.
O let it shining from me give
The warmth and love that others lack,
And yet in future bosoms live
To beacon endless wanderers back.

—F. W. Orde Ward.

The Wayfarer.

"Whose art thou? and whither goest thou?"—Gen. xxxii., 17.

The history of all religions has been the story of man, under Divine leading, struggling and wrestling by faith for a clearer, nobler and more worthy way.

The brave pioneers of faith launching their souls out into the void may often seem to have lost themselves in the dark—their knowledge “but a torch of smoking pine, that lights the pathway but one step ahead” yet their faces were set in the right direction and their steadfast lives have done not a little to make for us a pathway, through doubts and fears, right on to the very feet of God.

Many religions have described themselves as “the Way,” “the Path,” “the Noble Eightfold Way,” and the like. But the religion which gathers up in assured fulfilment the dreams of all faith before it, the religion which is as superior to all others as belief in a Person is superior to belief in a System, is the religion of Him who calls Himself “The Way.” The System leaves our weary footsteps still on earth; the Person, Jesus Very God and Very Man, brings down the heavenly way as a ladder of sunbeams and makes it touch at our very feet.

It is to Him then the wayfarer looks. “I am the Way,” He said to Philip, and He meant that, beginning in the cold, dark region of human life alienated from God by sin He could take the human soul along a course of ever-increasing fellowship with God, through all stages of apprehension and experience and assimilation, until it found its rest in the bosom of God.

From that time the conditions of human life have fundamentally changed. The Way of the Spiritual life is no longer speculative but practical. For those who will, the way to the Highest has been made clear. The wayfarer, however simple, need not err. The direction of the road has been determined for all time. It is guarded by the Son of Man all along the route. It is made smooth by the example of His life, bright with His love. We need no longer to weary as we journey, but may go on “from strength to strength” until we appear before God in Zion.

Nevertheless, since each one of us is a part of the Body of Christ, a sharer through grace in His work, each one must necessarily be making in his own degree a path, a way for himself and for others in the journey of life.

As God Himself was the way by which captive Israel returned into its own land, yet, notwithstanding, He appealed to all the people, “Cast up a highway.” So Christ, who is “the true and living way” calls upon each of us to make His life a way ever moving onward toward the goal of the eternal purpose. Let us dwell upon this thought for a while.

First, let us think of the importance of our life being a Way, for our sake. By this we mean, let us resolve that life shall not be stagnant, stullified, ending in the night of chaos, but that it shall be progressive, purposeful, ever advancing out of narrowness into largeness, out of slavery and its limitations into freedom.

The way itself may have its boundary walls on either side, and at times may seem narrow indeed, but the issue will be largeness exceeding and peace eternal. Each day's life makes a little part of the road we travel. Every impulse means an act; acts in the aggregate make habits, and habits make character. Before we know it, the road is already made and trodden hard. Well then, may we not pause in our hurried life to ask ourselves today "Whither goest thou?"

Secondly, we must reflect on the fact that the way cannot be made solely for ourselves. It is also for others. However insignificant we may be whether we will it or not, others will to some degree follow whither we turn our own feet. Along these paths the children are following in blind, unconscious faith. And it is so also with many others whom we may never know by name.

"Whose art thou and whither goest thou?" is a question asked in the Book of Genesis. The question is one of very serious import to every one passing through this world. "Quo Vadis?" "Whither goest thou?" Are you going upwards or downwards, backwards or forwards, homewards or away from home "today." Each step is some whither; each day determines the road. Our road is not travelled by leaps and bounds, but by means of the daily walk. "The trivial round, the common task"—this is the normal course life's journey takes.

Whose art thou? "The Man" Christ Jesus has the right to ask this of thee, a right born of infinite, undying love. And "Whither goest thou" stumbling in dark uncertain paths when He, the Light of the World goes before thee offering guidance on the way.

From "Seattle Churchman."

Leaves from Our Journal.

October, 1906.—

"Sometimes in summer, to my heart a chill
Numbs suddenly; a shivery, haunting fear—
And is, so soon, the end of summer near?
When will the wind set southward from the hill,
While but an icy ribbon marks the rill,
And the stars lighten early, and the cheer
Of bluebird and of robin from the year
Has vanished, and the wild winds have their will?"

Today we have taken in the hammocks and the garden-seats, and removed the verandah furniture. It is too chilly to sit out of doors with safety to one's health, yet the temptation to do so, to pretend that "the summer is not over and gone," is often very

great. On these bright October days when the sun shines gloriously we forget that the chill of winter is already in the air, and that the snow has appeared on the mountain tops.

Two distressed natives from far away India came to our door begging for food "Ghee and rice"; they were wrapped in blankets and had pulled their turbans lower down over their ears than even the fashion of the Orient dictates. poor souls they glanced apprehensively at our snowy mountain peaks and murmured, "velly cold." What wave of emigration madness has brought these Hindus to our shores, and what greater madness is taking them to the frost-bound districts of Cariboo in search of work we are unable to guess, but the fact remains a stubborn fact, that several hundreds of Hindus, mostly old soldiers, have landed in Vancouver and are now travelling inland to the mining districts.

A mild epidemic of chicken-pox suddenly appeared in the school towards the end of the month. Great preparations for a birthday party were going forward, and private rehearsals, secret consultations, and urgent demands for the immediate posting of "most important" letters had day after day to receive the School Mother's sanction, then one morning, the birthday morning in fact, a rumor ran through the house "Babette has the chicken-pox, she is all over spots and has been sent to bed." A little later in the day another rumor agitated the dramatic Junior Fourth who were intending to present the pretty little play "La Rosiere" on the school room stage that night, the second rumor hinted at tragedy "the Captain of the Robber Band was under arrest suspected of having chicken-pox!" Into temporary retirement this intrepid individual was forced by the voice of authority. Then up rose the stage manager, and rallied her forces, understudies were called upon to fill vacant roles and sympathy for poor invalids was swallowed up in the greater sympathy demanded for two little girls suddenly called out of obscurity to shine as leading characters in the Play. How they acquitted themselves you will learn from an article which will appear elsewhere in the Magazine.

November 1st.—All Saints' Day was exceptionally fine and warm. The Bishop spent the Festival with us, and the services were, as usual, a source of deep devotional joy to us all.

Instead of the great family luncheon party we frequently have on these occasions, and to attend which we fear must be very fatiguing to the Bishop, we arranged for a choir luncheon in the study with the Bishop, and a family meal for the rest of the children in the Dining Hall with the Sisters.

The Hallowe'en party postponed from the 31st of October took place during the Octave of All Saints. It was the "Play-roomers'" turn to entertain the household this year, and they did their duty most generously as regards the supper, and amused us very

quaintly by a ghostly visitation of "spooks" whose identity we were afterwards called upon to guess.

The remaining three weeks of November were most dreary for the rain came down steadily and heavily, blotting out all the landscape.

Christmas presents were occupying every ones attention at this time so the weather was not the usual fruitful source of discontent, indeed rainy afternoons were welcomed by those who had needle-work on hand and to whom the daily walk seemed in consequence a tedious waste of time.

December.—As I sit in the bow-window of my little room looking over the river and towards the friendly mountains I see the sun dipping behind their stately heights, touching the peaks lightly with gold, there is a wonderful saffron-hued sky which changes even as I look, the glow fades and bars of rose give promise of the "bonnie day" the Literary Society are earnestly desiring for the morrow.

This little Society has dwindled sadly in numbers since it was first inaugurated, and in Miss Shibly's absence this term it well might collapsed until one or two faithful spirits shouldered the burden of responsibility, laid their plans before the School Mother, and with her assistance re-arranged matters, called meetings, studied the modern English Poets, and finally decided upon holding a little Bazaar and giving an Entertainment and Supper, the proceeds of which were to go towards hiring and furnishing a room above the newly built "shop."

With Miss Harmer's kind assistance a few remarkably good recitations from Shakespeare were presented in character.

Lady Macbeth in trailing white garments appeared in the night scene; Queen Katherine pleaded her cause pathetically and fervently; Hermia and Helena quarrelled daintily and with great spirit; Juliet spoke passionately of her love, and mad little Ophelia tossed about her flowers and sang a plaintive song.

An entrance fee of 10 cents obtained admission to the dress circle of chairs, 5 cents only entitled you to a stool! Refreshments consisting of ice cream, coffee and cake were sold at two stalls, and two others were covered with all manner of dainty and fanciful trifles suitable for birthday and Christmas presents. The patronage extended to these stalls was truly noble.

School examinations kept everyone busy during the remaining weeks of the term. The Musical Review took up our attention on the last two nights.

The First, Second and Third Grades played through their little pieces to a kindly audience at the first "Musical" without any-

thing occurring to break the monotonous tinkle of the piano. On the second night, which was also our closing night, the programme was more varied—recitations and selections for the violin interspersed piano solos, and the programme closed with a very spirited scene from "A Midsummer Night's Dream." Only a few minutes were left for the consumption of cake and coffee, then we joined hands and sang "Auld Lang Syne."

Owing to stormy weather on the Prairies and an appalling amount of rain "West of the Rockies" the trains were delayed every day, finally on the 19th a message reached us that the next day's train, the train in fact destined to take our "family" away, was reported twenty hours late, and further that the train due at 8 a. m. on the 19th would pass Yale at 2 o'clock on the morning of the 20th." The special car sent up for the accommodation of the school was waiting at the station, so after supper a party of thirty children all bound for the Coast cities was conducted to the station and put to sleep with as much comfort as the circumstances allowed in the side-tracked waiting car under the charge of two "grown-ups" who were also Westward bound. At 4 a. m. the peaceful slumbers of the school were disturbed by rousing cheers from a passing train, and by this token we knew that the Canadian School Car had been safely coupled onto the belated passenger train and was on its way to Vancouver.

Christmas Day was wonderfully mild and bright, quite spring-like in its balmy freshness, yet the ground was white with a recent fall of snow.

The Bishop came to celebrate the Holy Eucharist for us as usual, and our dear Indian friends and fellow Christians, of whom now only a remnant remain in Yale, joined with us and our children in the worship of the Altar.

The Christmas Party on the 26th was a great success, then the old year passed out quietly.

January, 1907.—

"Another year I cannot see
 One step by which Thou leadest me,
 But be the pathway dark or light,
 With shadows thick or sunshine bright,
 I know each day that it is planned
 By Thine All-wise Unerring Hand."

With such faith in the All-Father how gladly, when in the path of duty, one can welcome the dawn of each coming day, with all its crowding duties and responsibilities, with its joys and sorrows, hopes and disappointments.

The days of the New Year are very short and dark, quite early in the afternoon the shadow begins to climb the western wall of

mountains; and as they do so the upper peaks become ethereal, until at last after our own little world has fallen to twilight, they palpitate with wonderful iridescence in the glow of the setting sun.

Evening is always big and fearsome in the mountains. The mercury is falling to zero and the night closes in with howling winds. The river is frozen over, the snow glistens like crystal in the starlight—our dread of winter has passed away—it is here in its sternest aspect, impressing the soul with a sense of pure, severe, ascetic beauty.

We hear of much suffering in the big cities, especially from a coal famine.

Our Indian children are enjoying this weather. Day after day they are out all the afternoon tobogganing down the hill, or coasting down the frozen field paths. Twice they enjoyed long drives in On Lee's sleigh hired for the purpose. From Yale Creek they went swiftly and smoothly over the frozen snow to Gordon Creek and beyond as far as the road was clear of drifts. In the still frosty air with the sunshine on their faces they swept by such a happy, healthy, care-free party.

We had some exceptionally severe snow-storms towards the end of January. We recall one Sunday morning in particular when an energetic member of the family faced the bitter cold and deep snow to attend early service in the village church. The storm she had thought over began again with blinding fury and after service she was compelled to take refuge in the parsonage where Mrs. Croucher most kindly kept her. In the meantime her lengthened absence awakened anxiety in the school and two Indian girls volunteered to go out and look for her. One of them returned in a few minutes beaten back by the storm, the other managed to fight her way through the snow to the parsonage where she also had to seek shelter until the snow plow went by and partially cleared the railway track for the road by this time had become quite impassable. When the church bell rang out for Matins at 11 our wanderers returned, having had to make a second halt at Mrs. Clair's cottage, half-way between the parsonage and the school.

In consequence of this blockade we were compelled to telegraph to different Western points to let the children know that we were snow-bound and their return must be postponed.

It was too late to stop the girls who were coming from Calgary and other long distances east of Yale.

It was not until the 15th of February that school fairly reopened, and even then our difficulties were so great that the Chinamen we employ had to dig out a narrow pathway along the side of the road and by harnessing a horse to a hand sleigh transport the trunks from the station one at a time.

Walking was a perilous undertaking for no landmarks were visible—gate, fence and road were at a white level. This state of things continued until the third week in March.

All through Lent we had more or less of influenza in the house, besides two cases of tonsillitis. Then as we neared Holy Week the epidemic passed out, having touched some of the children very lightly and others not at all.

April was ushered in by a week of warm sunshine followed by angry rain storms and a good deal of cold wind. Then, on a day in Holy Week the storm shadows lifted and looking upwards we saw the passing of pure clouds revealing the mountain peaks white and glorious against the dark serious blue of the sky.

Easter came so early that no wild flowers were out to grace the Queen of Festivals, not even a little yellow violet had opened its leaves to the April sunshine, only a few pussy-willows silvered the hill-sides, so the chapel was regally decked with hot-house blooms, a gift from the orchestra and choir children.

Stately white Easter lilies filled the upright bamboos framing two sides of the dossal, and the altar vases were fragrant with carnations, lilies of the valley, white tulips and narcissi. Up and down the aisle daffodils and jonquils waved their graceful heads marking a path of golden beauty to the steps of the altar.

The children's Lenten offerings this year amounted to \$60.00, and were given as usual to Archdeacon Pentreath for Missions.

The "School Mother's" birthday celebration covered three days beginning on the 13th of April (a convenient Saturday), when the Junior Fourth sent out invitations for an entertainment and supper, both of which were eminently successful. On the 14th, the birthday morning, an astonishing array of birthday gifts made the breakfast table very festive. Miss Francis shared the honors of the day with the School Mother, having had her birthday anniversary transferred from Lent to Easter week. Among the many lovely presents a charming little tea service stood prominent, it was of dainty Limoges china, shell white, bordered with pink roses on delicate green shadows, the cups and saucers, cream and sugar bowl were set out on a carved Japanese tray and guarded by a quaint little Japanese kettle hung on a Gipsy stand.

The study girls invited the "family" on the 15th to a Violet Afternoon Tea. Arriving punctually at 3:30 we found the study gracefully decorated with draperies of violet and white, violet lamp and candle shades, violet table decorations and young hostesses in violet and white did honor to our school colors in a manner very gratefully appreciated by the "School Mother" whose surprise and pleasure reached a climax when a snow white birthday cake crowned with crystallized violets was placed before her to be cut.

May Day.—"On such a time as goes before the leaf. When all the wood stands in a mist of green And nothing perfect" we went out, old and young alike, to picnic in the woods, and on the mountain slopes where everything whispered of mysterious growing life. It throbbed around us in the air and sunshine, in leaf and tree, in water and earth.

Sunday, May 5th.—Birds are nesting everywhere now. We have just discovered that a tiny scarlet-throated humming-bird and his mate have taken possession of the big maple tree, and there at our gates have builded their nest. On this same day we have seen two black bears on the slope of the mountain behind the house.

A week later.—Bruin is dead, and we feel guilty for we pointed out his haunt so men with guns went up and took his life. When they carried him past the garden, still warm and lifelike, his gigantic paws hanging limp and helpless, his thick black coat seeming to invite a caressing touch, we nearly wept. Was he menace? Did our safety and the safety of the villagers demand his death? We are told that black bears are harmless, we do not desire to meet one at our picnics, but oh, we were sorry to think that for Bruin no summer was coming.

Our own faces are turned with joy to the days that are coming—days of soul-filling beauty, when the air will be sultry, the trees will cast their shadows, and blue butterflies will flutter in the sunshine. The death of any of God's wild creatures at such a time seems terribly pathetic.

Ascension Day.—The Chaplain and the Bishop were both with us for this great festival. After 10 o'clock Matins the Confirmation took place in our school chapel. Nine candidates from the Canadian School and one from the Indian School were presented for the solemn rite. Surrounded by their companions they came forward one by one, seriously and reverently to make their profession of faith, to receive the blessing of the church, the gift of God's Holy Spirit—to kneel for a little while in prayer and then to go forth to take up the battle against sin and Satan—with faces steadfastly turned God-wards to the City of Many Mansions, where Christ is "preparing a place" for His servants.

And for us whose lives are cast in this beautiful spot of God's beautiful world, who are training here for life in the Golden City, who are members of the family of God, and to whom all around are brethren, the children of one Father. God does not ask any one of us to push our way to the shore as a soul saved in disregard of those who travel with us. But as those who have a common hope, who must meet a common danger, let us come together before Him and let us reach out suppliant hands to His Fatherly Mercy.

For in Him we move, and live and have our being, and He is no far from us." Seasons come and go, day succeeds night, God alone is unchanging and unchangeable, "the same yesterday, today, and forever."

Returning to School.

RETURNING TO SCHOOL.

One Wednesday afternoon in January we four girls boarded the train at Greenwood and started on a two days' journey to All Hallows, quite unsuspecting of the adventures which lay before us.

That night we were to stop at Nelson, and we were very glad to reach our hotel and to have a good rest.

The following day we were joined by two more "old girls" and their parents and changed from train to boat and boat to train quite peacefully. The service was a little out of order, so none of us were able to have any lunch, but we had hopes of dinner on the second boat, on the Arrow Lakes.

At Nakusp, where we were to take the Arrow Lake boat, we found that the passenger steamer Rossland was not in, on account of the ice on the lake, which filled up the channel, and made the passage very difficult.

We waited for the passenger steamer nearly three hours, and then orders came that passengers were to be taken on the freight steamer. We went on board immediately, and found that a meal was ready for us. So at half-past five we sat down to a combination of lunch and dinner which tasted exceedingly good.

The channel up the lakes was fairly free, but in some places the boat had to dredge its way through ice two or three inches thick. When the moon came up one was reminded of the pictures one sees of boats frozen into the ice in Arctic regions, for we were surrounded by huge pieces of ice frozen together, and the effect was very weird.

At half-past eight we met the passenger steamer, and transferred, while the "Kootenay," which we had just left, returned to Nakusp to meet the next train. We went on down the lakes, occasionally in free water, but generally forcing our way through a narrow channel filled with floating blocks of ice. Finally, however, we reached Arrowhead, but found no train waiting for us, and the authorities did not know if the train would be in or not. Finally we heard that on account of the snow the train could not "make it," and would follow the snow-plow in the morning. So we all stayed on the boat that night.

In the morning the train came puffing down to the wharf, and we all said thankfully "We are going, at last!" But we were told that we would have to wait for the passengers on the "Kootenay."

We visited all the shops in Arrowhead, and succeeded in finding one solitary checkerboard. For the rest of that day we took turns in playing interminable games of checkers, and chess. Once or twice we ventured out to look for post cards to send to our parents, but it was very cold and snowy, so we generally returned to the cars vowing never to put our noses outside again.

From the car windows we could see a little steamer keeping the channel open as well as it could, for about two miles, and it seemed to be having a hard time, for the ice cakes would float into the newly broken channel and freeze immediately.

After a long, long morning we went up to a hotel for lunch, and spent the afternoon as we had the morning.

At last, after dark, we saw the headlights of a boat, and knew that we would soon be on our way. The boat glided up to the wharf very grandly, but we could hear the ice being ground away, and see it thrown aside and piled up at the sides of the boat.

When the passengers were all on we again set out, with the assurance that the main line train was twenty-four hours late, and we would be sure to catch it, as we were also late.

We did find a train at Revelstoke, but it was crowded, and there was not a seat, nor a berth to be had, so we decided to wait until the next train.

When we arrived at the hotel we demanded something to eat, for we were simply ravenous, but the manager said he had been told that we had eaten dinner on the boat, so we had to trudge down through the cold and snow to find a restaurant. It was then half-past ten, and we did not reach our hotel again until nearly twelve.

We told ourselves how perfectly splendid it was to be forty-eight hours late at school, for no doubt we would be the very last arrivals and would be treated as heroines by "all the girls." But pride goeth before a fall, as we learned to our sorrow.

After a good night's rest we hurried down to hear about the trains, and found that we should have to wait until six o'clock. The trains had been delayed two days by the snow, the "local" had gone the previous evening, and the next one would be through by six o'clock. That was not as soon as we had expected to leave, but we could not help ourselves, so we went out to explore the city, and try to forget our troubles.

We inspected a good many shops (chiefly candy shops) and managed to buy quite a lot of post cards, a game of parchesi, and several other things to help to pass the time.

We then returned to the hotel, and read our magazines, wrote 'home,' or played games as we felt inclined.

The day passed very slowly, and as someone remarked "We are just killing the time between our meals." In the middle of the afternoon we were disappointed by the news that the train would not be in until nine the next morning, so we retired very early, for we were all tired of waiting.

The next morning we heard that the train would not be in until two, then we gave up hope.

As it was Sunday we could not play games as we had done the day before, but we read, wrote letters, and sympathised with each other. Everyone intended to go to church, but we found it was bitterly cold out, with a strong wind, and the church was quite a distance away, so we decided to stay in the hotel.

Every few minutes somebody came in and announced that the train would be in at such a time, but it never arrived, and we thought we should be there a long, long time. So we retired early again.

The next morning, however, we expected to leave at four in the afternoon, so we again settled down to magazines and games. Then we heard that the train would be in at half-past twelve, so we hurried to lunch at twelve, and while we were there, the train did actually puff into the station right before our unbelieving eyes! How we rushed here and there, gathering our scattered possessions, and putting on our wraps! And what a blissful realization of our wildest dreams it was to be actually seated in a pullman, to hear the bells and the whistles, the final "All aboard!" and to crawl out of the station, past the hotel and the shops, and to be actually on our way again!

We left Revelstoke at half-past one, and knew that we would reach Yale in "the wee sma' hours," so we had our berths made immediately after dinner, and slept soundly until half-past twelve, when we had to get ready to leave the train again.

How happy we were when we stepped off into a snowdrift, and saw a twinkling lantern advance toward us! We pulled ourselves out of the snow, and greeted warmly those who had come out to meet us, gave our checks to the agent, and trudged up to the school. We did not know about the drifts, and stepped off the track into a huge pile of snow, from which we were dug and set upon our feet once more.

We found, to our surprise, that there was no path, but nice solid snow to walk on, and we marched serenely over gate and fence, tumbled up the steps, and found a warm hall and hot tea waiting for us.

Imagine our dismay when we found that we were almost the first girls to arrive, for Sister had telegraphed to the Coast girls on Friday that the snow was too deep, and the weather too cold for them to come. We were in Revelstoke when the snow storm began.

We went upstairs and tumbled into bed at four o'clock, too utterly weary even to mind that there were no waiting companions to thrill over our adventures.

Ida Shaw.

◆

La Rosiere.

The twenty-fifth of October, Miss Kelley's birthday, had come at last. Great and secret preparations had been going on for some weeks previous, the Junior Fourth, under the direction of Miss Harmer, having undertaken to do the honors of the evening. Invitations were sent by them to all the members of the household.

Sad to relate, on the very morning of the eventful day, two of the chief entertainers were kept in bed, having developed chicken-pox during the night. However, the Junior Fourth were equal to the occasion, two others of its members quickly prepared to fill the places of the sick ones.

Punctually at a quarter past seven the entertainment began in the school-room, which had been nicely decorated by the Indian children.

The programmes presented to guests of honor were daintily got up, with various floral decorations hand-painted, and read as follows:

Mere Mouten	Jean
Rosalie (daughter to Mere Mouten).....	Lorena
Babette (servant to Mere Mouten).....	Hope
Mere Birot.....	Rita F.
Joulie (daughter to Mere Birot).....	Ina

Village Maidens.

Elise	Muriel
Suzanne	Beatrice C.
Sophie	Clara
Marie	Frances W.
Clairette	Doris
Lucie	Lena
Marguerite	Constance
Jeanne	Enid
Diserre	Winifred

Countess de Villefois.....	Alyson
Count Rudolf.....	Alice

Isadore (Page to Countess).....Helen
 Captain of Robber Band.....Frances C.

Robbers,

Martain Ermine
 Victor Violet
 Rebort Mabel

SCENE I.—Garden outside Mere Mouten's cottage.

SCENE I.—The robbers' cave.

SCENE III. and IV.—Garden as in Scene I.

Orchestra and incidental music and songs—Beatrice Inkman and Bernice, assisted by Miss Cotton.

The scene of the drama was laid in a French village, and the plot led up to the crowning of "La Rosiere." Pretty peasants, bold robbers, the brave young Count and his mother, the stately Countess all graced the stage, and the children to whom these characters were assigned did their parts well.

After the curtain had fallen on the last Act, we were ushered into the dining-hall, where we were refreshed with all sorts of good things. Hearty cheers were then given for all those who, in any way, had helped to make the evening such a success.

M. C.

The True Princess.

This was the name of the play written by Miss Harmer, and "staged" by the Junior Fourth Dramatic Club, on April 13th, in honor of Sister Superior's birthday. It was a Greek play, in a prologue and three acts, and the effect of the pretty Greek dresses, of such tasteful colors and designs, was most graceful and striking. The scene was laid chiefly in the court of the King of Argos, and the following is a brief outline of the story: Shortly after the infant Princess, daughter of the King and Queen of Argos, had received the traditional mark of her inheritance on her wrist, she was stolen from the palace by a traitor, Dyonysius, and in her grief and excitement Queen Electra, striving to rescue her child, disappeared, and was thought to be drowned in the flood. The child was cast ashore in the storm, on a distant island, and found by a good woman who, after she had rescued the infant, was thrown into a trance, and on waking, knew not the adopted child from her own two, but reared them all as her children. Here came the King's ambassador, after many long years, having discovered that one of these was the Princess, and the three maidens set out for the Royal palace, in order that the true Princess might be identified. On the way they fell into the power of a wicked witch, Hecate, in

whose bondage was a mysterious veiled lady. The Princess freed her sisters by a ruse, and sought the King. Here Hecate followed her, and with her the veiled lady. While the Princess was speaking to the King, the witch branded the other two maidens with the hereditary sign, so that he should never know his own daughter. But Myrtilia, the mother of the maidens, appeared at this critical moment, her memory restored, and pointed out the true Princess. As a last act of vengeance Hecate turned the Princess to a marble statue, but this plan was frustrated by the veiled lady, who, making herself known as the lost Queen Electra, seized Hecate's wand, and restored the Princess to life.

This last act of re-union was especially pretty, as were also the graceful Greek dances and songs, interspersed throughout the play. The blending of the soft, delicate shades of the dresses made some lovely scenes. The entrance of the wicked witch, a striking figure in red and black, was heralded by a burst of wild music, and made a most effective contrast to the dainty figure of the timid young Princess, in flowing white, while the sorrowful figure of the veiled lady lent a thrilling touch of mystery to the play.

What added a great deal to the play was the realistic scenery. For instance, when the curtain first went up the moon was shining in a dark sky, while some of the other scenes represented a pleasant vista, another a flower garden, bright with flowers.

When the curtain went down for the last time the applause was loud and long, and amid cries of "Author! Author!" Miss Harmer appeared on the stage, to be presented with a bouquet of carnations, and showered with flowers. In a buzz of admiration, actresses and audience moved to the dining-hall, where a dainty supper awaited.

Elsie Honeyman.

School Register.

SPRING TERM, 1907.

1. Hope Bradburn.....Victoria, B. C.
2. Alyson Beanlands.....Victoria, B. C.
3. Erminie Bass.....Victoria, B. C.
4. Helen Beck.....Port Arthur, Ont.
5. Doris Beck.....Port Arthur, Ont.
6. Dorothy Broad.....New Westminster, B. C.
7. Kathleen Bower.....Vancouver, B. C.
8. Sybil Bagshaw.....Victoria, B. C.
9. Harriet Boulton.....Rossland, B. C.
10. Hester Barker.....Vancouver, B. C.
11. Irene Creery.....Vancouver, B. C.
12. Frances Cook.....Vancouver, B. C.
13. Beatrice Cook.....Vancouver, B. C.

14.	Monica Child.....	Calgary, Alta.
15.	Grace Cross.....	Victoria, B. C.
16.	Lilias Davys.....	Nelson, B. C.
17.	Phyllis Davis.....	Victoria, B. C.
18.	Rita Ferguson.....	Savona, B. C.
19.	Florence Findley.....	Vancouver, B. C.
20.	Rita Findley.....	Vancouver, B. C.
21.	Annie Grant.....	Victoria, B. C.
22.	Mabel Green.....	Kelowna, B. C.
23.	Kathleen Green.....	Kelowna, B. C.
24.	Viva Galetley.....	Banff, Alta.
25.	Eve yn Holmes.....	Victoria, B. C.
26.	Bernice Harrison.....	Victoria, B. C.
27.	Constance Hall.....	Calgary, Alta.
28.	Elsie Honeyman.....	Ladners, B. C.
29.	Hilda Hogbin.....	Calgary, Alta.
30.	Constance Howell.....	Eburne, B. C.
31.	Rosabel Homfray.....	Grand Prairie, B. C.
32.	Beatrice Inkman.....	Agassiz, B. C.
33.	Jean Jephson.....	Calgary, Alta.
34.	Marjorie Johnston.....	Vancouver, B. C.
35.	Violet Kirby.....	Keremeos, B. C.
36.	Margaret Lake.....	Calgary, Alta.
37.	Gladys McCreath.....	Greenwood, B. C.
38.	Marguerite McLagan.....	Hazelbrae, B. C.
39.	Doris McLagan.....	Hazelbrae, B. C.
40.	Alice McMynn.....	Greenwood, B. C.
41.	Ina Norton.....	Victoria, B. C.
42.	Eileen Nesbitt.....	Vancouver, B. C.
43.	Laura Phipps.....	Revelstoke, B. C.
44.	Edith Rich.....	Ladners, B. C.
45.	Lorena Rourke.....	Vancouver, B. C.
46.	Jean Ross.....	Vancouver, B. C.
47.	Clara Swenson.....	Ladners, B. C.
48.	Ida Shaw.....	Greenwood, B. C.
49.	Huberta Shaw.....	Greenwood, B. C.
50.	Ethelyn Trapp.....	New Westminster, B. C.
51.	Sybil Underhill.....	Vancouver, B. C.
52.	Enid Underhill.....	Vancouver, B. C.
53.	Frances Whilworth.....	Vancouver, B. C.

Names Registered for future Vancancies.

Angela Beanlands.....	Victoria, B. C.
Lulu Kirby.....	Keremeos, B. C.
Ruth Freeman.....	Lethbridge, Alta.
Gwendolyn Pearson.....	Vancouver, B. C.
Katherine Dempster.....	Kamloops, B. C.
Helena Astley.....	Banff, Alta.
Constance Astley.....	Banff, Alta.
Lillian Arnould.....	Sardis, B. C.
Julia Arnould.....	Sardis, B. C.
M. Harvey.....	Qu'Appelle, Sask.
E. Harvey.....	Qu'Appelle, Sask.
Edith Townley.....	Vancouver, B. C.
Gertrude Winch.....	Vancouver, B. C.
Lillian Piercy.....	Victoria, B. C.

Lettle Schofield.....	Trail, B. C.
Valeria Nichols.....	Seattle, Wash.
M. Blackwell.....	Seattle, Wash.
Dorothy Jackson.....	Vancouver, B. C.
Alvina Weiler.....	Victoria, B. C.
Phyllis Barnes.....	Edmonton, Alta.
Gwendoline Barnes.....	Edmonton, Alta.
Ruth Freeman.....	Lethbridge, Alta.
Ethel Gibbs.....	Lillooet, B. C.

Visitors' Book.

October—Mrs. McCormick, Miss McCormick, Enderby, B. C.; Rev. A. Dorrell, Ashcroft; Miss McDonald, Vancouver; Miss Haws, Okanagan Landing, B. C.

November—Archdeacon Small, Lytton; Rev. H. Underhill, Vancouver; Mrs. Holmes, Victoria; Mr. R. C. McDonald, New Westminster; Rev. H. Underhill, Vancouver.

December—Archdeacon Pentreath, Vancouver; The Bishop of New Westminster.

January, 1907—Mrs. Woodward, Burnaby.

February—Archdeacon of Columbia.

March—Rev. H. Beacham, Vancouver; The Rev. R. Marsden and Mrs. Marsden, North Vancouver; Rev. H. Underhill; Archdeacon Pentreath; Mrs. Grant, Esquimalt.

April—Rev. H. Underhill, Archdeacon Pentreath.

May—Bishop of New Westminster; Mrs. Creery, Leslie and Wallace Creery, Vancouver; Mrs. Lake, Calgary; Mrs. Sillitoe, Seattle, Wash.

Chapel Furnishing Fund.

Oct. 1, 1906—Cash in hand.....	\$168.00
Rev. A. Dorrell.....	1.00
Nov. 26, 1906—Mrs. Holmes.....	2.50
Dec. 5, 1906—Toronto Branch W. A., per Miss E. Carter..	5.00
Dec. 19, 1906—Children's Chapel Club.....	80.00
Jan. 1, 1907—Rev. A. Dorrell.....	1.00
Jan. 17, 1907—Epiphany Offering, Miss Wickstead, Ottawa.	5.00
Feb. 10, 1907—Dorothy Broad.....	5.00
Literary Society	10.00

\$277.50

Letters.

Matsumoto, Japan, Sept. 19th, 1906.

My Dear Children —

You asked me to tell you what I think about Japan. It is very hard indeed to say, because Japan is so different from Canada that I think new things about it every day. The first thing I noticed was the noise the wooden shoes made on the rough roads in Yokohama—it sounded very much like the noise a little boy makes when he runs beside a fence clattering the slats with a stick. The next thing I noticed was the queerness of the streets, such windings and turnings, and such narrowness and such tiny shops, and people walking all over the roads—there are very seldom any sidewalks—and bicycles and jinrikishas and carts pulled by men and a very few horses all trying to make the foot passengers move away from the best parts of the street. It sounds rather dangerous, but no one is ever in a hurry in Japan, so there are not many people run over. They talk very loudly too, and get very much excited over little things, but they seem to be very good-tempered usually, and laugh and smile a good deal when they talk. Their language is very interesting and pretty but very hard to learn. I should have said before, that the very first thing that struck me was the color of Japan. It is greener and bluer and redder than any place I have ever seen, and the sun shines very brightly here all the year round. The children love the sun, but it is dangerous for foreigners at first, it is so strong, and we generally stay in the house in the middle of the day, and always carry parasols when we go out. We do not use Japanese paper umbrellas, though some of these are as good for the rain as for the sun when they are covered with oiled paper, and are very strong and large.

I know you would be amused at the size of the trains—they are little, tiny ones, with only four wheels, and they go very slowly and make a great deal of noise. They have little sharp whistles, too, instead of the great roar of our locomotives. The Japanese are very fond of travelling—trains are like a new toy to them—and they carry all sorts of bundles tied up in handkerchiefs and sit on their feet on the seats and eat their lunch with chopsticks out of nice clean little wooden boxes which they throw away afterwards. You can buy a pot of tea and a cup without a handle at nearly every station for about two cents, and you generally leave it behind you when you get off, and it is a puzzle to me who gets them all afterwards, because everybody buys one. I like travelling here, there are so many windows, and so many beautiful things to see through them. Nearly every part of Japan is pretty.

One of the prettiest things in it, I think, is Tokyo at night. The streets are hung with Japanese lanterns, one or two, or sometimes a whole string, in front of every shop. The shops, too, have no glass windows in front, but are quite open to the street, and you can sit down on the floor of them, with your feet in the street, and they will show you their lovely silks and curious papers, and never tease you to buy. Then there are other little bits of shops, in front of the real ones, called night shops, sometimes only a tray filled with picture post cards, and there will be scores of people standing round watching one person buy. Sometimes, too, they have a festival in honor of a shrine, and then the street will be hung with flags and banners, and the paper lanterns will be advertisements of the articles for sale in the shops. Some of these are very funny. One at a distance was a very good picture of a pagoda, but when we got close, we found that it was an advertisement for a hardware shop, because the curly spire of the pagoda was made by a cork-screw turned upside down.

We do not live in Tokyo, but in a place which is much prettier in the day time—Matsumoto, almost in the centre of Japan. We think the mountains around it make it look rather like Yale. They are nice, kind, friendly mountains, not like the grand, cold, solemn Rockies. Next door to us is St. Mary's Home, where little girls live who go to the public school. There are only eight of them, and some are so poor that they cannot pay for themselves, but are supported by kind friends in Canada. I think if more people knew about them they would give us more money so that more little girls could come and learn what a Christian home is like. We try to teach them to be real Christians, true and good, and useful, and we try to make them happy too. They have a tennis court, and an organ, which they seem to like better than the court, and they have other games of their own, too. They come to our house to chapel every morning and evening and they work hard at other things beside learning their lessons. They have no servant and so they do their own cooking and sweeping and dusting. They seem to be very happy and have lots of fun over their work. Of course, like all Japanese, they sleep on mats on the floor and have no chairs or knives and forks, and usually bowls instead of plates. It is not very hard to eat with chopsticks, and they find it much easier than our way. Then you see they have not so many dishes to wash, and that makes their work easier. Perhaps some of you would like "the family" to use chopsticks, too!

Mr. Ryerson and I often think of the happy day we spent in Yale, and we hope some day to visit you again.

Yours very sincerely,

Marie L. Ryerson.

Tanglewood, Epsom, Surrey, England.

My Dear Sister,—

I was so pleased to get my old school's Magazine, and how it made me wish I was back there again. I hope to see it some day.

I am very happy in England now and think it is the dearest old place, but I did not like the idea of leaving B. C.

We are a very happy school family of ten here. Although there are so few of us, none of us come from the same parts of the world.—each continent has a representative.

When I was reading the Magazine I saw a letter in it telling about the storm at Barsham, and how lightning had struck the church there. I recognized the name of the place so I went off to show it to one of the girls and to my surprise I found it was her own father's church and rectory, and that she had lived there all her life. Wasn't it strange? She knows All Hallows in the East, and I know All Hallows in the West.

I have been very lucky in seeing the sights of London, I think I have now visited all the important places in London except the Mint. I have spent many afternoons at the Abbey and in St. Paul's Cathedral.

I have seen Maud Hamersley twice since she came to England. In the Easter holidays she spent a day with me and we went to the Zoo together. What a lovely trip she must have had all round by China, Japan and India, I wish I could return home (that is British Columbia) that way and see more of the Old World.

With loads of love dear Sister to all I know,

Your loving

Ursula.

Heartsease.

A LESSON OF LIFE

The spring days were lengthening, and as youth passed through the living green of the meadows to the garden beyond, where to the eye of its owner the present glory of form and color was scarcely distinguishable from the promise of more and more beauty to be revealed as the weeks sped on. A message came—was it the echo of the Easter songs, or a whisper of the wind, His messenger? 'I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly.' For one instant Youth paused. How beautiful, how easy to learn was the lesson of the spring! Life all around in plant and tree hastening to blossom; life in the tumultuous

songs of the birds, and in the heart of Youth as he sped on his eager way the words of the message rang 'Life, life, and more abundant life!' Surely he had the lesson by heart!

A glorious day at midsummer Youth stood silent amid the beauty and wealth of the June garden. The promise of spring was more than realized; yet there came upon him the unacknowledged disappointment of hope fulfilled. Gone was the freshness of the year's new life; gone was the bewildering excitement of expectation. Was this all? Was this life? So then the lesson had not been learned. And the message came again in the silence: 'A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of things that he possesseth.'

So the summer passed into autumn, and every week the garden lost one and another of its gay-coated inmates. Few were beautiful in their decay and death. And Youth came once more to the garden and looked on the fulfilment and issue of spring's dream of beauty. But his heart, once saddened and silenced by the summer glory, now looking on Nature as she mourned her dead and dying, burst forth into rapturous thanksgiving: "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord?" Not in the tones of resignation 'although He hath taken away,' but 'because He hath taken away, blessed be His name!'

For the lesson of the spring had gone deep into the heart of Youth, though in the first mad rush of returning life he had mistaken the natural for the spiritual, the emblem for the reality. Yet the consciousness of a new life within gathered strength as the year hastened to its death, till on the Birthday of the Lord Youth stood before Him and heard with glad heart His own truth from the lips of His Saint: 'In Him was Life and the Life was the Light of Men.'

I. E. M.

THREE WATCHWORDS AND AN OLD MOTTO.

Foi.

To Faith loving and clear,
The Faith of Sweet St. John,
No carping doubts for me,
But Faith to lean upon,
"Loyale je serai durant ma vie."

Loi.

To law and discipline,
Dean customs learnt at school,
No fancy law for me,
But Mother Church's Rule
"Loyale je serai durant ma vie."

RoI.

To Christ our crowned King
 In whose name all Kings rule
 I pay glad fealty,
 Pastor and Master in Life's School
 "Loyale je serai durant ma vie."

A. M. C.

All Hallows' Indian School.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

A matron has charge of the house work and clothing.

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

Indian School Register.

1.	Katie Shiparkimnak.....	Ashcroft
2.	Sophie She-a-mat.....	Yale
3.	Maria O-aimoole-nack.....	Chilcoten
4.	Lisa Mah-ah-then.....	Lytton
5.	Milly Mah-ammat-ko.....	Lytton
6.	Lena Shiltrh.....	Lytton
7.	Allie, from.....	Savona
8.	Elizabeth Nah-ah-ches-cut.....	Nicola
9.	Elizabeth Toosha.....	Nicola
10.	Josephine Skamee.....	Chilliwack
11.	Nellie Ska-ka-mie.....	Chilliwack

12.	Sara I-exaltsah.....	North Bend
13.	Grace Oleson.....	Lillooet
14.	Theresa Niquakooshin.....	Cariboo
15.	Elsie Kooshin.....	Cariboo
16.	Stella He-he-nack.....	Lytton
17.	Alice Ka-zat-ko.....	Lytton
18.	Lottie Moweech.....	Shuswap
19.	Matilda Jakasat-ko.....	Lytton
20.	Ellen Sushell.....	Lytton
21.	Jennie Newhi-in-ko, from.....	Lytton
22.	Hilda Ma-kawat-ko.....	Lytton
23.	Ada Ender.....	Lytton
24.	Beatrice Sheeshiatko.....	Lillooet
25.	Gina Shpinzoozoooh.....	Lillooet
26.	Hilda Ziltatko.....	Cisco
27.	Betty Ho-peat-ko.....	Lytton
28.	Elsie Histko.....	Lytton
29.	Agnes Emminmatko.....	Spuzzum
30.	Nancy.....	Lytton
31.	Anne Duncan.....	Lytton
32.	Minnie.....	Lytton
33.	Theresa Canada.....	Lytton
34.	Corena.....	North Bend

Daily Time Table.

- Morning—Rise—Senior girls, at 6; Junior girls, at 6.30.
- 6.30—House work.
- 7.30—Prime in chapel.
- 8.00—Breakfast, bed-making, etc.
- 9.00—School—I, II, III. Standards. Reading, writing, musical drill.
- 10.00—School—IV, V, VI. Standards. Reading, Canadian and English history.
- 10.00—I, II, III. Standards. House work.
- 11.00—All Standards in school for arithmetic.
- 12.00—Recess and luncheon.
- Noon—1—I, II, III. Standards—Needlework. IV, V, VI, Standards—Scripture, singing, drawing, needlework.
- 2.00—I, II, III. Standards. Scripture, elocution, general knowledge.
- 2.00—IV, V, VI. Standards. Geography, grammar, musical drill.
- 3.00—Recess.
- 3.30—Walk.
- 5.00—Setting table for dinner. Lamps, etc.
- 5.30—Dinner.
- 6.30—Vespers in chapel.
- 7.00—Study hour.
- 7.30—I, II, III. Standards go to bed.
- 8.00—IV, V, VI. Standards. Recess.
- 8.30—IV, V, VI. Standards go to bed.

We Were Not Forgotten.

Work has been very steadily done—work of every kind—of the brain and of the hand. But work has not alone filled our thoughts—we have some play!

On the Tuesday following the Canadian Hallow E'en festivities a little voice was heard to murmur: "They have forgotten us!"

But "they" had done no such thing. And so we found when we received an invitation to a party that very Evening, and were bidden to prepare a programme. This was a delightful task. We prepared, and, in the presence of Sister Superior, and the Canadian school teachers, enacted the following:

1. Musical Chairs.
2. Song—"In the Cathedral."
3. Ducking for Apples (great fun!)
4. Blind Man's Buff.
5. Sir Roger.
6. Violin Solo. (Allie.)
7. Bobbing for Apples.
8. Little One's Song—"Little Bird."
9. Potatoe Race. (Very funny!)
10. Song, The Children's Home.
11. Games.

Then we returned to the play room, where a charming sight met our gaze. The table was set for a feast. Apples, hollowed of their sweet contents, held tiny candles, which gave a delightfully festive air to the room. A great cake, covered with pink icing, and jelly beans held the place of honour. Sandwiches and buns filled up gaps, candles were not lacking, and the odour of coffee refreshed our nostrils. After a merry meal, we said good night, and agreed that "they" had not forgotten us, after all.

The Christmas holidays must have a place to themselves. But another party came later—this time on the Tuesday of Easter week, in lieu of the picnic which the weather forbade. The programme was not very different, the refreshments were substantially the same, but the spring air filtered through open windows, and the summer was on the way. We enjoyed it very much. Picnics came later, and more are likely to come.

As we write, the new desks given by the Government are being unloaded at the door, and the Indian children are regarding with sorrowful affection the time-honoured "seats of learning" from which they are so loth to part. Endearred by many a scratched and cut initial, by many a mark, each with its meaning, the old desks will ever hold their place in a loyal memory.

New floors have been put down in school and dormitory, these, too, being provided—the lumber—by the Government. Over the old floors with their treacherous depressions, we shed no sentimental tear—we are glad to see them go. It is nice to tread on smooth, firm ground.—F. H.

Children's Corner.

THE STORY OF BABY MOSES.

After the Pharo, Joseph's friend, died, there came another Pharo to be King of Egypt and he was very strict with the Israelites. He said there is too many Israelites, so he told his servants to kill every baby boy, and they went into all the houses and took all the babies and killed them. One day one of the Israelites got a pretty baby boy and his mother did not want the soldiers of Pharo to know, so she hid him. She made a basket-like a cradle and put the baby in and hid him near the river, and one day the Princess came down the path and she wanted to know what is in that basket and she saw a little baby, and he began to cry, and Miryman, his sister, was watching her, and Miryman said, "Shell I go and get a nurse," and the Princess said, "Yes, please." So Miryman said to her mother, "Please, the Princess wants a nurse for the baby." So Miryman's mother went to the Princess, and she said, "Please, will you kindly take care of this baby and I will give you a reward." The Princess named the baby "Moses" because she drew him out of the water. He grew up to be quite a big boy. She called him her son. She did not know the nurse was his own mother.—Stella.

WINTER.

We are having plenty of cold this winter. The old men in the village say it is the coldest winter they have known in forty years. The river is frozen over hard for many miles and people are walking over to the other side on it just in their boots. (In March we heard of a doctor who crossed the river with an Indian in snow shoes.)

It has been snowing so long that in some places the people are blocked up. We are not so badly off as that yet.

Many people have no coal or wood. We hear of grand people in Vancouver who have to sit in their houses wrapped in fur because they can't get coal to light their fires. We are very lucky we have plenty of coal. Sister got two carloads in November and it will last till the spring, and we have a great pile of wood, too.

But it is hard work keeping up the fires, they have to be so big; for all that we are having lots of fun. We go out coasting in the playing field. For a few days it left off snowing and the frost was hard, and the field path was like ice. So we had a fine time; we went right up to the top of the field and coasted down, it was long and swift. When the snow came we still had fun. We tried to clear the path and the snow beat in our faces and covered us all over so we did not see each other. The snow has covered all the trees, and the houses and fence it is all white, white, white. It is a lovely sight.—Bea.

MAKING CANDY.

One day when the snow was very deep and cold, Sister said we could make a bon fire in the field and go out coasting in the evening. That is lovely; the fire lights up all the white snow, trees and fences and everything, only some places look dark and frightened, and we come down swift in our little sleighs one after another. When we are cold we go to the fire and get warm, then begin again.

Well, we got all the bon fire ready, we put all the old boxes on it and some sticks and one big log and waited for the evening, and then it began to snow, so it was no use, the fire would not burn and we had to give up our fun. So instead we went into the kitchen and helped to make some candy for ourselves, and the little cook came and she said, "What are you all doing here?" and we said we are making candy because we cannot go out. We liked that candy very much that we made.—Betty.

OUR TUNNEL.

In the winter we didn't mind the cold at all in the holidays. We played houses in the snow, and the dolls we got on the Christmas tree were very nice. We always used to make clothing for them, lots.

Makwatko and some of us made a tunnel through the snow on the veranda and we went right through the tunnel to each other's houses; it wasn't cold a bit, and we never got a cold. Once in a while it would wind a little, then we went into the tunnel and it was warm there. We took John's shovel to make our tunnel, and he was looking for it, and I found it but was too frightened to give it to him, because John does not like us to take his things. So I put it in the play room. When he came in he found it there.

The End.

WHAT I AM INTERESTED IN.

I am most interested in watching for the spring. Sometimes it comes slowly, the snow is in the garden in patches and near the snow the little flowers are coming out; then on the trees the little leaves are so tightly rolled up you don't know they are leaves until they begin to open so very small at first and so pretty and green. We hear the little birds singing; quite early in the morning they begin and they sing all day. We wonder how soon the trilliums will come out, and when the sun shines we go up the hill to get lilies and yellow violets. They always come out first after the pussy buds.

We begin to do our gardens as soon as we can. We each have a little garden and we sew our seeds and take up the weeds and grass and then we wait for the flowers to grow.

In spring we look forward to Easter services and perhaps to some holidays. We generally have picnics and we get into our summer dresses and it is always such a beautiful time for everybody.—Elizabeth.

ABOUT LENT.

Lent is the time we fast. It lasts forty days and it means spring, and this is the time we try to do better, making rules for ourselves, giving up something we like very much or doing some kindness for someone every day, or spending more time over our prayers than we usually do at other times.

Almost every Lent we have the missionary box in chapel at the Sunday class and we all try to give a little money, just what we like or have to give. At the end of Lent we stop. The money in the boxes is all given to the church to help missionaries.

After Lent comes Easter; then the forty days are not sad like Lent.—Lisa.

Gifts Acknowledged.

October, 1906.—1 Green Alms Bag, Rev. A. Dorrell, Ashcroft, B. C.

November 1.—Flowers for the altar, Mrs. A. Smith, North Vancouver, B. C., and Miss Elinor Harrington, New Westminster.

Papers.—The Graphic, Miss Bourne, England. Punch, H. Moody, Esq., Fleet, England. Church Times, Leslie Fanny, Littlepampke, England. Seattle Churchman and Spirit of Missions, Mrs. Sillitoe, Seattle, Wash.

2 parcels clothing through Miss Bourne, London, England from G. F. S. members.

Christmas box of £5-0-0 from Captain R. Bryson, I. M. S. Madras, India.

Constant supply of magazines from Rev. H. Underhill.

1 box containing Christmas gifts for Indian school, 19 dolls, books, ribbons, handkerchiefs, from St. Saviour's branch, W. A. Nelson, B. C.

1 box story books through the Rev. J. Perkins from the New Westminster and Kootenay Missionary Association, London, England.

Outfit for little girl through Mrs. Harris, secretary of St. Saviour's Branch W. A., Nelson, B. C.

1 small box Christmas gifts from Mr. H. Morey, New Westminster.

1 box oranges. Mr. H. Ross, Vancouver.

1 beautiful outfit for "Grace," from the Junior Branch W. A., S. Saviour's, Nelson, B. C.

Donation, £1-0-0, for purchase of Christmas carols, from Rev. R. R. Chope, S. Augustine's, S. Kensington, Eng.

1 bale good clothing from S. John Baptist Branch W. A., Fredericton diocese, S. John, N. Brunswick.

Bales sent by S. Peter's Branch W. A., Charlottetown, P. E. I., also by S. Peter's Junior Branch W. A., containing clothing, groceries, cakes, marmalade, stationery, boots and shoes.

Donation, \$2.68, from Sackville Sunday School per M. S. C. C.

1 small outfit from members of W. A., Armstrong, B. C., through Rev. H. King.

1 box clothing, odds and ends, through Miss R. M. Cleed, Victoria, B. C.

1 nice outfit for child, from St. Simon's Junior Branch W. A., Toronto, through Miss Mabel Carleton.

2 books for prizes for Indian school, from Mrs. C. Gardner, Los Angeles, Cal.

Banner from Kemerton national school through Mrs. Mercier, Kemerton, England.

1 small parcel clothing through Mrs. Broad, New Westminster.

1 parcel clothing through Mrs. Cameron, W.A., Kelowna, B. C.

Wants.

BLANKETS for single beds.

Boots, rubbers and overshoes of all sizes (especially from 13 to 2).

Scarlet tam-o'-shanters.

Strong thin summer stockings.

Strong woolen stockings for winter.

More scarlet cloaks for Sundays. Winter coats for older girls.

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

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

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

Pinafores of all sorts and sizes, either full, overall shape or plain sleeveless pinafores. The most satisfactory shape for the latter is made with a whole breadth in front, a half-breadth at each back, a long slit left at each side seam for the armhole, and the whole pinafore, frills and all, gathered into a neckband; good washing print. It is better to avoid any light colors as much as possible. Lengths, 27 inches and upwards. New blouses of strong, pretty material for girls of 14 to 16.

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

Flannelette chemises and drawers, all sizes.

Unbleached cotton or flannelette night gowns.

Thick flannel petticoats, red or grey, all sizes. (Top petticoats are not worn.)

Plants, bulbs or any contributions towards the garden. Strong knives and forks.

Stationery is always most useful.

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

SPECIALLY WANTED THIS SUMMER.

Cotton nightgowns for girls from 13 to 17.

Cotton chemises and cotton drawers for girls from 9 to 14.
(We have enough of larger sizes.)

Cotton stockings for girls from 9 to 14.

Cotton blouses for older girls.

WANTED PRINCIPALLY FOR NEXT WINTER.

Flannelette chemises, all sizes.

Flannelette drawers for girls from 12 to 17.

Thick flannel petticoats, all sizes.

Winter vests and stockings for girls from 9 to 12.

Dark warm dresses.

Winter coats for little girls from 9 to 12.

Dark blouses for older girls.



NOTICE.

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

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

The Canadian School Summer Term will close D.V., June 29th
The Winter term will begin, D.V.,
September 2nd, 1907.