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# All Hallows in the West

*"SERVIRE DEO SAPERE."*



Epiphany,  
1906

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Published at

All Hallows' School, Dale, B.C.

Editor, The Sister Superior.

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# All Hallows' Canadian School,

YALE, B.C.

ESTABLISHED 1890

Conducted by the Sisters of All Hallows.

VISITOR - - - - THE LORD BISHOP OF NEW WESTMINSTER

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

Games Mistress, - - Miss R. Moody.

### The Course of Study Includes :

Holy Scripture	Music
History and Geography	French, German, Latin
English Language and Literature	Natural Science
Arithmetic, Euclid and Algebra	Drawing
Class Singing and Musical Drill	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		}
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 Hours : 7 to 8.30

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

Pupils are prepared for the McGill University Matriculation Examination.

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

Also for School Examinations of the Royal Drawing Society.

**Entrance Fee \$5.00**

**School Fees (in Advance)**

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

Application for further particulars to be made to:

**THE SISTER SUPERIOR**

**All Hallows' School, Yale, B.C.**

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, 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

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

Prayer for the Children of the Schools:

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

- V. Take this child and nurse it for Me.  
R. And I will give thee thy reward.

*Let us pray.*

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

Commemoration of Those who have Gone Out from the Schools:

*Antiphon*—They will go from strength to strength.

- V. And unto the God of gods.  
R. Appeareth every one of them in Sion.

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

# All Hallows in the West.

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VOL. VI.

EPIPHANY, 1906.

No. 6

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## "And was made Man".

Out of the Ivory palaces  
Whereby they have made Thee glad,  
Out of the sovereign majesties  
Wherewith Thou wert crowned and clad,  
Adown a cloudy stairway Thou hast stept,  
And into a poor cradle Thou hast crept,  
While the world slept.

Out of the spheral harmonies,  
And singing of sevenfold quires,  
Out of the passionate ecstasies  
That the Face of the Lord inspries,  
Into the lowing of awakened kine,  
And twitter of birds above that bed of Thine  
Pilgrim Divine.

Out of the glistening companies,  
The cohorts of flame on flame,  
Out of the phalanx of victories,  
The hosts of the Holy Name—  
To simple folk, to men of peace and prayer,  
Thou didst descend, their servitude to share,  
And still art there.

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## Do ye know Him.

"There standeth one among you whom ye know not."

St. John I, 2nd Verse.

You will remember that these words were spoken by St. John the Baptist when the Scribes and Pharisees, having heard of his teaching, sent messengers to ask Him who He was. "Art Thou the Christ?" and in answer to this question troubling many minds the Prophet answered, "I am the voice." Our Lord had not yet manifested Himself to the world, so He spoke in a voice the world did not understand.

The next day John saw Jesus walking on the banks of the Jordan, and he cried "Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world." Now was Christ manifest in the flesh, now was His Kingdom set up. Love that never fails, or fades, or dies was made known to men. The child who was born on Christmas night, whose birth was heralded by Angels, the little child who lay in the arms of His maiden mother in Bethlehem's lowly stable was drawing all the world to Him.

Two thousand years have passed since then; and although the Church has suffered many persecutions, has been attacked on every side, it still holds its standard up and new empires bow down before Him; the cross on which He died, the emblem of salvation, is now set in the diadem of kings, it shines over our great buildings, the world has accepted Him to a great extent, and bears witness to St. John's words that the "Lamb of God" passed by that day on the banks of Jordan. The King is on His throne; millions of voices have chanted His birthday song this Christmas-tide; Heaven and earth are full of the praise of His holy name "Jesus," "Saviour." That little child whom we come to worship in Bethlehem has changed the character of nations, all the good in the world today is due to His influence and saving power.

But is there not another side to the picture? St. John said to the Scribes and Pharisees, "There standeth one among you whom ye know not." Then, as now, people thronged about Him, listened to His teaching, saw the miracles that He did. We are told that some believed, and some did not; some had a dim idea that He was above other men; many, alas, regarded Him with scorn—as it was then is it not so, even now? On Christmas Day the Christ-child is preached from every pulpit, in all parts of the world, the song of the Angels of the Incarnation is chanted, flowers and music, incense and worship are offered in all Christian Churches. His perpetual Presence is covenanted to His people. His Holy Spirit is with us to make the power of the Gospel of Christ known to us. He stands there in our midst, on our altars, the Lamb of God, manifested to all men, the Saviour of the World, drawing alike the shepherd from his fold and the king from his throne by the tender compelling power of His love. Yet of all the crowds who throng His Churches, who come near even to the steps of the Altar, how many know Him? We know of Him, know the leading points of His history, but Him, perhaps, still we know not. Know not the fellowship of His sufferings, nor the power of His Resurrection, nor His Sacramental Presence in the Church and in our own souls. And for us there is no excuse. To us Jesus has manifested, and does manifest Himself continually. To us He does not speak in a voice we cannot understand.

In the realm of nature all created things possess the power of self-manifestation, and what does

not manifest itself to the eye, or ear, or touch, does not exist for us. Now, when that little child was born in Bethlehem, and grew, and was baptized, lived and died, rose again for us, God manifested Himself to the world. Christ is the manifestation of the Father. When the disciple asked "Shew us the Father," Jesus answers, "Have I been so long time with you, and yet hast thou not known me, Phillip? He that hath seen Me, hath seen the Father," "I am in the Father, and the Father in Me." This is the wonderful and mysterious doctrine of the Holy Trinity, which is above reason, but not contrary to it, and which must be grasped by the hand and seen by the eye of faith alone. Why is He to so many still the hidden God? Why in the midst of the clear light of the Gospel are so many blind? Why, then, the glad tidings of Salvation ring out, do so many refuse to hear? Because of sin. Sin lieth at the door.

In the Garden of Eden, Adam and Eve in a state of innocence walked with God, but after they had sinned they hid themselves, the eye of man could no longer meet the eye of God. The Divine Child of God is not known because by wilful sin, careless sin, you and I withdraw ourselves from Him, in the words of the prophet "our sin is as a veil upon our hearts," separating us from Him. The chief object of the Incarnation was to manifest God in human, visible form, as one whom we can approach intelligently. Who is touched with the feeling of our infirmities, who is in all points like unto us, save without sin. His Name therefore is Emmanuel, God with us. The vision of God is vouchsafed to us just in proportion to the purity of our hearts, the reality of our faith, the simplicity of our devotion. When sin is present with us then He is a hidden God. "One Who stands in our midst but we know Him not."

The Scribes and Pharisees only knew Him as the Carpenter's son of Nazareth, but a faithful few knew Him as the promised Messiah, the Son of God. The watching shepherds to whom the Angels made known the wondrous Birth; Simeon, whose waiting eyes saw the Salvation of the Lord; Anna, the prophetess, who spake of Him to all who looked for redemption; St. John Baptist, the Messenger of Christ, who proclaimed Him the Lamb of God; Nicodemus and Joseph of Arimathea, who owned Him, though secretly by night; on the Cross, in His dying hour, there was the repentant thief, who saw in Him the Lord of Life.

God grant that today you may take your place, dear children, among the blessed company of those who know Him. May your Christmas joy be controlled by the thought that not only do you know Him, but He knows you, calls you by your name, enrolls you among His faithful children, and asks of you for gifts, the best you have to offer, Love, Worship and Self-surrender.

## Epiphany=Tide.

Trembling before Thee we fall down to adore Thee,  
 Shamefaced and trembling we lift our eyes to Thee;  
 O First and with the last! annul our ruined past.  
 Rebuild as to Thy glory, Set us free  
 From sin and from sorrow to fall down and worship Thee.

Full of pity view us, stretch Thy sceptre to us,  
 Bid us live that we may give ourselves to Thee:  
 O faithful Lord and True! stand up for us and do,  
 Make us lovely, make us new, set us free—  
 Heart and soul and spirit—to bring all and worship Thee.

—C. Rosetti.

## Leaves from Our Journal.

OCTOBER, 1905.—It was a disappointing Fall. Few of the trees showed even a touch of red, and the rain was so heavy that for many days we saw the world through a veil of gray moisture, dull and depressing; then about the middle of the month all this changed, we awoke one morning and the glory of perpetual sunlight seemed to rest upon the yellow leaves, the world was wrapt in a silent mystery of mist. It was a new world of blue, silver and gold; blue in the sky, blue over the earth, blue in the denseness of the mist clouds which thinned into silver as they rose, and everywhere the golden leaves—then one was glad to be alive, and life seemed full of beauty and promise.

Returning from an early morning stroll we met the children running down the garden path on their way to the School House. A small storm-porch in the front of the building opens on to the Primary room, where Miss Francis rules; a funny little plank walk constructed during the summer holidays by "John," our departed and much valued servitor, runs along the side of the house past the door of the Junior room, the scene of Miss Sait's labours, and up to the door of the Senior room, over which Miss Shibley presides. Into these several rooms the children disappeared; presently the tinkle of a bell called for silence and the voice of prayer rose softly on the air, then we, too, went in out of the loveliness and the sunshine to meet the duties of the day, to pursue dust in the corners, to count out clothes, to order the dinner, to write letters, to pay bills and to answer all the numerous calls of a large and growing 'family.'

This month is always enlivened by two special birthday parties, the honour of giving them being impartially divided between the two schools. Miss Shibley's birthday comes first in order of

time, so the Canadian children got up a very pleasant little dance and an elaborate supper which they catered for and managed entirely by themselves.

For Miss Kelley's birthday the Indian School arranged a charming programme, which by special request began with the thrilling burlesque, "Blue Beard." This was followed by some songs, a pretty musical drill, and concluded with an original birthday song, written a year or two ago for this special occasion. The words may interest our readers:

"Merry words, merry words falling gaily around,  
Breathing all that affection can say,  
'Tis the music of Hope giving voice to the sound,  
Many happy returns of the day.

In the Springtime of life when sweet childish eyes  
Gaze onward so happy and gay,  
The rapture of hope gilds the wish as it flies,  
Many happy returns of the day.

When the roses of life in our Summer-time blow  
And we bask in the sun's genial ray,  
Hope's whisper falls tender, her voice sweet and low,  
Many happy returns of the day.

The aged may smile as they listen, and fear  
They have little time longer to stay,  
But they love still to hear from the lips that are dear,  
Many happy returns of the day.

As the cycle of time speeds on its swift flight,  
We meet and we sing our glad lay,  
Friends trusted and tried still gladden our sight,  
Many happy returns of the day.

When the little entertainment came to an end there was still time for a few games before tea and cakes were handed round, cakes that were made by two of the "old girls," and which we all could testify were light, wholesome and just as dainty and good as the best of cakes should be.

NOVEMBER.—Our All Saints services were very beautiful this year. We missed Cecily's and Elinor's voices in the choir, but the younger girls, who have taken their places, sang out nicely, and the orchestra was in excellent training. A gift of lovely white flowers for the Altar from one of the "old girls" came in time for Evensong, the flowers we had ourselves ordered for the adornment of God's House on this, to us, great occasion, arrived in time to make the whole place fragrant and beautiful for the early morning Eucharist, when our children gathered in goodly numbers, white robed and white veiled, to do homage to the King of Saints

and to receive from Him the Holy Food whereby they too might grow in saintliness and spiritual beauty.

Among our visitors this term we have been specially glad to welcome Mrs. Sillitoe, the late Bishop's wife, who knew us and helped us in our "day of small things," and whose loving friendship and continued interest in the schools are greatly valued.

We were receiving new pupils all the term until every bed in the house was occupied and the dormitories were full to overflowing.

IN DECEMBER Influenza made its annual appearance, but in a light, I had almost said a genial, form. There were no very bad sore throats or alarmingly high temperatures, and the children of both schools succumbed by ones and twos, going into retirement gently and gracefully for a few days then cheerfully returning and falling into line again.

Sundays at school are difficult days. After the morning service and Scripture class, and possibly a walk if the weather is fine, the day stretches out with several hours of leisure and it almost seems as if children, whose week-day hours are ordered by rule, do not know how to occupy themselves when their usual employments are suspended. Letter-writing and afternoon tea are the resources of the study girls, the play-roomers are fond of saying "We have nothing to do," then doing that "nothing" with great enjoyment.

One "Lecture morning" the "School Mother" addressed the family on the subject of Sunday observance and suggested that a little more reading might be done on Sunday afternoons. The Literary Club does something for its members in this direction, but there are others who do not belong to the Club and whose attainments lie somewhat below the classics—these, or at least a few of these, in deference to the "School Mother's" suggestion, formed a "Reading Society." The list of books they submitted for her approval began with the "Adventures of Sherlock Holmes," and passing down through many gradations finally reached "The Birds' Christmas Carol" and "Probable Sons!" But the girls were in earnest. They wanted to read, they wanted to spend Sunday well, and the "School-Mother" loved them even while she laughed at them, and straightway became herself an honorary member of the Sunday Reading Club, revising its list of books and suggesting by-laws and regulations for its conduct. As time passed the Sunday afternoon readings lost the zest of their first novelty, but were persevered in from a high sense of duty, then by way of change and relaxation the members obtained permission to give an afternoon tea. Invitations were issued for it and all seemed to be going on well until the Honorary Member discovered that cold roast chickens were being provided by too hospitable hostesses for this early function! The Honorary Member suggested that a supper party might be an improvement

on a tea-party under the circumstances, the hour was therefore changed and the entertainment eventually came off with unqualified success.

The outcome of all this discussion about Sunday reading has given an impetus to a movement we have been considering for some time of reviving and revising the old Sunday Lending Library, recovering its books, refilling its shelves and providing both schools with suitable books for leisure hours.

I have omitted to mention that on St. Cecilia's Day a very nice choir supper was given in the study. This festivity generally takes place in the All Saints Octave, but so many things were happening just at that time that it was put off and the children thought it was forgotten, so when invitations, written on blackberry leaves, at length reached them, there was much surprise as joy in their acclamations.

A Hallowe'en party and other "social functions" too numerous to mention took place at intervals throughout the term, relieving the lessons of their monotony, until we came to the closing party, which was again this year managed by members of the "Children's Chapel Club," who, with an eye to profit included a sale, as well as an entertainment and a supper, in the programme. Preparations for such an ambitious undertaking occupied the play-roomers for weeks beforehand. Kind parents sent hampers of good things for the stalls, and extra pocket money for expenditure on this great occasion. When the evening arrived the rooms looked very pretty and festive, and a certain atmosphere of excitement and pleasure prevailed, which seems to belong to December's last school party, for is it not a foretaste of many joys to come during the Christmas holidays, when for the sake of the Little Child of Bethlehem children are so lovingly cared for throughout all Christendom?

The next day being the Sunday before Christmas, we had a Carol Service in the Chapel after Vespers, on Monday and Tuesday we packed trunks, and on Tuesday evening and Wednesday morning we sent fifty travellers off from Yale; the little village station usually so sleepy and quiet, woke into life and the air fairly buzzed with merry voices and laughter, good wishes and good-byes.

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## 1906.

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### "AND NOW WHY TARRIEST THOU?"

Lord, grant us grace to mount by steps of grace  
 From grace to grace nearer, my God, to Thee;  
 Not tarrying for tomorrow,  
 Lest we lie down in sorrow  
 And never see  
 Unveiled Thy Face.

Life is a vapour vanishing in haste;  
 Life is a day whose sun grows pale to set;  
 Life is a stint and sorrow,  
 One day and not the morrow;  
 Precious, while yet  
 It runs to waste.

Lord, strengthen us; lest fainting by the way  
 We come not to Thee, we who come from far;  
 Lord, bring us to that morrow  
 Which makes an end of sorrow,  
 Where all Saints are  
 On holyday.

Where all the Saints rest who have heard Thy Call,  
 Have risen and striven and now rejoice in rest:  
 Call us too home from sorrow  
 To rest in Thee tomorrow;  
 In Thee our Best,  
 In Thee our All.

—C. Rosetti.

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## A Bird of Passage.

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I arrived at the little station at Yale at 10 o'clock on Sunday evening, the 1st October.

The rain was streaming down in torrents and the night was very dark. My guide was provided with a lantern, but there were no "struggling moonbeams misty light" to guide us on our way. I would have felt afraid if I had known that we were walking on the banks of the terrible Fraser River Canyon. I did, indeed, hear the roar of the water and made some feeble jests about falling into it, but thinking it was a long way off did not feel any anxiety about it. My guide did not inform me to the contrary, nor let me know that in the darkness, danger to the unwary was lurking near. She was right, for "where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise." When we reached All Hallows', the Sister Superior was at the door to meet us with outstretched hands and a very kind greeting. A cheerful wood fire in an open chimney, hot tea and refreshments were very acceptable to the weary travellers. The visitors' room is very comfortable, with its adjoining bath-room, dainty bed, cosy chair, writing materials and little library.

At half-past seven next morning the bell rang for prayers in the Chapel. The Canadian children with short white veils on their heads, sat on one side of the building, the Indian girls in red caps and aprons sat opposite. The Sister in low, sweet tones, conducted the service, the teachers and girls heartily joining in the responses.

The Chapel is simple, neat and attractive. About the service there is something sweet, innocent and pure which carries one's thoughts upward, and, for a time, makes one forget the clinging cares of earth.

Yale is beautifully situated in a valley surrounded on three sides with mountains clothed at this season in all the glory of their autumn dress. Green of many shades from the darkest firs to the light sea-green of the shimmering poplars, brown, yellow, orange, tan and occasionally red. The leaves were dancing and quivering on their fragile stalks as the wind and rain took them and swept them away towards the terrible canyon of the Fraser River which yawned below. Yes, that was my feeling about those poor leaves. Had it been a bright day I should doubtless have thought of them only in their glory and beauty. But they have served the purpose for which they were created, does it really matter now whether their skeletons are tossed in the Fraser or resting peacefully under the sheltering branches of their family tree?

The railway runs past the gate at All Hallows' School, but the station is about a half-mile further on. The schools are picturesque and attractive. The lawns and flower beds are well kept and the vine-covered portico is sweet with the fragrance of roses and honeysuckle.

The school for Canadian girls is considered an excellent one, and the best people in British Columbia gladly avail themselves of the good social and religious training and educational advantages it offers. One thing specially in its favor is that the girls are quite free from the distractions of city life. At the same time they have their pleasures, games of all kinds, interesting walks through old mountain trails and once a week a little dance, but their amusements are planned so that they never interfere with their studies.

The Indian girls, in addition to the common branches of learning, are taught cooking, sweeping, sewing, waiting at table and all the usual branches of domestic work. Every one seemed happy and contented. The writer of this letter will always remember the kindness of the Sisters and teachers, and look back with pleasure to the quiet, restful day spent under the shadow of the mountains at All Hallows' School in Yale.

JENNY WREN.

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### In the New Church.

#### ST. PAUL'S, VANCOUVER.

An event of great interest to us was Mr. Underhill's wedding, which took place in his new Church in Vancouver. His young niece sends us an account of it.

"My uncle's wedding went off very well. The bride wore a beautiful dress of white satin covered with old lace, and she had a tulle veil with orange blossoms and heather. She carried a bouquet of roses. The four bridesmaids wore white silk dresses, and as they could not get flowers, they carried wands of holly, which looked lovely and like Christmas. The Church was crowded and every one said it was a very pretty wedding.

"The breakfast was only for relations. We had a great many nice speeches, and had a great deal of fun. The boys tied a white satin shoe to the handle of each door of the cab, then we went to the station. There was a very cross black porter on the Pullman, and he would not let us throw any rice, but the boys threw a lot on him and then he let us.

E. U."

## School Register.

DECEMBER, 1905.

1.	Marjorie Armstrong	Cranbrook, B. C.
2.	Hope Bradburn	Victoria, B. C.
3.	Kathleen Bowers	Vancouver, B. C.
4.	Helen Beck	Fort William
5.	Dorothy Beck	Fort William
6.	Dorothy Broad	New Westminster, B. C.
7.	Alyson Beanlands	Victoria, B. C.
8.	Grace Cross	Silverton, B. C.
9.	Monica Childe	Calgary, Alta.
10.	Jessie Choate	Calgary, Alta.
11.	Irene Creary	Vancouver, B. C.
12.	Dorothy Day	Victoria, B. C.
13.	Phyllis Davis	Nanaimo, B. C.
14.	Lillias Davys	Nelson, B. C.
15.	Rita Ferguson	Savona, B. C.
16.	Helen Godfrey	Vancouver, B. C.
17.	Gladys Gray	Victoria, B. C.
18.	Mabel Green	Kelowna, B. C.
19.	Kathleen Green	Kelowna, B. C.
20.	Marjorie Holden	Victoria, B. C.
21.	Elsie Honeyman	Ladners, B. C.
22.	Annie Hill	New Westminster, B. C.
23.	Bernice Harrison	Victoria, B. C.
24.	Callista Haws	Okanagan Landing, B. C.
25.	Beatrice Inkerman	Agassiz, B. C.
26.	Jean Jephson	Calgary, Alta.
27.	Marjorie Johnston	Vancouver, B. C.
28.	Alice McMynn	Greenwood, B. C.
29.	Gladys McCreath	Greenwood, B. C.
30.	Muriel McCormick	Enderby, B. C.

31. Hilda McCormick ..... Enderby, B. C.
32. Eileen Nesbitt ..... Vancouver, B. C.
33. Edith Rich ..... Ladners, B. C.
34. Jean Ross ..... Vancouver, B. C.
35. Lorena Rourke ..... Winnipeg, Man.
36. Ida Shaw ..... Greenwood, B. C.
37. Clara Swenson ..... Port Gulchon, B. C.
38. Ella Underhill ..... Vancouver, B. C.
39. Sybil Underhill ..... Vancouver, B. C.
40. Enid Underhill ..... Vancouver, B. C.
41. Rose Weddell ..... Kelowna, B. C.
42. Dixie Wilson ..... Regina, N. W. T.
43. Gladys Wickwire, ..... Greenwood, B. C.
44. Frances Whitworth ..... Vancouver, B. C.
45. Charlo Whitworth ..... Vancouver, B. C.
46. Florence Whilworth ..... Vancouver, B. C.
47. Gertrude Sutton ..... Victoria, B. C.

#### NAMES REGISTERED FOR FUTURE VACANCIES.

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- Vera Galletly ..... Banff, Alta.  
 Mildred Campbell ..... Victoria, B. C.  
 Lena Nelson ..... New Westminster, B. C.  
 Hilda Hogbin ..... Calgary, Alta.  
 Rosabel Homphrey ..... Grand Prairie  
 Ethel Cooke ..... Kaslo, B. C.  
 Winifred Sands ..... Vancouver, B. C.  
 Beryl Childe ..... Calgary, Alta.  
 Ermine Bass ..... Victoria, B. C.  
 Violet Kirby ..... Keremeos, B. C.

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### Visitors' Book.

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OCTOBER, 1905.—Mrs. Robinson, P. E. I.; Mrs. Hume, Miss Hume, Firlands; Mr. C. Cross, Silverton; Mrs. McCormick, Enderby; Rev. H. Underhill, Vancouver; Mrs. Godfrey, Mr. W. Godfrey, Vancouver; Rev. E. W. Summerscales, Vancouver; Rev. H. Underhill, Vancouver.

NOVEMBER, 1905.—Rev. A. Dorrell, Ashcroft; Archdeacon Pentreath, Vancouver.

DECEMBER, 1905.—Miss Florence Davis, Vancouver; Rev. H. Underhill, Vancouver; Archdeacon Pentreath, Vancouver.

JANUARY, 1906.—Rev. A. Dorrell, Ashcroft.

# Heartsease.

## EPIPHANY-TIDE.

"There came Wise Men," so the Epiphany story begins. "Servire Deo Sapre"—"to serve GOD is to be wise." Is that then what our School motto means? Is that the chief object of our coming here to school? Not simply to store in our memories so many collections of facts, to pass certain examinations, to carry home certificates and prizes. We could do all this just as well probably at a merely secular School; but do we indeed seek more than this? When we come to a distinctively Church School, in preference to any other, we take our stand (or we should do so) with those who not only come to learn, but who wish to put their learning to its noblest use, that it may lead them to our Lord, that all the powers of body, soul and spirit may be cultivated to their highest extent in order that they may bow down in lowly adoration before the stupendous self-abasement of the Infant King.

"Where is He that is born King?" The Wise Men's question brings before us our other School watchword, "Thy Kingdom come." High over the Altar it meets our eyes every day as we gather together to worship Him there, the words are on our lips every time we say our Lord's Own Prayer. Yet do we always think of what they mean,—we who have pledged ourselves to do our utmost to help that Kingdom to come? Surely for us at least they must mean this—first, to find for each one of us, our own way to the King, then to bring ourselves, all we are and have, to be dedicated solely and entirely to His Service, that in our little way, in whatever tiny corner of the world He may place us, we may do our very best to prove ourselves His loyal subjects by helping to bring others to own Him as indeed their King, and submit their lives to His wise and loving rule.

"We have seen His Star." God sends each of us a star to guide us to our Lord, a tiny ray of that "Light which lighteneth every man that cometh into the world." We often call this star "Conscience," and indeed it matters not what we call it, but it does matter how we use it. If we do exactly what it tells us, faithfully following its leading, however long and toilsome the way may be, sooner or later it will bring us Face to face with the True Light, Which is Christ. And we shall know then that it was He Who was leading us all the time, never letting us be content with our present attainments, but leading us onward, ever onward. Many never really set themselves to follow their star at all, they shrink from the trouble or sacrifice it involves, and for a time they may seem to be satisfied, but theirs is an everlasting loss, if they willfully shut their eyes to whatever God may shew them is true and right for them to do or be.

"And are come to worship Him," God grant this may be the end of all our wisdom, that all our knowledge, all our learning may lead us more humbly to adore the infinite Wisdom of the Most High: that while we busy ourselves in learning from science and history what He has done in the worlds of nature and of men, from language, music and art, how He has taught the children of men to express the thoughts and emotions He Himself implanted in them, we do not in our "busy idleness" neglect the "one thing needful," even the knowledge of God Himself, which is Life Eternal.

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## All Hallows' Chapel Fund.

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September, 1905—Cash in hand .....	\$1637 01
Mrs. H. Moody .....	4 80
November 1st.—All Saints Chapel offertory .....	9 80
Epiphany offertory, 1906, Children's Chapel Club .....	70 00
	\$1721 61

A grant of £400 from the New England Company obtained for us through the kind offices of Mr. H. Moody, now raises our Chapel Building Fund to the amount necessary for erecting a good School Chapel.

"The ideals and aspirations of those who direct the Yale Mission and Schools are high ones in every respect. For many years they have hoped to build in these Western mountains a stone chapel of surpassing excellence; but they have come to recognize the fact that a new Chapel must be had at once, and they cannot take the responsibility of waiting till funds sufficient for such a stone building can be laboriously collected, and therefore their decision is in favor of a wooden Chapel. They have collected by degrees \$1,721.61. At a very rough estimate \$3,500.00 would provide such a wooden building as is contemplated. A building of which all All Hallows' girls, white and red, may be justly proud. Of such a standard of comeliness and suitability that they may each in after life try perhaps to make the Churches in their neighbourhood conform."

A friend has thus ably stated our case. We would like to add that we desire to accustom our children to the idea that the House of God in every settlement must be the best building there, that they should not be satisfied with something bad and bare, but should try to strengthen the hands of the men who are labouring in the Masters' service, and to labour and pray themselves until this most beautiful land is full of beautiful buildings dedicated to the worship of Almighty God. This is our ideal, and for our own Chapel, its fulfilment lies in the near future. To all those who have most

kindly helped us make such a fulfilment possible we are deeply grateful. We ask their prayers for a "right judgment" to use the means now placed in our hands in the best possible way.

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#### CHAPEL FURNISHING FUND.

From All Hallows' Chapel, offertories .....\$100 00

We have this little nest egg for starting the Furnishing Fund, Seats, a new Altar, Altar Frontals, Book Markers, Kneelers and two Stoles (white and violet), an Alms dish, all will be needed. An Altar Cross has been most kindly promised, and our handsome Brass Lectern, which was presented by three "old girls" in memory of their mother, can be used again in the new Chapel.

Perhaps the "Children's Chapel Club" will address themselves to the task of providing a beautiful stained glass window. We should like to be ready with the furniture when the Chapel is ready for dedication.

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#### Comings and Goings.

The household of All Hallows' numbers some ninety-five people, of whom over eighty are children. Naturally, in such a household there is much coming and going. There is the evening when several Pullman berths have been secured and a party of about twenty girls, big and little, stand waiting for the east-bound train, on which some of them may travel for forty-eight hours before reaching home. And there is the next morning, when a larger number has been crowded into the "private car" which has been waiting for them over-night, and are all comfortably settled and unsettled, and settled again before the west-bound train pulls in, and after absorbing their pile of trunks, couples on their car, under the admiring gaze of many interested passengers. That is a very joyful going when it is only for the holidays, but if school years are over, and the parting is for the last time, there is often a pretty big ache in the hearts of those who go and those who stay.

Then there are sudden goings when an unsuspected bereavement or a sudden illness calls some member of the household to help to mourn with her own family circle, and loving sympathy follows such all the way.

And there are little business trips, when people cheerfully (?) start off in the early morning to return at night laden with many parcels, having offered to do shopping for their friends and acquaintances, and having been taken at their word, even to the extent of bird cages and oil-cans. And there are long good-byes

when valued workers are called to other spheres of usefulness, and these are best not spoken of.

Goings, then comings! Such a crowd to meet coming back to school. The old girls all eager to see if they have their old rooms and old lockers, and if there are any new pianos around, or different cups and saucers on the table, and among this vociferous, cheery crowd, a few new girls, very silent and shy, overwhelmed with the multitude of new impressions and unaccustomed voices. Who that has ever been a "new girl" will ever forget the first coming to school, though indeed to come with the others is bliss compared to the terrific plunge that coming in the middle of a term must be. Just think! To have forty-seven girls standing in their places in the dining hall waiting for grace, and be solemnly ushered in the forty-eighth place, knowing that while good manners are keeping the ninety-four eyes from staring, they are all going to manage a good look somehow before you are ten minutes older. But you don't realize till afterwards, when you see other people going through it, what it is that you have been through either as a "new girl" or as a "new teacher."

And there are many visitors to welcome for a short time. Clergy, who minister to the spiritual needs of the household, and sometimes bring us news of Church work in other parts of the Province, a very occasional friend from the far-off home-land, many friends and acquaintances from comparatively near, not to mention the Music Examiner and the piano-tuner, or not a infrequent tramp. (It may be remarked, in parenthesis, that the going of the last mentioned affords more pleasure than his coming). And with a more permanent feeling, how glad we are to welcome fellow-workers from a holiday. We manage without them while they are away, and for the first few days feel very proud of ourselves, and think how well we can do, but generally by the time they come back we are quite ready thankfully to resign their special charges to their more practised skill or greater strength.

And sometimes, as before stated, they don't come back. John hasn't come back yet. He is a Chinaman, and was outdoor servant at All Hallows' for ten long years, and wheeled things up from the station, and got into mischief in the garden, and tinkered up all the tables and chairs that the children broke, and swept the paths, and cut the grass, and weeded up the dear little seedlings of some pet flower just coming up nicely, by mistake for chickweed, and cleaned the stove-pipes and brought in the coal, and occasionally amused himself by putting out your carefully nursed fire with a lot of dust and then informing you, "Pipe no good. Fire gone out." This in the time of a coal famine, when a fire was a precious thing. Oh, John was indispensable! But one day last autumn John announced that he was going away. "Me too old to work. Stop China. No more work." It seemed impossible, at any rate,

to a mere six-year-old inhabitant, that All Hallow's could exist without John, However, the news spread, and one or two Chinamen applied for the situation, but John had a man all ready to succeed him; and one sad day came to take his leave. But before indulging in sentiment, John took two leading ladies of the establishment round the garden, ladies before whom music pupils tremble and towards whom even "grown-ups" conduct themselves with caution, and instructed them firmly but kindly as to their future duty towards turnips and tomatoes. The time had come for John to talk of many things, and he had to be attended to. Then he left. The new man came on a Sunday, and worked till breakfast-time, then he went away. "Too sick," he said. "School no good"—(he really had influenza). And on Monday John reappeared, beaming, "Me no go China. New man no good. Me like stop here, but my brother say go China, me come back." We all rejoiced, and for days John was one gigantic beam, but, alas! the other man got well, and John again disappeared from All Hallow's, but remained in Yale for about a week, in the course of which he remembered that a pet and difficult stove-pipe had been neglected in the general cleaning before his departure, and reappeared for a few hours to set it to rights. That was the last time we saw him, but he promised to come and see us again some day, and when he does we shall welcome him.

Going and coming. Old John is gone, but there are comings to tell of too. Early, early on Christmas morning, after the mid-night service, two little girls were brought forward by their Indian friends; they had come to school. Such thin little dears, with such soft, wistful brown faces. Names? Y-ant-ko and Hipitako. Two o'clock on Christmas morning—every bed in the Indian school full—no formal application made; they didn't see the force of our objections at all. They had come to school, and, oh! how disappointed they were when gently told they must wait just for a day or two. They came next day to the Christmas tree, now happy—they were to find real dolls in their arms for their very own! But when the party was over and the Indian children were told to lead off into the playroom while we said good-bye to our "Tillicums" from the various ranches, Y-ant-koo and Hipitako quietly but determinedly trotted offter them. It was a second bitter disappointment when they were told to wait just one more night, and next morning they should truly come to school. Now they are safe here, very quiet still, not talking much even in their own tongue, they know no English as yet, but they are perfectly happy in understanding the language of kind treatment and loving smiles, and think that they have found the right place and did the right thing when they tried to come to school at 2 o'clock on Christmas morning.

Coming and going:—As the years go by what crowding mem-

ories there are of comings and goings—our own and our dear ones—till, perhaps, all seem gone, and the sadness would be intolerable if the thought were only "Here we have no abiding city," but the other thought follows, "We seek one to come," where comings and goings will bring no pain of parting, as we go in and out, and find pasture.

SISTER AGATHA.

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

A matron has charge of the house work and clothing.

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

### 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-almoole-nack ..... | Chilcotin  |
| 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 Aosa	Nicola
17.	Grace Oleson	Lillooet
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.	Allce 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 Shpinzoozoooh	Lillooet
30.	Hilda Ziltatko	Cisco
31.	Betty, from	Lytton
32.	Rosie Chisshetko	North Bend
33.	Margaret Hullpinish	North Bend
34.	Elsie Histko	Lytton
35.	Agnes Emminmatko	Spuzzum
36.	Nancy	Lytton
37.	Anne Duncan	Lytton
38.	Lizzie Yentko	Spuzzum
39.	Amelia-Hiep-tatko	Spuzzum

## 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—I, II, III Standards. Needlework.

- 1—IV., V., VI. 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—I, II, III. Standards go to bed.
- 8—IV., V., VI. Standards. Recess.
- 8:30—IV., V., VI. Standards go to bed.
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## A Letter.

From a traveller who made friends on the train with a party of girls from the Indian School, who were going home for their holidays:

Detroit, U. S. A., December 30th, 1905.

Dear Little Friends:

I have not kept my promise to you and my conscience troubles me. I was glad to receive your nice letters and the picture of your School at the foot of those beautiful mountains, where you are getting your preparation for an active and, I doubt not, for a very useful life.

I was greatly interested in the group of bright and happy-looking girls whom I first saw on the observation car coming through the magnificent scenery of the Rockies. Those mountain ranges I shall never forget, they are stamped on my memory. I wonder if I shall ever see them, or you again. Who knows?

Will you let me say here that your manners, your conversation and your letters are a credit to your School. It seemed to me such a wonderful thing to meet such a group of girls in that wild and rugged country.

I once heard Anna Dickinson, a very good and clever woman, open her lecture with this sentence, "The world belongs to him who takes it." We make our opportunities, so some day, dear girls, I hope to hear of you, to hear that you have "taken the world" and made it a little better than you found it.

Tell me what you are studying and if you are planning to do some particular work. Do you learn to do house work and to sew? I want to know about your daily life, and how you spend your time.

With best wishes for your happiness, I am, cordially yours,

G. B. K.

## Christmas Holidays.

Archdeacon Pentreath most kindly supplied our Chapel services for the Fourth Sunday in Advent, staying over for Christmas Day. The Mid-night Celebration of the Holy Communion was, as usual, fully choral, and sung throughout in Indian. A congregation of about seventy people, including the girls from the Indian School, assembled in the Chapel for it. There were white flowers on the Altar, but the aisles were adorned with glistening holly and the warmth and light and beauty within made us quite forgetful of the dreary darkness and rain without.

Matins on Christmas morning was for the Household only, and was sung in English, three of the girls from the Indian School played on their violins, one small girl was lost behind the big 'cello, Miss Frances had her viola, and Miss Rose Moody accompanied on the organ, making the whole service very festive and beautiful.

The Indian children's annual Christmas dinner was served in the dining hall. A party of fifty sat down to it, this number included the Sisters and three of the educational staff, besides four "old girls," three of whom are still in the School on the domestic staff, and one who came back just to spend Christmas at the old School.

At the Feast of Holy Innocents, the Christmas Party took place. A lordly tree reared its tall crest in the School room, and gifts for our ninety people were borne upon its wide spreading branches. Dolls and books and toys for the young ones, shawls and scarves, mittens and work bags for the older people. Much prized Prayer Books and "Helps to Worship" for young Indian lads just lately confirmed, who were so proud of their ability to read a little. There was a much younger generation of people present than those we have been accustomed to see. Death has sadly thinned the ranks of the old people. One married "School daughter" was there with her husband and two babies, both girls, who we were told "were coming to School soon." In fact we counted nine "School grand-children" in the room that night. Of these five are already pupils in the Indian School. They are not very old, their ages range from 7 to 11.

Christmas holidays are always delightful. The big girls get up an hour later. The Canadian School wing is closed, so there is very little work to be done before breakfast, except in their own house. After breakfast every one is busy until 11. Then, if it is fine and the snow is firm, they go out coasting. This year we have had very little snow. In the afternoon every one goes for a walk. There is such comfortable time for weekly mending, for letter-

writing and for reading. The little ones have plenty of time to play and such nice toys to play with. In the evenings, after Vespers and after the little ones are put to bed, there are games for the others, Crokinole, Ring Toss, Checkers, Halma, etc., etc. The days pass gently on, days of rest and quiet enjoyment, wherein we gather strength for the coming days of work and study.

## Children's Corner.

### ABUTA WEATHER.

It is raining to-day, yet the sun is shining. The wind is trying to blow away the clouds. It is snowing on the mountains, but it is raining down here.

The rain is making streams here, there, and everywhere. A rainbow suddenly peeps out from behind the clouds.

The wind is blowing the leaves away from the poor trees.

The sun shines but pale and sick, it makes patches of yellow light here and there.

At last the sky is getting blue, and the dark clouds are going away.

No, I am sorry to say the dark clouds are coming back.

It is winding and raining again. I saw all this today out of our window, on November the 3rd.

LOTTIE.

### SUNSHINE.

Sunshine is a wonderful thing, and all love it. It comes from the Sun, that wonderful ball of fire. It comes from God and is like His smile.

Sunshine gives us warmth. It also makes us more cheerful; there is a great contrast between a dull, wet day, when we have to stay in the house, and a bright, sunny day, when everything is dry and sweet, and we can run out and feel as if we want to laugh just because we are glad.

Sometimes when people are brooding over their trials and feel cross and discontented, if they go out into the fresh air and warm sunshine, and smell the green things and lift their faces to the wind they will get calm and soothed, and angry feelings will pass away. To go into sunshine is something like going into God's Presence.

When you are chilled by disappointment go and get warmed in the sunshine-thought of God's love and care for you.

Let us try always to live in the sunshine of good deeds. A

bright smile, a kind word will often cheer and comfort a person's soul, just as the sunshine comforts and warms his body.

The sun's rays can melt the snow and the icy glaciers, so lives full of love can melt the hardest and coldest hearts and bring them near to God.

We live in a country where the sunshine is always welcome, but there are countries where it is scorching, and where people are thankful for shelter from it. Again, there are countries which the sun hardly ever visits. These seems to me like the people who live in darkness and sin far away from the sunshine of God's love. As God has given us many blessings, we ought to be good and to try to carry the sunshine of goodness about with us, and to let its rays shine around us. We don't know how far these rays may reach, and how much happiness they may bring to others less fortunate than ourselves.

THERESE.

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### TWENTY YEARS TO COME.

Imagination is a funny thing. In twenty years' time suppose I came to visit this school. I imagine myself in blouses and skirts that come down to the ground. I come into the room and get up on the platform, which will be twice as big as it is now, and the school room will be bigger too, it will take up all the ground where the wood pile used to stand. I would say to the children, "I am so glad to see you, girls." "When I was at school heir we used to have little red caps on our heads to go into Chapel just as you do now, and perhaps I was just as naughty and tiresome. Perhaps I was worse than any of you. I hope none of you will follow my bad example. I was eleven years old when I was at school, and I had to look after the play room, and sometimes I lost things. Once I lost four plates and never troubled to look for them. I think we put pussies' dinner on them outside. Then Sister kindly bought new knives and forks and I lost them too, and had to spend all Saturday looking for them." There is many things I would say to the girls, and I would go and look at the place where I used to sleep, and at the old play-ground, then I would come back and make a low bow and say, "good-bye, girls, I wish I was a girl too."

LISA.

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### 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.

Four 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.

Through Mrs. Applethwaite, Branch of W. A., Nelson, B. C., beautifully dressed dolls and books for Christmas stockings.

Mr. Morley, New Westminster, B. C., small box of Christmas gifts.

Mrs. Ross, Vancouver, B. C., candy and 1 box of oranges.

Mr. Rich, Ladners, B. C., two boxes oranges.

Through Mrs. Webster, Toronto, thank offering, \$5.00.

From Mrs. C. Gardiner, Prince Edward Island, 1 book.

Through Miss Bourne, G. F. S., London, England, 1 beautifully dressed doll, nice parcel of clothing.

From Miss Hornibrook, England, small parcel books and cards.

The Rev. H. Jephson, England, Christmas cards.

Through Miss Jack, Branch of W. A. Mission Church, St. John Baptist, St. John, N. B.

1 bale very good clothing, nuts, candy, ornaments.

St. Jude's Senoir Branch W. A., Oakville, 2 bales quilts, clothing, groceries and preserves.

St. Jude's Junior W. A., Oakville, 1 bale quilts, clothing and groceries.

Branch W. A., Durham, Quebec, 1 roll rag carpet, clothing and quilts.

Junior Branch W. A., Chilliwack, one winter outfit for Indian girl.

St. Thomas Branch W. A., Toronto, 1 large bale, groceries, tea, dolls, games, clothing, quilts.

St. Thomas Girls' Auxillary, Toronto, 1 bale clothing for Indian child, groceries and toys.

St. Peter's Branch W. A., P. E. Island, 1 barrel and 1 box containing beautiful clothing, 3 large Christmas cakes, candies, etc.

Christmas box, \$25.00, from Captain R. Bryson, I. M. S., Edinburgh, Scotland.

## ALL HALLOWS IN THE WEST.

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### NOTICE.

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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.

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The Canadian School Winter Term closed December 20th, 1905. The Spring term will begin February 1st, 1906.