

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

Canadiana.org has attempted to obtain the best copy available for scanning. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of scanning are checked below.

Canadiana.org a numérisé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de numérisation sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers /
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged /
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated /
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing /
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps /
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) /
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations /
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material /
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Only edition available /
Seule édition disponible
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion
along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut
causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la
marge intérieure.
- Additional comments /
Commentaires supplémentaires:

Continuous pagination.

- Coloured pages / Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged / Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated /
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached / Pages détachées
- Showthrough / Transparence
- Quality of print varies /
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Includes supplementary materials /
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire
- Blank leaves added during restorations may
appear within the text. Whenever possible, these
have been omitted from scanning / Il se peut que
certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une
restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais,
lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas
été numérisées.

All Hallows in the West

"SERVIRE DEO SAPERE."



Ascensiontide
1906

Published at

All Hallows' School, Yale, B.C.

Editor, The Sister Superior.

CONTENTS.

PROSPECTUS	1
Work	2
School Prayers	2
By Thy Cross and Passion, By Thy Glorious Resurrection and Ascension (Poetry)	483
Jesus, Perfect Man	483
The Vision (Poetry)	484
Leaves from Our Journal	485
The Easter Music at All Hallows	490
A Picnic in the Rockies	492
The Influence of Books on Character	491
Behind the Scenes	494
School Register	496
Names Entered for Future Vacancies	497
Visitors' Book	497
HEARTSEASE—	
Ascension-tide	498
All Hallows' Chapel Furnishing Fund	499
LETTERS—	
From Barsham, Eng.; Cannes, France; <i>En</i> Route for Colombo; Suva, Sandwich Islands	499
All Hallows' Indian School	504
Indian School Register	505
Daily Time Table	505
Time and Change	506
CHILDREN'S CORNER—	
Ambition	508
The King's Highway	508
School Days and Ways	509
Wants	510
Gifts Acknowledged	511
Notice	Cover

All Hallows' Canadian School,

YALE, B.C.

ESTABLISHED 1890

Conducted by the Sisters of All Hallows.

VISITOR - - - - THE LORD BISHOP OF NEW WESTMINSTER

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

Games Mistress, - - - Miss R. Moody.

The Course of Study Includes:

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

Staff of Teachers:

Primary Class - Miss Francis.
 Junior and Senior Classes, English Subjects, Latin, Mathematics, French and Musical Drills. } Miss Shibley, B.A., Queen's University, Kingston.
 } Miss Sait, B.A., Trinity University, Toronto.
 } Miss Kelley, B.A., Trinity University, Toronto.
 Music, Piano - - - Miss R. Moody Miss Francis, Miss Dodd.
 Music, Violin and Harmony } Miss R. Moody, Cer. : Senior Local Centre, Assoc. :
 } Board R. A. M. & R. C. M., Pupil of Wolfenmum, at
 the Dresden Conservatorium.
 German - Miss R. Moody.
 Drawing and Painting - Miss Francis.

School Terms:

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

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

School Hours : 9 to 12, 1 to 3 Study 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 Matriculation Examination.

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

Also for School Examinations of the Royal Drawing Society.

Entrance Fee \$5.00

School Fees (in Advance)

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

Application for further particulars to be made to:

THE SISTER SUPERIOR

All Hallows' School, Yale, B.C.

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

Parochial Mission Work among the Indians	- -	Begun	1884
Indian Mission School for girls, 35 pupils	- -	"	1885
Canadian Boarding School for girls, 45 pupils	- -	"	1890

Staff of Workers:

Two Sisters	Miss Sait
Miss Shibley	Miss Dodd
Miss Kelley	Miss Harris
Miss R. Moody	Mrs. Smith
Miss Francis	Miss Maine

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

Prayer for the Children of the Schools:

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

V. Take this child and nurse it for Me.

R. And I will give thee thy reward.

Let us pray.

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

Commemoration of Those who have Gone Out from the Schools:

Antiphon—They will go from strength to strength.

V. And unto the God of gods.

R. 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. VI.

ASCENSION-TIDE, 1906.

No. 7

Poetry.

BY THY CROSS AND PASSION.

By anguish that made pale the sun,
I hear Him charge His saints, that none
Among His creatures anywhere
Blaspheme against Him with despair,
However darkly days go on.
Take from my head the thorn-wreath brown—
No mortal grief deserves that crown!
O Supreme Love! Chief Misery!
The sharp regalia are for Thee,
Whose days eternally go on!

—E. B. Browning.

BY THY GLORIOUS RESURRECTION.

Rise, heart! Thy Lord is risen! Sing His praise
Without delays,
Who takes thee by the hand, that thou likewise
With Him mayst rise;
That, as His Death calcined thee to dust,
His Life may make thee gold and much more just!

—Herbert.

BY THY ASCENSION.

Then shall the gates and everlasting door
At which the King of Glory enters in,
Be to the Saints unbarred, and there, where pleasure
Boasts an undying bloom; where dubious hope
Is certainty, and grief-attended love
Is free from passion—there we'll celebrate
With worthier members Him Who is and was,
And in immortal prowess, King of kings,
Shall be the Monarch of all worlds for ever.

—C. Smart, 1747.

Jesus, Perfect Man.

The Ascension is, above all things, the triumph of humanity in the person of the representative Man. At Ascension-tide we celebrate, and thank God for the enthronement of Man in Heaven. Man has passed through the gates of Heaven, now never more to be shut to him. Since the first Ascension Day we have a repre-

sentative of our race in Heaven; a true Ambassador from us to the Heavenly Court; as the Incarnation is the beginning, so the Ascension is the consummation of the "taking of the Manhood into God."

The Vision.

"Wherefore I was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision.—
Acts xxvi. 19.

He that has once stood upon the Mount of Vision,
And seen from there the parting of all ways—
 Of nights and days;
And has made once for ever the decision
Which only comes to him who greatly wills
To do the right, that he in GOD fulfils
 Humbly who prays;
He that has marked the watershed of things
 And margs mortal,
Can feel no more the petty strife and stings
 From that high portal—
For he has drunk of the eternal springs.

He cannot be the same, he holds GOD'S measure,
The little now is little, and the great
 His so'le estate;
He may not honour aught, or chose a treasure
Save truth itself, which is his daily trust,
And shows him jewels though within the dust
 Not maculate.
He carries with him thus a secret light,
 A clue of glory,
And cannot thence forget the solemn sight
 For a less story.
Than that which armours him in mystic light.

Not disobedient to the heavenly Vision,
He weighs the world in balances more fine
 Because Divine;
And needs no front of danger and derision
Which are to him the passing of a breath,
And at the last he fondly finds in death
 Sweet discipline,
For he has seen the Truth unveiled and stood
 High on the Mountain
With very Christ, and proved His Grace a good
 And living Fountain—
Gathered to GOD in the one Fatherhood.

Oh when, dear brother, thou hast loved the Highest,
And been transfigured at the Cross's throne

That doth atone;

Then come what may (or life or doom) the nighest,
Still must thou bear the Sacramental seal
Within thy heart, the light that stays to heal

In love alone;

And all thy work for ever has a touch,

A tone of splendour

Alien to others who have dared not such

A whole surrender—

For thou hast seen GOD'S Face and lovèd much.

But, ah, the greater price shall yet be given
For this grand knowledge, if thou takest up

Christ's awful cup

And wilt in Sorrow's Fellowship be shriven;

There may endure no lower earthlier tie,

When thou with Him would'st daily live and die

And fasting sup;

For he that loveth most doth suffer most,

Not in vain seeming.

To rule by service in the saintly host

For hearts' redeeming—

And every path must be a Pentecost.

For him no more the common and the meaner,

But still the larger look, the Peace untold,

The human hold

That leaves the world by his white passage cleaner:

And from his purer presence near or far,

In richer rays, shall fall as from a star

Light manifold.

Not for himself can he henceforward toil

But just for others,

He only gleans through losses Love's own spoil

That makes men brothers—

And with his life he feeds the holy oil.

F. W. Orde Ward,

Author of "The Prisoner of Love."

Leaves from Our Journal.

January, 1906.—The cold grey days of January slipped rapidly by in quick, uneventful routine, bringing a sense of rest and leisure which was very refreshing to tired, strenuous workers oppressed during the Term by a multiplicity of duties and "carking cares."

We expected the children back on the 20th, but an unexpected-ly heavy snow-storm made travelling in our neighbourhood im-

possible for a week, so everyone had to be notified that the School would not open until the 1st of February.

The snow was hailed with delight by the Indian children—for, so far, the holidays had not fulfilled their early promise of joy in the exercise of true winter sports. Without plenty of dry snow there could be no good coasting or sleighing, no snowball battles or snow-men sculpture. But now, the snow was coming down in a heavy continuous fall, which surely was "warranted to last."

We read a notice in a school-paper, issued about this time, from one of the boys' schools at the Coast, that, in consequence of a fall of three inches of snow there, the boys had been able to build forts and hold a mimic siege and thoroughly enjoy the wintry weather. What a lesson this was to us, how much we wanted to ship some of our snow to that school! Here it was three feet high all around us, blocking the windows, drifting into the verandahs, filling the balconies and still the flakes were falling, falling with prodigal generosity, and we were only murmuring "Will it stay?"

February.—We looked for a miserable long drawn out thaw, but a "chinook" wind carried away a great deal of the snow and then the thaw, when it came was rapid, so that the "gum boots" and "Arctic shoes" we counselled the Canadian children to bring back in their school equipment were not so absolutely necessary as we feared they would be.

By the first week in February the ground was clearing nicely, the school assembled in goodly numbers, and very soon the question of an extra bed for a visitor became, as usual, a subject involving delicate domestic management.

Towards the end of the month we had some severe frosts, and the children were able to go out skating, but high winds made winter picnics, such as we have enjoyed in former years, quite undesirable.

In **March** the whole family settled down into the blessed helpful calm of the great penitential season of Lent. A small missionary box became the possession of each dormitory, and was the sign and seal that All Hallows children were falling into line with the great army of children throughout the Dominion of Canada who are pledged to help the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society of the Church.

Once more how swiftly the days slipped by, unmarked by any events greater than the weekly visits of the clergy from Vancouver and other parts of the Diocese, by a few cases of feverish colds, by a few quiet Saturday evening parties, got up chiefly for the benefit of the little ones, then sunny, showery **April** brought us to the benediction of another Holy Week. Two old girls came back to the Canadian School, and two to the Indian School to

spend the dear season with us. The Bishop's return from England occurred in March, so we enjoyed again the presence of our Chief Pastor, and his ministrations in the School Chapel at this most solemn season of the year.

On Easter Day we numbered a family of one hundred and five souls. How the chapel was crowded, and what a splendid volume of sound was poured out when we all raised our voices to sing "Hail! festal day," and "Christ, our passover, is sacrificed for us. "It was good to be there." So said one of the dear "old girls," Altogether we had three "old girl" visitors in each school, besides a sweet little "grand-daughter" visitor for the Indian School.

Another pen will write of the Easter Services, another pen will also perhaps describe the Easter picnics. My quill must confine itself to an account of a birthday party and some birthday presents.

A group of four birthdays among the staff occurred in Lent. This was rather bad management and seemed a waste of good opportunities to the children, who only need the shadow of an excuse for getting up "something" to lighten the drudgery of school days!

The School Mother suggested a "combine" and a transfer of all the Lent birthdays to Easter Tuesday.

Mothers are accustomed to the task of meeting irrelevant questions both in and out of season; the School Mother thinks she has an exceptionally wide experience in this direction and hopes, therefore, that she has acquired a little wisdom and some caution, but taken unawares one day and asked what she most wanted, she answered blithely, "a meat-safe." No doubt a meat-safe is very useful, but it cannot be ornamental, it is dull and prosaic, it even sounds a little sordid. So reasoned the children, and such a lamentable want of judgment in the Head of the House shut her out from all further council on the subject of birthday presents.

The breakfast table was very festive on Easter Tuesday morning and at the School Mother's end it was crowded with lovely gifts. A fine umbrella, both handsome and useful, a gay hammock with a balance, also handsome and useful, a tea-set of delicate blue china, a cushion-cover all frills and beautifully embroidered violets, so the list went on and you might have observed that everything was pretty as well as useful; among such works of art a meat-safe clearly had no place, but a little note had its place there hidden away among a dozen dainty trifles—a note to say that the meat-safe was a gift from two dear fellow-workers, who, like the School Mother herself, have probably faced some of the problems of domestic economy and understand the value of kitchen furniture. Further the note stated that the meat-

safe would appear at the "proper time and place." The last four words belong perhaps to "another story," but one which must be told here for the best birthday present of all, though, like the meat-safe, not in evidence, was a tiny summer cottage in course of erection on a corner of Dr. Underhill's lot at North Arm. For this cottage furnishing, of course, is necessary, hence the School Mother's desire for a meat-safe! And for it hammock and tea-set and all useful things are destined. It is there she hopes to spend the warm summer holidays in July and August, accompanied by some of the "family."

The birthday party the children gave in the evening was truly delightful. A musical contest began the fun. It was managed in a very clever way. Some one read a story which ran perhaps like this: "Once upon a time in a—" here there was a pause, and some one played on the piano, "In a cottage by the wood." We all knew the old familiar tune, and filled the blank on the cards supplied for the purpose. The reader continued: "There lived a girl whose name was—" here strains of "Nelly Gray" reached our ears. Thus the story went on until twenty or more popular melodies had been recognized and fitted into the frame work of a really very interesting little narrative. The competitor who succeeded in making it most complete won a pretty little prize.

Another pleasant item on the programme was the "Grandmother's Drill." In this a row of delightful little old women with brooms in their hands went in unison through all the movements of sweeping, dusting, knitting, dozing, etc., to the measured strains of slow music.

Of course there was time for dancing between the scenes besides a great deal of lively conversation. The School Mother enjoyed it all as much as if it was her first birthday party at All Hallows in the West, instead of being a time-honored function, now nearly a quarter of a century old.

One afternoon in Easter week, when some of the children went out to a tea-party, the rest assembled in the Playing Field for out-door sports under the direction of the Games' Mistress. The Indian children were invited to sit there in the warm sunshine as admiring and applauding spectators.

We witnessed the three-legged race, the obstacle race, the grandmothers' race, the long distance race, the water race and the high jump. It was warm work, so oranges had to be handed round at intervals. Prizes were awarded to the most athletic maidens, the winner in the obstacle race receiving a very special ovation, for had she not distanced all her fellows in putting on a jacket with lightning speed, even buttoning the regulation number of buttons properly? Had she not crawled through a barrel, jumped over a hurdle or two while coursing over the ground and reached the goal first, dishevelled indeed, yet triumphant?

Among our April visitors we were delighted to welcome Miss Nevitt's sister from Toronto. She had just been married, and with her husband, the Rev. E. Ryerson, was on her way to Japan. The children were pleasantly excited when they heard that a bride was coming to stay at the school. I suspect some of the little ones expected her to arrive in a veil, crowned with a wreath of orange blossoms. Surely there was a shade of disappointment on some faces when she appeared in a hat "just like anyone else."

In May our first excitement was the R. A. M. & R. C. M. Associated Board Examinations in Theory and Harmony. Mr. Dorrell from Ashcroft was appointed Local Examiner.

I must pause here to mention that at the time of the earthquake in San Francisco last month, one of our Canadian children was stopping there on her way back to School after wintering in California. She escaped from the St. Nicholas Hotel early in the morning before it fell in, and found refuge with her mother and brother in a cemetery, and after witnessing the whole of that awful tragedy, the destruction of the City of the Golden Gate by earthquake and by fire, she returned to us a few days ago safe and well, thank God.

The balmy days of May, so full of sunshine and the perfume of flowers were very tempting for picnics. The Indian School stole a day off and went up the hill with their lunch baskets to breathe the scent of the pines.

The Study girls planned a picnic, and, with permission, sent out invitations to all the Staff to meet at "Brookside" as their guests on Saturday afternoon. Alas, Saturday morning was showery, so the first engagement had to be cancelled, and the young hostesses had to reconsider the matter. At length a notice board invited us to Brookside after Choir Practice. At 7:30 evening-dresses were exchanged for short skirts and blouses, shady hats or sunbonnets and pigtails replaced ordinary evening coiffures. When all were ready the party marched off full of curiosity to look for Brookside. At one door a finger-post pointed "this way to Brookside," and following the direction they found themselves in the back-yard. Another sign pointed to the front garden, in and out, up and down they went. Fortunately the evening was very fine, but the chase became quite exciting until at length they struck the right trail and reached Brookside in time for luncheon. In common everyday life the site chosen for the picnic is known as the dining hall. That night it was a fairy forest, moss and trees, boulders and fallen trunks were scattered around; the sunlight (Chinese lanterns) fell in golden gleams through green foliage; a cloth was spread on the ground, and cushions and rugs were provided for some guests, while others squatted on the carpet of moss or perched on rocks; then mugs were unfastened from girdles (for we never carry tea-cups to picnics), baskets were unpacked and a delicious meal was eaten with much laughter and fun.

The Study girls know how to prepare a good luncheon! (I nearly wrote supper). Dainty sandwiches and potato salad with mayonaise, strawberries and cream, jellies and whipped cream, cakes, lemonade and tea all disappeared with celerity. There was no time for games afterwards. The hour was late and a guide had to be found to conduct the dwellers by a safe and direct route to the doors of the dormitories and thence to bed.

While the busy hum of everyday life goes on at the school, one dear group of girls are drawing aside day by day, out of all the stir and confusion, to prepare themselves for the holy rite of Confirmation. To-morrow the Bishop expects to be at the School to lay his hands in sacramental blessing on each bowed head.

Before concluding my journal for this season, I must not forget to mention how pleased we all were to hear that Marjorie McCartney, who matriculated before she left All Hallows last summer to enter Vancouver College, ranked **fourth** at the Christmas examination in Euclid, making a percentage of 64 per cent. in the First Year university work.

The Easter Music at All Hallows.

Easter music is generally of the very best that the choirs and congregations can offer up to Heaven. Of course, a little harder work is always necessary just to "finish" the Anthem or Canticle, and extra choir and orchestra practices take up our spare time.

At All Hallows the music is very good, and it has been said that "the Communion Service on Easter Day was the best in British Columbia," which makes us feel very proud of our music, and our little chapel out here among the mountains.

The organist, Miss Moody, takes great pains to make the music go well. Most of it is bought in England by Sister Althea, who very carefully chooses the prettiest and most suitable anthems and canticles.

Soon after the term opened, the choir began to learn the Easter music. Choir practices were on Saturday afternoons, and the school practice was in the evening, after Vespers.

This year we did not learn a new setting for the Communion Service, but kept to the very pretty one which we had last year—Baden-Powell's. It is written for the most part in the key of A flat, with solos in A major.

The anthems we learned for this Easter were very pretty. On Easter Day at Matins we sang "Christ is Risen," by George Elvey, and at Evensong, B. Tours' beautiful setting of "Christ, our Pass-over, is sacrificed for us." In the latter there are two solos which were sung by two "old girls"—Elinor Hanington and Cecily Galt, who had returned to their old school to share in our Easter joys.

Cecily's clear high voice just suited her part, while Elinor took the lower solo, which was originally meant for a tenor voice.

The Special Psalms for the day were sung antiphonally to the beautiful Gregorian tones.

The Processional at Celebration and Matins was Baden-Powell's 'Hail! Festal Day.' The chorus was first played by the orchestra, and then sung unaccompanied by the choir outside the Chapel door, and repeated by both schools while the choir marched up the aisle. The girls just reached their places as the strains of the last chorus died away.

The voluntary was the well known "I know that my Redeemer liveth," from Handel's Messiah. As played by the organ and two violins, it made a most appropriate ending to our Services for the Day.

We learned two new offertory sentences especially for Easter, "While we have time," and "He that soweth little," both by Barnby. Evensong was very beautifully sung and Tours' "Magnificat" and "Nunc Dimittis" sounded well with the full orchestral accompaniment which Sister Althea had been able to procure for us in England. All the hymns were sung with orchestral accompaniment, too. One of the most beautiful pieces of music which we sang was the "Sevenfold Amen." It is known and sung everywhere, so was familiar to us before we came to All Hallows. The grandness and dignity of it are most striking, and unless sung very well it ought not to be attempted. We sang it after the Prayer of Consecration and after the Benediction at each Service.

Our beautiful Easter Music will be sung during the next forty days, until Ascensontide, when we shall pass on to another Festival and leave our Easter Music for another year, hoping that as the "best" we could give, it has been an acceptable offering to Almighty God.

Edith Rich.

The Influence of Books on Character.

This is a question which can only be answered in one way, and that is that books have a decided influence on the character. From the ideal of the boy in his teens (probably one of Henty's heroes) to that of the older man, who still cherishes some historical or fictitious character which has unconsciously formed his own, heroes of fiction have played an important part in man's life. Many a man's life-work has been decided by his becoming interested in some book of science or craft, which seemed to point out to him his true vocation. They sometimes have an evil influence. How many girls' characters have been weakened, the best part of their lives spoiled, by the influence of the "trashy" variety of novels! But still that too evident fact goes to show that books do have an influence on character.

Great men, too, when they have reached the highest rungs on the ladder of fame, have acknowledged that it was the chance reading, and then close companionship of some book that had been the turning-point, and had finally decided their career. William Pitt first formed his brilliant career of statesmanship by the help of Adam Smith's "Wealth of Nations," which, though it did not define his policy, opened to him new fields of thought. While to go farther down the list of famous men, John Bunyan, the "Tinker of Bedford," could never have written that greatest of all allegories if he had not perused so lovingly, day by day, the pages of his Bible, which so trained his mind and hallowed his heart, that his rough Provincial utterance became transformed into one of the loftiest and greatest works in English literature.

The Scottish school-boy, who dug so eagerly in dirty attics for ancient Border ballads and legends, and read so intently Percy's "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry," did not know he was laying the foundation-stone for the novelist and poet of later years, who was to charm the world through numbers of generations by his "Ivanhoe" and "Lady of the Lake." If this boyish taste for reading had not been cultivated, one of the brightest stars of English prose and poetry would have been lost.

The writings of such men as Tennyson, Browning and Carlyle, who have all fought and conquered in the battle between the doubts of the century and Divine Truth, cannot fail to influence the characters of readers by their calm trust and faith. They look down, as it were, from the pinnacle they have reached upon those still struggling with doubts and fears and the message given in "In Memoriam" cannot fail to strengthen one's faith, as Carlyle's earnest utterances urge one to do battle against wrong or injustice.

When the budding author goes to the great one for advice, or to the busy editor, the answer nearly always is: Do not write any more, but read good books by good authors--and these are not given as models to be copied, but merely that the beginner's mind should expand and develop under this good influence.

So if we take our own lives, in a smaller way, we cannot say that we have not been benefited by the reading of good books, and I think very few but could recall some period in their lives when their characters have been influenced to a greater or lesser degree by a favorite book. It is the little things which form character and the love of a book is not surely such a trifle that it makes no impression on men's minds.

Elsie Honeyman.

A Picnic in the Rockies.

One day in July, when the summer was at its height, we decided to have a picnic high up in the Rocky Mountains. We live in a valley of this range, but we wished to get quite away from

our surroundings and far beyond the enclosing hills. So we packed our lunch the evening before in order to be ready for our early start the next morning.

My father knew of a beautiful lake some miles away from home, so early in the morning we mounted our horses, taking a pack-pony to carry lunch, rugs and cushions, and started off.

For some distance the country was familiar to us, but after a time we commenced to ascend a hitherto unknown road, which led up from the valley by a circuitous route over many mounds and through many glens.

At last, after riding through a dark, narrow canyon, we ascended a steep path, and found ourselves high above everything except the mountain we were on. Below us, as far as we could see, stretched great purple mountains, intersected with little blue valleys. In the distance everything was enveloped in a misty purple haze, and the earth and the sky seemed to meet. Nearer us we could make out a great, slow-moving blue river, creeping among the banks of bright emerald green.

To the east there lay a small square of brilliant green, which father said was a great field of grain. The green along the river bank, and this huge field, made such a contrast, and then the blue river and purple haze were all just like a gorgeous picture.

After gazing at it for a long time, we again started riding along the side of the mountain, and, still ascending, reached the summit. Here the view was even more beautiful.

To the north there stretched a range of glorious mountains, buried in snow at their summits, but covered with a misty purple haze at their bases. A little below us was a bright blue lake, lying like a great clear sapphire, surrounded by its banks of moss and stretches of white sand. To the east and south were the same great, misty purple mountains stretching away as far as eye could reach. But to the west, across a narrow, dark-looking canyon, was a great, rugged mountain. It was covered with trees at the top, and seemed to be connected with the great snow-capped range north of us.

Down its sides were most beautiful streams, dashing over the huge cliffs, and falling in showers at the foot, then stealing away out of the sunlight into the great dark glen.

We were held spellbound for a few moments. But, having looked until our eyes ached and our brains reeled with the magnitude of everything, we rode down by a tortuous path to the little lake which lay below us.

Here we made camp for the day and found it delightfully cool after the heat of the sun upon the treesless mountain top.

The lake itself was intensely blue. Around it there stretched a wide white border of fine glistening sand, and beyond that again

a border of wild, coarse green grass and other plants, thickly dotted with pretty vari-colored wild flowers.

Huge cotton-woods balm of Gilead trees stood about in clusters, their white trunks and brilliant green leaves affording a striking contrast to the background of sombre pines and purple hills.

In this beautiful spot we lingered all day, enjoying the perfect stillness and beauty, and feeling quite apart from the life of yesterday and to-morrow.

The little chipmonks in the neighborhood seemed quite fearless and friendly. They ate the cake and nuts we gave them right from our hands, but a sudden noise or motion would send them scampering away to the top of a tree, where they would sit and scold for half an hour.

Beside a pretty little brook which ran into the lake we found some very rare and beautiful ferns and flowers. The flowers were orchids, or lady-slippers, and of the most delicate colors. We took some of them up and put them into a box and carried them home with us where they bloomed for many weeks.

There were not many birds up in this lonely place, but the red-throated wood-pecker was here, as he is everywhere. We found some waterfowls' nests among the bullrushes, and saw some newly-hatched owls. They were funny, soft, fuzzy, little things, with an evident dislike to light.

Among the pebbles at the edge of the lake we found some perfect arrowheads of flint, made by the Indians, and also some petrified sticks.

About four o'clock we started for home again, well contented with our happy day and rare spoils. We arrived quite late at night, thoroughly tired out, but before going to bed we all decided that nothing would satisfy us another summer except camping for a long time at this lovely, lonely little lake.

Ida Shaw.

Behind the Scenes.

(A Manuscript Lost and Found.)

It was my good fortune, dear readers, to spend this spring at All Hallows in the West, and now I have been asked to write something about my visit. I willingly undertake to do so, and only wish that I had "the pen of a ready writer" that I might be able to tell you in an interesting way of the life lived behind the scenes in this—to me—ideal school.

With what pleasant recollections do I look back to those two months of May and June, spent there. They did indeed pass away all too quickly, but the impressions made will always remain.

As the situation of the school has been often beautifully described in the school magazine, I shall not attempt anything of the

kind now—especially as I was warned by a friend before leaving my home in Charlottetown to write back no descriptions of scenery—but rather pass on to speak of the doing of those with whom I was associated during my visit. What impressed me very deeply at All Hallows was the perfect accord that seemed to exist between the life lived within its walls and Nature around. Those who guide and direct the lives of the young in this school have indeed realized the writer's thought, "See deep enough and you see musically the heart of Nature being everywhere music if you can only reach it."

Those who know anything of school life will bear me out in saying that the two most trying months of the school year for both teachers and scholars are those of May and June, and that to pass through that period with little or no friction does indeed speak well of any school.

I went there as a stranger to everyone, but I had no sooner arrived—after a journey of five days from Montreal—than I was made to feel perfectly at home, while a smiling Indian maiden attended to my every want. My little bedroom overlooked the chapel, and I shall never forget the feeling of restfulness that stole over me as the sweet tones of the children's voices at service were distinctly heard.

I had arrived on Easter Tuesday, just in time to be present at the fancy ball, where I got my first glimpse of the whole family—the Canadian children as taking part and the Indian children as spectators.

As I was asked to take a few classes in the Indian school, I soon got to know how carefully the children had been trained, and I never before realized as I did then what a powerful factor music is in educating the young. How it is indeed "A kind of inarticulate, unfathomable speech which leads us to the edge of the Infinite and lets us for moments gaze into that."

The quietness of that evening study hour in the Indian school I shall not soon forget.

In the matter of discipline in both schools, I was very much impressed by the behaviour of the children. There seemed to be so few rules and yet such good order, but I soon came to the conclusion that the children themselves wished to obey, not through fear of punishment, but through fear of grieving one they loved.

I have asked myself the question, why did everything go on so calmly and happily at All Hallows, and the answer seems to be because "In unity there is always strength." One felt there was a loving and wise head directing and guiding this household of nearly a hundred souls and that there were also teachers who were patient, kind and skilful.

I was indeed pleased with the work done in the Indian school—this school for which our parish in the far east has now for many years given what aid it could in the way of bales and money. The

educational work is thoroughly and well done in both the Canadian and Indian schools and the beauty of it all is that one feels that—as an old pupil expressed it—there are other better, higher things in life than lessons that one learns at All Hallows.

It was indeed an object lesson to me to see how grateful the Indian children were to anyone who took any interest in them. How many a little kindness they showed me, such as leaving bunches of prettily arranged flowers in my bedroom.

How pleasant were those Saturday evenings, when, work being set aside and the children, all dressed in holiday attire, attended service in the little chapel, which seemed like a veritable paradise in its setting of beautiful spring flowers. Then after choir practice what a happy evening they had in playing games or dancing.

Then came closing day in the Indian school. How quietly and steadily the children went on with their preparations—no hurry, no rush, and they showed such good taste in decorating their school-room. I only wish, dear readers, that I could have better described my very pleasant visit at All Hallows, and hoping that you may one and all have the good fortune some day of seeing this school for yourselves, I say good-bye, and subscribe myself,

A Sincere Friend of All Hallows.

School Register.

May, 1906.

1. Marjorie Armstrong.....Cranbrook, B. C.
2. Hope Bradburn.....Victoria, B. C.
3. Erminie Bass.....Victoria, B. C.
4. Dorothy Broad.....New Westminster, B. C.
5. Alyson Beanlands.....Victoria, B. C.
6. Helena Beck.....Port Arthur, Ont.
7. Doris Beck.....Port Arthur, Ont.
8. Kate Bowers.....Vancouver, B. C.
9. Grace Cross.....Silverton, B. C.
10. Jessie Choate.....Calgary, Alta.
11. Monica Childe.....Calgary, Alta.
12. Irene Creary.....Vancouver, B. C.
13. Mildred Campbell.....Victoria, B. C.
14. Dorothy Day.....Victoria, B. C.
15. Phyllis Davis.....Nanaimo, B. C.
16. Lilius Davys.....Nelson, B. C.
17. Rita Ferguson.....Savona, B. C.
18. Mabel Greene.....Kelowna, B. C.
19. Kathleen Greene.....Kelowna, B. C.
20. Helen Godfrey.....Vancouver, B. C.
21. Gladys Gray.....Victoria, B. C.
22. Viva Goletley.....Banff, Alta.
23. Bernice Harrison.....Victoria, B. C.
24. Annie Hill.....Vancouver, B. C.
25. Elsie Honeyman.....Ladners, B. C.
26. Calista Haws.....Okanagan Landing, B. C.
27. Madge Holden.....Victoria, B. C.
28. Evelyn Holmes.....Victoria, B. C.

29.	Hilda Hogbin.....	Calgary, Alta.
30.	Beatrice Inkman.....	Agassiz, B. C.
31.	Jean Jephson.....	Calgary, Alta.
32.	Marjorie Johnston.....	Vancouver, B. C.
33.	Gladys McCreath.....	Greenwood, B. C.
34.	Muriel McCormick.....	Enderby, B. C.
35.	Hilda McCormick.....	Enderby, B. C.
36.	Alice McMynn.....	Greenwood, B. C.
37.	Lena Nelson.....	New Westminster, B. C.
38.	Eileen Nesbitt.....	Vancouver, B. C.
39.	Edith Rich.....	Ladners, B. C.
40.	Jean Ross.....	Vancouver, B. C.
41.	Lorena Rourke.....	Vancouver, B. C.
42.	Ida Shaw.....	Greenwood, B. C.
43.	Clara Swenson.....	Ladners, B. C.
44.	Gertrude Sutton.....	Victoria, B. C.
45.	Winifred Sands.....	Vancouver, B. C.
46.	Ella Underhill.....	Vancouver, B. C.
47.	Sybil Underhill.....	Vancouver, B. C.
48.	Enid Underhill.....	Vancouver, B. C.
49.	Frances Whitworth.....	Hope, B. C.
50.	Gladys Wickwire.....	Greenwood, B. C.
51.	Dixie Wilson.....	Lethbridge, Alta.

NAMES REGISTERED FOR FUTURE VACANCIES.

Beryl Childe.....	Calgary, Alta.
Violet Kirby.....	Keremeos, B. C.
Constance Howell.....	Eburne, B. C.
Doris Welsh.....	Vancouver, B. C.
Huberta Shaw.....	Greenwood, B. C.
Ruth Freeman.....	Lethbridge, Alta.
Iva Norton.....	Victoria, B. C.
Ethelyn Trappe.....	New Westminster, B. C.
Margaret Lake.....	Calgary, Alta.
Marjorie Rome.....	Victoria, B. C.
— Phipps.....	Revelstoke, B. C.
Frances Cook.....	Vancouver, B. C.
Beatrice Cook.....	Vancouver, B. C.
Constance Hall.....	Calgary, Alta.

Visitors' Book.

February—Rev. Harold Underhill, Vancouver; Rev. Havelock Beacham, Vancouver; The Venerable Archdeacon of Columbia, Vancouver.

March—Rev. Harold Underhill, Vancouver; The Ven. Archdeacon of Columbia, Vancouver; Rev. A. Anstey Dorrell, Ashcroft, B. C.; Rev. Havelock Beacham, Vancouver.

April—Rev. Harold Underhill, Vancouver; The Rt. Rev. Bishop of New Westminster, New Westminster, B. C.; Rev. Harold Underhill, Vancouver; Rev. Egerton Ryerson and Mrs. Ryerson, Tokyo, Japan; Miss Elinor Hanington, Miss Cecily Galt, Victoria; Miss Nellie Leighton, Savona.

May—Rev. A. Anstey, Dorrell, Ashcroft, B. C.; The Ven. Archdeacon of Columbia, Vancouver; Mrs. Trevor Cross, Miss Cross, Silverton, B. C.; Rev. Harold Underhill, Vancouver.

Heartsease.

Ascensiontide.

"I pray thee let a double portion of thy spirit be upon me."

Such was the petition addressed to the Prophet Elijah by his faithful follower before he was taken up to Heaven by the fiery chariot of the Lord, and we, the followers of Him Whose glorious Ascension we now celebrate, as we join with His whole Church in earnest prayer for the fuller outpouring of His Holy Spirit, may we not do well to ponder the answer given to a like request by the prophet of old?

"Thou hast asked a hard thing"—so the olden answer runs. To us are given by our Blessed Lord Himself the most glorious promises, but in the condition attached to Elijah's answer surely there is much of deeper meaning for us: "Nevertheless, if thou see Me when I am taken from thee, it shall be so unto thee; but if not, it shall not be so."

Standing on the Mount of Ascension, gazing upwards unto the clear blue sky, or returning to our homes to fulfil our daily duty, waiting for the Promise of the Father in the midst of appointed services of prayer and praise, as the longing cry goes up half-unconsciously, "We would see Jesus," do we never hear in solemn warning the voice of His great Forerunner, "There standeth One among you Whom ye know not"?

We never know what we miss by our blindness and ignorance when our Lord still comes to His Own, and His Own receive Him not. We learn from our Lord's Own words that even the Righteous who have ministered to Him will say in amazement at the Last Day, "Lord, when saw we Thee?" Though He, "Jesus Christ, the Same yesterday, to-day and for ever," dwells always with us, hidden in the lives of those around us. It may be that "when we shall see Him there is no beauty that we should desire Him," for no eyes but those of the pure in heart may see "the King in His Beauty."

We may, unknowingly, see Him first in those living and working all around us in the humblest ways, and may not recognize Him any more than she did, who was the first to see Him on His Resurrection morning, when she "supposed Him to be the Gardener."

Or it may be that He "appears in another Form," and our "eyes are holden that we do not know Him," when we meet Him in someone who travels with us on our homeward way, and makes our hearts burn within us, as they open to us the Scriptures by their teaching and example.

We may see Him in those to whom we render unquestioning obedience, and "know not that it is Jesus" until the manifold resulting blessings begin to waken the dim perception, "It is the Lord."

We may see Him again in one living near us upon whose features has been impressed by years of wearing pain the "Image of

the Earthly," even of Him "Whose Visage was so marred more than any man."

Or, again, He may come to us in those whose poverty is nearly like His Own, Who "had not where to lay His Head," and who, in their poverty, have been chosen to bear yet more fully the likeness of Him Who "was despised and rejected of men."

With what gentleness should we touch the lives of others lest in hurting the least of these, His brethren, we wound Him, and unfit our own souls to be the dwelling places of that "Spirit of purity and grace."

It has been said of our Lord that everything was transparent to Him. He saw GOD in everything, and though that may not be so yet with us, still sometimes, as with a lightning flash, the way before us is lighted up with unearthly Light, and if we only can still by faith see Him when He has been taken from us, if we can "endure as seeing Him Who is invisible" when the "hour of insight" has passed, and in the strength of that Vision steadfastly fulfil our tasks through the ensuing "hours of gloom," it may be that that lowly faithfulness will fit us the more for receiving the blessing of the Sevenfold Spirit outpoured in full abundance on the waiting Church at Whitsuntide.

Lord we Thy Presence seek,
 May ours this blessing be.
 Give us a pure and lowly heart,
 A Temple meek for Thee."

All Hallows.

Chapel Furnishing Fund.

January, 1906—Cash in hand.....	\$100 00
Miss Wickstead	5 00
February 15—Mrs. Pelly.....	15 00
Rev. A. Dorrell.....	1 00
April 15—Members of A. H. Literary Club (for Altar)....	10 00
Mrs. Robinson, P. E. I.....	2 00
April 20—Cecily Galt.....	5 00
Elinor Hanington	2 00
Miss F. Forster.....	2 50
Total.....	\$142 50

Letters.

(To one of the Sisters at All Hallows, Ditchingham, Eng., from a friend living in a village seven miles away. Barsham Rectory was the birthplace of Lord Nelson.)

Barsham, Feb. 17th, 1906.

Dear Sister,—

I am afraid that I cannot describe half of what has happened to our dear little church during the severe thunderstorm of Thursday, February 1st.

The lightning broke a hole in the top of the arch of the east window, came down and shattered the old marble altar slab, hurling pieces a foot square and eight inches thick about the sanctuary, broke to pieces the white marble altar steps, and tore up, in many places, the sanctuary floor which is of black and white marble. The stone tracery of the window is very much damaged, and there are many holes in the glass, though, curious to relate, not one of the figures is touched.

The velvet super-frontal is torn to pieces and the three fair linen cloths are in shreds, the candlesticks thrown off the Altar, and the large standard candlesticks thrown down.

The carpet, which takes four men to lift, is all rolled up. The hot water pipes are burst and twisted. The whole place from **tower of sanctuary** is strewn with mortar, and thick with dust; it is a terrible scene. Crowds of people have been to see it, and all say they could not have imagined such a wreck; it is a wonder that nothing was set on fire.

It is a strange fact that neither the Altar, Cross nor the Processional Crucifix standing in the Sanctuary were touched.

Yours.....
L. S.

(From a friend spending the Christmas holidays on the Riviera.)

Hotel des Princes Cannes, France.
January 7, 1906.

My Dear F——

I am having a most delightful time here, and, on the whole, the weather has been fine.

We went up to Grasse on Wednesday, and I was much interested in seeing the scent made, though, as they were only making patchouli, I was rather glad you were not there! There is an interesting old church at Grasse, and the town is very quaint.

On Friday we had a lovely expedition. It was dull in the morning, but at 10 the sun came out, so we immediately determined to go off for the day. We took the train for Antibes. It is such a beautiful place, and you get a most lovely view of the Alpes Maritimes. We had our lunch by the sea, and each did a sketch. Afterwards we started off to walk up to the little old church by the lighthouse. Owing to our being misdirected by a tiresome female, we eventually found ourselves in a pathless wood, and spent a most delightful time scrambling through the undergrowth and lavender and many other delights were there, and I wished for more time to explore, but at last we emerged on to the roadway, a very rough, rocky path, just what one's idea of the Way of the Cross should be, and there, all along beside the road, were little niches containing the Stations of the Cross, nicely carved in stone. The idea of it was beautiful, leading up, as it did, by this steep rough path to the little church at the top. From the road we had the most exquisite view I have yet seen. The mountains seemed so high, their heads were in heaven itself, and

at the foot the perfectly blue sea, the shore of which was dotted all along with little white villages nestling into the woody hills. The church itself was old and interesting, and full of votive offerings, generally of ships, for the people are mostly fishers.

Yesterday we had a still more delightful day. We were going to Cagnes, but got no further towards it than the gate, for passing it as we came out, was the very quaintest little vehicle you ever did see, going up to Auribeau, a place which M— had long wished to see. There were two seats beside the driver, so up we hopped, and drove off gaily along by the sea. It was a dullish day, but very pretty all the same. We followed the sea as far as La Bocca, when we turned inland, and up through the most primitive lanes till we reached Pegomas. There was nothing very exciting there, but a very pretty stream through the village with lovely wooded hills beyond. From that on, however, the country became more and more beautiful. The Grasse hills, covered with snow, formed the background, and all the rest was nicely wooded hills, sometimes covered with pines, sometimes cultivated, and made into olive gardens with little oddly picturesque houses here and there. When we came up high enough to catch a glimpse of Auribeau we were perfectly charmed.

Imagine a steep hill, almost a mountain, clothed with woods wherever they could hang on to the rocky slopes, and the whole crowned by a church, with a village of the quaintest old houses simply hanging on by their eyelids all down one side! The mountains rose up behind and all round it, making the most beautiful setting for it.

We reached the town by a winding road round the side of the hill, at one place overhanging a precipice where down below a green mountain torrent tumbled along in its rocky bed. It was a beautiful place!

Auribeau itself is most delightful—not a single trace of touring civilization—or any building under 300 years old, I should think. Quaint overhanging houses, and steep, stony narrow streets, in some places hewn out of the solid rock. There is material for a sketch at every step, and M— and I have decided to go there for a month to sketch, as soon as ever “our ships come in!”

Yours.....

G.

(From an old pupil of All Hallows, now making a trip around the world.)

S. S. Chusan, Jan. 1st, 1906.

My dear Sister,—

I am beginning the New Year by writing letters, but I do not know how long it will last, as the heat is terrific.

We spent Christmas on the “China,” an American ship, and New Year’s Day on a British one, and the difference is very great. This is the ship’s last voyage as a R. M. ship, but it is very comfortable.

We have seen so many places of interest that I could not begin to tell you about them, but I will tell you about our day in Canton. We got on board the river boat at Hong Kong at ten o'clock and slept on board. We arrived at Canton at six o'clock, had breakfast at seven, and started out with our guide at eight o'clock. He is an old man and has been a guide for forty-six years, and is very well educated.

It was raining a little when we landed, but we got into sedan chairs and started off, the guide first, I next, then mother, and, last of all, father, so we had a man at each end. Then we got into what we thought must be a back lane, but we went from one street to another and all were the same, paved with great slabs of rock and so narrow that you could barely see the sky overhead, and everyone had to get out of our way. Well, suddenly we all stopped, and out we got amongst a crowd of fierce-looking Chinamen. We followed the guide into a very small dark shop, where they were doing leather work, and it really was wonderful to watch. In that dark little room these men were cutting tiny kingfisher's feathers, setting them in silver and making brooches. We got two very pretty ones. Then we went on, our coolies groaning and shouting all the time to make the people part, and the noise was deafening. The next shop we went into was a second-hand embroidery place, where there were quantities of old mandarin dresses most beautifully worked. We got some of the sleeve trimmings for trimming dresses.

Every shop we went into they bolted the doors so that the crowd outside would not come in. I believe the Cantonese are ready to do any murderous deed, and they all looked much darker than any Chinese we had seen.

Afterwards we went into the Temple of Medicine, and saw the way that they are supposed to cure people, by shaking a jar full of sticks with a number on each before the god until one falls out, and whatever number you get you take it to the doctor and he gives you a medicine that has the corresponding number, whether it is for the particular disease you may have or not, and you will be cured.

Then we went to the Temple of Horrors, which is a representation of the after-life of the wicked all carved in stone, and each deed has an image of the great god above it. We also saw the Temple of the Five Hundred Genii, where there are five hundred images of different gods, one of fire, war, medicine, or anything like that. The images are about three feet high, and are placed on raised shelves. They are all sitting and people come and pray to them.

Then we went to a very high pagoda called the "Watch Tower." There is a very fine view from it. There is an old loop-holed wall round the old town, of which this pagoda is a part, and there are a lot of British guns mounted all round the walls, left there after the occupation by the British in the Chinese war. My uncle was at the taking of Canton under Admiral Keppel, when he was just a midshipman, and this pagoda is where they camped. Then we

walked all round the walls and got into the chairs again and went down very steep steps until we got to the level ground, and then we went to the "City of the Dead," which was really wonderful. It was a small, walled city, all the floors were paved, and the houses were all white, and there were flowers in pots on flower stands on both sides of the streets. Each house was just one room with the door open, so we went in, and all we saw was a bare table with a cup of tea on it. It was in front of a chair with a tablet giving the person's pedigree. On either side of the room was a curtain before a little opening. In the one on the left there was a bowl of water on a small table, and against the wall on either side was a little table with two chairs for the dead man's spirit to come and talk comfortably with his friends. Then behind the other curtain was the coffin, raised on blocks of stone. Some of these coffins are very valuable, one that we saw cost \$3000, that is, \$1500 Canadian money. It was that of the late Viceroy's wife, and was made of plain black lacquer.

After this we went through the Tartar city, where the streets were wider, and the people are taller and fairer than the Cantonese, but very lazy. They are all soldiers, but wear no uniforms and are badly paid.

After this we made our way back to the ship again in the rain, and rain it was, with, a vengeance! We got soaked through, though the chairs had covers, and the people in the streets had to take off their rain hats to let us pass, or lift their umbrellas high up over us. When we got to the ship we met some people we knew who had got lost, and one man missed the boat altogether and had to get a late boat to Hong Kong.

The wind is blowing pretty hard now, but on the "China" we had a typhoon. I feel so proud of having been in one. It was not serious, but quite bad enough. I wanted to be in one, but I do not want a second—it stove in two portholes in the saloon. Father and I were on deck and a wave came over on our backs before we knew where we were, and floated our chairs, but it did not do more harm than give us a ducking.

Yours.....

Maud Hamersley.

(From a girl-friend living on one of the Sandwich Islands.)

Suva, Sandwich Islands, January 28, 1906.

Dear J—

Thank you so much for the postcard, I am so glad to have a picture of your school.

You cannot know how much we miss the Canadian seasons. With us January is harvest time! Last Sunday we had a Harvest Anthem, "While the Earth Remaineth." They crush the sugar cane here also this month; the drought has been disastrous to all growing things.

My sister and brother are away spending the holidays in Vanuca Lebu, the second largest island in this group. J— is staying at Lambasa at a sugar estate, and A— is at Bau-lai-lai, on a cocoanut plantation.

This year there is a wonderful supply of mangoes. I wonder if you would like a mango? It is about the size of a large pear, and something like a plum, and something like an apple and very much like pine gum. It has a large stone in the middle to which the fruit clings; the skin is thick, tough and green.

On Christmas Eve we went into the town, which is represented by a row of shops facing the sea. The Indian shops were lighted with Chinese lanterns and decorated with great fronds of cocoanut palms. The shop-keepers generally sit cross-legged in their doorways; they always wear handsome gold or red turbans. The wives of these men are very gaily clothed. Let me describe one I saw in town, and she is a type of all the rest.

On her bare arms she wore as many silver bracelets as there was room for between shoulder and wrist. Her hair was parted in the middle and surmounted by a silver fillet with a pendant hanging low on her forehead. Her earrings were about five inches long. A necklace of golden sovereigns, very large and heavy, fell over her bosom. Her blouse was orange coloured, cut low in the neck and without sleeves. She wore a black velvet jacket edged round with silver filagree, her blue skirt was short, and round her bare feet she wore three great silver anklets. Thrown over all this grandeur was a thin, pale green veil spangled with silver or gold. No wonder her husband seemed very proud of her, but I believe these women are rather shrewish and like to have the last word.

What a long letter I have written, I must close out of pity for you.

Yours.....

A. S.

All Hallows' Indian School.

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

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

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

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

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

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

A Sisters and three teachers take part in the educational work. A matron has charge of the house work and clothing.

The whole establishment is under the personal supervision of the Sister Superior, who is known to her Indian family as "A-Kee-Ka."

Indian School Register.

1.	Flossie, from	Shuswap
2.	Katie Shiparkiminak	Ashcroft
3.	Sophie She-a-mat	Yale
4.	Lucy Shoo-le-kit	Spuzzum
5.	Katherine Mah-ah-lee	North Bend
6.	Maria O-aimoole-nack	Chilcoten
7.	Suzanne Schoutimich	Spuzzum
8.	Lisa-Mah-ah-then	Lytton
9.	Milly Mah-amat-ko	Lytton
10.	Lena Shiltrh	Lytton
11.	Allie, from	Savona
12.	Elizabeth Nah-ah-ches-cut	Nicola
13.	Elizabeth Aooosa	Nicola
14.	Josephine Skamee	Chilliwack
15.	Nellie Ska-ka-mie	Chilliwack
16.	Sara I-exaltsah	North Bend
17.	Grace Oleson	Lillooet
18.	Therese Niquakooshin	Cariboo
19.	Elsie Kooshin	Cariboo
20.	Stella He-he-nack	Lytton
21.	Alice Ka-zat-ko	Lytton
22.	Lottie Moweech	Shuswap
23.	Matilda Jakasat-ko	Lytton
24.	Ellen Sushell	Lytton
25.	Jennie Newhi-in-ko, from	Lytton
26.	Hilda Ma-kawat-ko	Lytton
27.	Ada Ender	Lytton
28.	Beatrice Sheeshiatko	Lillooet
29.	Gina Shpinzoozooh	Lillooet
30.	Hilda Ziltatko	Cisco
31.	Betty Ho-peat-ko	Lytton
32.	Rosie Chisshetko	North Bend
33.	Elsie Histko	Lytton
34.	Agnes Emminmatko	Spuzzum
35.	Nancy	Lytton
36.	Anne Duncan	Lytton
37.	Minnie	Lytton

Daily Time Table.

Morning—Rise—Senior girls, at 6; Junior girls, at 6:30.

6:30—House work.

7:30—Prime in chapel.

8—Breakfast, bed-making, etc.

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

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

10—I, II, III. Standards. House work.

11—All Standards in school for arithmetic.

- 12—Recess and luncheon.
 Noon—1—1., II., III. Standards. Needlework.
 1—IV., V., V. Standards. Scripture, elocution, general knowledge.
 2—IV., V., VI. Standards. Geography, grammar, French, musical drill.
 3—Recess.
 3:30—Walk.
 5—Setting table for dinner. Lamps, etc.
 5:30—Dinner.
 6:30—Vespers in chapel.
 7—Study hour.
 7:30—1., II., III. Standards got to bed.
 8—IV., V., VI. Standards. Recess.
 8:30—IV., V., VI. Standards go to bed.

Time and Change.

"O Time and Change, they range and range
 From Sunshine."

Back to sunshine; but there are many clouds in the sky between times; many vicissitudes to go through both in the corporate life of the school, and in each individual experience.

The Christmas holidays passed away peacefully and uneventfully at the Indian School, with an occasional ripple of pleasant excitement over some little party, and an occasional sigh of disappointment over the weather, which quite refused to make sleigh-riding possible. It was not till after February had begun that the routine of school life was taken up again, but not by all. Two little maids, laid low by illness, could no longer take an active part in the busy round of work and play. One of them was Yentko—who came to us on Christmas morning with her little friend and relation, Hi-pat-ko. We knew, from almost the first, that she would not be long detained as a stranger upon earth, but still, as poor mortals always do, we hoped against hope that tender and diligent care might lengthen her little space of days. Soon after term began, however, seeing that human skill was of no avail—and that her days were numbered—we took her back to her own people—and on Wednesday in Easter week, the same day that the earth shook and the Sunset City fell in ruins and flames, and so many souls were hurled into eternity from scenes of terror and anguish, among the mountains in their first flush of spring beauty, Yent-ko shut her eyes and fell asleep. Now, "awake to life intense" she knows more than all of us. And, alas! Hipatko also has gone from among us. She settled in happily, and getting well and plump, and doing so capably in school, that it was a real sorrow to her own people as well as to us when undue influence was brought to bear on them, and rather than enter into a contest, not only undignified, but

wrong, between members of two of the great branches of the Catholic Church, we sent her away to be educated by the Romans. And so our Christmas gift was just a loan; these two little ships passed in the night, and one is in the haven where it would be and the other, taken from the harbour where the Good Pilot had anchored it, we can only commend to His especial care. After we took Ye-ent-ko away, little Nancy did not long remain the only invalid, another Lytton child shared her reign; and when they became convalescent, we decided that a change to their native air would probably prove of great benefit. So they were packed off to the beautiful little hospital at Lytton, where they receive every care and kindness, and are thoroughly enjoying their return to health and strength.

We have had the pleasure this term of visits from three old girls. One who left ten years ago came back for the first time to visit the old school, and found much pleasure in the return to the well-remembered life although very few are left even of those whom she remembered as babies, now stalwart young women ready to leave school. Fortunately, Minnie found a contemporary in our valued housekeeper, Miss Main, so that there was some one with whom she could talk over all the tragedies and comedies of years gone by.

Mrs. Clair, bringing her baby daughter, now three years old, also came up for Easter but could not spare very long away from husband and home. Sorry though we were, maybe it was as well for little Katherine's morals as among the crowd of admiring aunts she ran a fair chance of being spoiled.

Maggie, our third visitor, left school not quite two years ago, but had well earned a month's holiday, and we were all sorry when she had to leave us to return to her duties.

We have now come—so fast the months slip away—to the time for the Confirmation which is usually held in Eastertide.

This year we have only one candidate from the Indian School, a child who left six years ago on account of her health, but now, by her own desire, has come back to school, anxious to be instructed in the way of righteousness, and to enjoy all the privileges of the Christian life.

And so "Time and Change they range and range," and there are clouds as well as sunshine, but as all things work together for good to them that love GOD, if we trust Him we shall find that the clouds will fall in gracious rain—to refresh us, His inheritance—when we are weary.

Sister Agatha.

Children's Corner.

Ambition.

It is hard to get the right words with which to explain our thoughts on ambition. It seems to be the inspiration which spurs one on to the attainment of some end or object. We all have ambitions of some sort, varying both in kind and degree.

We put something before us which urges us on to work up to it. Perhaps it is to acquire great learning, or to be a nurse, or to get very rich. There are a great many ways in which our ambition can find an outlet.

It is good to have an ambition, to place before ourselves one definite thing to strive for, yet ambition sometimes leads one astray and we do wrong in order to attain our end. This was the case with Cardinal Wolsey, one great and awful example to us of perverted ambition. His desire to be a Pope was all right, he wanted to fill a high and commanding position in the Church, a position for which, perhaps, he knew he had great gifts, but in striving to attain that position, his ambition made him unscrupulous. He acted a double part, which brought him harm in the end.

A good ambition ought to be the means of raising us higher in character.

Some people who are not good themselves, yet do others good by their very ambition. This was the case with the first Duke of Marlborough. He was not a good man, but his ambition kept him faithful to his country, and he served her well. He was one of England's greatest Generals.

If the object of our ambition is a worthy one and we aim high with set purpose to attain it, we shall probably succeed. Some people have very poor ambitions, such as to be dressed better, or to live in better houses, or to be richer than their neighbors. These ignoble ambitions are very lowering to mind and character.

To have a noble ambition, to follow it with steadfast purpose, and in a right way is desirable for every one, but let us remember that "If ambition can raise people from the lowest station, it can also prostrate them from the highest." Thus wrote Charles Phillips on Napoleon Bonaparte.

Therese.

The King's Highway.

"We will go by the King's Highway."

When the Children of Israel wanted to pass through Kadesh to the promised land, they asked the people of Kadesh to let them pass through the king's highway, promising that they would not trespass or touch anything.

Kings in our days have highways. We know them because they are guarded on either side by walls, or by fences and ditches; if we go over or through these and off the highway, we trespass on other people's land, and leave ourselves open to punishment.

The highway God has set for us in the world is the Highway of Holiness. It is guarded by the Commandments. We pray in the Lord's Prayer, "Forgive us our trespasses." In these words we asked God to forgive us when we break His Commandments, or fences, and stray away into strange and forbidden places.

God's commandments are a great help to us. They hedge us in the right way, stop us when we are tempted to stray and do wrong. They help us, too, in self-examination, like a mirror in which we can see ourselves so the commandments show us in what condition we are, and prove us whether we love God or not.

The commandments also help us to know whether a thing is right or wrong. Conscience will help us if we listen to it. God's Holy Spirit helps us or "moves" us to obey His Laws, and how thankful we ought to be for the safeguard those Laws afford us in our journey through the world.

Maria.

School Days and Ways.

Some school days jog along quietly and nothing much happens, there are other days we are very busy and excited. Some days we do our lessons without any change. We know by the Time Table what will come next, and then again a visitor comes, or it is a great Festival, and everything is different, and it seems that even while we are in the pleasant bustle of change, everything drops into its quiet place again. I thought of this the other day when I was watching the brook. It ran along smoothly, making just a little rippling sound, the sand underneath was smooth, then it came to a rock and only a small passage was left for it to pass through. So it began to hurry and get excited and leap along; beyond the rock the bed was steep, so the brook gurgled loudly and splashed over, making a great spray of water, which the sun changed into rainbow tints. Then it reached a shallow pool wide and clear and still. It was very beautiful there. After a while it reached a smooth, sandy passage, and went on again quietly. The smooth passage reminded me of the school days—the rocks and sprays of Festivals, Visitors, Picnics; the shallow pool of holidays, and then the quiet, rippling passage of work once more.

The Inspector's visit was a great Rock in our School stream one day in March. We bustled and studied and got so excited the morning he was expected.

After our Examination was over, Mr. Green talked to us about many things, and he told us about Indian schools in other parts of

British Columbia. It seems in one school at Fort Simpson an Indian father found fault with the teachers because he said his son had been there four years and had not learned to read yet. The Inspector said he did not understand that, he thought the boy read well, but he would try him again, so he gave the boy a Bible and told him to read aloud a chapter in it. The boy did so very nicely, so the Inspector asked his father what he had to say. "This," said the father, taking away the Bible, "it is easy to read with a book in front of you, but let him now read without a book—you will see he cannot do it."

MILLY.

Wants.

Strong, unbleached sheets, 2 1-2 yards long, 1 1-4 yards wide. Blankets for single beds. Plain, Strong Turkey Twill Counterpanes (unlined) 2 1-2 yards long and 1 3-4 yards wide, are very much needed for the Indian School dormitories. We would be specially grateful for these.

Boots, rubbers and overshoes of all sizes (especially from 13 to 6). Scarlet tam-o'-shanters.

Strong thin summer stockings; pink sunbonnets.

More scarlet cloaks for little new girls.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Stationery is always most useful.

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

SPECIALLY WANTED—Flannelette nightgowns and chemises for girls from 14 to 18. Unbleached cotton nightgowns. Strong woollen stockings for winter, either dark grey or black. Sizes for girls from 12 to 18.

Our list of "wants" does not vary much from year to year. With the unpacking of the bales, the clothing room shelves fill up delightfully, but the incessant requirements of thirty-seven girls soon empties them, and presently everything will be passing through the bi-weekly mending class, then we shall begin to look forward again for the arrival of the next consignment of ever-welcome bales.

Gifts Acknowledged.

1 bale of nice clothing and quilt through Miss C. Davidson, W. Aux. Frelighsbury, Quebec.

2 books for the Library from Mr. H. Rich, Ladners.

A set of beautiful Book-markers for the Chapel from the Rev. A. Dorrell, Ashcroft.

1 box of oranges from Mr. Cross, Silverton.

Beautiful white flowers for the Chapel for Easter from Mr. Creery, Vancouver.

Candies for the Indian children from Mrs. Ross, Vancouver.

Six copies of Bishop Sillitoe's Memoirs, from Mrs. Sillitoe, Seattle, Wash.

2 books for Prizes, from Mrs. Gardiner, Charlottetown, P.E.I.

1 bale beautiful New Clothing from St. Thomas' Branch W. A., Toronto, Ont.

Several copies of Bishop Sillitoe's Life from Mrs. Sillitoe, Seattle, Wash.

Flowers for Chapel, from Mrs. W. Dodd, Yale, and from Mr. D. Creighton, Yale.

NOTICE.

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

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

The Canadian School Spring Term will close June 30th, 1906. The Winter term will begin, D.V., September 3rd, 1906.