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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 building is most comfortable, and is surrounded by lawns and a pretty garden. In the playing fields there are two tennis courts and a croquet ground.

THE COURSE OF STUDY INCLUDES:

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

STAFF OF TEACHERS:

English Subjects,	- - -	Miss Shibley, B. A., and Miss Flewelling, Sr. Local Cambridge Certificate.
French,	- - - - -	Miss Shibley, B. A. & Sister Alice, C. A. H.
Music,	- - - - -	Sister Alice, C. A. H., Miss Flewelling and Miss Ellis.
Drawing or Painting,	-	Miss Moody.

SCHOOL TERMS:

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

School Hours: 9 to 12, 1 to 3. - - - Study Hour: 7 to 8:30.

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

Pupils are prepared for the McGill University Entrance Examination, and for Matriculation.

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

Entrance Fee \$5.00.

SCHOOL FEES: (In Advance.)

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

Special reduction for sisters.

Application for further particulars to be made to:

THE SISTER SUPERIOR,

ALL HALLOWS' SCHOOL, YALE, B. C.

All Hallows in the West.

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

Parochial Mission Work among the Indians,	-	Begun 1884.
Indian Mission School for girls, 30 pupils,	-	„ 1885.
Canadian Boarding School for girls, 40 pupils,	-	„ 1890.

Staff of Workers :

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

Chaplain :

Prayer for the Children of the Schools:

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

I. Take this child and nurse it for Me.

R. And I will give thee thy reward.

Let us pray.

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

Commemoration of those who have gone out from the Schools:

I. They will go from strength.

R. To strength.

I. And unto the God of gods.

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

All Hallows in the West.

VOL. III.

MICHAELMAS-TIDE, 1901.

No. 2.

“Servire Deo Sapere.”

Song of the Cherubim.

SEE the glorious cherubim
Thronging round the Eternal's throne ;
Hark ! they sing their holy hymn
To the unknown Three in One, —All-supporting Deity !
Living Spirit, praise to Thee !
Rest, ye worldly tumults, rest ;
Here let all be peace and joy ;
Grief no more shall rend the breast,
Tears no more bedew the eye.
Heaven-directed spirits, rise
To the temple of the skies !
Join the ranks of Angels bright,
Near the Eternal's dazzling light.

—From the Russian of *Kherwimij*.

Opportunities.

WE have a grand field of opportunities, opening out before us, at the beginning of a new School-year.

Everything seems possible on that first day of term. We return to work fresh and invigorated by the rest and change we have enjoyed during the holidays, and, as a rule, teachers and children alike are ready to attempt anything, to scale mountains (of learning,) to grapple with difficulties and to make the most of every opportunity circumstances may put in their paths.

But the strangest and saddest fact in life is the way people, old and young alike, miss or waste their opportunities. So often, so sadly often, we only realize that an opportunity was in our grasp when we have missed it, perhaps lost it for ever. Then, though we may grieve, and even reproach ourselves,

the opportunity has fled and we cannot recall it.

The child, after leaving School, will, sooner or later, look back, as life's experience widens and deepens, on the old school days with, it may be, tender and loving remembrance, but *surely* with countless regrets for the opportunities she squandered while she was there.

Teachers, as pupils pass one by one beyond their immediate influence, will feel this even more deeply and sadly. There is no man, woman or child to whom opportunities do not come. Opportunities for doing good, as well as opportunities of *being* good. Opportunities of happiness, of giving pleasure, and of receiving pleasure, of teaching and of learning, of serving and of being served, of commanding and of obeying, of raising ourselves and others to something greater, stronger and nobler.

Opportunities may be different

in kind, but they are all of equal importance in our lives, "A little thing may be a little thing, but faithfulness in little things is a very great thing."

Of all people on earth, perhaps, mothers and teachers have the largest number of opportunities. The Mother is the Angel of the household, in our Canadian homes, more especially where servants are scarce, and self-help is a strong factor, is not the mother the beautiful ministering Spirit indeed, reminding one of the Angels in her loving care, thought and service for others.

Teachers can be "mothers' helps" in a very practical way, for they share, to a great extent, in her high privileges and her lowly service, her joys and her sorrows, her cares and anxieties for the young child life growing up around her. But while the Mother's influence and opportunities are, in a measure, confined to those of her own family, the Teacher's reaches out to the children of many families, and her opportunities of Love, of Knowledge, of Power and of Example are boundless.

These thoughts and words are not my own, I am indebted to an article recently published in one of our English Church papers, by one whose name I have forgotten, for many of them. She writes, that in considering these four great opportunities in our lives, "the opportunity of love must come first, because 'love is of God'."

In the Christian family the chief characteristic of the Divine Father must show itself in the children.

But how many mistake that word Love, and lower it to a weak sentiment, to be expressed by soft words and tender caresses. The soft word and loving caress has its right and

necessary place in every child's life, but love is not this. It is something infinitely stronger and higher. S. Paul tells us that "Love hopeth all things," "Love believeth all things."

Where is love when you are tempted to think that anyone is too stupid or too naughty for you to do anything with? In that moment of faint heartedness, of impatience, you lose your special opportunity to *hope* for good, to *believe* in good, where others, it may be, see nothing to hope for or to believe in. This does not infer blindness, but true-sightedness. Eyes to see faults, strength to correct them, but through and beyond that, the clear vision to know what the child would be without that blemish, to hope for that, to believe in that, and, as a matter of course, to pray for that.

"Knowledge is power, (so said a wise man,) and knowledge and power are great opportunities." *To know* always means to have learned, *to learn* always means to take trouble, the children are with you night and day, well or ill, happy or unhappy, good or bad; except their mothers, who should know them as well as their teachers? But do we *take* the opportunity of obtaining this knowledge? It requires the greatest patience, taking the greatest trouble, watching, praying, guarding against mistakes. The child who is the least satisfactory must receive the greatest amount of love, watchfulness, and care, in order that you may learn to know her more truly, and, as you come to know, you will have power to foster the good and check the evil. This power, the power of the Mother, the power of the Teacher, when it springs from knowledge and is controlled by love, is irresistible. Very often, always when

God and not man is at work, the greatest power is so still and unobtrusive that we are unconscious of it, till, perhaps, we see some great thing it has done. If you know the children, your power over them, calm, still, strong, waiting, will effect more by a look or a word, than punishments and scoldings without knowledge.

This understanding of a child's life, with all its little difficulties, temptations and pleasures, is the foundation of power, there is just one other thing that is stronger and that is Example. Quiet, persistent, unselfish goodness. The good words you speak cannot help others if your own life falls short of your teaching, whereas, if the children see in your life the fruits of a great courage, firmness, gentleness, patience, perseverance, prayerfulness, they will take shame to themselves, for their shortcomings, and in their childish way try to rise higher, to understand and reach your standard of excellence.

Does not life often seem a toil and moil, with so many, little, daily, vexing cares, things that must be attended to over and over again, until heart and brain grow weary, backs ache and tempers are ruffled?

Though all these things may happen to us before the term ends, let us thank GOD now for this resting time on the way, and with courage, born of new strength, take hold of our opportunities.

It is just the multitude of duties and cares which creates the opportunities to do good and to be good.

They are the stepping-stones to that great power of example, which will be the children's blessing now, and the memory of which will help them in years to come, binding them to goodness and to GOD.

Leaves From Our Journal.

MAY, 1901.—Although our good Queen Victoria's life is closed for ever on earth, the day of her birth was honoured as usual with much rejoicing by all Great Britain's loyal subjects. "All Hallows' Recreation Club" was not behind the times, nor wanting in loving loyalty to the memory of the Sovereign so good and great, whose name, once a household word, has now dropped through death into the hush of silence.

Circumstances made it expedient for us to take our holiday on Empire Day, instead of actually on the 24th., and a very gay party sallied out to the station at 9 o'clock on a grey cloudy morning *en route* for Harrison Hot Springs, where we proposed to spend the day. We were burdened by no lunch baskets or other such prosaic impedimenta. Tennis racquets and kodaks only formed our outfit, for the President, thrifty soul, had inveigled a handsome contribution from the Treasurer, and this sum augmented by others from parents, who all warmly entered into the scheme, made it possible for the whole party of twenty-five to put up at the St. Alice Hotel for the day and partake of lunch and tea there.

The Hotel Omnibus and "rigs" met us at Agassiz, and after being very closely and *warmly* packed in to them, we drove away to the Springs. By this time the threatening rain clouds had dispersed and the sun was coming out in golden gleams, and all our anticipated pleasures of boating on that most lovely lake, bathing in hot sulphur water, and playing tennis on the lawn soon became actual facts. One disappointment only met us

and that was about the swimming bath, which we found in the hands of plumbers.

The new hotel dining hall was opened by the School on this day. We had it all to ourselves and enjoyed to the utmost the unwonted grandeur and dignity of our state, our gait was perhaps slightly controlled by the presence of waiters, but more especially by a serious Major-domo, who from his position of advantage by the side board directed operations and regarded with mild astonishment our vigorous attacks on plates of bread and butter.

When leaving Yale in the morning we rather unconventionally made acquaintance with Canon Newton on the train, and when returning in the evening we met the Bishop, who greeted in a kind and fatherly manner, every member of our lively picnic party.

The little ones left at home, with others who are not members of the Club arranged a programme of Athletic Sports! and we heard astonishing accounts when we came back, of the races they had run, the high jumps they had taken, and the prizes they had won on the Playing-fields.

Towards the end of the month we began anxiously to look out for Miss Moody's arrival.

JUNE.—Not until the "leafy month of June" however did our absentee return.

Mr. Silva-White spent a week here acting as deputy examiner for McGill, and in that capacity directed the work in the examination room.

On the 15th., the Indian School children held their closing exercises and Prize-giving, at which function Archdeacon Pentreath kindly presided.

The English Music Examiner for the Associated Board did not arrive until nearly the end of June, the trains were then so delayed, owing to the C. P. R. track-men's strike, that we very nearly lost our examination altogether. However by means of great address and ingenuity, and in a marvellously rapid manner we succeeded in getting the Examiner (Mr. Richards) off one train, facilitating his efforts to put the children through their paces without a moment's unnecessary loss of time, and taking him back to the station to meet the second section of his train for Vancouver, which if he had been so unfortunate as to miss, would also have caused him to lose his boat and thereby have thrown out all his engagements in Australia.

JULY.—The Canadian School did not close until the 4th. of July. Canon Newton came from Victoria to present the prizes. We had several guests staying at the School, for this (to us) great occasion.

Workmen arrived as soon as the Schools closed, to take in hand the old building for repairs, and the whole group of buildings for painting.

Towards the end of the month Mr. Moody arrived in the province and passed through Yale on his way to Vancouver.

AUGUST.—Early in August he returned with his daughter, Miss Iris Moody, and paid the Schools a short visit. As an 'All Hallows' friend of ten years standing and also a trustee of the School property, Mr. Moody's visit was one of great interest to us all and especially of deep pleasure to the Sisters.

By this time the buildings were beginning to look very smart in their

newly-painted coats of "Frazer Grey" and warm tile-red roofs. Very soon the interior of the old home also was invaded by workmen, and the Study changed its wall paper of sombre green and gold for a bright, pleasant pink with a crimson dado, the spare bed-room too was done up in violet and white, School colours, ready for the reception of "mothers" and new little girls.

SEPTEMBER.—The 6th. was the momentous day on which we prepared to open School and welcome all the Family back, but our first arrival put in an appearance on the 1st., at 10 o'clock in the morning. On the 2nd., another member arrived at 10 o'clock at night. On the 4th., a weary little traveller from Gleichen got off the train at dawn. On the 5th., Mrs. Day and her two little girls came from Victoria. On the 6th., thirty-five children arrived. On the 7th., 8th., 9th. and 10th., there were fresh re-inforcements. By the 12th., seventy children slept under our roof-tree.

Now, in God's appointed time, we each prepare to take up our tasks again, may it be our endeavour to

"Follow with earnest steps the great example

Of Him whose holy work was 'doing good ;'

So shall the wide earth seem our Father's Temple.

Each loving life a Psalm of gratitude !"

OUR SALMON FISHERIES.

AS salmon fishing and canning form the chief industry of British Columbia, it may interest those who do not live near the Pacific coast to hear something about the way in which

this work is done.

The salmon come from the northern rivers in large shoals into the Gulf of Georgia and from thence into the Fraser River.

The Sockeye salmon is the kind chiefly used for canning, on account of its good flavour and colour, the humpback is a very inferior fish. There are about fifty canneries at the mouth of the Fraser, and each cannery employs about two hundred fishing boats.

Two men go out in charge of each boat with a fishing net, and while one man manages the boat, the other attends to the net, which is some two hundred feet in length. Corks or wooden floats are attached to the top of the net. A tin can is generally fastened to one end, and on this, as also on the boat, is painted the number of the fisherman's license.

The fishermen can judge by the way in which his floats bob about whether his net has taken in many fish, when satisfied on this point, he pulls it up, empties it and drops it into the water again.

The small boats stand great risk of being run down by the river steamers, or of having their nets cut.

During a salmon run the fishing goes on every day until 6 o'clock on Saturday morning, then the canners stop work until 6 o'clock on Sunday evening, when a flag is hoisted, and at this signal all the little boats, perhaps 2000 in number, that lie all ready and waiting about in the river and at the mouth of the Gulf, immediately drop their nets, and the work begins again.

Within the canneries, hundreds of "hands" are employed, chiefly Japs and Indians. The men go out in the boats, and the women

work in the sheds, washing and cleaning the fish, cutting them into pieces, then fitting them into pound or half pound tins. The workers stand at long tables, and as each section finishes their particular work, they pass it on to the neighbouring section for the next process, and so on.

When the fish are canned they are sprinkled over the top with a little salt, their covers are put on by hand, and they are then rolled through a soldering machine, finally they are baked in ovens, the last process is to dip the cans in hot lye before removing them to the store room for labelling.

On the American side salmon fishing and canning is done very differently. Instead of nets, traps are used, and all the cannery work is effected by machinery. Our Canadian government disapproves of using salmon traps, as they rightly consider the slaughter of the fish is altogether disproportionate to the legitimate demand. On one occasion I remember being told that fifty thousand salmon were taken out of a trap I was looking at near Point Roberts. It was a wonderful sight those countless fish with their glistening fins and pretty changing colours plunging about in the water, vainly striving to find an outlet. It is singular how readily they follow each other through the narrow opening into the trap, but they never seem able to find that opening again, although it is there.

When the fish are safely caught, a long scoop-like arrangement formed of net, attached to a crane, is let down from a tug standing beside the trap, and in this net the fish are taken up and dropped into a scow waiting to receive them. It is very pitiful then to see the

poor salmon gasping for breath and dying so slowly. Indians are employed to clean them, but after this all the work is done by machinery.

The fishing season lasts in Canada from July until the beginning of September. Point Roberts is the principal fishing point belonging to the States, Steveston is our great salmon point. New Westminster has cold storage places for freezing salmon and sending them packed in ice to Eastern Canada, from whence we import our Christmas turkeys, treated in the same manner.

The revenue from the British Columbia fishing industry is considerable, and during the salmon run lucrative employment is given to some thousands of people.

GRACE CORBOULD.

OUR WILD FLOWERS.

THE warm bright lovely summer days are nearly over, and early Autumn is already touching the trees with red and yellow, and shaking the leaves down. As a consequence our wild flowers are all gone, only the golden-rod is to be found in the woods and on the road side now. But how lovely the wild flowers have been, I do not think any place can boast of better, more varied or sweeter flowers than our British Columbian woods and mountains.

Early in the year as soon as the snow goes away and the weather gets genial, the little yellow violet comes out, it is our harbinger of Spring. I don't think it ever shows itself while there is a trace of snow in the air, although it always comes out first of all the flowers in the woods and on the hills. The dainty wax-flower or

wild orange comes next, it is just like a bride's flower, so purely white and delicate. *Spiræa* grows in such abundance I am afraid that we hardly admire it as much as we should do if it was more hard to get. The dog-wood blossoms too are large and handsome, but they grow on trees and look like white stars in the moonlight. The mountain-coral comes later, it grows on a bush and is rather like the *spiræa* only the sprays are heavier and fuller; someone told me it was most like English meadow-sweet.

One day in June I was in a field near the School searching for strawberries, but I had to leave the fruit when I saw the lovely roses around me, such beautiful wild ones, some crimson, others pink or nearly white. The sweet-briar roses are quite different, they are smaller, and of a lighter pink colour, with the sweetest fragrance and the most vicious thorns. Peeping out from the grass I saw tiny blue grass flowers. Our blue violets are scentless but they are so very pretty, white violets are rather scarce.

Our Easter flower is the trillium, a pure white lily-like flower formed of three green spreading sepals, with a corolla of three large white petals, six stamens and long erect anthers.

Our Whitsuntide flower is the flame-coloured columbine, it always grows in mossy places near the maiden-hair fern. One of the latest of our summer flowers is the *Linnea*, you can smell its delicate perfume long before you can find its blossom, because it creeps along the ground, and its stem is very fine, and its bell-like pale pink flower is so tiny. You read about *linnea* in Norwegian stories, I

believe it is the bridal flower in Norway.

The wild-currant or "ribes" are very brilliant, the chacum-blossom is white, and the ki-nick-i-nick is a little wee wax-like white cup tipped with deep pink, in shape rather like the lily-of-the-valley. The syringa grows everywhere, and has a very heavy scent. The larkspur is most common, but I think because it has such a deep sapphire blue it must always be a favourite. The snake-lily is a very curious flower, really most lovely when you examine it, but at a first glance in some subtle way it reminds you of a snake, with its dark brownish-green colouring, and in the way it drops and wriggles about on its stem. The wild honey-suckle is deep orange. The 'prairie-chicken', is a pretty crimson flower, also called "shooting star" and "American cowslip."

Painter's-brush is very remarkable, hardly a flower, and yet more than a leaf: it is like a bunch of leaves, each about an inch long with scalloped edges half green and half red deepening towards the tips to flame-colour, it seems to me to be very rightly named painter's-brush.

I have only mentioned some of the wild flowers that grow round our School giving you their local names. We do not find a great many of these near the coast, but others grow there quite as lovely, and among the higher mountain districts there are beautiful kinds of wild clematis and crocus.

Who does not know the clover and the dandelion and the field daisy? because they are so very common, people may be tempted to pass them by unnoticed, but I love them as well as any of our wild flowers, they always seem to

speak of God's love and care for little things and remind me of what Wordsworth so beautifully wrote, "the meanest flower that grows gives thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

MURIEL, FLORENCE & ANOTHER.

"Wanted, An Office Boy."

THE following advertisement appeared on our Notice board early this term:

"WANTED. An office boy. Must be intelligent, good-tempered, active and not hard of hearing. Applications to be sent to Sister Superior's room, by letter. Personal interview required before engagement."

Before noon the next day a sheaf of letters was left at Sister's door, each largely certifying to the intelligence and other qualities of the writer.

Here are some of the applications:

DEAR SISTER:—Having noticed your advertisement for an "office boy," I send in my name for the position. Miss Woodward says that I am generally good-tempered and very quick.

E. R.

DEAR SISTER:—Your advertisement is brought to my notice by a friend. I would like the position. Miss Shibley says I am very active, and she thinks I am generally good-tempered.

D. S.

DEAR SISTER:—I am anxious to be your "office boy," I think I could meet all your requirements if I tried, but the "family" know me so well I don't know whether I can get a good reference.

R. F.

DEAR MADAM:—I wish to apply for the position of "office boy."

I think that I can state that I am rather intelligent and good-tempered, and I know I am not hard of hearing. Sister Alice kindly endorses this letter, which will, I trust, receive a favorable reply.

G. B.

DEAR SISTER:—Having seen your advertisement, I hereby apply for the position. I do not know about having all the right qualifications, but I can at least try.

F. D.

DEAR SISTER:—In answer to your advertisement, I beg to offer you my services as "office boy." I enclose a testimonial from Miss Flewelling.

G. C.

I hereby testify that I have always found G. C. active, (sometimes a little too much so) intelligent, good-tempered, and certainly not hard of hearing.

A. F.

DEAR SISTER:—I am anxious to obtain the position named in your advertisement. Mr. Flewelling (who does not know me very well) kindly offers a reference.

M. S.

It was difficult, among such satisfactory applications, to make a choice, so lots were drawn and R. F., who was diffident about obtaining a reference because "the family knew her too well" obtained the coveted position.

In every well-ordered household "Special charges" of one kind or another are sure to be laid upon its different members. Whether it is to dust the drawing-room, or arrange the flowers, to mind the baby, or wash the tea-cups, to write mother's notes, or to mark the tennis-court, every good home daughter has her set and appointed duty, and every School

daughter has her appointed duty too. A little different in kind it may be, but requiring just as much thought and faithfulness in its fulfilment. Where the special charge is undertaken perfunctory or impatiently, or worse still without any sense of responsibility, the comfort of the family is very much interfered with, and untidiness and unpunctuality as a natural consequence ensue.

To the children of God all service is enobling,

The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we need to ask
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To lead us daily nearer God.

So at School the little "Office-boy" enters upon duties trifling in themselves, only a window to shut, a room to dust, messages to carry, ink-pots to fill, but to perform these services well, the mind must be used, natural impulses must be controlled, limbs must be alert, and attention must be given. Let us then seriously set about cultivating the right dispositions for our little duties now, so that bye and bye we may be ready to fill greater positions of trust when God gives them to us. May it be our blessed lot to hear the Master's Voice saying to each one of us hereafter, "Well done thou good and faithful servant, thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things.

Closing Exercises at All Hallows' School, Yale.

THE old village of Yale, among the mountains, on the 5th. looked lovely and gay, when the All Hallows' Schools were closing for the sum-

mer vacation, and the young people were dispersing to their various homes. Most of them were going westward, as All Hallows is closely connected with the Church of England in this Ecclesiastical Province of British Columbia. Several days previous a series of closing exercises was taking place of much interest to the scholars and visitors, showing much care and successful work on the part of the pupils. These exercises amongst other things consisted of a very pretty and elaborate flower drill, and a well executed French play, and a scene from School for Scandal, with an abundance of songs and instrumental music. The characteristics of this school are its lovely situation, secluded and romantic, its graceful family life, and the evident interest children take in it as a home, its direct religious associations which are complete and invaluable, its thoroughness in teaching subjects for study such as music. Thus lately 9 pupils were sent in for the local examination of the Associated Board of the Royal College and Royal Academy of Music, London, England. All the 9 passed, two obtaining distinction.

The ladies who manage this school represent the All Hallows Community at Ditchingham, near Norwich, England. Originally they came out to help the first Bishop of New Westminster in his Indian work, and this work they carry on still, to the advantage of both institutions. The Indian work is as interesting as the above, and in its way quite as efficient. Canon Wm. Newton, Ph. D. was the visitor on the occasion and presented the prizes, the Rev. C. Croucher and many others being present.—*The Revelstoke Herald.*

AFTERNOON PROGRAMME.

JULY 5th., 1901.

Duett,	-	"From Foreign Parts. "Hungary."	-	<i>Moszowski.</i>
		R. Flewelling and F. Paget.		
Chorus,	-	"Fishers' Song."	-	<i>Grieg.</i>
		"FLOWER DRILL."		
		Junior Class.		
Piano Solo,	-	"April."	-	<i>Tschaikowsky.</i>
		Muriel Underhill.		
French Play,	-	"La Clairvoyante."	-	COMEDIE.
		Mdme. Etienne, <i>The Clairvoyante,</i>		Ethel Thynne.
		Mdme. D'Orterval, <i>Maitresse de pension.</i>		Ella Underhill.
		Alice,		Elvie Raymond.
		Henrietta	} <i>Eleves de Mdme. D'Orterval,</i>	Clara McDonald.
		Suzanne,		Fernie McDonald.
		Marie,		Dorothy Stocken.
		Yvonne, <i>Bonne de Mdme. Etienne.</i>		Marjorie Armstrong.
Chorus,	-	"The Lily of the Valley."	-	<i>Pinsuti.</i>
Piano Solo,	-	"The Spinning Wheel."	-	<i>Chaminade.</i>
		Winifred Armstrong.		
		"PINAFORE SONG."		
		Junior Class.		
Piano Solo,	-	"Sleigh drive"	-	<i>Russian Melody.</i>
		Marion Shaw.		
Chorus,	-	"Fatherland's Song,"	-	<i>Greig.</i>
Piano Solo,	-	"The Flatterer,"	-	<i>Chaminade.</i>
		Jessie Jones.		
Duett,	-	"From Foreign Parts, Spain,"	-	<i>Moszowski.</i>
		W. Armstrong and F. Paget.		

THE MAPLE LEAF FOR EVER.

PRIZE LIST.

FORM.	DIVISION.	SUBJECT.	NAME.
III.		Class Prize,	Dorothy Broad.
IV.	<i>Junior</i>	" "	Frances Rives.
IV.	<i>Senior</i>	" "	Susie Pearse.
V.		" "	Meda Hume.
VI.		" "	Daisy Dodd.
III.		Scripture,	Louie Chantrell.
IV.	<i>Junior</i>	" "	Ella Underhill.
IV.	<i>Senior</i>	" "	Florence Davis.
V. & VI.		" "	Rachael Flewelling.
III.		French	Marjorie McCartney.

IV.	<i>Junior</i>		French,	Margaret Hunt.
IV.	<i>Senior</i>		"	Winifred Bell.
V. & VI.			"	Rachael Flewelling.
IV. & V.			Latin,	Kathleen Bentley.
VI.			"	Muriel Shildrick.
V. & VI.		Greek & English History,		Muriel Shildrick.
V. & VI.		Mathematics,		Frances Paget.
IV.	<i>Junior</i>	English Literature,		Margaret Hunt.
V. & VI.		"	"	Grace Corbould.
	Senior } Class,	Map Drawing,		Gwendoline Bell.
	Junior }	"	"	Edith Clyne.
	Senior } Class	General Improvement,		Muriel Underhill.
	Junior }	"	"	Louie Chantrell.
		MONITRESS PRIZES.		
	1st. Prize,	Dormitory Monitress,		Mildred Pentreath.
	2nd. "	Schoolroom "		Dorothy Bindley.
	3rd. "	" "		Dorothy Stocken.

The *Gold Medal* for Conduct was awarded to Medora Hume, who, for eight months out of the nine comprising the School Year, had been on the Honour Roll, "First in Merit."

PRIZE GIVING.

The Prizes were presented this year by the Rev. C. Croucher, Dr. Underhill, Miss Spark, the Earl's Court Branch of All Saints' Guild, the Sisters of all Hallows, Miss Shibley and Mrs. Croucher, who as

usual kindly gave the Gold Medal. Canon Newton addressed a few simple earnest words to the children before they dispersed to prepare for the evening concert.

EVENING PROGRAMME.

Duet,	-	"From Foreign Parts, Russia,"	-	<i>Moscowski.</i>
		M. Underhill and F. Paget.		
Chorus,	-	"Sailors' Lullaby."	-	
Scene from	-	"School for Scandal,"	-	(<i>By request.</i>)
		<i>Sir Peter</i> , W. Armstrong; <i>Lady Teazle</i> , J. Jones.		
Operetta,	-	"Cinderella."	-	

—PROLOGUE—

The Fairies,—M. Graveley, E. Raymond, E. Bindley, B. Inkman, M. McCartney and Dorothy Broad.

Fairy Godmother—Ella Underhill.

Scene I. - - - "Poor Cinderella,"
Muriel Underhill.

Scene II. - - - "The Ball,"
The Prince,—J. Jones.

Scene III.

"Fitting the Slipper,"
Proud Sisters,--R. Flewelling and E. Raymond.

EPILOGUE.

- Duet, "Norwegian Bridal Procession," - *Greig*.
 W. Armstrong and J. Jones.
- Vocal Duet, "The Angels," - *Rubenstein*.
 Miss Flewelling and J. Jones.
- Piano Solo, "Le Nozze di Figaro," - *Mozart*.
 Muriel Shildrick.
- Piano Solo, "Souvenir," - *F. D. Maher*.
 Muriel Underhill.
- Dialogue, (*in costume*) "The Peach Pie," (*by special request*).
 W. Armstrong and E. Underhill.
- Plantation Songs, with Chorus, - *Gatty*.
 "But it is so." "Far away ober dere." "Who did."

GOD SAVE THE KING.

MUSIC EXAMINATION
 Of the Associated Board of the
 Royal Academy and Royal
 College of Music, London,
 England.

Examiner: **H. W. Richards, Esq.**
 Mus. Bac.
 Organist **Christ Church, Lancaster**
 Gate, London, Eng.

All Hallows' School, Yale.
 June 17th., 1901.

Higher School Examination,
Maximum 99.

NAME	TEACHER.	M'KS OBTAINED
J. Jones,	Sister Alice,	72 passed
M. Shildrick,	Miss Ellis,	70 "
W. Armstrong,	Sister Alice,	66 "

LOWER SCHOOL EXAMINATION.
 (Maximum 99)

M. Underhill,	Sister Alice,	85 with disten
M. Shaw,	" "	84 "
E. Raymond,	" "	70 passed
M. Hume,	Miss Ellis,	68 "
F. Paget,	Sister Alice	66 "
F. Davis,	" "	66 "

It will be seen that all who were sent in for examination passed, two with distinction.

Letter from the Honorary Local Rep-
resentative announcing results
of Examinations.

MY DEAR SISTER:—I sent off particulars to you from the Examination room here, and must congratulate you, not only on the success of the girls, but in the admirable arrangements you made for the Examiner. He got in here about 2:30 a. m., did *not* go to bed, but sat up doing the papers, and began the practical work at 9 a. m., finishing with about an hour and a half to spare before the leaving of the Australian boat. Mr. Richards was very much pleased with the music at Yale. He said the girls there were *well* taught. I expect you will get further particulars from Montreal.

The Certificates, I expect, will have to wait till he returns to England, as they have had to alter the chief signature from "Prince of Wales" to "King," and the certificates were not ready for him to bring out with him.

Yours very sincerely,

HAROLD UNDERHILL.

McGill University.

Dep. Examiner: Rev. Silva-White

FULL MATRICULATION.

Winifred Armstrong, passed.

No particulars received here of marks.

PRELIMINARY MATRICULATION EXAMINATION.

(34 per cent required in each subject for a pass.)

DAISY DODD,	
Arithmetic	99 per cent.
English History,	81 " "
Composition	85 " "
Grammar	80 " "
Dictation	90 " "
	Total 87 per cent.

LOUISE FERGUSON,	
Arithmetic	82 per cent.
English History	60 " "
Composition	80 " "
Grammar	69 " "
Dictation	85 " "
	Total 75.2.

GRACE CORBOULD,	
Arithmetic	95 per cent.
English History	73 " "
Composition	75 " "
Grammar	61 " "
Dictation	63 " "
	Total 73.4.

Mr. Moody's At Home.

A VERY enjoyable little At Home was given by Mr. Moody and his daughter, Miss Moody, at the Hotel Vancouver, in Vancouver, to the friends and pupils (past and present) of the All Hallows' School.

Notwithstanding the unavoidably short notice, between twenty and thirty guests assembled on the shady balcony of the Hotel.

The Bishop and Mrs. Dart had come over from New Westminster to be present. Archdeacon and Mrs. Pentreath were there, Sister Agatha represented the Community at Yale, Miss Moody and Miss Flewelling the teaching staff, Mali

the Indian School, and besides a few personal friends of Mr. Moody's, the following "children" were present, representing the Canadian School, Lily and May Salsbury, Mildred Pentreath, Ray Flewelling, Dollie Edmonds, Muriel Shildrick, Louise Ferguson, Florence Davis, Marion and Bessie Shaw, Peggie Hunt, Edith Clyne, Dorothy Broad and Marjorie Mc Cartney.

It was a great pleasure to the All Hallows' party to meet Mr. Moody at last, his name being so familiar. But, while heartily glad to see him, the feelings of some were, perhaps, well voiced by one child who pathetically remarked "what a pity he could not come in term time! He would have seen us all to so much better advantage in School!"

SCHOOL REGISTER.

SEPTEMBER, 1901.

1. Marjorie Armstrong.
2. Dorothy Broad.
3. Gwendoline Bell.
4. Winifred Bell,
5. Zeta Clark.
6. Marie Cross.
7. Grace Corbould.
8. Florence Davis.
9. Daisy Dodd.
10. Aline Day.
11. Olive Day.
12. Vera Erickson.
13. Ray Flewelling.
14. Louise Ferguson.
15. Margaret Graveley.
16. Cecily Galt.
17. Meda Hume.
18. Peggie Hunt.
19. Beatrice Inkman.
20. Eileen Hoops.
21. Ursula Johnson.
22. Alice Lee.

23. Alice Ladner.
24. Una McIntosh.
25. Marjorie McCartney.
26. Frances Paget.
27. Susie Pearse.
28. Ethel Raymond.
29. Elvie Raymond.
30. Francis Rives.
31. Muriel Shildrick.
32. Dorothy Stocken.
33. Dorothy Sweet.
34. Marion Shaw.
35. Bessie Shaw.
36. Ethel Thynne.
37. Janet Tunstall.
38. Marjorie Tunstall.
39. Muriel Underhill.
40. Ella Underhill.
41. Beatrice Westwood.
42. Dorothy Westwood.

Names of pupils entered for future vacancies: Kate Snyder, Edmonton, Alberta; Grace Cross, Silvertown; Josephine Troery, Vancouver; Mac Cook, Vancouver; Mary Lang, Medicine Hat, Saskatchewan; Bessie Lang, Medicine Hat, Saskatchewan; Marjorie Croasdaile.

VISITORS' BOOK.

MAY—Mrs. Pentreath, Archdeacon Pentreath, Vancouver; Mrs. Clark, Ruby Clark and Baby Clark, Lytton; Mrs. Bentley and Eleanor Bentley, Slocan.

JUNE—Rev. A. Silva-White, New Westminster; Archdeacon of Columbia, Vancouver.

July—Canon Wm. Newton, Victoria; Miss Agassiz and Miss C. Agassiz, Agassiz; Miss Sweet, Ashcroft; Myrtle Stevenson, Lytton; Mrs. C. Shaw and Dimple Shaw, Vancouver.

AUGUST—Miss Iris Moody and Mr. H. Moody, Fleet, Eng.; Mr. L. Agassiz, Agassiz.

SEPTEMBER—Mr. W. Taylor, Vancouver; Rev. G. Ditcham, Sapperton; Mrs. Day, Victoria; Mrs. Erickson, Cranbrook; Rev. G. Flewelling, Nelson; Mrs. Westwood, Grand Forks; Mr. F. Devlin, New Westminster.

VIOLETS.

"Clothed with Humility."

SO sweet are Violets that Violet is but a second name for sweetness. On mossy banks, under hedgerows, overtopped by a fern or even by a blade of grass, curtained also among its own heart-shaped leaves, springs the Violet; which, not sufficed by a lonely stature, crooks downwards also the neck of its slender flower-stalk. Shades of blue-purple, darker or lighter and passing into whiteness, make its blossom comely, whereof a speck of gold lights up the centre; yet, had it lacked comeliness, the Violet would still have been replete with choice delight; for it emits fragrance, which, floating in the air or wafted on the breeze, makes known far and near the presence of the unseen flower. The petals having dropped away, the seed-vessel matures and exhibits the figure of a somewhat irregularly modelled globe; this, surrounded by the fingers of a five-pointed calyx, seems a miniature world held in the hollow of the hand. Nor does this modest plant lack the hidden virtue of discriminative sensitiveness; for a syrup concocted from it detects by contact either acid or alkali; the one transmuting the violet's blue component into red, the other into green.

A second Violet there is, the Dog Violet, which stands higher on its flower stem, and does not

veil itself within its foliage, and being finely pencilled displays a more beautiful blossom than the other ; but this second sort is scentless, and we cherish it not like those sweet Violets which, abounding in the Spring, sometimes bloom again for us in the Autumn.

"The smell of the field which the Lord hath blessed."—*Christina Rossetti, in "Called to be Saints."*

A Christening Hymn.

LORD of the Angels, who in Heaven
Always behold Thy Face,
Grant to Thy little child a heart
Full of the Angels' grace.

Of Thy most Holy Spirit, Lord,
Let her this day be born,
In Christ's white robe of innocence
Her new-made soul adorn.

When Thou shalt see our love grow weak,
Our care or wisdom fail,
O send Thy Angels in that hour,
And let their strength prevail.

Let Thy sure ministers of grace
Her watchful guardians be,
Ever to shield her soul from wrong
And keep it Lord, for Thee.

So may Thy light in her be seen,
Her feet walk in Thy ways,
Thy blessing rest upon her head,
Her lips fulfil Thy praise.

That in Thy Holy Church she may
For ever live and die,
And with the Angels learn to sing
Thy perfect praise on high.

LETTERS.

DEAREST SISTER:—My letters to you are very erratic, sometimes I write often, then again for months I do not write at all, but I have found out now that I always write to you when I have anything I specially want to talk over.

I have just been reading the last Magazine through for about the third time, so I have got Yale very much in mind.

I came here from Newcastle ten days ago, and I am having such a nice time. I expect to go to Fredericton on Tuesday for a month, and then come back here to stay all September, while Richmond will be at Rothesay School, across the river.

Rothesay is a beautiful place. So many people come there from St. John and elsewhere for the summer, and have the loveliest little summer cottages, a few have fine big houses. One comes across these bijou residences so suddenly, hidden away amongst the trees. I went into the Park once and quite unexpectedly I came across a wee gate, and beyond it there stood a pretty garden and a dear little house. A little farther on there was another, with more verandah than house. People keep their own yachts and live on the river and have a lovely time all summer.

I experienced a "Fundy fog" for the first time. I always thought it would be dreadful, rather like a London fog, which everyone agrees is awful, but I found a Fundy fog perfectly delightful. It is so clean and nice and healthy. It came up as we were driving home in the evening from Quispamsis; of course it spoilt my hat, all the chiffon trimming so light and airy, went down flat.

We had to cross the river on the Ferry, so as my cousin said the fog would be worse on the water, I sent my hat home in an empty strawberry crate in a berry wagon (!) which happened to be crossing with us, and then I enjoyed the fog.

The next day we drove to St. John, I have not been there since I was three years old. The ap-

proach to it is most beautiful, and all the church spires show up so grandly; I like to see the spires standing out clearly in that way when everything else is indistinct. I hope you will have one on the new Chapel.

On Friday we drove to Kingston because I wanted to photograph the Church there, which is the oldest in New Brunswick, built in 1789. The big east window is in three parts, each one in memory of a Rev. W. Scovil, grandfather, father and son, successive Rectors of Kingston Parish.

In the Cemetery I took photographs of my grand-father's, great-grand-father's, and great-great-grand-father's graves.

I have written an enormous letter. Sister dear, if you love me *make* A. send me the next Magazine as soon as it comes out. I have all the numbers unbroken so far. And where do you think I got the last one? at Quispamsis, from a lady I never saw before, and she only lent it to me to bring home and read.

With dear love to all.

STELLA.

Clifton, Kings. New Brunswick.

August 4th., 1901.

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With the Chinese Expeditionary Force.

MY DEAR CHILDREN:—Your letter, and "round-robin" of thanks for your Indian School Christmas tree, found me absent in Pekin, where, as I told you in my last letter, I was going on a flying visit.

I am glad you had such a nice tree last year. Sister told me she had only twenty cents left after all the toys and dolls were bought for it. Well, although we are losing money on Field Service, and I am now only getting two thirds of my

Indian Service pay, I hope there will always be something over for the children at Christmas time in "Dr. Jack's" purse.

I went to Pekin with a party of four other Medical Officers, we were joined later on by two officers of the corps. When nearing Hankow we expected to have to walk over the temporary bridge spanning the Hankow River, for we had heard that the Boxers had wrecked the old railway bridge, and we were preparing to make a move, when we heard a noise like a pistol shot, the brakes were immediately screwed on, the train slowed down and we all rushed to where one Johnnie was lying on the side of the track. We soon discovered that there were three Chinamen injured and one German soldier by the explosion of the engine boiler, the steam from which had blown open the door of the fire box, shooting the four men out on to the road.

I was the first to get up to the men, and one poor fellow, when I stooped to open his coat and ascertain the extent of his injuries, thought I had come to finish the business and kill him outright. He kicked and struggled and bespattered me with mud. Thanks to some flour which was on the train we were able to mitigate his sufferings slightly.

After some delay, we raised carts from a neighboring village and brought our kit to Hankow. Here, to our dismay, we found that there had been a regular panic. It was supposed that the train had been attacked by Boxers. A Russian officer, who was on the platform, got so excited that he wired to Tientsin that the Boxers had two guns in position and were shelling the mail!

We reached Peking at last, not, however, without two more personal misadventures.

Among the many wonderful things we saw there the Summer Palace of the Emperor was about the best. We were jolted in a Chinese cart seven miles, to go to it, but that was a mere detail. On the return journey we were able to do a mile in a sleigh over a piece of ice which ran parallel with the cart road.

The Palace is built on the shores of a lovely lake, and the apartments of the Emperor and Dowager Empress were gorgeous in their splendour. Such a singular mixture of ancient and modern styles I think I shall never see again.

A covered way about two miles long ran along the edges of the lake and connected the various parts of the Palace. The walls were covered with paintings, I suppose many hundreds of years old. Statues, most beautifully wrought in bronze, stood everywhere.

In the boat-house were huge boats, like houses, standing on the ice. The things everywhere were most ancient and oriental, but mixed with them were electric candelabra and huge panes of plate glass reminding one of Piccadilly or Regent Street. Unfortunately the place had been terribly wrecked by the Russian and Italian soldiery, before our troops got in to save several priceless pieces of cloisonné and other valuable works of art.

The mess we were in was part of "Chefoo's Palace." Chefoo means Seventh Prince, and we were told that the room we dined in was the birth-place of the present Emperor.

I spent one day in wandering round the Legations. Many of the houses were shattered to pieces by

shells. In one corner a heap of sand-bags still remained. Here the firing had been hottest. Sir Claude MacDonald had nearly been shot at this spot and a student interpreter had printed in large characters the significant words "Lest we Forget."

I had an interview with that real hero, Colonel Sheeba, in the Japanese quarters, with a view to gaining admission to the Forbidden City.

Coal Hill stands in the middle of Peking, and no one used to be allowed to go up it before, because from it you can look down right into the Forbidden City. From Coal Hill we went to the Temple of Heaven, the most interesting part of which was a circular pavement, in the centre of which stands a stone believed to be the "Centre of the Universe." The Universe must have two centres, because last year I visited a Minaret in Mandalay (Burmah) which, I was also told, was built on the "Centre of the Universe."

I rushed round to see the Great Llama Temple with a Buddah 72 feet high in it. The temple of Confucius and the Hall of the Classics containing numerous marble slabs on which were carved a multitude of laws and precepts.

The Halls of Examination were very interesting. They looked like a series of dog kennels built in rows, each line containing twenty stalls. There must have been five thousand such and we were told that when an Examination was on, the students were boxed up in them for nine days.

I hope to go to Japan before returning to India, and if you care to hear about my trip, I will write again. Perhaps Sister will let the time you spend in reading my letter count against a geography or general knowledge class!

With kind wishes from

Your old friend

R. B.

Shan-Hai-Kwan,

China.

April 4th., 1901.

of myself for teaching her.

I shall soon see you all now.

Mother and Grace send their love.

Your loving little friend,

MARIE CROSS.

Holiday Letter, Pupil, Canadian
School.

Silverton, B. C. Aug. 5th. 1901.

MY DEAR SISTER:—I can hardly realize that the holidays are so nearly over. They have gone so quickly.

There are a lot of forest fires around here, one was only half a mile from town.

We still have our tent, but don't play in it much. We haven't had any rain for a month, only one little shower one night which was not even enough to lay the dust.

Last night Mother, Francis and I went for a walk and just missed seeing two porcupines that were on the bridge in front of us.

One day a lady was riding along the road, when a bear crossed in front of her horse and frightened it dreadfully. The day before this a bear, probably the same one, came and stood on its hind-legs and looked over a fence; a lady who was sitting in the porch of her house, called to her husband to shoot it, but he had'n't a true gun, and missed fire, and the bear ran away safely.

People here have killed several skunks. I am so disappointed I have'nt seen one yet. They tell me they are like cats with a white stripe down the back, and bushy tails. Don't you think they must be very pretty?

We have been bathing a great deal in the lake, and Francis can swim a little now, I am quite proud

Holiday Letter, Pupil, Indian
School.

Spuzzum, B. C. Aug. 11th. 1901.

DEAR SISTER:—We got home safely. No one was at the station, they were not quite expecting us that day. I went with Clara and Intis to Rhoda's, till it got cool in the afternoon, then I went home. Only my mother and Margaret were at home, the others were out salting salmon across the river.

Mother was so pleased with the cherries I took home with me. I don't think she is very well, her eyes are troubling her.

I went to see a friend this morning, she has a tiny baby-boy, he is a month old but the smallest baby I ever saw. This girl is Sister Alice's God-child, we call her Lois, she has a little brother, I told her parents about the Indian boys' School but they never sent any of their children to school yet, I hardly think they will let him go.

It has been such a dull day to me to-day, it will be so nice to have Mali home.

AUGUST 24th. We leave here on Sunday for Chilliwack, for the hop-picking, we shall be away for a month. They say there is to be two hundred people at that picking. Margaret went up a mountain for berries, she went with Suzanne's uncle and aunt. They saw a bear with four cubs. The bear came after them. They had a dog with them, the dog bit the bear, and the bear turned round and smacked

the poor dog.

It is so late I will say Good-night.
With love from

ANNIE.

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(From one who has just left School.)

Fort Steele, Sept. 4th. 1901.

MY DEAR SISTER :—I do hope your new "Office boy" is satisfactory, and that she remembers to shut the window at night, sharpen your pencils, and empty the waste paper basket. I feel quite exercised about these matters sometimes.

Fort Steele is a deserted village now; occasionally we look out of our windows to see if there is some sign of life on the streets, but all we ever see are, an ancient cow and a desolate white hen, one day however, there were three hens which agitated us very much.

Our piano has come at last. We had an exciting time when it arrived, as the men who brought it had to take away part of the sidewalk, tear down the fence, cut down the hops, take off two mosquito netting screens, and carry away the front door. That's what it is to live in a doll's house. My room is so small that I have to go out of it to turn round!

It is delightful to be at home of course, but there are moments when I feel dreadfully jealous of that new girl who is sleeping in my old bed at School.

I had a most entertaining letter from Muriel yesterday, I enjoyed it so much and answered it at once. I casually mentioned in my letter to her that a box of toffee was the reward of diligence in the way of letter writing, so I hope she will take that broad hint.

Good-bye dear Sister.

Your loving WIN.

Royal-Mail-SS "Etruria"

Sept. 5th. 1901.

MY DEAR SISTER SUPERIOR :—

Incessant travelling for many days, followed by a great deal of work and discussion, and this, followed by a not unnatural lassitude, prevented my writing to you, as I hoped to be able to do, before I left the western side of the Atlantic; but in the comparative leisure of a few days on board ship, I will try to do so.

In the first place, I have to thank you, and I wish to do so heartily on Iris' account as well as my own, for the great kindness and cordial hospitality which we experienced, during our ever-to-be-remembered visit to Yale, from yourself and all the members of the community and household. Our visit was one of intense pleasure and interest to both of us, the only things to regret being the attack of measles, which prevented our seeing all the Indian girls, and the vacation, which prevented our seeing any of the Canadian girls there. Of the latter we were fortunate in meeting some 18 or 20 old and present "Yale girls" who were good enough to come and see us at our hotel in Vancouver, and I hope it may not be considered very impertinent of me if I say that I was immensely delighted with two things, their very nice manners, and their soft voices and well-trained manner of speaking. I noticed the latter particularly, for it has been unpleasantly forced upon my notice during the last visit to Canada, that the general intonation of the people has, to a marked and grievous extent, deteriorated during the past few years. I am therefore so delighted to think that at Yale care is being taken to make

the children who come under your good influence speak the beautiful English language softly and mellifluously.

May I add one reflection more as regards the training of girls in Canada? My recent visit has of course, been of far too short a duration to enable me to speak of such a subject from my own knowledge and observation; but from East to West, from all sorts and conditions of men, the universal lament has been poured into my ears that the tone of political life, of political morality, is being visibly and rapidly lowered. If this is so, and nothing is done to arrest the deterioration, how sad it is for the country we all love! Here surely is a case in which sound religious teaching can be brought to bear with immense effect, especially perhaps, among the girls, who, as daughters, sisters, wives, can uphold the fundamental principles of honesty, can induce their menkind to put public probity before personal self, and the interests of their country before the supposed claims of party. The influence of your household, I know, my dear Sister Superior, will always, in the future as in the past, be exercised in this direction.

I must congratulate you on being able to effect an enlargement of the Canadian School, which, considering the disadvantages under which you were placed, and the very limited means at your command, cannot but be considered eminently satisfactory, and I share most earnestly your hope that in the coming year you may be enabled to carry out a corresponding enlargement of the Indian School. We neither of us at this moment see from whom the funds for this work, as well as for the new Chapel

—now become so necessary—are to come: but come they will, if God wills it. That the two races should meet daily in acts of common prayer and praise is so integral and beautiful a part of your system that it must, at almost any cost be maintained, and I am therefore inclined to place the building of a new chapel even before the enlargement of the Indian School.

We were both of us struck and delighted with what we saw of your Indian girls. With their efficiency in house work, as far as we had opportunity of judging, with their good manners, and their evident happiness.

Those of us who know anything of Indian ranches, appreciate what All Hallows, Yale, is doing towards raising the aboriginal races of Canada to a higher level. How thankful I shall be if in the School the New England Company has agreed to establish for Indian boys on the Frazer River, and which, as you know, it was the main object of my visit to Canada to start, we can achieve results at all corresponding to those which the All Hallows Community has effected at Yale.

With all good wishes to you and your fellow-workers.

I am, dear Sister Superior,

Yours very faithfully,

HARRY MOODY.

Building Fund Account.

MAY, 1901. Cash in hand	\$2746.44
Mr. F. Armstrong,	10.00
Mr. H. Morey,	5.00
Mrs. Muriel, £1 10 0 }	
Miss Bourne £2 7 6 }	18.40
Grant from S. P. C. K.	384.00
Mrs. Cornwall Legh £3	14.40
	\$3178.24

THE new wing is now quite finished. Painting, a little more plumbing and various extras were seen to during the holidays, when the absence of the children, and the fine summer weather made such work possible.

In a few days, it is hoped, that the last payments will be made. The expenditure on the building has exceeded by about \$700 the sum we had in hand for it. This amount was provided for from the General Fund, which, in consequence, is suffering rather from the pinch of poverty. Further donations to the Building Fund are therefore earnestly solicited.

The Building Fund accounts of receipts and expenditure will be published in full, in our Christmas Number, when the General and Housekeeping accounts always appear.

A Chapel Fund has very kindly been started for us by friends, and several nice donations have been received for it, but we do not intend to put our Chapel Fund Statement forward, until after December, when we hope to be able to close the Building Fund account satisfactorily.

Yale Chaplaincy Fund.

SEP. 1901	
Recd. from Mrs. Pelly	£20
Paid over to Diocesan Treasurer	£20
	£20 £20

LATE one evening in Dec. many years ago, the Rev. C. Croucher arrived in Yale, to take the Christmas services in the Parish Church. He had been recently appointed Vicar of St. John's and Chaplain to All Hallows. Our Indian School at this time only numbered about eighteen pupils, the Canadian School was in embryo.

He came, as we so well remember, on that snowy evening, weighted by a heavy burden of flower-pots, bearing the most lovely pink and white azalea blossoms, destined for the adornment of the Church altar. In this way his work began here. For several successive years he continued a familiar figure in the Schools, giving of his best, in services both practical and spiritual.

Within the last two years circumstances have brought about many changes, and the Schools now number over eighty souls. With the enlargement of the Schools there has naturally been a corresponding increase in our duties and responsibilities, and as a consequence a diminution, on the one hand in the amount of Parish work which could be undertaken by the members of the School Staff, and on the other, increasing parochial duties, and various other matters have gradually tended to sever Mr. Croucher's connection with All Hallows. In March he practically resigned the Chaplaincy by giving up all the Services and Instructions for the children in the School Chapel. His formal resignation was however only sent in the other day, and on Sunday he spoke a few words of farewell to the children. The burden of responsibility, he said, had been weighing on him very heavily for some time, and this can be well understood, when we consider the spread of our educational work and its growing importance in the Diocese.

Perhaps the position of Chaplain may now best be filled by a younger man, and one untrammelled by the fatiguing duties of a scattered parish. It is of course important that the vacancy should be filled as soon as practicable, and all of us who have the welfare of the

Schools at heart must unite in asking God to send forth His message to some fit and trusty servant, who, as yet, may be in a distant land, to "come over and help us."

If our Chaplain in future could add scholastic experience to his other attainments, and would undertake classes for examination in Divinity, Latin or mathematics, he will be thrice welcome.

We humbly believe that our Heavenly Father, Who has so bountifully supplied our every need from the beginning, will still make us His care, only let us be faithful in *asking* and bear in mind that "the cry 'God wills it' must be the eternal watchword of every undertaking."

The Indian School Glosing.

THIS event took place, contrary to precedent, in June this year, as it was thought that the presence of the Canadian School would be, as indeed it proved to be, a mutual pleasure.

Archdeacon Pentreath, who came as the Bishop's representative, presented the Prizes on that occasion. Archdeacon Small also came, but to our great regret was obliged to leave before the performance began, in order to minister to a dying Indian boy. He came into the Schoolroom, however, for a few minutes, and spoke to the children who were assembled there, especially greeting those who had belonged to his congregation in the upper country.

The Schoolroom was, as usual, prettily decorated with ferns and flowers, and when the large party

of Indian children (about thirty) moved about drilling, or, with a few pretty marching figures, stepped into position for songs or recitations, the bright picture presented to the eye could hardly have been excelled. Especially was this noticeable during the very spirited performance of the "Saucepan Drill," when the dainty white caps and aprons, pink dresses, ribbons and flowers, of the talented young cooks, moving swiftly, through many intricate figures, armed with bright, new saucepans and spoons, made an exceedingly attractive bit of colouring.

The recitations were most effective, especially those with action. The audience felt quite sympathetic with those sad little girls who were so dolefully "going to school," and correspondingly relieved, when, the labours of the day being over for them, they "came home again" in a very different frame of mind! Great concern was expressed as to the fate of the poor little mouse in the "mouse-trap." "Little White Lily" was very prettily said, while "My Kitty" drew a chorus of applause from the audience. The songs were very well chosen, and prettily executed. Special praise must be given to a duet, "The Sound of the Angel's Psalm," in which the two voices blended very sweetly. After "The Maple Leaf for Ever" had been heartily sung by both Schools, the Archdeacon, in the Bishop's name, presented the Prizes.

It will be noticed that Annie won both the Gold Medal for Scripture and the Silver Medal for Good Conduct.

PRIZE LIST--School.

SUBJECT.	CLASS.	NAME.
Seniors, Class Prize, - - -	Standards, VI. } V. }	Katherine.
Juniors, Class Prize, - - -	Standards, IV. } III. }	Mandy.
Infant, Class Prize, - - -	Standards, II. } I. }	Elsie.
Writing - - - - -	Senior Division, - - -	Flossie.
" - - - - -	Junior " - - -	Helen.
Reading - - - - -	Infant Class, - - -	Suzanne.
" - - - - -	Senior Division, - - -	Dora.
" - - - - -	Junior " - - -	Milly.
" - - - - -	Infant Class, - - -	Gina.
Scripture and Church Catechism, - - -	Senior Division, Medal. - - -	Annie.
" " " " - - -	Junior " - - -	Therese.
" " " " - - -	Infant Class, - - -	Beatrice.

PRIZE LIST---Domestic.

SUBJECT.	NAMES.
Needlework, - - -	Emily.
House-Work, - - -	Katherine.
	Dora.
	Annie.
Bread-Making, - - -	Annie.
Laundry-Work - - -	Clara.
Early Rising, - - -	Dora.

GIVEN BY THE SISTER SUPERIOR.
Rewards for General Improvement.

First Reward to Maggie.
Second " " Allie.

NAMES ON THE HONOUR ROLL.

CONDUCT.	
6 months out of 9,	Katherine.
7 " " " 9,	Dora.
8 " " " 9,	Helen.
8 " " " 9,	Clara, last yr's Medallist.
8 " " " 9, with the votes of all the Teachers for the Silver medal, - - -	ANNIE.

These Prizes have been presented by the Rev. C. Croucher, Miss Ellis, Mrs. Gardiner, Miss Moody, and the Sisters.

The Medal for Church Catechism was presented by Archdeacon Pentreath.

The Medal for Conduct was presented by Mrs. Croucher.

THE Rev. Silva-White gave a short address, remarking that the thing which had struck him most forcibly in his visit to All Hallows was the atmosphere of love which pervaded everything. He said that though the discipline was so perfect, it was very evident that love was the controlling power, fear being conspicuous by its absence.

Mr. White said he had had many opportunities of seeing Indian Schools in North Western Canada, but had never seen anything so finished as the performances they had witnessed that evening; he wished he could carry off some of the voices for his Church choir.

Archdeacon Pentreath then addressed a few well chosen words to the children pointing out that "success" only meant doing something a little better than anyone else could do it.

He was glad to see that prizes were given not only for lessons, but

also for such practical subjects as housework, needlework, bread-making and early rising; in each case the girls who had won the prizes were those who had done a little better than any of their companions.

He also bade them notice how success in one department almost invariably led to success in another, as evidenced by the number of prizes two or three girls had carried off.

This showed them that by constantly making little efforts to do well in any one thing, a habit of success had been acquired which easily enabled them to excel in any work they undertook.

The proceedings then terminated by singing the Evening Hymn to Gounod's setting, followed by the National Anthem.

A programme is sub-joined.

PROGRAMME.

June 14th., 1901.

School Song,	"Sunshine and Rain."
Recitation, (illustrd.)	"Going to School."
"	"Katy-did."
School Song,	"The Cathedral."
Recitation,	"The Mouse-Trap."
Song, (Solo)	"Mother dearest."
	Katherine.
Recitation,	"My Kitty."
By	"Our Babies."
"	"The Farm-yard."
School Song,	"The Owl & the Pussy-cat"
	Junior Class.
Recitation.	"Little White Lily."
	Milly, Emma, Suzanne.
"	"The Child Soldier."
Duet, (Vocal)	"The sound of an Angel's"
Psalm."	Dora and Katherine.
Recitation,	"Troublesome children."
	SAUCEPAN DRILL.
Song,	"The Children's Home."
	MARCHING.
	"The Maple leaf for ever."
	PRIZE GIVING.

Address to children, Rev. Silva-White.
Closing Address, Archdeacon Pentreath.
Song, "Glory to Thee my God this night"
(Gounod)

GOD SAVE THE KING.

Prayer.

ALMIGHTY and everlasting God, Who dost govern all things in heaven and earth, mercifully hear the supplications of Thy servants, and of Thy loving kindness, grant us, we pray Thee, a Chaplain to our Schools, who, by faithfulness in teaching and holiness of life, may be well pleasing unto Thee, and who, by watchfulness and zeal, may promote Thy glory and the salvation of souls; through Jesus Christ our Lord.

—Amen.

Salmon Fishing on the Fraser.

NOT with a "Dunkeld" or a "Silver Doctor" not with a "Durham Ranger," or a "White Wing," no gillie to show us the way to deep pools, —fishing rods, and sharp steel gaff, a needless luxury.

Five little girls, one "grown up," three garden rakes, (the gardener wasn't looking when we started) one long pole with some telegraph wire twisted into a hook at the end of it, a flour sack tied to a stick picked up on the beach, boundless confidence in our powers, an empty larder at home, we go fishing.

Quick down to the river, with more speed than elegance as we slide down the steep shingly side of the track. In the shallow edge of the water many salmon are placidly swimming around, quite *inviting* us to catch them, and yet, grasp a salmon's tail, and as the children say "it walks away!" So

instead of "Dilly dilly duckling," we sit down and chant, "Silly silly salmon, come and be potted!" and prod them in a friendly manner with our rakes. Meanwhile the oldest of the five, the owner of the long pole, disdaining such frivolities, is steadily going on ahead. *She* means business, and we think we musn't miss the fun, so we follow, but cannot resist an occasional fishy flirtation on the way, though we shun, as dangerous, salmon that are too gaily coloured. For we asked the other day if the pink salmon with green tails were good to eat, "No" was the grave reply, with a wise shake of a small head "they're going mouldy."

But we do come at last within sight of our tall fisher maiden standing on a point jutting far into the river itself. She knows what she is about, "caught two already" comes to us over the water, and can take care of herself. The smaller children are safer in a large pool sheltered by a great rock. Off with shoes and stockings, away with hats, you can count thirty salmon within fifty yards of you, catching them is another matter. *Why* did'nt we bring some salt to put on their tails?

Having only succeeded after many efforts and much talking, in *stroking* a few fish, we think we'll just go to encourage the successful fisher, now landing her third. We clamber on over the great rocks, stopping on the way to gaze down into the clear peace-pool in the deeper depths of which the wiser salmon are keeping out of the way of the agitators of the shallows. A small plaintive voice reaches us, "My! musn't they be *tired* swimming round?" We climb on, thinking swimming might be easier, and reach the point. Once

there we forget the salmon. Red sunset glory is reflected in the swift stream, steep hill sides still rich with foliage close us round, the infinite sadness of departing day falls over us,—soon

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark,

but the dark and the rest are not for us yet, we have still some fishing to do. And a shrill voice calls us back—"I've killed a fish, but I threw it back into the river, for it had a little white nose." We do not like to expostulate at first, for fear of betraying insular ignorance, but growing bold, suggest that perhaps a white nose may not mean any thing very dreadful, and the owner of the squeaky voice thinks that if we cut its head off it wouldn't matter. We agree that as we don't usually eat fishes' heads, perhaps it wouldn't.

Four fish now, all to our canny maiden, and we must be going up stream again. One child climbs up to the track to carry her four fish home, but we go on. One tall, earnest, business-like means to have her fifth, one the squeaker, intending to take in a fish with a commendable and sober coloured nose. These go on out of sight. We follow, making little dabs in the water, but we are rather tired and a little disappointed. We have fished such a lot and to no purpose, much better have stayed at home and mended stockings, we *can* do that!

A scream from a child a little way ahead, "Oh! Come! Come! I'm holding him with my rake!" Wildly shouting encouragement, "Hold tight, *don't* let go!" how we fly over those rocks, our feet hardly touch them. Just by a rock, almost under it, it's head held fast by a rake pressed on it by a pair of

firm brown paws, flounders a big salmon! We seized its tail, but oh! it's so slippery we can't hold it. But the excitement!

"Hold that rake tight!"

"Come with the bag!"

"Quick! Quick!"

Tired?

Who's thinking of that? only hold tight.

Here comes the flour sack!

One holds the sack, one wriggles the tail, and the raker rakes the rest into it, and with shouting and glee, the salmon is landed. "Five fish, no, six!" for in a business-like way, our working member is landing another. She has five now, without any of the fuss that one cost three of us! And now we are in sight of our smallest, and to our joy, in answer to questioning shouts, a large fish is displayed! Seven! and we must go home, it's getting late. But we linger, some of us poking at fish, and some looking at the red ripples in the water, and thinking.

For some of us have only stroked the fishes tails and let them go.

— S. A —
HOLIDAYS.

The Hospital, Lytton.

I HAVE been at Lytton and I had quite a pleasant time there.

Sara and I went out picking choke-berries, and they were lovely and big. Some of them were black and some were red.

I went to see my friends that live in the ranche. Sometimes we go for a walk together, and wance we ran down beside the river, we saw in it a great, big fish, with so many colours, it was yellow, black, red and shiney.

Lisa and Lena caught the Misels (measles) and had to stop in bed

quite a long time, so I had to sleep upstairs alone, and I got afraid, but Miss Buie was always kind to me. After a while they got better but they could not play with any other children. I felt sorry for them.

At last we all came back to School.

LIZZIE.

— ♦ ♦ ♦ —
JULY.
—

WE are always glad when July comes, because we all have holidays. Some girls go home for their holidays and some stay here; but they have a nice holiday wherever it is. Here they have picnics and nice long walks, and go out to play on the beach, and everything else that would be a pleasure to us.

When July came this year, and I was told that I was going home, I was very glad.

I saw some pretty flowers out of the train window, and the trees by the track were all nice and green. When we came back there had been hill fires and the trees were all burnt black.

In the river we saw thousands of fishes, which the white people call the "salmon run," because they run right up the river. It was a beautiful sight, they looked as if they were racing, they were all in rows and swimming as fast as they could.

MILLY OSHAMAIST.

— ♦ ♦ ♦ —
At Home in Lytton.
—

OUR garden is very big at home, and we have fifty-three trees in it of apples, pears, plums and cherries. A few trees only bore a little fruit and some very lots. We have gooseberry

trees too but the chickens help themselves too much. We have more than fifty chickens, and five old chickens that have little baby ones, they are so soft and pretty.

We also have grabe trees, (grape vines) they are big with lots of graves on them. We have too, tame strawberries, water-melons and a very lot of beans. We water our garden with lots of water every day, then we go and play down by the river-side, and play with the fish. We take off our shoes and stockings and try to catch a fish, but we cannot do it because it slips out of our hands and we are afraid it will bite us.

EMMA CHUTATLEM.

Pretannie.

IN the holidays my brother and few friends drove to Pretannie. We had some lunch before we started. It was very pretty on the way, there were beautiful flowers, snow-flakes, oak-ferns, dog-roses, and wild forget-me-nots. We stayed about an hour at the Lake, coming back we pick some wild strawberries.

Sometimes on Sundays when the Priest is not there, the Indians say their own Evensong. They preach little sermons too to each other, I heard some I thought very good; one was about the good and the bad tree and its fruit. They sing nicely, and one Sunday they gave an offertory for one Bishop who wanted little money for something. It was so nice to see a whole lot of them giving some money. When the service is over, the old men stand at the Chnrch door shaking hands to every one of the people. They try to be good the best way they know I think.

LUCY.

Picking Berries.

ONE morning in the holidays, eight of us got up, with leave from Sister, at 4 o'clock in the morning to go out berry picking with Miss Ellis. It was quite chilly at that time in the morning, though afterwards it got very warm. We had plenty of bread and butter and milk before we started. It took us more than an hour to get to Emory, which is about four miles from Yale.

We were looking for huckle-berries, but they were not large, and we did not find so great many. When the sun began to rise we saw the rays on the white snow mountains making such pretty colours.

Every day we go and play in the brook because it is the coolest place in this hot weather. Some take their sewing, and some paddle.

In the evenings we have tea on the grass in the front garden, and then we play crocky (croquet,) we run races and play ball.

Once we had our tea on the beach, we played on the sand and on the large rocks that stand by the river, and made stones skip on the water, and throw sticks for the dog to swim after and fetch. We were very happy.

KATIE.

Our Picnic.

MR. Moody gave us a picnic. We started about 5 o'clock in the evening, for Gordon Creek. It was very hot all day, we could not go out. When we got to the Creek we played about some time on the bridge, till it was time for tea. The three Sisters, Miss Moody and Miss Iris were with us. We only left the girls that had the measles at home, they sat upon the new balcony.

We had apricots, plums, oranges, grapes, cakes, and buns and tea, we all enjoyed our tea very much, it was Mr. Moody's kind treat, the measly children at home only could have grapes and sponge cake.

While we were having tea we all called out, "there is Mr. Moody." We thought he was in Vancouver, but he came up and found us out. So the Station Agent brought him to us on the Speeder. We gave him some tea.

Afterwards we went out on the big stones in the creek and played about. Then we made a good fire there, it looked so pretty when it burnt up bright with the water all round and dark trees on the sides of the bank. When we got home we went to bed.

THEREZE.

The Indian Boys' School.

THE New England Company — an English Society more than 250 years old—will shortly establish an Indian Industrial School and Farm for boys, at some point yet to be chosen, between Yale and Lytton. The Society will find all the money necessary for the purchase of the land and the provision of buildings, and for the payment of a Chaplain-Master, the Indian Department making the usual per caput Government grant in aid for a number of boys not to exceed 40. The School will be conducted on Church of England lines, practically under the control of the New England Company, and usefully supplement the excellent work that is being done at Yale, for Indian girls, by the Sisters of All Hallows', another religious and charitable foundation of the "Old Country."—*Daily News*.

It is due, we believe, to Mr. Moody's untiring efforts that the establishment of a School for Indian boys, will at last become *un fait accompli* in our Diocese.

The following letter from Mr. Ditcham, who is appointed Principal of the School, tells us now, that the site is chosen.

Sapperton, B. C.,

Sept. 13th., 1901.

DEAR SISTER:—I have the honour to inform you that the New England Company has approved of the purchase of Mr. Seward's Ranche, near Lytton, for the Industrial School for Indian boys.

Yours faithfully,

GEO. DITCHAM.

The purchase of this beautiful property cannot but be satisfactory to everybody interested in the Indian work, and we hope very shortly to hear that a few boys are really established there to form the nucleus of what, we trust, may hereafter become a large and good Church School.

In the *Cowley Magazine* we constantly read interesting accounts of Father Elwin's School for Hindoo and Brahmin boys in Poona, India.

His success is surely due to the spirit of devout prayer he so evidently brings to bear upon every undertaking, joined to an unlimited confidence in the capacity for good in each one of his lads. The fact that some of them, occasionally, run away, or are enticed away by heathen parents, or in some way wander out of the right path, never seemed to shake his faith, or weaken his glowing love for "the jolly little chaps." This love, and this faith are infectious. *We* are a long way from India and we are very ignorant of the ways of native boys, but Father Elwin has taught us to

care a great deal about them, and with him we are anxiously watching for Petrus' return, and are rejoicing to hear that Patrick and Bruno are such "all round" useful boys. The new little bullock-cart Bruno drives out in, with the daily mail, is a joy to us!

Our own Indian boys' School, so much nearer to us in locality, must, in spirit, be brought near to us in the same way, and we must strive to strengthen the hands of those, who have the work to do, by prayer and by helpful little words and ways, especially when we are with the Indians.

Those of us who have been engaged in Mission work, either at home or abroad, know, only too well, what tedious, often disheartening work, it is to deal with ignorance, prejudice and vice, and out of sordid and squalid surroundings to strive to raise the sin-bound children of earth into the glorious liberty of the children of God.

With alien races this difficulty is greatly increased by diversity of language and customs, and to rightly sympathize, or even bear with so much that we cannot understand in people of another class or nationality, calls, in truth, for the spirit of prayer. Our Lord's command, however, is unquestionable. "Go ye and teach every nation!" His promise is certain. "Lo, I am with you always's.

We cannot do much perhaps, for our boys' School. Money is not needed, advice, no doubt, is plentiful, but we can pray, pray every day, and pray earnestly for this new work in the Diocese, and for him who has been called to shepherd some of the "Brunos" and "Patrick's" of *this* great country.

"VISITORS."

TWO "old girls" have gone from each School this year, leaving a blank in the life of each household which is not easily filled.

Their beds, their desks, places at table, their little duties, have all been taken by others, giving us many a pang as we miss the old familiar faces, and loving ways; for though their successors are dear and good, still, the newness has not worn off yet. Doubtless that is only a matter of time, and it may be that when we are old and grey-headed it will cause us just the same wrench to part with these new little girls, who may, by that time, have also grown to be elder daughters of All Hallows' Schools!

Still, we surely may be excused a few heart-aches now, —for Winifred Armstrong, in the Canadian School, has been with us for nearly eight years, while Annie and Dora, in the Indian School, came to us ten long years ago as very small children indeed, and we hardly know ourselves without these three! One always expects to see them, especially in their place in Chapel, where one is trying (not always successfully!) to get used to new voices coming from different places! Though Mildred Pentreath was not here so long, still, we miss her too, and her quiet orderliness.

Now they will all return to us (as we hope they *will* return!) as "Visitors;" and when they do so, they will not only find a warm welcome, but, in each School, a charming "Visitor's room" ready for them.

The Visitor's room in the Canadian School is very proud of itself, and rightfully so, in its pretty new School colours: but the Indian

School is much uplifted, as it never had a *real* Visitors' room before, and a great deal of ingenuity and shifting has been required to give it one now. Doubtless old inhabitants will remember the "Sisters' Sitting-room" of former days. Well, after undergoing many changes, its last transformation has resulted in its being called "the Blue Room," where elder girls, and visiting "old girls," may dwell.

A pretty French window leads down by steps from it to the balcony, which is over the front door and long passage, and overlooks the garden and river.

The "Infirmery" too has a French window and steps, and is now known as the "Nursery."

Very attractive rooms these are, now that the small dormer windows have been displaced by others, which let the sunshine and mountains look in so freely.

Now we have the entire sunny front of the Indian School given up as sleeping apartments for the children, only the three small bedrooms at the back being reserved for the older members of the staff.

"Old girls" of both Schools will ever be cordially welcomed as "visitors;" and we hope that, knowing a little niche is prepared for them, they will never hesitate to avail themselves of any opportunity of filling it, and returning to us, to renew old friendships, and form new ones under the hospitable roof-tree of "All Hallows in the West."

Gifts Received Since May, 1901.

One bale clothing, from Edinburgh Diocesan Working Party.

Parcel from Holy Trinity, Haddington.

One bale clothing, St. Peter's W.

A., Charlottetown.

One bale clothing, W. A., Georgetown.

One parcel clothing, from All Hallows Orphanage and Industrial Schools, Ditchingham, England.

Dolls from Miss Dutton, Wallington.

One bale clothing, groceries and new material, W. A. Grace Church, Ottawa.

One bale clothing, Miss S. Wallace, Carshalton.

Religious books for the Sisters' Library, Miss Hobson.

One bale clothing, new and second hand, Miss Parker's Working Party, St. Andrews.

One bale clothing and groceries, St. Paul's W. A., Kingston.

Fancy work, from Miss Cornwall Leigh's Working Party.

One large wicker basket-trunk, fancy work and books, from Miss Spark's School, Strathallan House, London.

One box handsome embroideries, silk and curious ferns, Capt. R. Beyson, I. M. S. Japan.

The House Linen and Clothing Department.

RETURNING after an absence of many months to take up various duties again, it was disheartening work to overhaul the linen cupboard. In spite of valiant efforts, sheets and towels alike had been disintegrating, and everyone had had their hands too full of other work to be able to tackle this difficulty. Many of the towels reminded one of the beginning of the Irishman's receipt for a cannon, "take a hole," and, in this instance put a little ragged fringe round it! Counterpanes had dropped to pieces too, but, as they were in a rather

more hopeful state, and were nice soft sheeting, with only a red border round them, it was easy work for little convalescents to repair them, while sitting on the sunny balcony.

The kind W. A. had sent us 6 nice new counterpanes, so large that we were just able to cut them in half, and by adding a red border to the cut edge, to make them do for 12 beds!

But as to sheets, words rather fail me,—but one's heart sank, and life seemed suddenly all dull and grey, as one tried to face the problem of having to make up 30 beds with the pile of "remnants" before one!

It was hopeless to dream of having them replaced for us, in the then state of the exchequer, especially as it had already generously promised us some towels.

Just when the depth of despair was reached, a kind Sister happened to enquire into the cause of the unwonted dejection, and then cheerfully said "Oh, I have been saving *piles* of new sheets, and pillow-cases and towels for you. They came in bales while you were away!"

Such joyful news! Two doz. nice new unbleached sheets, and over a doz. towels, and nearly two doz. pillow-cases, beside some red-bordered toilet covers!

How busy we all were getting them marked! It was such a comfort to have some really substantial things to give out the next week.

I only wish the kind friends who had provided these comfortable things for us could have shared in the universal satisfaction they gave!

Now we can mend with a good heart, as eight beds are so well provided for; especially as Sister says

we ought not to grumble, for once upon a time we had plenty of sheets and no children, and she thinks it is better to have plenty of children, even if we have not as many sheets as we should like!

Some charming bales have arrived during my absence, and it is a joy to inspect the well-stocked shelves, which will not, I fear, be quite so full when one has made a raid upon them for the winter supply of clothing.

The blue serge Sunday frocks are yet to be re-measured and put in order. We had such beautiful ones sent last year from Edinborough, and I did hear a report that there were more for us this year. We never yet have had *quite* enough for everybody. So it will be a very great satisfaction if there are enough to go all round this time!

Sister Fanny's kind little donation was not spent as usual this summer, on an expedition during the holidays, as several of the children had measles, but it went towards purchasing about 80 yards of pink print to be made up into more "Sunday dresses" for next year. Many of those in use now were sent to us from Wallington nine years ago, and are getting rather thin in some places.

We are often asked what we most want, a very welcome question, though the answer is sometimes apt to be rather long!

Here are some chronic wants:—

Turkey twill overall pinafores with long full sleeves, for ages from 4 to 14.

Turkey twill aprons, with broad straps over the shoulders, for older girls.

Strongly made and lined scarlet cloaks, of serge, duffle or baize, for winter uniform.

Scarlet, or dark cardinal Tam o'shanter (30 of them.)

Four strong unbleached tablecloths, each about $3\frac{1}{2}$ yds. long, and one yard wide.

Stockings are always needed, most especially *strong* cotton stockings for summer wear. We have never had nearly enough of these latter, and heavy winter stockings are depressing things to wear with the thermometer in the nineties, besides its being such bad economy.

It may seem rather "previous" to mention this now, but circumstances have forcibly impressed on us this great want just now.

Bright, strong, print frocks for all ages, from 4 to 20; also overall pinafores of the same cheerful material, are some of the most satisfactory things we know of to receive. A bright well-made garment looks nice on to the very end, while a pale, or dull colour, is apt to become dingy and to belie itself, by looking dirty on every possible occasion!

If any clever fingers would make us some pretty print sun-bonnets for our 7 "babies" we should be very glad; pink or white for Sundays, and any colour for week-days.

Of course hats are a necessity in very hot weather, but they do not stay on easily. We do not always understand the ways of elastic at that youthful age, and

the babies' hair is such short fluffy stuff, that even if a little wisp of it is ruthlessly tied or twisted up, yet the elder girls' expedient of hat pins is ludicrously inefficient. No one who has seen a little soft brown baby face peeping out of a sun-bonnet, would hesitate to decide as to their superiority over hats, except, as before mentioned, in really hot weather.

ALTHEA MOODY.

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 20th., (D. V.) The Spring Term will begin January 20th. (D. V.) Pupils are expected to arrive on that day.

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

