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# All Hallows in the West.

VOL. II.

ASCENSION-TIDE, 1900

NO. I.

## Servire Deo Sapere.

Sundays after Easter.

FROM that celestial cable, that dear chain  
Wrought of bright leaf and bloom, warm sun and rain,  
Let not one lovely link be lost—

The green sweet days from Pasque to Pentecost.  
From that wide stately pageant that doth pass  
In long procession o'er the lengthening grass,  
Let not one hour be dropped aside—  
The weeks from Easter unto Whitsuntide.

Surely on these for ever was bestowed  
The blessing of the Lord, whilst He abode  
(His Cross and Passion past away  
Like some dread dream), His blue Ascension Day ;  
For, golden hours that haste not nor delay,  
While tender April merges into May,  
The bridal earth herself doth dress  
In splendours of increscent loveliness.

Flower unto flower, leaf unto leaf succeeds,  
Bird unto bird across the sunlight speeds ;  
Field, forest, wave and firmament  
Suffused with glory of colour, song and scent ;  
Of that immortal pageant that doth pass,  
A yearly wonder, o'er the lengthening grass,  
Let not one darling day be lost—  
The green sweet weeks from Pasque to Pentecost.

—o—

**G**O ye and teach all nations. So the Master's Ascensiontide message floats down through the long vista of ages. *Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature.* His command is as clear to us to-day as it was to His disciples then.

The great meeting of which He and the Angels had spoken took place on a mountain, probably the "Horns of Hattin", we are told, from whence it is also believed His Sermon was delivered. The dis-

ciples gazed upon the Lord's Form as it rose higher in the air, the last words of benediction fell softly on their ears, then "a cloud received Him out of their sight," and they found themselves for "a little while" alone. He had gone from them, and the Comforter had not yet come. A few short days of waiting and the day of Pentecost saw the birthday of Christ's Church upon earth. "And they went and preached everywhere the Lord working with them." Jesus had

promised certain great super-human gifts as credentials of His Commission. "In My Name they shall cast out devils," "they shall take up serpents," the viper seizing on the hand of St. Paul fell harmless. "If they drink any deadly thing it shall not hurt them." St. John is said to have drunk a cup of deadly poison and felt no hurt. "They shall lay hands on the sick and they shall recover." The shadow of St. Peter, and the clothes of St. Paul brought healing. And this co-operation of Christ was promised for all time, "Lo I am with you always even to the end of the world." The miraculous gifts of the Holy Ghost were withdrawn, but the death of the last Apostle was not the death of the new-born Church. Other men, on whom Apostolic hands had been laid, entered into their labours, and the Office was perpetuated in an unbroken lineage, so that those who minister in the Church to-day can feel that the Voice that sent them forth was an echo of that which spake on the hill-top in Galilee to the first of the ministerial line.

In the first age of Christianity His Presence with His ministers was manifested by miracles marvellous enough to arrest the attention of all an unbelieving age; and through all the chequered history of the Church, that Presence has been co-operating an unseen but undiminished power. In the Church of to-day it is borne witness to by the influence of Christianity on the evil spirits of cruelty and oppression, greed and ignorance. It shows itself by a thousand ways of relieving suffering, sorrow, want, sickness and ignorance. Ah, have we not had a grand object lesson within the last six months, when the natural horrors of war

have been tempered by a hundred measures of mercy!

The Pentecostal gift of tongues is with us still, for has not the Gospel of glad tidings been translated into almost every spoken language.

In days of sorrow, doubt and gloom, no less than in days of joyful victory the Master's promise holds good "Lo I am with you always even unto the end of the world." "Go ye therefore into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature."

Let it not be said of you that you knew the "glad tidings" and hid it; or that hearing the Master's command you lingered on in pleasant paths at home. To all His true disciples, to each in their measure, the command is thundered forth, and the echo of it comes rolling down to us "Go."

## LEAVES FROM OUR JOURNAL.

JANUARY:—In the last week of the old year we held high revel. A party for our Indian children and their friends was given after Christmas. A Christmas Tree, games, and refreshments in abundance, were provided as usual. A few days later a Parish Sunday School party gathered in the old school room. Mothers and fathers, babies in arms, and children of all ages stood round the time-honoured Christmas Tree, or joined in games and dances. Singularly bright and attractive among our guests moved Mrs. Creighton, leading in Sir Roger with her little daughter, organizing games, entering into every one's pleasure. How little we realized that a few days later the light would be quenched, and her sweet young life laid down.

Miss Crease's visit, unusual at

such a season, came with its usual cheering helpful influence. A "dolls' Christmas party" was given by the Indian children, to which as a specially honoured guest Miss Crease came, and delighted our young entertainers by a few happily spoken words of thanks for their small Christmas hamper, sent through her, to the Lytton Indian Hospital. Then that beautiful old life went out from our midst, and the next day there poured in the tide of young life, fresh from holidays, eager to tell and to hear, a babel of joyous sounds; and the rooms lately so quiet, echoed to the sound of children's voices, and the tread of children's feet. Two old faces were missing from among the flock, two new faces were smiling in their room.

The end of the month saw Sister Agatha's arrival from England, after a long and stormy voyage across the Atlantic. Gay little parties of skaters have been out on the rink daily.

FEBRUARY:—Sadly and slowly we followed dear Alice Creighton to her last resting place. Our thoughts involuntarily went back over fifteen years, and we saw again the bright-faced child standing at the Parsonage door and insisting upon coming to the "Sisters' new School." Again we saw her kneeling before God's Altar, happy yet sweetly serious, to receive from Bishop Sillitoe the holy rite of Confirmation. Her confirmation veil is exchanged for the bridal wreath, and she goes forth after the marriage service, a very young but most real helpmeet to the husband she has chosen. Now the tale of her short life is over and God has called her home, leaving behind a record of loving faithful service as daughter, sister, wife

and mother. May she rest in peace.

God has taken His aged servant, Miss Crease, too, hence.

She passed to rest, not from the darkened room,

Where voice is hushed, and noiseless footsteps glide;

Not from the bed of pain, where slow disease

Steals from the pale drawn face the look we loved;

But from the hills where healthful breezes play

And gladsome sunshine makes all nature glad.

God called her home to where the fairer light

Of His Own Presence cheers through endless days,

The vales and mountains of a sunnier land.

MARCH:—Stening and Hilda Edgecombe sailed for Australia yesterday, leaving two small empty beds in the dormitory and two forlorn desks in the School room.

Edith (Belle) Wilson's marriage to Charles Hamilton, son of Bishop Hamilton, of Ottawa, took place in Rössland on the 15th. We hear that the bride wore a grey travelling dress, a point lace jabot, and a hat of white chiffon. She carried a bouquet of lilies of the valley and white roses, and not less fair than her flowers we know dear Belle must have looked.

APRIL:—Our empty beds were speedily filled. Marie Cross and Florence Davis arriving on the 2nd New places for them must be found in our hearts, for All Hallows' children once filling niches there, cannot be displaced, however great the distance of time and space which may separate us from them.

Arminal (Mrs. Millet) has a little son. How rich in grandchildren the old Schools are becoming.

Mali spent two weeks with us,

bringing her baby-charge Enid Underhill with her.

Easter decorations, Easter music, Easter lilies, and Easter joys flooded our lives for a little space.

A party was given in honour of the Sister Superior's birthday, when many gaily dressed maidens danced and sang, and consumed cake and lemonade until 10 o'clock one night, this bringing to a close the last irregularity occasioned by Easter holidays.

A wave of illness swept over both Schools. Influenza claimed its victims and forty-seven suffering mortals went into retirement for about the space of five long weary days.

MAY DAY was perfect in, cool, sunny, fragrant beauty.

A little motherless grand-child arrived for the Indian School. Baby Grace is only two. Too young perhaps for school life, if there were not old friends of her mother's still in the School, eager and willing to make up to her as far as they can for the real mother-love she will never know.

### — — — — — CLOUDS. — — — — —

**S**CARCELY had the joy and brightness of Easter-tide passed away—the refrain of the anthems and hymns still echoed in our hearts and minds—when an unlooked-for cloud darkened for a time the usually serene horizon of All Hallows.

For some days the victims of the previous week's vaccinations had been condoling with one another and expressing, more or less vigorously, their opinion of the government regulations, but as they had anticipated some temporary discomfort, few complaints were made. However when one after

another began to develop more serious symptoms, which necessitated retirement to bed; it was felt that this was more than ordinary disposition, and we soon realized that the much dreaded influenza was in our midst.

As every few hours brought fresh additions to the sick list, it was evident that the fight with this formidable enemy was to be a hard one, but as usual the Sisters rose nobly to the occasion, and speedily and systematically made their plans for the campaign.

The Sister Superior, tho' herself in a serious condition, continued to supervise all the arrangements for the welfare of her household, and to her judicious treatment and experienced care, is due with God's good providence, the speedy and complete recovery of all the invalids. Charts were issued daily from head-quarters, with full directions for the special treatment of each individual patient.

A small corps of amateur nurses was organized among the senior girls, and, under the capable management of Sister Agatha and Miss Moody, the sick children received care and attention that could scarcely have been surpassed in any hospital. Even the most disinterested outsider could not but have been impressed by the splendid organization, which, at such a time, kept all the household machinery running smoothly and without confusion. Notwithstanding the forty-seven patients in the two Schools, and the illness of several members of the staff, the regular routine was scarcely interrupted.

Those pupils who were able to do so, still continued their practising and lessons. Special duties were given to some, and the extra duties arranged so that the burden

should not fall too heavily upon anyone. On one or two days, when, owing to the epidemic, only four Indian girls were left to perform the household tasks, several of the Canadian children volunteered to assist, and bright and early in the morning a bevy of merry maidens, armed with brooms and dusters, arrived on the scene and cheerfully set to work, their fresh young voices sounding like the chirping of the birds outside.

Meanwhile the nurses were unremitting in their attendance, administering medicines or nourishments with unfailing regularity and impartiality. The temperatures ranged from 101 to 104; yet the most severe cases were cured within a week, proving that the remedies used, if simple and homely, were certainly most efficacious.

Those who had not yet been rendered *hors de combat*, learned to dread the sight of the clinical thermometer—an infallible test of one's fitness to remain on the field. Let one but show the slightest symptom of weakness, and all protestations to the contrary were effectually silenced by a peremptory request to "open your mouth." Happy were the prisoners who escaped with a "warning," instead of being ignominiously ordered off to bed, for the general ambition was to remain well, and to be as helpful as possible. It was interesting to notice the various characteristics displayed in this emergency, and observe how natural unselfishness and cheerfulness, or the opposite traits, were intensified by the time of trial. Lugubrious countenances were decidedly in the minority, many of the children revealing a ready helpfulness and self-reliance hitherto scarcely suspected.

This cloud has not been without

its silver lining, for besides helping to develop many womanly qualities, it has inspired in no small degree, mutual confidence and respect among the co-workers, and a strong desire on the part of the younger members to emulate the orderly methods and systematic arrangements of their elders.

Patients and nurses are alike to be commended, for all the little invalids have been exceptionally good, obediently swallowing their potions without *very* wry faces, and trying hard to restrain the natural restlessness and impatience of illness.

To all alike, the seige of sickness seemed a very long one, and when at last the glad news spread that all the patients were convalescent, it seemed hardly credible that only one week had elapsed since the first sufferer was under arrest.

The weather was so lovely that those who were able to be dressed were wrapped up and brought out to the lawn, where they spent the long May day in *dolce far niente*, basking in the sun-light, drinking in the sweet odours of the flowers, and gaining new vigour with every breath of the balmy air.

However inviting the idea of a holiday seems to the hard-worked school-girl, the reality when it comes, rarely satisfies her expectations, so we find most of our convalescents rather looking forward to returning to the daily "grind."

Of course there are exceptions—but "that's another story", as Kipling says.

Now that all is so happily over, we feel that "All Hallows" has good reason to be congratulated on escaping so lightly, and still greater reason to feel deeply grateful for the mercy which has spared all these young lives, and given

strength and wisdom to the faithful workers who have so devotedly watched over them.

L. SHIBLEY.

— ♦ ♦ ♦ —  
HEARTSEASE.

**V**IOLET and white being our School colours, and violets and pansies (heartsease) the flowers we have chosen for our own particular emblems, we the daughters of "All Hallows" in this western land must faithfully endeavour to bring our own life and character into correspondence with the depth, and beauty, and fragrance of the blossoms we have thus appropriated to ourselves. In no merely sentimental manner must this be done. Perfect womanhood is a gift of God, and God's gifts are all graces, that is, they can be won. It becomes a duty then to practise such virtues as will help to the growth of this perfect womanhood which God wills, and we humbly desire to attain. Fortitude is necessary to self-control, to an equable and serene spirit for meeting all trials and all duties alike, not letting others suffer because our own sky is overcast.

Have you noticed how curiously other peoples' faults are liable to be magnified by our own misfortunes?

As a soldier stands to his post with fortitude, heedless of the lures of pleasure or sloth, so teacher and pupil must stand, each to her everyday (it may be) humdrum class, to the due preparation of every lesson. It takes more fortitude to stand to one's arms *then* than to face fire in the turmoil of a battle,—in the excitement of an examination. You must learn to tell a disagreeable truth, if it is your place to do so, plainly yet tenderly.

To exert authority; in a word, to have the spirit of discipline, as well as the spirit of love.

All under authority, especially children, like to feel the support of a strong hand on them. If we are lax they miss the strength, without enjoying the indulgence. Strength, firmness, large-heartedness, these are what we need, we who hold in our keeping the human flowers of childhood destined to bloom for eternity.

Likes and dislikes are miserably small-minded, tho' they may pass in an irresponsible person, but we who bear authority have nothing to do with them. We need, too, the large-heartedness which never stoops to notice a personal slight, which sees good in every type of character, and Christ in all. Which cares for all with hearty mother-love, and most perhaps for those who need most care, and are, it may be, least responsive.

Above all we need a yearning love of souls, no power of imparting knowledge, no power of discipline will equal this. It is a glorious thing to spend one's life in raising the fallen, in nursing the sick, succouring the needy, but greater and most blessed to be as Guardian Angels to God's little ones, to endeavour to perfect one's womanhood for the sake of those who are most precious in His sight by reason of their innocence. To train them for His service. To teach girls, untouched as yet by worldly blight, to become by God's grace King's daughters indeed, Heartsease on earth, Saints hereafter in heaven.

— ♦ ♦ ♦ —  
The Relief of Ladysmith.

**E**VERY one has heard about the great war in South Africa be-

tween the Boers and the British. Well, there was one little town called Ladysmith which was besieged by the Boers

General White who was holding Ladysmith behaved very bravely. He was troubled a great deal by sickness and disease, and by the bad waters which came through the Boer camp, and all their refuse was thrown into it, so it was very bad for drinking, and caused all kinds of fever and sickness, but the people could not get any better water as the Boers were continually firing shell into the town. Well, when Cronje surrendered, the Boers were called away in a hurry, and the British who were on the way to the relief of Ladysmith, crossed the Tugela River and marched forward toward it. They came in sight of the walls in the evening, but General Buller, the commander of the army gave orders to camp for the night, as there might be lurking parties of Boers beneath the walls outside the city. But some of the men whose relations were within those walls were very eager to get there, so General Buller sent them on under the charge of General DunDonald; on their march they were surprised not to fall in with

any Boers. When they reached Ladysmith and brought the glad tidings of relief, the people were so much weakened by suffering and privation they could not cheer their deliverers.

General White was very ill. After this he went to Durban, from there he was to start for England, but he was too ill to travel. When the British reached Ladysmith, they found that the Boers had been trying to dam up the river, they found they could not take the city, so they tried to drown it. The British also found how dangerous this might have been, because the first place the water must have touched, was the hospital, full of sick and helpless. The British soldiers also found where the Boers had been encamped, quantities of saddles, powder and stores which the Boers had left behind them on their hasty march. If General White gets better he will go home to England. He deserves the V. C. as much as any of the other Generals, because he defended Ladysmith so bravely, and cheered the spirits of his soldiers by his own noble example.

WIN. BELL.

(Aged 12.)

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### FOR THE HONOUR OF ENGLAND.

**E**NGLAND, mother of nations! Who shall declare thee old—  
 Steeped in luxurious languor, stifled 'neath greed of gold?  
 Does not thy early splendour burn to a clearer flame  
 On fields where thy flag is carried by the men who bear thy name?  
 Troop upon troop they gather, thy loyal and fearless sons,  
 Rushing to death and danger—and each one cheers as he runs;  
 Leaving, perchance forever, kinsfolk and child and wife,  
 For the sake of the Mother that bore them, paying down life for life.

Scarce had the warning trumpet sounded its dread alarms  
 Than the strength of a gallant nation sprang in an hour to arms.  
 From town and hamlet and village, from island and seagirt coast,  
 From palace and plough and workshop, there hurried the eager host;

He who had won Fate's prizes and he who had drawn her blanks,  
 From the man who marshals an army to the drummer who serves the ranks;  
 Those who had cast behind them pleasure and power and lands.  
 Those who gave all in giving the life they take in their hands.

Nay, tho' they fare so proudly, the price of glory is high;  
 Hearts that are rent to breaking, tears that no skill can dry,  
 The pitiful wail of orphans, the widow's desolate fears,  
 And grief that nothing can lighten thro' the march of the empty years.  
 Sickness, famine and fever, till life seems poor at a gift,  
 And the living could almost envy the comrade whose end was swift;  
 Or the bitter and awful phantom that can daunt the strong and brave,  
 Of who will care for the children when the father is in his grave?

Think of it, O my brothers! You who sit warm to-night  
 And gather your dear ones round you, while they go forth to fight;  
 From camp, and beleaguered city, 'mid cannon and clash of steel,  
 From the din and the roar of battle they made you their last appeal!  
 Into your tenderest keeping those whom they loved receive,  
 Lo! to your charge they left them, all that they had to leave;  
 Is not your safety purchased at the cost of the blood they shed,  
 And the ancient honour of England upheld by the mighty dead?  
 —*Christian Burke, in the Pall Mall Magazine.*

—o—

**JOHN RUSKIN.**  
 1819-1900.

**J**OHN RUSKIN, the son of a rich wine merchant, was born in 1819, in London. He was educated at Christ Church College, Oxford. At the age of nine he showed a great liking for poetry, and wrote a short poem on "The Universe." He was always a delicate child and was very carefully brought up.

He loved Art much, but Nature more. Through this he made a great many friends, but enemies also, by his hatred of either "sham" or "show." He was the revealer not only of the hidden beauty of Art, but of the hidden power in our own souls to love it, when he had aided us to understand it.

He wrote "The Modern Painters," a series of sketches running through a period of about seventeen years.

Although he loved nature, his deepest feelings were stirred by the blindness and selfishness of man. This heart-stirring led to the giving of the greater part of his fortune (about  $\frac{3}{4}$  of a million, which he had inherited from his father) to the building of houses and various projects for the elevating of the domestic conditions of the poor. He had a noble soul, not a perfect one, but a really noble soul, the value and greatness of whose inner life we would do well to copy. We shall never see him in this life. How many thousands of people who admired him have desired to obtain even a glance or word from him, but now they will never be gratified. How many have lovingly pictured his aged face, white hair, faded eyes, and wrinkled hands often to be seen at Brantwood. All have now passed away. His long useful life is ended, he died at the beginning of the

20th. century, and is buried at Couiston by his own wish, although the nation desired to give him the honour of a resting place in Westminster Abbey.

RAY.

(Aged 14.)

- ✓ Ethel Brymner, New Westminster.
- ✓ Muriel Shildrick, " "
- ✓ Beatrice Annandale " "
- ✓ Dorothy Broad, " "
- ✓ Louie Chantrell, - Blaine, Wash.
- ✓ Gwendoline Bell, - Surrey Centre.
- ✓ Winifred Bell, " "
- ✓ Muriel Bell, " "
- ✓ Muriel Underhill, - Vancouver.

**Educational.**

THE following names of pupils have been entered for the music examination to be held in June, by the Associated Board of the Royal Academy of Music and Royal College of Music:

ELEMENTARY PIANO: Ethel Raymond, Gwendoline Bell, Dorothy Brillely, Ella Underhill, Una McIntosh, Meda Hume, Alice McPherson.

LOWER DIVISION, PIANO: Jessie Jones, Mabel Mallory, Alice Teague, Muriel Shildrick, Ethel Brymner, Rachel Flewelling.

- ✓ Ella Underhill, - " "
- ✓ Mabel Mallory, - " "
- ✓ Mildred Pentreath, - " "
- ✓ Florence Davis, - " "
- ✓ Evelyn Widdicombe, - " "
- ✓ Freda Widdicombe, - " "
- ✓ Dorothy Bindley, - " "
- ✓ Edith Bindley, - " "
- ✓ Kathleen Bindley, - " "
- ✓ Jessie Jones, - Tacoma.
- ✓ Ethel Raymond, - Nanaimo.
- ✓ Elvie Raymond, - " "
- ✓ Una McIntosh, - Kamloops.
- ✓ Lilian Wehrfritz, - Vancouver.
- ✓ Peggy Hunt, - " "
- ✓ Dorothy Stocken, - Gleichen, Alta.

Names of pupils entered for future vacancies: Eva Earl, Lytton. Edith Clyne, Vancouver. Alice Lee, Vancouver. Fernie McDonald, Eburne. Clara McDonald, Eburne. Susie Pearse, Kamloops. Frances Paget, Revelstoke. Ethel Thynne, Nicola. Beatrice Liberton, New Westminster. Margaret Graveley, Vancouver.

**VISITORS' BOOK.**

**School Register. Easter, 1900.**

- ✓ Winifred Armstrong, - Golden.
- ✓ Marjorie Armstrong, - " "
- ✓ Marie Cross, - - Silverton.
- ✓ Edith Yates, - - New Denver.
- ✓ Kathleen Bentley, - - Slocan.
- ✓ Medora Hume, - - Firlands.
- ✓ Dorothy Sweet, - - Ashcroft.
- ✓ Rachael Flewelling, - Kamloops.

Dec. 14th., Mrs. Edgecombe, Oroville; Jan. 2nd., Miss Stevenson, Lytton, Mrs. Dodd, Yale, Miss Hope Wardle, Hope; Jan. 10th., Miss Crease, Lytton; Jan. 26th., Mrs. J. Raymond, Nanaimo, Albert Raymond, Nanaimo, Rev. A. Shildrick, New Westminster; Jan. 30th., Mrs. McIntosh, Kamloops; Feb. 5th., Mrs B. Wehrfritz, Vancouver, ; March 8th., Mr. W.

McGilvray, San Francisco, Mr. F. Derlin, Indian Agent, New Westminster; April, Mrs. McIntosh. Kamloops; April 16th., Mrs. Wehrfritz, Vancouver; April 18th. Dr. Underhill, Vancouver, Miss Enid Underhill, Vancouver, Mrs. Wallace, Lytton; April 21st., Mrs. Earl, Miss Eva Earl, Master Earl, Lytton, Mali, Vancouver, Mrs. Street, Vancouver.

The plans for the new buildings were drawn up by Mr. W. Dalton, Architect from Vancouver. These include a spacious dining hall, school and class rooms, two dormitories, lathrooms, nursery, three bed rooms and a work room, this addition would enable us to increase our numbers, in the Canadian School, to 50 pupils and a necessarily larger staff of teachers. Tenders for the work have been made by various builders from the coast and upper country; the estimates given are from \$7,000 to \$7,800.

From the above Statement of the Building Fund Account, it will be seen that not one half the sum is yet within our reach.

#### BUILDING FUND ACCOUNT.

May 15th., Cash in hand.....	\$2,095 87
Through Mrs. Croucher.....	13 00
School Entertainment.....	17 75
E. Bourne Esq.....	5 00
Miss Fenwick.....	2 50
Sir Henry Crease.....	2 50
Violet.....	1 25
Through Mrs. Lynnes.....	3 00
Loving Service.....	3 00
Rev. E. Kitson.....	2 50

\$2,146 37

#### YALE CHAPLAINCY FUND.

##### RECEIVED.

May 1899, through Mrs. Sillitoe	\$250 00
July 1899, .. Mrs. Pelly.....	96 25
May, 1900, H. Moody, Esq.....	10 00

Total \$356 25

##### PAID OUT.

July, 1899, To Rev. C. Croucher,	\$ 96 25
March, 1900, Stipend due to	
March 31st.....	207 10

Balance \$303 35  
52 90

\$356 25

#### St. John's Church.

THE interior of our little church looked very lovely in its Easter garb of white, the cherry blossom being just then in its perfection, and appreciative remarks were heard on all sides, but words of praise are also the due of the *outside* workers, who have repaired the church so thoroughly. For some time past it had been known that the church was in a shaky state, and that an extra frolicsome wind might level it to the ground, so it was decided—as rebuilding was

out of the question—to have an estimate of *necessary* repairs taken, which proved that more money would have to be expended, even to make it safe, than had been anticipated, and Mr. Croucher, contrary to his usual custom, asked aid from his parishioners. This was willingly given, in response to a sort of house to house visitation, with what result the subjoined list will show; nearly every one made some remark proving they regarded the church as common property, and therefore it was part of *their* duty to see it properly looked after,

the gathering in of this money was a real pleasure to the one, to whom it was deputed.

On the 1st. Sunday in Lent, the Sunday School children had the privilege and duty of Almsgiving put before them in very simple and forcible words, which evidently sank deep in their hearts and bore fruit too, for Sunday by Sunday they brought their cents, five, ten, or twenty-five, as the case might be, and the glad looks on their bright young faces as they tendered their offerings to the teachers, to be presented *en masse* on Easter Day, proved that they too had found it more blessed to give than to receive.

M. ELLIS.

COLLECTED FOR CHURCH REPAIRS.

Mr. McGillvray .....	\$20 00
Guild of the Holy Child.....	5 00
A Thankoffering. (J. G.).....	5 00
All Hallows'.....	25 00
Canadian Children.....	6 70
Indian Children.....	2 50
Through the Offertory.....	1 00
Teachers, Workers and others.....	6 50
Mrs. Croucher.....	5 00
Mrs. Revsbech.....	3 00
Mr. W. Hopkins.....	1 00
Mr. B. Fricland.....	1 00
Mr. J. Myers.....	50
Mr. W. Reiven.....	1 00
Mr. J. Murphy.....	75
Mr. D. Creighton.....	2 00
Mr. W. Ward.....	1 00
Mrs. Nichols.....	2 00
Mrs. Teague.....	1 00
Mrs. Walkley.....	2 00
Sunday School.....	2 00

TOTAL \$93 95

LETTERS.

DEAR SISTER SUPERIOR:—You can well understand that it is a bad time to raise money in the Old Country; people can think and talk of nothing but the dreadful war,

and in every place to which I have been, there are those who are mourning the loss of some one near and dear to them who has fallen in the fighting in South Africa. In every Church there are special prayers in behalf of those who are hazarding their lives for Queen and Country; and in many village churches mention is made by name of those who have gone forth from the neighbourhood. It is good to see the grand liberality with which one and all are contributing to the various funds in connection with the war.

People complain of weather in B. C., but for the first five days after I landed I did not see the sun; and indeed the weather has been cold and foggy ever since Christmas. It is of course delightful to be in the Old Country again and to meet such a hearty welcome from all one's friends after an absence of five years; but I have not been persuaded that life in England has superior attractions to life in B. C.

The first thing that struck me was that every place seemed to be so crowded; there was not enough elbow-room.

The country, even in damp and mist was very pretty, and it was pleasant to see again the little fields and well trimmed hedges, the good roads, and pretty cottages and villas, sheltered by noble forest trees, and surrounded by lawns and shrubberies kept in perfection. *It* do not seem able to grow such lawns in Vancouver. The tidiness of the country gardens too is in rather striking contrast to the usual surroundings of a Canadian ranch.

In the cities, I think B. C. will compare very favourably with English towns. Certainly our wooden side-walks are much clean-

er, and our wide streets give all passengers plenty of room.

But after all the Cathedrals and Churches were the great feature that one envied the Old Country the possession of.

I went into St. Paul's Cathedral, and could not help feeling as usual awe-struck by the grandeur and magnificence of such a House of God, hallowed as it is by the worship of many generations. There were many there even in the middle of the morning of a working day, who had come not to look about, but to kneel in prayer and silent adoration. It was the same in many country places I visited, week-day prayers were the rule and not the exception: and at all hours of the day in these times of trouble, and anxiety, men and women might be found in God's House, asking for His blessing and protection for those near and dear to them.

In such places as I could get a hearing, I found people very ready and indeed anxious to hear something of Church life in our Colonies, and, so far as they were able with the many claims upon them, to give a helping hand to their brethren across the ocean. They were glad to know that we feel ourselves one with them, though separated by 6000 miles, and that our worship and service are the same as theirs, handed down to us from our common forefathers. I could assure them of the truth of those words of one of our own hymns

The Church unsleeping  
While earth rolls onward into light,  
Through all the world her watch is keep-  
ing,

And rests not now by day nor night.

As o'er each continent and island  
The dawn leads on another day,  
The voice of prayer is never silent,  
Nor dies the strain of praise away.

The more one talks with people, the more one realised how impossible it is to form an adequate notion of any country without visiting it. Geography can only be learned by travel, and distance can only be realized by experience. The amazing ignorance with regard to Canada, and especially Western Canada, is only equalled by the lamentable lack of information with regard to South Africa, from which the country has been suffering since the beginning of the war. However I found a good many most eager to learn all I could tell them of our Western land, and had I held out prospects of remunerative work, I dare say a good many would have thought seriously of emigration. But I had to tell them that B. C. was hardly a poor man's country, nor likely to be so until a good bit more capital had been expended in promoting various industries, at which the unemployed might hope to find occupation.

I hope your Schools prosper, and that all under your charge are doing well.

Yours sincerely,

H. UNDERHILL.

Tipton, England.

—o—

DEAR SISTER, KIND FRIEND:—  
I received your welcome letter. I was glad to hear from you, and that you and all are well.

Angélique is well, she does not attend school yet, the weather is very cold here, so I did not think it best to send her until fine weather comes. Angélique thanks you very much for the presents you send her, also for remembering her birthday. She would like to see you. She often speaks about you. She don't want to go to school

here. The card is very nice, also the monkey. Angélique dreamed Sister S. came on schooner, and brought her lots of little playthings, and her father went to the Post Office and got the parcel, and she said she thought her dream was coming true. Please write to me often, as your letters afford me great pleasure, also my baby Angélique.

May God bless you and the Order you are in. Words I cannot find to express my thanks to you for the kindness you showed my child.

Believe me, your kind friends,  
Angélique, and her mother.

MARIE JOHNS.

Alaska.

March 21st.

—o—

DEAR SISTER SUPERIOR :—  
Thank you for your letter received at Lillooet last Saturday.

You will I think be pleased to hear that Christine seems to be very happy in her work at home, and going heart and soul into the teaching of the younger family. I spent Tuesday there and examined her pupils during the morning. They answered brightly and intelligently, and she apparently has them under complete control; she has a regular system of marks, and gives conduct marks also, for the time out of school hours. They showed special interest in the Church Catechism and Scripture.

You may well feel encouraged at finding your seed sown in the past, thus bearing fruit. It is really a fulfilment of the plan so near to our late Bishop's heart, that those taught in the School might in time develop into teachers of others.

Christine's father is greatly

pleased at the way she is getting her pupils on.

Believe me,

Yours very sincerely,

RICHARD SMALL.

Lytton.

March 31st.

—o—

DEAR FATHER :—Hoping you have received my letter last week and I hope you are quite well. Will you please send me a pair of boots, number 12. My boots are getting bad, and soon I cannot go outside. Sister said if I get five dollars and send it to the Queen, for the widows, because the soldiers are gone to fight, and some died, and the childrens have not any father, and so I have to gather money for them, and so my photograph will be sent to the Queen, if I send some money, and those who send 10cts. will have their name brinted large. It is raining hard here. We are going to have a wash-house, behind the back-yard, we are going to keep our Sunday hat there. A new girl is here at our School and two new girls on the other girls' School. They began to make the place ready for the wash-house, a man knocked down the porch already; we was in the School when he knocked it down, and we could not hear hardly anything when he was knocking it down, we had to read out loud and spell out loud too. I hope my mother, brothers, sister are quite well. I am glad little Willie is getting well. I heard from him two weeks ago, he said he had a lot of toys, and he had a big doll. We have some flowers coming out in our gardens, I got some violets out in my garden, also and an old man is

coming out in my garden, that is all. To dear father,

From your daughter

EMMA.

I send my love to you mother, sister, mother. Good-bye.

Address, Chutatlem, Emma's Father, Lytton.

All Hallows' School, Vale, B. C.

March 6th., 1900.

—o—

DEAR SISTER:—It is quite a while since I heard from any one at Yale, I hope you are all well. I am still on the Prairie, and expect to be here all summer; it is almost three years since I first came here. I take about a couple of weeks holiday, twice a year, and have a prettily good time the whole year round.

The people here have built a Hall, and on Thursday night they had a concert and dance, to help pay off the debt on it; there was quite a crowd there, they made about \$81.00. clear of expenses. It seems rather a queer time to have an entertainment, does it not? they must have forgotten that it is Lent.

The last time that Mr. M. was here, the lady who plays the organ said it was Palm Sunday, and wanted to have "All Glory laud and honour" for one of the hymns. I said that I didn't think it was Palm Sunday, but she said she was quite sure that the Sunday before Ash-Wednesday was Palm Sunday; however they looked in the Prayer Book, and found it was only Quinquagesima. Mr. M. has taken Mr. B's. parish. He was here last Sunday, and expected to have brought Rev. Mr. U. with him, but Mr. U. was delayed on the ocean, and so we only had Matins and Evensong.

I thought Flora would have come

out here this summer, but she is not well enough to come, so I shall be all by my "lonesome" again, for a while.

How is N. getting on? her sister told me that she liked it very well down there; I don't see how she can help but like it. With much love.

I remain,

Yours affectionately,

MARION WALKER.

Grand Prairie, B. C. March, 27th.

—o—

DEAR SISTER —Doubtless my address will surprise you. On Nov. 1st. I sailed from New York on a trip to California via Panama. It was a month of unalloyed pleasure and interest. On the 8th. we reached Colon, where we took train across the Isthmus, passing thro' a country of tropical charm—undulating hills, feathery cocoa-nut-palms, gorgeous cacti and oleanders, shady swamps, funny thatched cottages, on the verandahs of which coloured women in décolleté dresses lounged, poultry scrambled about, and over the railings patient mules looked wistfully.

We had a good view of the famous canal, which is still being languidly worked, and at last reached quaint, old Spanish Panama, with its atrocious pavements, narrow streets over-hung by balconies, its pretty plazas, and its historic interest. After a horribly jolting drive, we disembarked at a Spanish Hotel, where naught but that language was spoken, and where the beds were hung with mosquito netting, and lattice doors without glass took the place of windows. Diminutive soldiers in crumpled uniforms, lounged on the piazzas of the Governor's house, and paraded the town, for a revolution was in pro-

gress. We shopped and rambled about undisturbed by the hot sun, having fortunately several cavaliers who knew Spanish, acquaintances formed on ship-board, and who were bound for various parts of South and Central America. In the evening a band played before the hotel, and we sat out till late on the balcony, enjoying the coolness and stillness that came with dark.

The next day we took ship again, a voyage of three weeks, relieved by calling at numerous ports, at several of which we got the natives to row us ashore, and strolled about under lime, orange and bay trees, wrote letters in the cantinas, scanned the contents of the little one-storied shops with tiled roofs, studied domestic life in Central America, through very hospitably open doorways, marvelled at the dexterity with which the bare footed women carried burdens on their heads, and tasted various native drinks and dishes. We had perfect weather, and beautiful moonlit nights. The natives—many finely formed and comely—often brought their wares, including parrots valued at \$3.00 each, over to the ship, and lively bargaining followed. I have now quite a collection of the silver coinage of the different Republics.

Oranges—green, luscious fruit, beside which Californian ones are insipid were sold 50 for 25cts. The cookery on board was very Spanish in seasoning, and the menu was in the two languages, for the majority of the passengers were Spaniards returning from Europe or U. S. Universities. At Guatemala we passed several volcanoes, one alive, a fine sight by night, and as we approached Mexico, the coast became very mountainous.

There, before being allowed to land, a native doctor came out and examined us all to ascertain that we had no yellow fever on board. The arrival of the commandante was always quite a ceremony. He was rowed out by his own sailors, flying the national flag, to graciously give us permission to enter port. Such procrastinating people as they are. Often we had to wait some hours after all the cargo was taken on, for the clearance papers, the commandante indulging either in the siesta or a feast, and quite oblivious of time and tide.

In Mexico, the houses were of coloured adobe, and we saw many picturesque muleteers in serapes and sombreros. At one place where we dined, on my indicating I wished some ice in my tumbler, the boy who was waiting, calmly emptied part of the water it contained on the marble floor! When we approached the Californian coast it became very stormy. San Francisco disappointed me rather, it is not so clean, not so pretty as Toronto. Of course we went through "China town" where they have lovely things, and did a considerable amount of shopping.

Christmas Day seemed strange to me here, with roses and chrysanthemums flowering in the garden, and all the house doors standing wide open.

Our nearest Church is five miles away, and we are a mile from the village of Soquel, which lies among hills, with the ocean half a mile away. We can plainly hear the surf thundering on the shore, and have once or twice walked over and spent an hour on the beach. To day the thermometer stood at 65° in the shade. I am intending to spend the winter here with friends on a ranche, it would be

delightful if we only were returning via B. C., that I might see you again.

Miss Moody would be charmed with the wealth of roses we have here.

With love and all good wishes.

Sincerely yours,

M. HOSKIN.

Soquel, Santa Cruz County,  
California. Jan. 12th., 1900.

— — — — —  
 “In the midst of life we are  
 in death.”  
 — — — — —

A SAD text at first sight, for our Easter-tide Magazine, but surely not so in reality, when we remember that “through the grave and gate of death we pass to our joyful Resurrection.”

These words of my text came home with startling power, to the members of our usually happy household, on the morning of Friday, Feb. 9th., when the sad tidings reached us of the awfully sudden death of our dear old friend, Miss Emily Crease, of Lytton, who had been caught round a curve by a freight train, and almost instantaneously killed. She had been to the Mission House about 5:30, and was evidently on her way to evensong as she was found lying close to a little trail leading down from the railway track to the Indian Church. Surely she took part in a better evensong than she had anticipated.

The tidings of an accident spread like wild-fire in the town, and in a few minutes Mr. Bastin, the Mission priest, and two or three more of Miss Crease's friends were by her side; she just opened her eyes when the former spoke to her, and then closed them again for ever on this world. She was at once carried

to her own little cottage, where she had left ready the preparations for her evening meal; there she was lying, when I saw her at night, looking most calm and peaceful.

Miss Crease had spent part of the Christmas holidays with us, and on January 23rd., the evening before our children returned to school, I saw her off by the train, cheerful and bright as usual, carrying with her one or two little comforts for her house, with which she was much pleased. We had some little foreboding that we might not see her again, and I think she must have felt it too; she had been, of late, so strangely drowsy and had spoken of it to me when out walking. When leaving our house, on the day of her return to Lytton, she accidentally omitted to wish the Sister Superior good bye; Sister laughingly said, “Miss Crease, are not you going to say Good Bye to me?” her reply was, “Dear Sister, I have been saying good bye to you in my heart all day long.”

We received a very kind invitation from Mrs. Stevenson, of Lytton, to stay at her house for the funeral. The Sister Superior could not get away as the Spring Term had so recently commenced, so I went up on Friday evening's train. Sir Henry and Mr. Arthur Crease, our friend's brother and nephew, who had been telegraphed for from Victoria, being also on the train.

The coffin was carried at midnight into the little chapel belonging to the white population of Lytton and watched all night by loving hearts, and at 7:45 on Saturday morning there was a Celebration of the Holy Communion, she, who had been a worshipper there, lying in our midst. The dear face was grand in its majestic calmness.

At 2 o'clock, we all assembled

again in the chapel for the first part of the funeral service so sweet and comforting when read over her whose whole life had been one of unselfish devotion to the Master's services. We gave one last look on earth to the face we loved so well, and then the procession started for the cemetery about a mile distant from the town, and up a long, steep, winding road. There were twelve bearers, chosen from the many who knew and respected dear Miss Crease, six white men, and six Indians. A large number from the Indian reservation followed her to her last resting place. She will be sorely missed by them, among whom she lived and worked for so large a part of her life. She was laid to rest on the site of one of the old Indian Churches, near the spot where the altar formerly stood. The next day, Sunday, was a strange one without our old friend; Lytton was not itself without her, yet, in all the services, especially the Celebrations both in the Indian Church and the white Chapel, one felt her to be very near. It was Septuagesima Sunday, the appointed day for united Intercession for our Army in South Africa, but after the special evensong was ended, we had a short memorial service, consisting of the latter part of the office for the Burial of the Dead, a special hymn, and the "Dead March in Saul." Sharp, but short, had been the passage of our dear old friend from this world to the Paradise of God.

"It is not exile, rest on high;  
It is not sadness, peace from strife;  
To fall asleep, is not to die;  
To dwell with Christ, is better life."

SISTER ALICE, C. A. H.

### Among our Indians.

"**H**OW can he speak? He's done the work. The two don't go together." These words, which Kipling put into the mouth of one of his characters, are all too true, yet our accommodation is so limited, that there would be no room for a "special correspondent," even if one kindly visited us. So we must each perforce do the best we can, though in the midst of the din and turmoil of the strife ourselves, and leave those who read in quiet leisure, (and who thus may perchance see more clearly than we can do,) to draw the lesson for themselves, and fit in these little bits of action to their own special place in the Great Campaign.

Busy as our lives may be, we yet always thankfully find time, or God makes it for us, to be with our Indian friends a good deal, as they, leaving their homes, come up to spend this solemn season at Yale, and commemorate with us our Lord's Death and Resurrection.

On Maundy Thursday the first deputation arrived to hear about the arrangements for the next day. This deputation consisted chiefly of young fathers, who brought chubby little sons, thinking that the sight of them would surely prove irresistible, and that we could *somehow* manage to build and equip another school at Yale, where these tiny lads could be taught and trained, and where their fathers could visit them from time to time!

Next day we proceeded at about 10 a. m. to the Indian Church, towards which little groups of Indians were wending their way,—old men leaning heavily on sticks, younger men with their hopeful

sons, young mothers with little babies, and others, all coming to try in some faint measure to enter into the fellowship of His sufferings. We always have a very simple service on that day, so simple that new-comers can readily learn to join in it. First we have the Invocation, and the Lord's Prayer, then: "O Saviour of the world," the Interpreter leads the prayers, first in Sh'Atjinkoojin (Yale,) and then in Neklakapamuk (Thompson.) This year one of our children's fathers led in Thompson. Then we teach the people about the last scenes in our Lord's Life, by the aid of large pictures; Archdeacon Pentreath gave us a beautiful set of these on rollers, last year, from the S. P. C. K., and we used them this time. Some of the people are so blind they cannot see very clearly at a distance, so we invited them, at the close of one of the instructions, to come nearer and see the pictures more closely. We were very much struck by seeing them all coming and kneeling down to look at them. This was quite out of their own mind, they apparently did not think it reverent to stand or sit to gaze upon the sight of so much suffering.

Easter Eve is always taken up with decorations etc., so there are no classes on that day.

On Easter Day itself there are so many English services, and so far apart, (at 7 a. m. in Yale, at 11 at Agassiz, 30 miles away, and then 7.30 p. m. in Yale again) that the Indians always have their communions on Easter Monday, they cannot understand or enter into the English Services, and we like to have plenty of time to devote to them.

They come up to the School Chapel on the afternoon of Easter Day for their class of instruction and

preparation, and for a final choir practice. This year we were able to take part of Hymn 321 A. & M. in the Yale language, and very much delighted they were to sing it. Of course we had to simplify it very much in the translation, and it would be hopeless to attempt rhymes, but we make the accents in the words fit into the accents in the music, and this hymn went better than most hymns do.

Besides the usual Easter services, we were also having a wedding this year. Our eldest pupil in the Indian School, Mary, was to be married to Isaac, an Indian man from O'Hamil, a small settlement lower down the Fraser River, and this event awakened much interest both among the children and older people. The latter were very much amused, as they came to say Good-bye on Easter Day, after an inspection of Mary's wedding presents, to find me sitting with the bride-elect on one side, and the bridegroom on the other, instructing them as to their respective parts in the marriage service! Even the most sedate of our friends raised a smile! The courtship was carried on in such a frank, open way, as augured well for the future happiness of the young couple, and we must constantly pray for them, that they "May lead the rest of their life according to this beginning."

Very early on the fresh, bright morning of Easter Monday, the household was astir, all eager and anxious to get their necessary duties finished in time for the ceremony. There was much delightful excitement in getting the large family into their pretty pink "Sunday frocks," and in ornamenting each one with a knot of cherry blossom; in expeditions to the

brook to bring up from their cool, damp hiding-places, glistening bunches of maidenhair, and to give the final touches to the bride's bouquet of beautiful white trilliums and starry fruit blossom.

Here must be a little interlude, to describe some of the marvellous beauty of that early April morning. Imagine the dark, grand mountains losing some of their sternness, and almost smiling under the first suggestion of that tender "crown of verdure" spring was weaving round them, their deepest recesses mysteriously half-concealed by a veil of the most intense blue haze, forming an exquisite background for the masses of snowy fruit trees all around us, with daffodils, tulips, hyacinths, and other spring flowers gleaming like jewels amidst a setting of deep, restful, dewy grass in the foreground; and upon it all, a flood of brilliant sunshine, lighting up each little delicate leaf, and flower-petal, and intensifying the dark purple shadows in the Canyon.

In the midst of all this beauty moved little groups of our old people, coming very early to meet their Risen Lord, "As the Light of Light descended from the realms of endless day."

In the dignified ancient music of the Church's Communion Service they too raised their voices, giving the very best they had to offer, and we may be sure that if the Alleluias were not always quite in tune, yet they were acceptable to that Same Lord, Who is adored by Cherubim and Seraphim "As with ceaseless voice they cry, Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia, Lord most High."

There were 16 Indian Communicants. More would gladly have come, but some were prevented by

illness, and others by the death of a little child.

At the close of the Service, after the Easter Hymn had been sung, and the sound of the last Alleluia had died away, we left the kneeling Indians making their Thanksgiving, while we led the bride away to make some necessary changes in her attire. (The bridegroom is not yet confirmed, or the order of the services would have been reversed, as the Prayer Book directs.)

One who was present at the services for the first time this Easter, was much struck by the force of the living parable as, coming from the "dim religious light" of the Chapel, with its rows of dusky worshippers, kneeling silently, one suddenly walked into the brightness and light of the brilliant spring sunshine, and into the midst of our 30 Indian children, all with bright, eager, expectant faces, looking like spring flowers themselves, clad in pale pink, and decked with cherry blossom, a striking illustration of the change that had passed upon their young lives, as they were brought out of darkness into light.

Very quickly the greater number were marshalled into Chapel, but space was so limited that though we had carefully found resting-places for all the mothers and babies in the Chapel passage, which acts the part of Ante-Chapel on these occasions, still no nook or corner could be found in Chapel where the rest of the children could be placed, there only remained the "aisle" if so, one may correctly call the minute causeway still left in the centre of the Chapel, after repeated encroachments of seats on each side! However necessity suggests many expedients, and we could not shut the children out for such a mere detail as want of space,

so we found 11 white veils, and cut 11 long branches of cherry blossom, and transformed 11 young maidens into as many bridesmaids, who, in that capacity had a perfect right to stand behind the bridal party! Consequently we had one of the prettiest, certainly one of the most picturesque, weddings I have ever seen. The bride was dressed in soft gray and white, and wore a tiny spray of orange blossom, her bridesmaids were Lisa, Gina, Emma, Katherine, Dora, Mandy, Lucy, Annie, Alice, Clara, and Zillah.

The procession entered the Chapel, singing hymn 578, A. & M. "O Perfect Love." The sweet, fresh, young voices joining hopefully in the beautiful words of prayer for the future welfare of their companion and her young husband. After the service, which was joined in, or followed, with rapt attention by all present; "The Voice that breathed o'er Eden" was sung, and the procession reformed and passed out to the joyful and time-honoured strains of Mendelssohn's Wedding March.

The baptism of "Oscar," one of our grandsons, followed, Charlie, the old Chief from Squatetch, and Janey his wife, being God-parents, as the infant's home was "down the river," and they could "look after him good," it was explained to us.

While the baptism was taking place, the younger members of the family were busy preparing a "Wedding breakfast" of tea, currant-bread, and wedding cake on the Play ground, where they received their guests as they streamed out of the Chapel. The bride could hardly be persuaded to sit down, still less to partake of any food herself, so accustomed was she to wait on every one else.

All faces were beaming with smiles, good wishes and congratulations. Of course the wedding party was photographed! and a very pretty group it made. Chief Charlie, who had officiated as "best man," standing in a fatherly way, at the bridegroom's side, and the two baby bridesmaids in front.

Bye and bye the party dispersed, Mary accompanying her husband to visit her friends at the Ranche, but all returning in the afternoon for a social visit, and a sale of clothing held in the play ground.

Next morning the bride and bridegroom went away. As the passenger train passed the School, the early Celebration of Holy Communion was just over, and we were kneeling in Chapel saying the Thanksgiving. Words of Intercession were at that moment on our lips that God "would bless and preserve all members of our household, who have gone forth into the world, that they may continue steadfast in the midst of all dangers and temptations." Amen.

ALTHEA MOODY.

Extract from S. P. C. K. Report.

Diocese of New Westminster—  
1. Scholarships for Indian Girls at School at Yale.—In November, 1896, the Society set aside £150, to provide scholarships of £10 a year each for Indian girls, who were being trained at the school at Yale. This grant was now exhausted, and the sister in charge asked that it might be renewed. The Bishop also supported the application.

The Standing Committee, believing that the school was doing good work in training Indian girls, recommended that five scholarships of £10 a year each for three years

be granted for Indian girls, who were regular boarders at the school at Yale, the names to be furnished when the instalments of the grant were applied for. The grant was voted as proposed.

### “The Great Sallish Nation.”

WE are very often asked by friends, “To what tribe do your Indians belong?” and the enquirer is sometimes astonished at finding that they are neither Crees, Blackfeet, or any of the other names so well known in Missionary Literature.

An extract from a letter received on this subject from Mr. Charles Hill-Tout will doubtless prove of interest to many of our friends.

“The aborigines of this Province are divided into six distinct stocks, or families. I should first tell you that the basis of affinity on this continent is a ‘Linguistic’ one. On this basis about 160 stocks have been differentiated throughout the whole continent north and south. Of these six are found within our borders, these are the:—

1. Haida-Tlingit, on the North Coast and Islands.

5. The Tsimeans, on and about the Skeena River.

3. The Kwakiuk-Nootka, on the northern half of Vancouver Island and adjacent coast of Mainland.

4. The Sallish, on the southern half of Vancouver Island and adjacent Mainland, from the borders of Kwakiuk to the Columbia River. This stock is a very extensive one, stretching from the coast to the Shuswaps and Okanagans, and crossing into the United States, and occupying four states there. All the Fraser River tribes, up to and inclusive of the Thompsons

and the Shuswaps, belong to this stock.

5. The Kooteneys of the Kooteney District.

6. The Déné, or Athabascans, of the interior. one of the largest stocks in America.

You will be most interested in the Sallish, as they surround you. In this stock there are at least a dozen different dialects, and perhaps 100 sub-dialects. The “Stalo” (or River tongues) form one group of sub-dialects more or less different from each other. The Shuswap, Thompson, (or Ntlakapamuq,) Lillooet and Okanagan form four distinct dialects. Those on the coast and Islands form other groups. The Squamish, of Howe Sound, is another distinct dialect, differing from the “Stalo” as much as French from Italian. Indeed, the relations of the various dialects of the Sallish are akin to the relations existing between the Romance languages. You will readily understand therefore that a study of these dialects is highly interesting and instructive. The Yale dialect, or rather sub-dialect, has been much modified by contact with the Thompson.”

### GIFTS RECEIVED.

DECEMBER, 1899:—Three outfits from St. Mathews’ Branch of the W. A.; one small box of fancy articles for Christmas presents from Mr. H. Morey, New Westminster; one parcel of books from H. Moody, Esq., Fleet, Eng.; one hamper of wine from Mrs. Revsbeck, Yale, B. C.; one bucket of candy from Mr. D. Creighton, Yale, B. C.; one turkey from Mr. J. Moore, Kamloops, B. C.; one bale containing cloaks, scarves, vests and other

warm clothing, from Miss Wallace, Carshalton, Eng.; Christmas presents for the children, Agnes Malpas; one hektograph from Miss Moody, Fleet, Eng.; one "surprise box," Miss Thistle Moody, Fleet, Eng.

JANUARY, 1900:—Two barrels of clothing, groceries, cakes, candy, quilts, etc., from St. Peter's branch of the W. A., Charlottetown, P. E. I.; also gifts from branches at Georgetown, Souris and Summerside, through Mrs. Bayfield; two large bales of quilts, clothing, etc., from the Prescott branch of the W. A., through Mrs. Labatt; one large case and one bale containing clothing, groceries, books, etc., from St. Thomas' branch of the W. A., Toronto, through Miss Seccord; also clothing, etc., from Deer Park, Ont., through Miss Hoskin; outfit for child and other gifts, from St. Agatha's Guild of St. Thomas' Church, Toronto, through Miss Reed; parcel of gifts for Infirmary, from All Saints' Mission Band, Toronto, through Miss Walden.

FEBRUARY, 1900:—Clothing and a picture from St. Anne's, Abbots Bromley, through Miss Dugdale; large collection of fancy work and stationery from Strathallan House, Bolton Gardens, London, through Miss Spark; fur lining and muff from Miss Wilshire, Welwyn, Eng.; lace for altar linen and one small parcel of clothing, dolls, etc., from Sisters, All Hallows', Ditchingham; three pairs stockings from Mrs. Leveson's Stocking Guild.

APRIL, 1900:—Twelve Prayer books. Sunday School and other papers and magazines every month, most regularly, from Mrs. Holland Lomas, Eng.; one parcel containing scrap books, calendars, etc.,

from Mrs. Howard, Toronto; one box of oranges from Dr. Underhill, Vancouver.

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## WANTED.

\$5000 FOR THE BUILDING FUND.

Twenty new beds. Blankets for same. Table linen and house linen. Kneelers for Chapel, (N. B. Chapel hangings are terra cotta in tone.) Dolls and toys for Christmas trees. Stout over-all pinafores, all sizes. Strong serge skirts, all sizes. Three dozen new Prayer books and Hymn books for the Chapel. Subscribers for the Magazine.

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## 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 10cts. a copy, in the quarterly Stationery Account.

Friends wishing to renew their subscriptions to the Magazine, for another year, are requested to do so, when acknowledging receipt of present Ascension-tide Number.

English subscriptions may be sent in penny stamps, 15d for the year.

The Canadian School, Summer Term, will close as usual (D. V.) on June 30th. The Winter Term will begin (D. V.) on Sept. 3rd., 1900. Pupils are expected to arrive on that day.

Parents desiring to withdraw their children from the Canadian School, are requested to notify the Sister Superior to that effect, not later than the 3rd. of August.

# 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, 30 pupils,	-	.. 1890.

## Staff of Workers :

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

**Chaplain:** Rev. C. Croucher, appointed in 1892, in succession to Rev. R. Small, of Lytton, 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:

*V.* They will go from strength.

*R.* To strength.

*V.* And unto the God of gods.

*R.* Appeareth every one of them in Sion.

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

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.

## 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.
French, - - - - -	Miss Shibley, B. A. & Sister Alice, C. A. H.
Music, - - - - -	Sister Alice, C. A. H. 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: 10 to 1, 2 to 4. - - - Study Hour: 7 to 8.

Two Examinations are held during the year. Prizes are awarded at Mid-summer. Reports of Conduct and Progress are sent home at Christmas and Mid-summer.

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.