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# All Hallows in the West.

VOL. V.

CHRISTMAS, 1903.

No. 2

## The First Christmas.

So many hill-sides, crowned with rugged rocks!  
So many simple shepherds keeping flocks  
In many moon-lit fields! but only they—  
So lone, so long ago, so far away—  
On that one Winter's night, at Bethlehem,  
To have white angels singing songs for them!  
They only—hinds wrapped in he-goats skin—  
To hear Heaven's music, bidding peace begin!  
Only for those, of countless watching eyes,  
The "Glory of the Lord" glad to so arise;  
The skies to blaze with gold and silver light  
Of seraphs by strong joy flashed into light;  
The wind for them with that strange song to swell—  
By too much happiness incredible—  
That tender anthem of good times to be,  
Then at the dawn—not daylight yet, ah me!  
"Peace upon earth! Good will!" Sung to the strings  
Of lutes celestial.

—EDWIN ARNOLD.

## The Three Gifts.

The Gospel of the Epiphany. What is it? A story of three wise men, as they are called, eastern sages, kings of Orient, who arose and travelled afar, guided mysteriously to the Holy City, and from thence to the humble birthplace of the King of Kings. There, low bending before an unearthly throne, they opened their treasures and presented unto Him gifts, gold and frankincense and myrrh.

Scarce a little child in our schools but knows that these three gifts had reference to the state of Christ. That was their first design; the oblation was overruled by that Providence which shapes all mortal acts to some fit end; the gold was offered to Christ because He was a king, the frankincense implied the worship due to Him as God, and the myrrh was a visible prophecy that He must suffer. The royalty, the deity, the sorrow greater than all sorrows, were shadowed forth in the three-fold gifts; so much we all, and all the little children know. But there is yet another way of looking at this, for we can turn it about and make an application to ourselves.

which the little children are too young to understand; which no one can understand until he has met, face to face, the duties and obligations of life, and knows something of the ways of thought and of the divers lines which it may take, and has been taught what it is to suffer.

Manhood, womanhood, is needed for all this—manhood, womanhood, with their earnestness in action, their depth of aspiration, their inextinguishable thirst, their iron crown of pain and grief. The gold, the frankincense, the myrrh—these are signs also unto us, as we study our own perplexing lives, and this is the application which I request you to make. Let us put ourselves in the place of the Magi. It is natural and right to do so, for they represent the Gentile world, and we are Gentiles. They were our spiritual ancestors, who stood for us, our sponsors in that far-off day. What gifts they offered, they offered for us also. Let us make it all real to ourselves. Let us see what we have to give to Christ to-day. Let us by faith behold the scenes of the Nativity and of the Epiphany, as if 2,000 years had not passed, and as if Mary had just brought forth her first-born Son, and now held Him up before us, her arms around Him, her deep eyes looking far, far away, and light supernatural glowing on the forms of the Ever Virgin and her only Child.

Gold may be taken as representing our substance, our goods, our material wealth, be it more or less. But it stands for more: for talents, powers, for ability, for whatever may be turned to account in the Lord's service. Gold is the mainspring of the world's commerce, of business, of trade, the price of the labor of man. All work, all material, have their worth in gold. This first oblation represents the offering of that which is outward in us, of that which can be detached, of that which we can give away. Remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how He said: "It is more blessed to give than to receive." What then must be the blessedness of those who can enjoy the luxury of giving? One of the three laid gold at the feet of the Infant Christ, and the rich man of Arimathea received the greatest of all honors, in being permitted to take the sacred body of Christ, and to lay it in His own tomb. And they who can give of their gold at the Holy Shrine are still, as ever, blessed in that deed. But in some measure also we all can make that first offering: the oblation of our substance. Give the Christ, the Holy Child, not only of thy goods, but of thy time, thy skill, thy experience, thy craft, whatever thou hast, the humblest gift shall not go unrewarded, so it be given in faith.

Next in order comes the frankincense, of what is it the symbol? It is a substance which once kindled sends up sweet clouds towards the sky—it is the symbol of religious thought directing itself longingly towards God.

As the gold stands for what is outward in our life, so the frankincense typifies what is inward in us. Another side of humanity is

here disclosed; there is the life of action, there is also the life of contemplation, and in every full character these run together.

A person all action, is hard and material; a person all contemplation is ideal and unpractical: combined, the outer and the inner form the complete character. And so, in our offerings it is not enough to give the gold; God will have the frankincense also. "Man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart." Think how much there is in this poor heart of ours: aspirations, yearnings, longings after truth and light, motives and desires, hopes and fears, love, will—all breathing from that inner shrine and going out cloud-like on the air. Of this must the Lord have his first-fruits and tithes; and these are yielded in the form of prayer, that prayer of faith wherein He delights and which He will hear. Therefore let the desire of the soul be set forth in God's light as the incense, even as we make His law the rule of daily life.

Have ye thus offered to your Lord, the gold and the frankincense, of your substance, of your thoughts, of the outer and the inner life? What more remains? the last offering completing the rest, the offering of the myrrh. This stands evermore for sorrows; and in this we are equal before the Lord. One person might haply say: "I am very poor, I have no gold to give, no great intellectual gifts, no skill, no attainments." And another might say: "I am set in a hard routine; for me there is no poetry in life, the romance has faded long ago; nor have I time to think or pray; I work till I am tired out; I sleep and rise to work again."

This is most true, that we differ in the power to give; some are rich in this world, and some have nothing. But there is one thing which all can give to God, and that is sorrow, which is in the house of every child of man. The law of pain and of sorrow lies on us evenly; none is exempt. The Lord also makes no distinction among us here; to Him the sorrows of each of His children are all that they can be to the child itself. He knows our griefs and carries our sorrows; He sees of what abundance we have to give Him. He accepts it with the tenderness of One who comprehends but too well what the hands of suffering and dying men lift up to Him.

How touching are the offerings of little children!

As for wealth, if we have it, that was His own first, of His own do we give to Him; in accepting that oblation He does but take back His own. As for our intellectual gifts, if any have such to give, it is also of His own that we offer; the wisdom and knowledge of man are little to Him, and our thoughts seem like a play on the passing air. But of all real things in a person's life, the most real, the most awful, is his sorrow; and this God did not give him, it is his own, his dreary possession; and when the Saviour sees that thing offered to Him, He looks on the oblation with unutterable compassion; it is

worth more to Him than all beside. To lay our sorrow upon Him; to offer to Him the pain, the heart-sickness, the penitence; to lift the hands to Him when the iron enters the soul, when disaster threatens, when we are heavy-laden and sore distressed; that is to make to Him the offering of the myrrh which symbolizes the sorrow of the world and the love of Him who took that sorrow all into His own heart till that heart broke for the fulness of that load. And this offering all can make; let us draw near; not one but has some sin and therefore some cause for penitential sorrow in the heart; there is nothing better to do than to offer it to the King of Sorrow.

Thus let us think of the duties of the Christian, and go with gladness to make an offering to the Lord; for there is joy in every act. It is happiness to give of the gold, for what we give will bless all that we retain. It is happiness to give the frankincense; that offering will keep alight a fragrant fire of devotion in the soul. It is still greater blessedness to offer the myrrh; for our reward shall be to know how to bear the cross, and how to draw comfort from the deep wells of sorrow.

This is our Christmas and our Epiphany. May the Lord make the blessed season bright to us. May He move us to bring Him our best gifts, and so shall we receive in return of His fulness, and grace for grace.

—Extracts of sermon by Rev. Morgan Dix.

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## Leaves from our Journal.

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SEPTEMBER.—We were expecting to have, as usual, a golden September, and had planned beforehand various pleasant excursions for the children, but "the artificial production of electricity and its utilization," which we hear is changing the climate of all lands, was probably responsible for the unwonted deluge from which our inoffensive neighborhood suffered, innocent though it is of motor cars, tram cars, electric lights or other modern inventions of a similar nature. When we want to drive we jog along in a waggon, and we illuminate our darkness with old fashioned serviceable oil lamps. Notwithstanding such moderation, the clouds gathered above us early in September, gathered dark and heavy, and the rain fell day after day for weeks, until the dull monotonous splash outside, and the dreary gloom inside, when the above-mentioned oil lamps had to be lighted in the afternoon, became a daily experienc. At last we ceased to repine, and with a gentle serenity which was beautiful to see, the "family" resigned itself to "wet weather" and in its hours of leisure took to fancy work and reading of an improving kind.



We formed a Literary Club and borrowed Scott's novels from the look-shelves.

One morning late in the month, to our unfeigned surprise, the clouds lifted, a white shaft of glistening light broke through the mists, the sun struggled up over the mountains, and by mid-day all was bright, dry and sunny, only the rain drops sparkling on the leaves, and the noise of the swollen brook remained to remind us of the flood.

The Mistress of Games took immediate advantage of the unwonted sunshine and organized senior and junior basket ball clubs, hockey and tennis clubs. Captains were appointed, teams made up, high sounding names chosen for each side or sides, rules were formulated, jerseys and short skirts were imported, then to the field every day to scamper about "the maddest of all mankind," after an inoffensive ball of some sort.

Towards the end of the month a farewell party to Daisy Dodd was the occasion of mingled joy and sadness. Long ago, when quite a little girl, Daisy entered the junior room, and from there she worked her way up steadily and honorably until she stood first in the Sixth Form, then she matriculated, and now she is leaving us to enter upon a short course in a training college for teachers. As we flitted about the study on the night of her farewell party, our thoughts were busy with the past, and at first many exclamations, such as "Oh, do you remember," or "have you forgotten," greeted one on all sides as matters connected with the Ancient History of the school were recalled; then our thoughts went stretching forward trying to pierce that unknown future belonging to college life, which Daisy purposed entering.

The arrangements that were made by the "committee" under Miss Shibley's kind directions for this farewell party were excellent. Red and gold maples decorated the rooms, as each guest presented herself at the study door she received a maple-leaf booklet with pencil attached. The covers of these booklets were cut out of fine birch-bark, within the covers we found blank leaves neatly ruled and numbered ready for us to enter here our guesses of the names of popular novels, the illustrated titles of which adorned the surrounding walls. It was a very amusing and rather an absorbing occupation. I found myself gazing blankly at the picture of a dear little fellow in lace collar and velvet suit, questioning vaguely what novel he could possibly represent; surely, is he, can he be "Little Lord Fauntleroy," or stay, perhaps he is Marie Correll's "Boy." Pleased with such success I passed on to stare up at an old Darby and Joan couple; they suggested "Eventide," "Home and Hearth," "My Ain Fireside," "After Long Waiting;" then I found I was inventing titles and was turning away a little discouraged when suddenly a flash of memory recalled Edna Lyal's once popular novel, "We Two." A

little further on I found a belle of ebony hue, with white teeth gleaming in a merry smile and woolly hair curling round her head. I thought of "Cannibal Islands," in "Darkest Africa," "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and a few more far-fetched or inaccurate titles, until on passing Topsy meditatively for the fourth time I saw first what she was, a "Black Beauty." So we all travelled round and round the study, looking, thinking, guessing, writing in our booklets. In one corner I found some sea pictures. A beach, a summer sea, a boat with three figures in it putting out to sea. That was comparatively easy, it spoke for itself, "Three men in a boat;" but what does this picture mean—I see an evening scene, a quiet stretch of water, a pale white light in the horizon where perhaps the moon is rising, and in the foreground a little to the right a dark frowning rock. "Black Rock," by Ralph Connor, of course that is what it represents. At last the game was over; there were thirty "titles," and it took a long time to get round them. Then we were conducted to the dining hall, where dancing filled up the interval occupied by the committee in collecting our booklets, counting up the answers and deciding upon their merits.

The 1st prize, a handsome metal shell-shaped card-tray of Japanese workmanship, was awarded to the Sister Superior; there was a draw for the 2nd prize, and we have forgotten who won the booby prize.

When the girls tired of dancing, tiny cards with one cent, coin of the realm, attached by a gay colored ribbon to each were distributed, and we were set to guessing again. "A Penny for Your Thoughts" was the idea this time, and such conundrums as these had to be answered: "A Messenger," one sent (or 1 cent); "Gone, But Not Forgotten," Queen Victoria—for each of the coins bore the inscription of the Queen's head—and so on, for no less than sixteen "thoughts" had to be rung out of that copper. It was ingenious, but fatiguing, especially before supper.

That festive meal came as a solace—it was very dainty, and besides cake, sandwiches and coffee, we enjoyed such luxuries as "fudge," walnut toffee, "Turkish delight" and salted almonds, all of home-made manufacture. We had caught fascinating glimpses the day before of amateur confectioners scorching their faces over the fire, stirring syrup that wouldn't "fudge," or poisoning bowls with homely grace as they beat up eggs, or mistakenly sprinkling sugar instead of salt over their blanched almonds. These are the incidents, are they not? which make school parties "such fun." Lastly, when all the good things were eaten, and all the riddles guessed, we joined hands in the dining hall and sang "Auld Lang Syne," before bidding Daisy good-bye.

For Michalmas Day Mr. Underhill came up and we had some lovely services in the chapel in honor of St. Michael and All Angels.

Such services are familiar to us all. We sing the same stirring hymns year after year, the beautiful Liturgy of our Church, known to us since earliest childhood, and to our fathers before us, known to our brethren in all lands, voicing the needs, the penitence, the thanksgiving of all His people. We have heard it again and again, on Sundays, week days, and festival, unchanging and full of devotion. God grant that we may be privileged to take part in the worship it sets forth until our ears become dull to the voices of earth, and attuned to the melodies of Heaven, of which our worship here is but a poor faint echo.

OCTOBER.—From the joys of the Angels' Festival, we passed on to the lower and more earthly joys of a birthday festival. In honor of Miss Shibley's natal day the Canadian school had a holiday. As the day was very fine it was spent in the playing field, when stirring matches in basket ball, tennis and rounders kept up an endless round of excitement, and tea was served out of doors.

If I attempt to chronicle all the Saturday evening parties, when "best" white frocks are worn, and dancing, charades and tableaux form the chief features of the evening, it will read like a "Society" column instead of a homely school journal, so I will but briefly remark upon the pleasant evenings provided for the school at large by small committees of girls who are appointed in turn to cater for the Saturday entertainments. By learning how to organize and carry through miniature social functions of this sort, they receive, we believe, a fair preparation for fulfilling the more important social duties they may be called upon to undertake hereafter.

All this time lessons are going on steadily, from six to seven hours a day young heads are bent over books, and from half an hour to two hours a day young fingers are scrambling over scales and "studies." At half past six every morning the strains of musical instruments reach our ears. Five pianos, one organ and five violins are discoursing sweet music more or less all day long. Our household to-night numbers ninety-two people, working, serving, praying and living together in quiet, peaceful routine, with so many duties, interests and incidental pleasures that the weeks seem all too short, and Mondays appear to come round with amazing frequency.

Twice this term the doctor has been called in, a fact so unprecedented that we feel obliged to give it all due importance. On the first occasion after seeing his own special patient, who had a severe ear-ache, he asked if he could do anything for anyone else. Such an offer was not to be neglected, so we tried, but tried in vain, to find some one in need of a genuine medical prescription and not a home-made one.

Towards the end of October the doctor was again called in to testify whether any bones were broken in a limb in which pain and

swelling had unexpectedly appeared, and as the owner of the said limb was a very active basket ball and hockey player, much anxiety was experienced in the "Clubs" until a surgical examination proved reassuring, although it was with deep regret we received the intimation that the noble Captain of the Lonsdale basket ball team was under order to repose on her couch in quiet and seclusion for a few days.

Hallowe'en party was a great success. Among the various mysteries of the night, we witnessed the descent of the witch on her broomstick. At least, she was there, so we took the descent for granted; on her arm she carried the Bag of Fate.

Afterwards in a suddenly darkened room we saw enter a ghostly procession of white forms, carrying aloft a mysteriously illuminated "pumpkin head." We shrank into corners and experienced a sense of relief when these phantoms wended their silent way to the garden, then from the windows of our comfortable every-day prosaic dining hall we watched them flit over the snow. Swiftly and silently they moved up and down, now here, now there, until, alas—a false step, a slip and one phantom went down with a squeal on the path, and all the other phantoms fell on top of her, amidst much laughter and a medley of very substantial and material legs and arms. Of course the "family" ducked for apples, and had "snap-dragon" and all the games proper for Hallowe'en.

NOVEMBER.—All Saints' Day dawned grey and gloomy. It began to rain early and rained heavily all day, but who troubled about that, when there was so much spiritual joy and sunshine in our midst.

Early in the morning we gathered in the Chapel, a household congregation of eighty, of whom forty were communicants. The little ones were left in bed, and a few unselfish "Marthas" had to stay out to attend to necessary household duties.

Two violins accompanied the organ throughout the service, which was fully choral. The choir led steadily and sweetly, but the singing was distinctly congregational, the Chapel seemed full of music.

The seven-fold *Amens* after the prayer of Consecration and after the Blessing were very well rendered.

At Matins the Anthem, "Rejoice ye with Jerusalem," by Stainer, was sung by the choir, supported by five violins and organ accompaniment.

At Evensong again we offered of our best; an altar fragrant with flowers, vesper lights, the solemn sound of the rise and fall of choral song, the choir procession, the mystic chant, that awful worship of the Most High, the mere remembrance of which raises the soul to a

loftier, purer atmosphere, brings it nearer to our Father in Heaven and to all His angels and saints.

We had a few intervals for rest, and for pleasant sociable meals, but the chief features of the day for us were the services of the festival conducted by our good Bishop in the school Chapel.

Not until Compline was said and the last light put out, and the gentle hush of night had fallen on the household, had I time for quiet thought--for looking back through the vista of years to that first All Saints' anniversary of our dedication festival, which we spent in this, "the land of our adoption."

The tiny nook we called an oratory sheltered only three worshippers, there were no lights or flowers, no music, poverty stamped every outward detail of worship; still it was the best we had to offer.

To-day we see how good God has been to us. He took our little offerings of worship and service, poor and imperfect though they were, and blessed them exceedingly. He increased our opportunities for service, our privileges of worship. He increased our "family" and our "goods."

The fulness of His blessing encompassed all our way;  
The fulness of His promises crowned every brightening day;  
The fulness of His glory shone on us from above,  
While more and more we learned to know the fulness of His love.

One day during the Octave of our Festival the Bishop held a beautiful service for the Indians in the school Chapel.

Then on another day the choir children had a merry little choir supper, presided over by the choir mistress and organist.

Before the Bishop left us the Canadian School had a luncheon party, with His Lordship and all the "grown-ups." A very generous gift of game, from Mrs. de Blois Green, Penticton, consisting of sixteen brace of prairie chickens and an equal number of wild ducks, assisted by various jellies, amber or ruby-red, and delicious home-made pumpkin pies, besides Yale-grown apples, presented an unusual and an attractive menu. The table decorations could consist of nothing but maple leaves and snow-berries at this time of year, but they were very tastefully arranged by our young "parlor-maids," Lucy and Katherine.

A pleasant little performance called "A Dress Rehearsal," given by the Canadian children, on the last day but one of the Octave, concluded our festivities.

On the 9th the snow began to fall, and after that we had some very cold weather, twenty degrees of frost and a biting wind. This was better than two below zero, which was the weather our neigh-

bors in Lytton enjoyed, and we heard that at Lake Louise one of the "Lakes in the Clouds," where so lately we spent part of our Summer holiday, there were eighty degrees of frost in October!

The children had some good "coasting," and we flooded part of the playing field for skating, but unfortunately the frost broke just as the rinks were ready.

DECEMBER.—Now we enter on the last month of the old year. On the 18th we propose to "break up" and send our large "family" away for Christmas holidays.

Every one's thoughts are intent upon Christmas presents, Christmas carols and Christmas music. Oh, blessed Christmas month, when we turn our faces Bethlehem-wards, when our labors, our thoughts and prayers are reaching out to JESUS.

DECEMBER 25th.—

Immanuel! God with us in His meekness;  
 Immanuel! God with us in His might;  
 To bind our wounds, to gift with strength our weakness,  
 To bring His brethren to the home of light!  
 Shiloh is come; His feet our earth have trod;  
 Now thanks and glory to the Child our God!

## Early Reminiscences of Australian Life.

When a little girl I lived in Australia at a place called St. Kilda, in the Colony of Victoria.

One of my earliest recollections is that of being taken one night to see a corroboree, which was held by some of the natives close to our home. A strange, weird sight it was to see those half naked aborigines hurling their spears, shaking their waddies, and throwing the boomerang, and dancing in the light of a huge fire to the sounds of a hideous noise which they called music. As far as I can remember it was produced by clapping two pieces of hollow wood together.

The frantic yelling and gesticulating added to the weirdness of the scene.

I think that that corroboree was about the last held by the Victorian aborigines anywhere near the City of Melbourne. The blacks (as they were called) often came to our house for food. The gin (married woman) with her picaninnie slung on her back, would knock at the door and say: "Give the poor little picaninnie something, give the poor gin some tea." Then the man would come forward and ask for "baccy." Before giving them anything we would tell the black man he must throw the boomerang for us. This is used both as a

weapon of war and for killing game. It is shaped like the small segment of a circle, about two and a half inches broad, an eighth of an inch thick, and two feet long, the ends being rounded. One side of the boomerang is flat, the other rounded, and has a bluntish edge. The native throws it up into the air slantwise with great force. You can see it going up and up until it looks like a little bird in the sky, disappearing altogether at last, then it returns circling to his feet.

The Victorian aborigines belong to one of the lowest types of the human race; they have flat noses and woolly hair. The race is fast dying out. The only survivors of the tribe I knew died some years ago. These were old King Billy and Queen Eliza. The last time I remember seeing them was at Mordialoc, about twenty miles from Melbourne. I was camping out there with some friends, and these two came to our camp begging. King Billy was crowned with a battered straw hat and robed in the remnants of a red flannel shirt. Eliza's queenly form was somewhat lightly covered with the fragments of a blanket. Their only followers were two or three miserable looking kangaroo hounds, if possible more starved than they themselves.

I shall never forget how much pleased I was when visiting the Colonial Exhibition in London in the year 1886 to see on exhibition there a painting of King Billy, which was hanging on the walls of the Victorian Court. A few of the natives of the interior became after a time somewhat civilized. Some proved themselves expert cricketers, and were chosen to play in the Australian team against the All England Eleven on their first visit to the Antipodes.

The Queenslanders are a superior race to the Victorian natives, but even they were essentially cruel and would often leave their little babies to die alone, rather than be burdened with them when travelling any long distance.

I remember the doctor in the vessel in which I went to England from Australia, telling me that his father, who was a squatter in Queensland, found one of these forsaken children, a little girl, on his sheep station (ranch). He thought he would try the experiment of bringing it up as a white child, and having a baby daughter of his own, he had the two children educated alike. The experiment proved eminently successful until the girls were about eighteen years of age. The Lubra (unmarried woman) grew to be a nice girl, and able to both play and sing. Unfortunately, however, some of her tribe returned to the district, and after all those years the race instinct became so strong in her that she forsook her kind benefactor, went back to her own people, and, when seen some years afterwards, had completely lost all traces of her civilized life.

FANNIE DORRELL.

Ashcroft, November, 1903.

## An Indian Boat Race.

On the 24th of May the annual regatta takes place in Victoria, on the beautiful arm, which is a quarter of a mile wide and stretches for upwards of two miles before it reaches the Gorge, and is one of the most perfect spots imaginable for boat races.

The most popular race is that of the Indian war canoes, and it is this that most of the spectators come to see.

Anxious squaws, accompanied by their husbands and children, through the dry goods stores for about a week before the regatta. All the Island tribes are there and subdued excitement prevails while gay colored silken kerchiefs are being purchased wherewith to adorn their respective crews.

Now the day has come, and the ten canoes are lined up ready for the start, just under the Gorge bridge. The various colored flags at the bows, the bright kerchiefs at head and waist of the men, the sun glistening on the lifted paddles, the strong backs bent for the first effort, create an impression not easily forgotten.

Crack! and the spectators lean forward with intense excitement. Crack! again, and with one wild cry the canoes leap out, paddles dipping, flashing and dipping again, and the race has begun.

The Cowichan Indians are ahead, the red flag keeps gallantly to the fore, the black canoe, lithe and supple in the rushing water, speeds on like an arrow from the bow.

Huh! huh! And the brown arms quicken the pace, silken handkerchiefs loosen and flutter from heated brows.

Past boat house and landing they go, past launches, small boats and tugs, with the shouts of thousands ringing in their ears. Half-way!

The man-o'-war launch keeps persistently at their heels, and toots its whistle "to clear the track." Now comes the first hard struggle for the inside place to circle round the island at the end of the arm.

The black flag with the white moon is fast gaining on the Cowichan canoe.

Around the bend, and now with the tide against them, with the thought of that coveted gold piece before them, and for the honor of the tribe, fatigue is shaken off, backs are braced and they nerve themselves for the last mile and a half.

"Huh! Huh!" The coxswain's eager hand stretches out, setting the pace yet faster; keeping a steady grip on the paddle by which the canoe is steered. The canoes lift as if alive and leap forward.



The dipping of the flat, brightly painted paddles makes a rhythmical sobbing sound. There are three abreast. The red flag mingling with the black, which in turn flaunts by the yellow.

The "line" comes into view, stretched far above the water, with its flags and banners and colored streamers. There is scarcely a sound. The tension and excitement are renewed, for now is the glorious end. Fifty yards to go! The umpire cocks his pistol. Now Cowichan Indian show your powers.

Inch by inch the red flagged canoe gains the advantage, not a word is spoken, the labored breathing of the exhausted paddlers can almost be felt. Inch by inch, and now—crack! the first line is passed and a slow chant is raised by the Indian spectators—gaining, still gaining. Ah! the red flag passed under the line, the pistol cracks, and the wild blare from the land announces that the race is over.

Panting, half-sobbing, resting on their paddles, the men are silent for a second; then some one raises a shrill cry, and all the tribes and spectators together join in a mighty cheer.

ELINOR HANINGTON.

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## Our Choir Supper.

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A "novel in a nutshell" would be very descriptive of the little reception room in the "other house," for it has held from time to time within its four walls histories, romances and excitements galore.

Its dimensions are exceedingly small; a large window looking on the garden lights up the interior at one end; at the other there is a convenient square peep-hole close beside the large entry stove, through which the warm air passes. It does not boast of much furniture—a table, a chair, a form, a barrel, a tiny harmonium, and generally a music stand and a fiddle case or so. It is a charitable room, for from the depths of that barrel are produced various garments for the old Indians from the village.

Now that I have described the "nutshell," listen to the account of the banquet held there in All Saints' week for the choir. We might have had it in the dining hall or study, but this was more interesting, so we squeezed in, twelve hearty girls with their two hostesses.

The invitations were "composed" and issued the day before; two lines of treble clef held the words summoning us to a violin recital and a choir supper at 8.30 in the "reception room."

The hospitality and elasticity of that little room is famous throughout the school, but that night it surpassed itself, for it found space for a long table, two benches and two chairs (we were not en-

couraged to sit on the barrel or the harmonium). Prairie chickens, ducks, celery, nasturtium salad, lemon-cheese cakes, coffee and bread and butter made a delightful spread.

The choir, coming over in procession, were greeted at the door and then ensued a hunt for places. Cards indicated these, but how puzzling the cards were. The tenors had their initials written in the tenor clef. Daisy Fisher's card exhibited a daisy and a little fish; Dodo Day's a dodo; Kathleen's had a "lean cat." There were many others. When all our seats were found, the word was given and we sat down with one simultaneous movement. It would have been impossible any other way in such limited space.

As the meal proceeded the fun rose; it was like an evening picnic. We had to manoeuvre matters a good deal to accommodate everything. "Would you mind laying down your fork a moment while I drink my coffee," was a necessary request for elbows were in dangerous proximity to cups. "Oh, just put the salad down on the floor, there is plenty of room, but don't slip into it." The Compline bell rang all too soon and put an end to an evening of great enjoyment. The choir formed up and singing "God Save the King," they marched away; on reaching the Canadian School they gave three hearty cheers for the Misses Moody and three more for the most receptive of reception rooms.

"ONE OF THE CHOIR."

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## About Places we know.

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### LYTTON, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

This small town is situated at the junction of two rivers, the Thompson and the Fraser, and 50 or 60 miles above the mouth of the Fraser Canyon.

It is a mining town and also the traffic centre for the newly made town of Lillooet.

Coming from Eastern Canada the traveller follows the Thompson River for about a hundred miles. The scenery in this vicinity is magnificent. In some places the high rocky banks descend almost perpendicularly to the water's edge; in others the river foams and rushes madly through its narrow bed until reaching broader, lower ground it throws itself over with angry haste and then settles again to calmness.

As you approach Lytton you find that the Thompson loses itself in the Fraser, which is a much wider, deeper river, with low, sandy banks and rather brown, muddy water.

There is a large Indian reserve or "rancherie" at Lytton, where a number of "Church" Indians live. They have a very nice Church in their midst, where services are held for them in their own language by our English Church clergy. The Indians have beautiful fruit and vegetable gardens here, in which apples, pears, peaches and water-melons thrive.

The C. P. R. station is built on higher ground and overlooks the town. On leaving the station you have to descend a long hill to reach the single little street which runs through the town. On either side of this street you will find small stores for "general merchandise," kept chiefly by Italians, the two larger stores being "run" by Englishmen. There is also a post office, and a few nice houses, besides the Mission House and the tiny Indian Hospital.

If you keep straight on after descending the hill you will come out on to the Lillooet road, over which the stage runs twice a week, passing St. George's Indian Industrial School for boys on its way. This latter is a very large, fine building, newly built; it is in charge of the Rev. G. Ditcham.

About half a mile below the junction of the Thompson and Fraser rivers, in the waters of the latter you will see the steam-worked dredge for washing up gold out of the river bed. Across the river is Mr. Earle's fruit farm, one of the largest in British Columbia.

Lytton has a very dry climate, but it is subject to wind storms. It is a remarkably healthy place. Flowers do not grow in abundance here, perhaps because it is so dry. I have heard it said that the wind blew all the seeds away after they were planted. With care, however, people can have very pretty little gardens. There is a large reddish brown flower with bright yellow centre, a sort of gailardia which grows wild.

Bears, lynx and coyotes are to be found in the surrounding mountains, also rattlesnakes wander about the left bank of the Thompson.

In the old Indian battlefields you may sometimes pick up curious relics of ancient warfare. Arrow-heads and heads of battle-axes fashioned out of flint. These are now being rapidly bought up by collectors of Indian curios.

Fruit grown at Lytton is sent to the markets, not only of our own Province, but of Manitoba and other distant parts.

ZETA CLARK.

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## School Register.

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1. Marjorie.... Fort Steele, B. C.
2. Dorothy Broad....New Westminster, B. C.
3. Leonora de Beck.... Alert Bay, B. C.

4.	Winifred Bell.....	Sapperton, B. C.
5.	Zeta Clark.....	Lytton, B. C.
6.	Ruby Clark.....	Lytton, B. C.
7.	Lorna Croasdale.....	Nelson, B. C.
8.	Marie Cross.....	Silverton, B. C.
9.	Mae Cooke.....	Vancouver, B. C.
10.	Winifred Cooke.....	Vancouver, B. C.
11.	Louie Chantrell.....	Blaine, Wash.
12.	Claire Corbould.....	New Westminster, B. C.
13.	Jessie Choate.....	Calgary, Alta.
14.	Dorothy Day.....	Victoria, B. C.
15.	Phyllis Davis.....	Nanaimo, B. C.
16.	Dorothy Eskrigge.....	Nelson, B. C.
17.	Louise Ferguson.....	Vancouver, B. C.
18.	Margaret Fisher.....	Vancouver, B. C.
19.	Oonah Green.....	Penticton, B. C.
20.	Cecily Galt.....	Rossland, B. C.
21.	Eileen Hoops.....	Cariboo, B. C.
22.	Maud Hamersley.....	Vancouver, B. C.
23.	Elinor Hanington.....	Victoria, B. C.
24.	Bernice Harrison.....	Victoria, B. C.
25.	Frances Harper.....	Crossfield, Alta.
26.	Beatrice Inkman.....	Agassiz, B. C.
27.	Ursula Johnson.....	Vancouver, B. C.
28.	Jean Jephson.....	Calgary, Alta.
29.	Alice Ladner.....	Ladners, B. C.
30.	Violet Ladner.....	Ladners, B. C.
31.	Mollie Lang.....	Moose Jaw, N. W. T.
32.	Kathleen Lang.....	Moose Jaw, N. W. T.
33.	Agnes Lambert.....	Vancouver, B. C.
34.	Marjorie McCartney..	Vancouver, B. C.
35.	Grace Monteith.....	Golden, B. C.
36.	Isabel Monteith.....	Golden, B. C.
37.	Lilian Pearse.....	Kamloops, B. C.
38.	Eleanor Paget.....	Revelstoke, B. C.
39.	Dorothy Sweet.....	Ashcroft, B. C.
40.	Mildred Sweet.....	Victoria, B. C.
41.	Ethel Raymond.....	Vernon, B. C.
42.	Elvie Raymond.....	Vernon, B. C.
43.	Edith Rich.....	Ladners, B. C.
44.	Ella Underhill.....	Vancouver, B. C.

NAMES REGISTERED FOR FUTURE VACANCIES.

Grace Cross .....	Silverton, B. C.
Helen Godfrey.....	Vancouver, B. C.
Aileen Stephenson...	Atlin, B. C.
Gwyneth Stephenson...	Atlin, B. C.
Margaret Risteen..	Revelstoke, B. C.
Alice Farr.....	North Bend, B. C.

Ida Shaw.....	Greenwood, B. C.
Huberta Shaw.....	Greenwood, B. C.
Muriel Wickwire.....	Greenwood, B. C.
Mary Sherwood.....	Vancouver, B. C.
Mary Davey.....	Grand Forks, B. C.
Rose Weddell.....	Kelowna, B. C.
Nellie Leighton..	Ashcroft, B. C.
Margaret Wilson.....	Regina, N. W. T.

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## Visitors' Book.

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SEPTEMBER.—Mrs. de Blois Green, Penticton; The Rev. H. Underhill, St. Paul's, Vancouver; Miss Choate, Miss G. Choate, Calgary; Mrs. Clark, Lytton; Mr. R. S. Day, Victoria; Mrs. Dorrell, Ashcroft; Dr. Elliot, Harrison Hot Springs.

OCTOBER.—The Rev. J. Antle, Holy Trinity Church, Vancouver; The Bishop of New Westminster; Miss Armstrong, Fort Steele; Dr. Elliot, Harrison Hot Springs.

NOVEMBER.—Miss Hamersley, Vancouver; Miss Money, North Bend; The Rev. A. Dorrell, Mr. R. McDonald, New Westminster.

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## Heartsease

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### SERMON FOR ALL SAINTS' DAY.

"For the body is not one member but many."—I. Cor. xii., 14. In this chapter St. Paul speaks at great length about the human body, and he sums up his discourse by saying that the human body is a type of the body of Christ.

We are made up of many members, each one having its own special duty or function to perform—"The eye cannot say to the hand, I have no need of thee, nor the head to the feet, I have no need of thee;" no, for each member is necessary to the perfection of the whole body.

We all know this of our bodies. We all acknowledge that it is absolutely true. For our work in the world, for the performance of our duties we need the co-operation of all the members of our bodies, feet to walk, hands to serve, head to direct, plan and think, eyes to see, ears to hear, tongue to speak. St. Paul argues that this is just as true of the Body of Christ. For in God's design each separate one may be just as necessary to the perfection of the whole. We cannot understand how this can be, for now we can only see in part.

The writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews, in the xi. Chapter, the Second Lesson for to-day, goes through a list of the saints of the Old Dispensation from righteous Abel to Moses, the man of God; then he says the time would fail him to tell of all the others who "through faith subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness," prophets and martyrs who were mocked, scourged, imprisoned, sawn asunder, slain with sword, of whom the world was not worthy, these "obtained a good report," yet they without us cannot be made perfect—that is to say, all, even of us, are necessary for the perfection of the whole Body of Christ.

What a wonderful thought! We dare not say, "How can this be?" We are told in Holy Scripture that so it is, and we know the Word of God is true. Let us dwell upon this one thought, they without us cannot be perfect. That which happens to each member is felt by the whole Body. Pleasure or pain will thrill through all.

The same thing happens to all human organizations which God gives us the wisdom or power to establish. Think of the men required to equip a ship of war for action. Don't you know how each man is necessary to the efficiency and strength of the whole force? Very often a very insignificant man, by failing in a lower place, may spoil an important manoeuvre.

Lord Nelson had something like this in his mind when he said: "England expects every man to do his duty." That great Admiral won a signal victory over his country's enemies, but all his magnificent skill and ability would have been ineffectual without the co-operation of the men of his fleet.

This principle applies to all organizations, the army and navy, universities, colleges, schools, yes, even your games clubs, every man, every member must do his or her part, and stand loyal to each other, to their head and leader, for each member is necessary for the perfection of the whole.

In a school such as this, no matter how small a girl may be, she has a part to do; that part may be very insignificant and apparently trifling, perhaps to learn her own lesson, to do her own work, to be cheerful, but she is a member, and it depends upon her whether the school is doing good or imperfect work.

This is a truth which will keep us modest, for we are depending so much upon others. No one then can think he is by himself of such great importance in a city, in the army, in a school. He is important, but he depends on others. A man may be very humble, but he has his work to do.

"Honor and shame in no condition lies,  
Act well your part, there all the honor lies."

The Emperor Justinian built a great cathedral, spending much treasure and art and skill on its construction; then he desired much to know if the work he had undertaken was pleasing to God, and whose name of all whose hands had been put to the work stood highest in honor before God.

In a vision at night time a name was revealed to him; it wasn't his own name, nor the name of the architect, nor even of his most skilled workman; no, it was the name of a poor woman whose cottage the workmen passed daily on their way to the site of the new cathedral, and she gave them each a cup of cold water to quench their thirst when they needed it. That was all—it was all she could do, but she did it in the right spirit; her part was a very small one indeed, but she acted it well.

God notices everything we do. Remember the mention in the Gospel of the poor widow's mite; of her our Lord said, she had "cast in more than they all"—rich men, generous or ostentatious givers, it may be; more because it cost her more, and therefore was laid up in remembrance in the records of Heaven. Think of that.

Let no one think she cannot do anything; you can, you can. There are your appointed tasks, your duties, go on and do them faithfully, fulfilling God's will in obedience to the teachers, the Superior under whom he has placed you.

The feeling may come to you, you may be tempted sometimes to question, What good am I? If I dropped out of existence I should never be missed. Ah, no! this is not true; you are the one God appointed to that particular place, to do that particular duty; no one else can do it for you. In His time He will remove you, when you are fit for something higher. You are God's child. He sees all your actions and takes account of them.

We have, all of us, something to do for the perfection of the saints who have gone before us, and those who will come after us will be necessary for our perfection. Before the throne of God in Heaven all will feel they have been and are necessary to each other.

Try to think at night of the Church of Christ, on this side and on the other side of the grave, all the multitude of the redeemed. God, my Father, wills me to be a member of that mighty host. He wills me to pray for it, to help it. Multitudes whom we have learnt about, read about, heard about, holy souls, little children, whom we have known upon earth, have gone out of sight, into that world beyond the grave. We think about them. We cannot pray to them. When they were here with us perhaps we often went to them and asked them to help us, but now we cannot ask them, because they are not omnipresent—that is an attribute of Deity only—but they are living and with us they still form one Body. They are members risen to a higher state; we have something to do for their perfection. God's

idea, so to speak, is that all saints of past ages and of ages to come are necessary to us as we are necessary to them.

Try to think, dear children, each of you. I am a member of Christ, of His Church, part of which is here on earth fighting the good fight for the honor of God against His enemies, and part of which is out of sight beyond the grave, resting, living, growing into Christ's likeness; small and humble though I am, my Father wills me to work, to pray. I am here because He has placed me here and given me my tasks to do as a soldier of His vast army, a child redeemed by love and taken into His great family. I will do my part, I will try to be "faithful, strong and bold," to "fight as the saints who nobly fought of old," and "win with them the victor's crown of gold."

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## Letters.

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FROM THE REV. A. PRICE, A MISSIONARY AMONGST THE  
INDIANS OF THE NORTHERN PART OF B. C.

Gitwingak, Skeena River, B. C., Jan. 8, 1903.

Dear Friends,—

After eighteen years of happy service in the mission field, it is my duty again to recount the many blessings our Heavenly Father has bestowed upon us, as well as to speak of the many failures and discouragements we have to contend with in this His glorious work.

There has been very much to remind us that both we and the people to whom you have sent us, are still very much in the flesh; that the battle against "sin, the world, the flesh, and the devil," is by no means over, and that pride and hypocrisy are still very much amongst us.

The winter's work is always the most satisfactory amongst those who have given up heathenism; it is the greatest pleasure to see them in their places in church, classes, prayer meetings, etc., and gradually, as the winter advances, those who have been unsatisfactory during the summer months on the coast fall into line; we can only hope and pray that their future may be more bright than the past. We are thankful to be able to say there was a little improvement last summer in the attendance at church at the canneries.

The winter again is a time of much temptation, for then it is that the heathen meet together, and the chieftainship left vacant by death is pressed upon the next relative, who, if a professed Christian, has much pressure brought to bear upon him or her, and if there is still much of the old pride of position left, they become an easy prey. Sad to say some do not even wait for temptation to come



to them from others, but without warning, except that they become a little careless, they suddenly relapse into the old life.

We are glad to be able to tell you that the Chief who, in 1898, through sickness, returned to heathenism, has again decided to make a stand. He came to us last spring, and said he was very sorry that he acted in the way he did, and that he would not come to us before, although he was sorry directly after, that he had gone back but after considering the matter so long, he had decided to make a stand. He came again about two weeks ago, asking for baptism for himself, his wife and daughter. We hope (D. V.) to baptise him and his family some time this spring. He has pulled down his heathen house, and is building a small house on the Christian side of the village.

Baptisms.—There have been six baptisms during the year. five infants and one adult. The latter has been a great help ever since his baptism. He came and asked that he might ring the Church bell for services, and regularly, punctually, when he has been at home, he has attended to the fire and lighting, and bell-ringing, Wednesday service, Saturday prayer meeting and three times Sunday without any remuneration.

Service and prayer meetings have been well attended.

The Church Army, I am sorry to say, for the time is silent, as it has been since last spring.

I continue to have evangelistic services in the houses of the heathen as usual, and am always treated with the greatest respect.

The blessing long looked for tarries yet awhile, but we know it will come.

The work amongst the Chinese this year has been particularly encouraging. Bishop Dart, of New Westminster, kindly spared again his Chinese missionary for three months, and he has been most zealous in his work for Christ amongst his own people. It has been my privilege to go with him to the Chinese house and to speak through him to them.

It grieves us much to see so many opportunities of service around us, and not to be able to take them on account of the language; the number of Japanese is increasing year by year on the Skeena at the canneries, and we have not the funds to pay a Christian Japanese missionary to come and teach his own people.

The Day School continues to be most encouraging. We have never had such good attendance, and I am glad to say the children are making good progress.

I must not close without speaking of those who from year to year show steady progress in the Christian life; who are striving not

to be weary in well doing, though they realize their unworthiness, and helplessness. There are, thank God, many here who are showing by their life and conversation the presence and power of the Holy Spirit. Please pray for us.

I remain, yours sincerely,

ALFRED E. PRICE.

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

### ANNUAL ACCOUNT.

Advent 1902 to Advent 1903.

#### RECEIPTS.

Dec., 1902—Cash in hand.....	\$ 517 84
S. P. C. K. for Scholarships, Indian School.....	240 00
Dominion Government Grant.....	1678 00
Donations—	
J. Allen Jack, Esq., for Ind. School.....	30 00
Captain B. Bryson, for Ind. School.....	24 00
Jan., 1903—    Miss Wilson, Eng., for Ind. School.....	48 00
Apr., 1903—    Through All Hallows' Sisters, Eng., for Ind. School.....	22 00
Oct., 1903—    From All Hallows' Sisters, Eng.....	17 50
For Yale Chaplaincy Fund.....	48 00
For Yale Chaplaincy Fund.....	15 75
Sale of School Colors and Badges.....	16 70
Canadian School Fees.....	7612 65
Rent of Land and Hay.....	30 00
	<hr/>
	\$10,300 44

#### EXPENDITURE.

Water Rights and Taxes.....	\$ 14 95
Teachers' Salaries.....	1268 10
Servants' Wages.....	754 10
Laundry.....	635 85
Labor and Drayage.....	231 05
Freight.....	448 00
Journeys.....	104 05
Prizes.....	28 05
School Colors and Badges.....	16 70
Prayer and Hymn Books.....	9 70
Yale Chaplaincy Fund.....	63 75
School Stationery.....	392 38
Examination Fees.....	146 70

Music and Piano Tuning.....	94 15
Postage, Telegrams and Printing.....	235 73
Clothing and Boots.....	53 10
Medicine and Medical Fees.....	54 22
Furniture and Crockery.....	286 60
Fuel.....	431 85
Photography.....	16 70
Repairs.....	149 75
Commission Charged on Cheques, C. B. C.....	9 10
Offertory.....	37 25
Housekeeping, exclusive of lighting.....	4251 76
Wine.....	62 00
Balance.....	504 85
	<hr/>
	\$10,300 44

## Indian School Special Fund.

### RECEIPTS.

In hand, Dec. 1st, 1902.....	\$ 11 45
Sales of Needlework, Clothing, etc.....	111 95
Sale of Fruit.....	1 00
Basket Industry.....	23 45
Donations—	
H. Moody, Esq.....	29 00
Mrs. Kelly.....	2 00
W. A., Seattle.....	5 00
Miss S. Wallace.....	24 35
Mr. and Mrs. Chase.....	5 00
	<hr/>
	\$213 20

### EXPENDITURE.

Garden, labor seeds, bulbs, plants, manure and fish.....	\$ 46 80
Postage and Duty on Parcels.....	
Boots.....	3 60
Medicine.....	2 45
Sundries, Stationery, Prizes, etc.....	9 00
Freight on Bale.....	8 65
Furniture, Lamp, etc.....	47 90
Basket Industry.....	19 75
Sewing Machine.....	26 10
Express.....	1 80
Alterations and Repairs.....	20 70
Cash in hand Dec. 1st, 1903.....	8 95
	<hr/>
	\$213 20

## All Hallows' Chapel Fund.

Sept. 29, 1903—Cash in hand.....	\$1215 07
Miss Macklem (through W. A., Toronto).....	2 00
Cyril Clark.....	1 00
Mrs. W. Hammond.....	2 45
Moksahm.....	7 30
Rev. A. A. Dorrell.....	1 00
Mrs. Dorrell.....	1 00
"Extra Cent a Day Fund" (through W. A., Toronto).....	63 73
Sister Alice.....	55
Through Ella Underhill.....	7 31
Moksahm.....	9 60
Old Mertonian.....	24 00
Children's Chapel Club.....	16 00
Anon.....	70
Total.....	<u>\$1351 71</u>

## Indian School.

Autumn has gone by again in the stately "march past" of the seasons, leading our thoughts on once more as God "crowns the year with His goodness" to the idea so lately brought before us of the "Coronation of Work"—God's final blessing on the fulness of our life work.

Then comes the winter, dreaded by some, but welcomed by the children, who, safely and lovingly cared for, look forward to the pleasures it brings, which culminate in the joys circling round the great festival kept in memory of the Saviour's coming among us.

Whatever season is passing by without the house, within, in our "garden of children" it is always spring—young life just beginning, just wakening up to the glad, surprised realization of the powers and capacities of both the natural and spiritual life stirring within.

Now is the time for day-dreams, for making plans of how those powers may be utilised in the dim future stretching far ahead.

As each succeeding generation of children reaches the stage where education has sufficiently developed their capacities to enable them to go into the world, and begin to work those day dreams out into real life; in other words, as summer time approaches in each young life, they leave us, and others take their place, all looking

forward with that hopefulness which Dante tells us is the special mark of "those whom God has made His friends."

The Michaelmas decorations in Chapel this year were very beautiful, the snowy purity of the blossoms on the altar contrasting with the glowing tints of the Autumn leaves, reminding us of how "He maketh His angels spirits, and His ministers a flaming fire," and being reproduced all over the Chapel in the white veils on one side and the quaint scarlet caps on the other.

No matter how dull or gloomy the weather may be, if the clouds part but for an instant, a ray of sunlight always seems to steal in through the narrow Chapel windows, lingering lovingly round the altar like a "smile of God."

Last summer the old Indians heard at their Sunday class how the new Canadian Church Missionary Society had been formed, and how every baptized member of the Church belonged to it. When they were told about it, and asked whether they would like to help, they were very much pleased, and said, "Good, good are the words of the Chief." There are very few old Indians left in Yale, and they are very poor, but they came up again and again to inquire when they might bring their "little monies." We told them to wait till the Bishop came at All Saints, and he had a nice little service for them in Chapel. The Bishop promised to send on to the great Missionary Society in Toronto their offering (it amounted to \$3.30). Afterwards he gave them a little address about St. John's vision of All Saints—the great multitude of all nations and languages, and how St. John saw not only his own nation, but also English people, Chinamen and Indians standing before the throne with palms of victory. After their service the old people had some tea round the stove in the warm, bright entry (as it was a festival), and my sister came and played to them on her violin. They were all sitting round very solemnly, when suddenly they thought the violin was laughing, so they all began to laugh too! It was very funny to hear them. They enjoyed it very much indeed.

Nearly every year God has called one of the little ones who have been educated here to come to Him for their eternal holiday. They have always been taken from their own earthly homes to Paradise. So far we had not heard of the death of any of our children this year, till, in the octave of All Saints, tidings reached us that little Christine had been called to Paradise on All Souls' Day. Such a beautiful day to go! Christine was only with us for a few months when she developed disease in the hip, and was found unfit for school life. She went home to be nursed, as her people did not wish her to be sent to the hospital. She was a dear, gentle little child, a favorite with all her young companions.

One day in November we had a visit from Mr. Macdonald, the Indian Agent, appointed in Mr. Devlin's place. At first it seemed

strange and unusual to have another to examine the school. We missed Mr. Devlin so much. But Mr. Macdonald expressed himself as very much pleased with the children's appearance, reading, writing, singing, etc., and said he should be able to give a very good report of the school, and asked the Sister Superior to allow him to show his approval by giving a holiday to the children on the first convenient day.

There were so many and such urgent applications for admission into the Indian School (five came once in one day!) that it did not seem right to go on refusing them, especially as we had plenty of room in both schoolroom and "playroom," but we could not possibly squeeze in another bed. After many anxious deliberations it was at last resolved to begin altering the old "laundry," by putting up strong partitions, new ventilators, etc., and having it kalsomined and painted, trusting to the generosity of friends to help us to provide the \$25 or \$30 necessary to do this, and also to give us three more iron beds with bedding. The laundry was not quite out of the carpenter's hands when a kind friend in England, Miss Susan Wallace, sent us \$5, which has paid all expenses so far, and only the three beds and a little simple furniture remain to be provided for.

So the "new dormitory" is nearly ready for occupation, and we hope that very soon the numbers in the Indian School may be still further increased.

Welcome bales will soon, we hope, be arriving to replenish the fast emptying shelves in our clothing room. One splendid bale came early this term from Scotland, containing, amongst other most useful things, 15 beautiful red cloaks; these with others sent last year make nearly enough for a complete set for Sundays.

A "cold snap" came unexpectedly, as such things do come, and we were so glad of our nice store of warm quilts for the children's beds, which were then taken into use.

The snow came down heavily and was a source of delight to the family for the few days it lasted.

Games were started with great enthusiasm early in the term, but they must still be chiefly confined to baseball, or "rounders," until the sides learn to combine better under their respective "captains," when we hope it will be possible to take up basket ball.

Mandy returned to us, after a very short period of work, to be nursed back to health again, but has now started out a second time—more successfully, as we may hope!

Katherine only left school this summer to take Mali's place on the domestic staff, and is, we are glad to say, still with us.

The School is the proud grandmother of yet another little grandchild, Clara's baby, and we are hoping that the little one and her mother may visit us some day this winter.

ALTHEA MOODY.

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## Children's Corner.

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### How we went fishing.

The first time we went fishing we caught altogether forty-four fishes. Some were humpy backs and some were streight backs. The humpy back samon weer rather hard to catch because they were so heavy and they get away from us, but the others are not hard to catch at all.

Some times the humpy samon see us, and then they hide away from us, they poke their heads under stones and let their tails stick out, and I suppose they think they are quite safe, and then we go sneaking behind them and catch their tails and pull them up out of the water and bring them to the shore and hit them on the head, and then I suppose they feel very sorrow for themselves for just hiding their heads and leaving their tails showing.

We went again and that time we caught thirty-two fishes, and that time we did not catch so much as we did befor. Some time the fishes are at places where there is not much water, and then we have good chances to catch them. When they see us they try to get away from us, poor things. I suppose they think we are cruel to catch them, but I don't think we are very cruel, because we want them for something. I think we would be cruel if we killed them for nothing.

JOSEPHINE.

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### Our Gipsy Party.

It was the birthday of one of the "grown-ups" on the 25th of October, so in the afternoon we had an invitation, inviting us to a Gipsy party down on the beach next day. So on Monday soon after luncheon we started to go down to the beach. Our whole school went. The first thing we did when we got down was to run to the river side. Some of the girls went to thrown big rocks into the river just for the pleasure of hearing the "splash" that the rock made, while others took up smooth stones to see how many times they would skip over the water. The little girls played first with the sand, and then began to build houses with the rocks.

There were some big logs lying on the beach, so some of us went to roll them into the water. They looked very easy to roll along, but come to the task of rolling them, you would think so no longer.

We tried one long one, but could not stir it; then we came to another, it was hard to stir, but after pushing and tugging we got it to the edge, but it got stuck in the sand. Then gladly we left it, and went to have some cake and nice hot tea. After having a rest, we went again to roll another large log into the water. After we rolled all the logs we wanted to into the river, we watched to see which would come back. One came back three times.

Everybody was as happy as could be down there; the little girls were all laughing at their houses, and the big girls were happy at their success with the logs; the readers who sat by the river side enjoyed their books, and one could not help hearing the music which seemed to steal over the river, and all the happy voices which came from different parts of the beach. We had two hours and more to enjoy ourselves that day down at the beach. When it was time to return we all collected together, then bid the beach good-bye and came back.

FLOSSIE.

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### Good Manners.

All children that go to school ought to have good manners, the way they speak and act, always ready to help people.

People can't buy us good manners, but we can be taught, always saying "Yes, please," "No, thank you," etc., instead of saying "Hi," "What," etc. Everything would be always cheerful: speaking nicely to people, they will speak nicely to you; to stand when you are spoken to, obey right away, wiping your feet before you come in, (men or boys) to take off the cap or hat when coming into the house or meeting any lady, and standing when your teacher comes in, offer your seat to those who are standing, and not laughing at those who don't know any better.

To have manners ourselves, we ought to use them instead of throwing them away, and to teach others who don't know at all. We can buy clothes for their body, but we cannot buy good manners for them.

EMMA.

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### Baseball Play.

Any fine day the girls would like to stay at home instead of going out for walks, just to play ball. We have plenty of fun. Our number of men must be equal and we have fine capitans on both sides. The captains sometimes are not ready in good time, but the girls play high sky while waiting.

Both sides are equal before we begin. I don't think the captains have got their names to both sides yet, so we will say Flossie's and Maggie's. Maggie's side always seems to have the light side of the



bat, and it always turns up to her side to begin batting first, but she has hardly any rounders. The game begins very fairly at first, one catches the ball behind the batter, and when they catch it in the first rebound that counts "out" to the batter, and only three strikes before they run. When the batters are batting it seems that they are always out. One of the girls always hits over the fence and makes lots of rounders, while the other side spend the time in hunting for the ball. The batters get so breathless in running, they give up their batting. Some are so clumsy in catching, so our captains say, "Don't you go to sleep behind there, wake up," then we attend a little more to our work.

The game is very exciting, and we must be careful and see where the ball goes, or we will be beaten to pieces by our friends. We must do what our captains tell us, and I think we should do anything to catch the ball and have our side in again to bat and make rounders. We won the last match. Some players are not good at first, but they get brighter in time, and the captains are pleased with their men and give a cheer now and then if they give a good round and have done well.

SUZANNE AND BEATRICE.

### Our Canaan.

Mr. Dorrell preached in one of his sermons about Canaan, how the Israelites took the country and how God helped them.

It has been said that each of us has a "Canaan" to conquer, which means we have bad habits, bad words and bad thoughts to conquer, like the Israelites had to conquer Canaan, as the inhabitants were so bad.

The Israelites crossing the Red Sea is like our Baptism, and their crossing the Jordan our Confirmation; their battle in Canaan is like our battle against sin after our Confirmation. The day before the Israelites crossed the Jordan, Joshua told them to prepare themselves, so we ought to prepare too for any work God is going to do through us.

We must conquer all the little towns as well as the big cities in our Canaan, just as the Israelites had to do. If we let bad habits grow in us the result will be very bad, as well as great sins. Little by little we should try to overcome them all, because we can't get good all in a sudden, and also we can't get bad in a sudden.

MILLY.

### Gifts Received.

Parcel very useful clothing from Parochial Missionary Association, St. Stephen's Church, S. Kensington, England.

Parcel clothing, presents, etc., from G. F. S., St. Andrews, Fulham, England.

Parcel clothing and 15 beautiful red cloaks from Churchwoman's Association, Edinburgh, Scotland.

Grouse, ducks, from Mrs. Greene, Penticton.

Grouse from F. Creighton, Yale.

Altar cruets from W. A., Quebec.

Altar lights and vesper lights.

Toys, books and Christmas gifts, through Sister Alice.

Splendid bale of "outfits for 3 girls" from St. Matthew's W. A., Quebec.

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## Wants.

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Three iron beds, with bedding.

Strong unbleached cotton sheets, 2 1-2 yards long and 1 1-4 yards wide.

Blankets for single beds.

Thirty 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 should be specially grateful for these.

Boots, rubbers and overshoes of all sizes (especially 11 to 4).

Strong, thin Summer stockings.

Warm shawls (new or second-hand), for old Indian women at Christmas.

Dresses of blue serge, or any strong warm 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; but we have only this year discarded the last of a set of Scotch dresses made over 12 years ago of strong material! The old-fashioned "linsev-woolsev" 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 of frock 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 sleeves. The measurements of sizes specially 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	25

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 side of the back, a long slit left at each side seam for the armhole across the top of which a hemmed frill 3 or 4 inches wide is sewn, and the whole pinafore, frills and all, gathered into a neckband, about 22 inches long. They may be made in Turkey twill or any good washing print. It is better to avoid light colors as much as possible. Length from 27 inches upwards.

Unbleached cotton chemises and drawers of all sizes, in set of 3 if possible.

Flannelette chemises and drawers for the little girls.

Usters or long coats, new or second-hand, for the little girls.

Flannel (not flannelette) petticoats of women's size, and also for the very little girls 22 to 23 inches long in front. Plants, bulbs, or any contributions towards the garden. Strong knives and forks. Enamelled iron mugs and bowls. Buttons, tapes, mending and any needlework materials. Stationery is always most useful.

#### NOTE.

Friends have been so kind in helping us that we have enough now of pillowcases, quilts, flannelette petticoats, flannelette underclothing of women's size, women's cloth jackets, hats.

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1903-1904.

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Then be it so!  
 For in better things we yet may grow,  
 Onward and upward still our way,  
 With the joy of progress from day to day;  
 Nearer and nearer every year  
 To the visions and hopes most true and dear!  
 Children still of a Father's love,  
 Children still of a home above!  
 Thus we look back  
 Without a sigh o'er the lengthening track.