

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

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

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

- Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure
- Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.
- Additional comments:/
Commentaires supplémentaires:

- Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur
 - Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées
 - Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
 - Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
 - Pages detached/
Pages détachées
 - Showthrough/
Transparence
 - Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression
 - Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue
 - Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index
- Title on header taken from: /
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:
- Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison
 - Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison
 - Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	12X	14X	15X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>

All Hallows in the West.

VOL. i.

CHRISTMAS-TIDE, 1899.

NO. 3.

Servire Deo Sapere.

A HAPPY Christmas-tide to every one !
Though from the festal board some
guests are gone,
And yet not gone for to each va-
cant place

There cometh One who hath an Angel's
face !

And there is left a store of life and love,
Links which unite us here to those above.

A happy Christmas-tide ! And let the poor
Turn with a thankful heart from ev'ry
door.

If in our hearts there's strife with kin
or friend,

For Jesu's sake let the contention end.

So ere the year is hidden 'neath its pall
Thank we the Lord to be at peace with all.

“WHEN JESUS WAS BORN.”—

These four simple words refer to
the greatest and most stupendous
event in the history of the world,
the Incarnation of the Son of God.

How familiar and how dear to
each one of us is the old, old
Christmas Story !

The short winter's day was clos-
ing in when those two weary trav-
elers, St. Joseph, and the Blessed
Virgin, neared their journey's end.
The way had been long and dreary,
lightened by none of the comforts
of travel which, in the East, only
the rich can command.

They had probably spent three
days or more on the journey from
Galilee, and when they arrived at
Bethlehem, they found the little
town crowded with those, who like
themselves, had come from the dis-
tricts round about, to register their
names in “their own city” at the
command of the heathen Emperor.

The Inn was filled and the only
shelter they could find was in a
stable. Here, in quiet and seclusion,
away from the chattering bustling

crowd within the Khan, the “Moth-
er of the Lord” found a resting
place for the night. It was on that
night God gave His Son to the
World. Within that stable, of that
pale Virgin “Jesus was born.”

The Angels sang their Christmas
Carol, and the humble Shepherds
watching their flocks in the fields
heard the “glad tidings,”

“Feeding their sheep, they found the
Lamb of God,

The Lamb without a blemish or a stain,
The Altar-Lamb, the Lamb of Sacrifice,
The Lamb from everlasting ages slain.

Feeding their sheep, they found the
Shepherd good,

Who gave His Life a ransom for the
sheep,

The Shepherd, Who in love His scattered
flock

Came down from Heaven to gather and
to keep.

Feeding their sheep, they found the fold
of Heaven,

Which whoso enters shall go out no more !
The living waters there, the pastures
green,

The soft fresh air of the Celestial Shore.”

From afar some Wise Men saw
His Star, and immediately prepared
to come and worship Him, but the
gathering crowds at Bethlehem in
whose midst the Divine Infant lay,
were unmindful, too absorbed in
their own trivial, individual con-
cerns to be awake to the mystery
and glory of that night when He
came, of Whom their Prophets had
written, and their Psalmist had
sung.

On that night the sword waving
at the gate of Paradise was remov-
ed. On that night the gulf was
bridged over that separated man
from God.

Those feeble Baby hands cling-
ing to the Virgin Mother's breast

were strong to burst asunder the gates of brass of our prison-house. Those Lips now able only to utter the soft inarticulate cries of infancy were yet to speak as "never man spake." Those Feet bound in swaddling clothes by a mother's tender care had many leagues of weary road to travel to carry the Message of Salvation to His brethren.

The Second Adam came to find His inheritance all given over to thorns and thistles, came to subject Himself to the curse of the first Adam, and in the sweat of His Divine Brow to eat bread. But in *one* thing were the charges different, for to the first Adam, who was deceived by Satan and fell, God said "Cursed is the ground for thy sake." Of the Second Adam God promised "In thy Seed shall all the nations of the earth be blessed." From that time on, for so many long, long years, what an incense of earnest prayer doubtless went up from the face of the whole earth. Again and again, from countless yearning souls, the cry of the Advent Hymn arose,

Oh come, Oh come, Emmanuel
And ransom captive Israel.

And now, in fulness of time, God sent His Son to remove the curse, not only from man, but from the whole face of nature. He hallowed infancy, labour, sickness, sorrow and death, even as He hallowed nature in all ways, for was He not "a Man of sorrows and acquainted with grief." He bore the helplessness of childhood, He laboured with His Hands, He touched the sick with healing power, and looked on their diseases with tender compassion, He mourned by the grave of a friend, He sorrowed over the sins of mankind, His Eyes turned with pity on a faithless disciple.

By death He conquered death. Is there any part of human life which He did not touch and sanctify for ever!

Of the ground it was said, "thorns and thistles shall it bring forth," but He removed the curse, for of those same thorns He took and wove for Himself a crown. Of the wood of the tree He made His Altar whereon to offer a sacrifice for the sins of the whole world. The reed was His sceptre. "The brute creation He hallowed when He entered Jerusalem 'sitting upon an ass and a colt the foal of an ass.' When the fish came up out of the sea with the silver coin in his mouth, the creatures of the waters owned Him Lord."

All things became new with that wondrous Birth, therefore does all Christendom rightly count time from that night "when Jesus was born."

"Oh, strange indifference! low and high
Drowsed over common joys and cares!
The earth was still, but knew not why:
The world was listening, unawares.
How calm a moment may precede,
One that may thrill the world for ever!
To that still moment none would heed
Man's doom was linked, no more to sever,
In the solemn midnight centuries ago.

It is the calm and solemn night!
A thousand bells ring out and throw
Their joyous peals abroad, and smite
The darkness, charmed and holy now.
The night that erst no name had worn,
To it a happy name is given;
For in that stable lay new-born
The peaceful Prince of Earth and Heaven
In the solemn midnight centuries ago."

Music.

THE *Montreal Gazette* of October 31st. announces that the examinations in Canada next spring, will probably be conducted by the noted Organist of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, Sir George C. Martin, Musical Director.

* * *

The Music for the Examination in 1900, was most unfortunately lost in the wreck of the "Scotsman."

* * *

The Certificates obtained in this Province in 1899, are still following the Examiner round the world requiring his signature.

—o—

The Consecration of All Saints' Church, Agassiz.

ON Friday, Nov. 3rd., a little party of ten set out from "All Hallows" to attend the Consecration Service of All Saints' Church, at Agassiz. This being a sister Church in our own parish, we were all deeply interested in the event, and eager to take part in the ceremony of dedication.

However the usual daily routine in the Schools could not be interrupted, even for such an occasion as this, so only a fortunate few were privileged to accompany the Sister Superior—among the number being some youthful members of the choir, who might, it was hoped, assist in the singing.

As we steamed out of Yale Station, the mist were just rising from the valley and the sun struggled to pierce through the rather ominous-looking clouds which covered the sky. Across the river the mountains rose grim and stern, unrelieved by the rosy light of morning, which during this late autumn season, has glorified their steep sides. Here and there, patches of brilliant colour met our gaze, the crimson and golden tints thrown into strong relief against the sombre background.

As we caught glimpses of mossy banks, clusters of delicate ferns, and many-hued wild-flowers, redolent of summer sweetness, it was

difficult to realise that this was an autumn landscape, and that ere many days had passed, the hills would be wrapped in a mantle of snow—yet the fast falling maple leaves and thickly covered hawthorn bushes are silent heralds of approaching winter, while on the hill-side are seen clumps of the waxen snow-berry (our Canadian misletoe) and branches of Oregon grape, with its spiked glossy, holly-like leaves,—both so suggestive of Christmas-tide festivities, and holiday joys to come.

Following the windings of the Canyon, we came in full view of Mount Hope, rising majestically amid her snow-crowned sisters, which stretch away, peak beyond peak into the dim distance, with changing purple shadows over all. Near by, a little stream was hurrying along to join the sullen waters of the Frazer, and from the overhanging brink of the river, groups of the far-famed Douglas pine lift their lofty heads to the sky, and tower in solitary grandeur from some rocky ledge.

Gradually the valley widens, the hills seeming to recede on either side, giving place to fields and orchards and prosperous looking farm-houses. As we near our destination, the weather-wise cast anxious looks at the threatening sky and made gloomy predictions of coming showers :

"We knew it would rain, for all the morn
A Spirit, on golden ropes of mist,
Was lowering its slender buckets down
Into the vapoury amethyst."

However we reached Agassiz before the rain, and had time for a short visit to the Experimental Farm, before service began. Though late in the season, there were evidences of a bountiful harvest in the form of heaps of un-

gathered apples and pears, and richly laden vines covered with bunches of tempting-looking grapes.

On proceeding to the Church, we found the members of the congregation assembling for this long-looked-for event, and as we admired the little edifice, we could not but appreciate the earnest and untiring efforts which must have been made, to produce such a satisfactory result.

After Matins had been said by the Rector, the Rev. C. Croucher, the Bishop advanced to the door of the vestry, where he was met by the Rector and Churchwardens, and presented with a petition for the due consecration of the building. After the singing of the 24th Psalm, the Bishop delivered a short address, emphasizing the necessity of setting apart for sacred uses the Church which has been consecrated to the service of Almighty God, and illustrating both from the Law, and from the life of our Lord, the importance attached to this special dedication.

“One striking example of Christ’s abhorrence of an irreverent or unlawful use of God’s House, is the Apostle’s account of His expulsion from the Temple of ‘them that sold therein, and them that bought.’ The business of the money-changers was a perfectly legitimate calling, had it been practised elsewhere than in the precincts of the Temple, for the noisy clamour of the Exchange is wholly out of harmony with the sacred quiet which should pervade the House of God. However their transactions were not free from an element of evil, since advantage was taken of the ignorance of clients to deceive and overreach them. Surely this ‘House of Prayer’ had become a ‘den of thieves.’ The lesson may be ap-

plied to ourselves, and help us to guard against irreverence, either of outward act or inward thought. Anything which tends to distract our thoughts from the true object of our worship, has no place in God’s House.

“With many professing Christians it has become a settled habit to spend part of the time during Service, in reviewing the events of the past week, or in planning business or pleasures for the next. While not in themselves sinful, these subjects are not in keeping with the sacred edifice, and should resolutely be banished from the mind. Though at first, it may require a determined effort of will to dismiss secular thoughts, to control the wandering senses, and to attune the heart and mind to one’s surroundings, yet the habit, if persisted in, cannot fail to result in great spiritual blessing. Turned from earthly distractions, we may rise into harmony with the Divine Will; and filled with His Holy Spirit, may abound in the fruits of faith and love and reverence.”

On the conclusion of the address the Rector read the Lesson from Chronicles 2., vi. The beautiful dedication prayer of Solomon seemed to assume new meaning, and many hearts present echoed the petition—“That Thine Eyes may be open upon this house day and night.” Then followed the formal declaration of Consecration by his Lordship, and after further appropriate prayers and hymns, Holy Communion was celebrated.

At the close of the Service, some of our party were given a cordial invitation to lunch at the hospitable home of Mrs. Agassiz, and the others wended their way to the hotel as the guests of our kind Rector. A drive to Harrison

Hot Springs in the afternoon was the final event of a very happy day, which will live in our memory for some time to come.

L. SHIBLEY.

All Saints' Day.

THE "old girls" will like to hear how we spent All Saints' Day at School this year. Of course it is like an old story, for I dare say we only did the same things other girls did some years ago, but there are some stories of which one never tires, and All Saints' Day at All Hallows' School is one of them for us who are 'All Hallows' children.'

Of course it was a whole holiday, and everyone was looking forward to *that*. What a lot of things we all meant to do:

I am not sure whether "everyone" really enjoyed the thought of the "childrens' holidays." I think perhaps the Teachers had doubtful visions of children running up and down stairs with heavy boots on and slamming doors etc., on holidays it is hard to remember these things, we get so excited.

The day began with a lovely choral Celebration in Chapel. Every one who has been to School here will remember the beautiful old hymns we *always* have, "Spouse of Christ," "Hark the sound of Holy voices," and "All Hallows; by that voice Deep calls to Deep."

Miss Moody had put the loveliest white flowers upon the Altar, and she taught us a new anthem, "The Lord preserveth the souls of His Saints"

After Matins, which was at 11, Sister Superior gave the "big girls" leave to do "as they pleased," which was a great treat!

In our sitting-room there is a piano, which is only intended for

us to practise on, but when we could do "as we pleased," we strummed and sang songs until everyone was tired, and we received a polite message that "our concert had lasted long enough."

I don't know how the little girls spent the afternoon, but *we* were invited to afternoon tea at the Parsonage, and we went for a delightful scramble up the mountains to the Yale Falls. On our way down, we found a few ripe strawberries, which, at this time of year, was very remarkable.

On Festivals we speak English, at breakfast and lunch, but at dinner we always have to "*parler Francais*." On All Saints' Day however, we were allowed to speak English all day long, and I can assure you we made the most of that privilege.

At half-past seven, we had Evensong in Church, and then, all too soon, the holiday was over.

RAY.

Our Sewing Class.

I made two mats with cross-stitch on canvas, and I hemmed one duster, and I am niting now. I do like sewing so much and it is very nice.

There are Kathleen and Edie and Hilda and Louie in my class. We are making Christmas presents for our friends.

Do you think the School nice, I do think it is very nice, and I have a good time. I am eight years old, and my School name is

FREDA.

The War in the Transvaal.

Now that England is at war with the Boers, the question "what caused the war?" is often asked.

The reason for the rebellion of the Uitlanders is somewhat similar to those of the British Colonists in America, nearly a hundred and twenty-five years ago.

The main cause is the unjust taxation. The amount of money paid to the Government by the Uitlanders is far greater than that paid by the Boers, and yet they have no voice in the Government of the country. In the City of Johannesburg, nine tenths of the population are British, who have no vote, the city being governed by a few Dutch farmers, who are elected by men of their own class.

The language used in schools, business, and in all public documents, notices etc., is Dutch, and in order to do anything in business, a Uitlander has to learn Dutch.

The British have to pay the School-tax, and yet cannot have their own language taught, unless as a foreign language.

A few years ago some of the Uitlanders, finding they could not get the Government to teach British children in the English tongue, set up private schools at their own expense; but the Boers would not allow this, and termed it "open rebellion."

Before the British went to the Transvaal, the country was very poor, and on the verge of bankruptcy, but they at once went into farming, mining, and everything that could make the country prosper. But the Government takes no notice of this at all. It allows the Uitlanders none of the rights and privileges the Boers have, and when some of the farmers tried to hold meetings to discuss the matter, and get up a petition to send to the Government, they at once sent a force of Mounted Police to stop them. So the British decided

to ask help from the Mother Country, and after many communications too and fro, England having had the matter carefully looked into, allowed Kruger an ultimatum, viz. that he should accede to the demands of the British, unconditionally, within a certain period, or their demands would be enforced by armed troops. The Boers took the initiative, and on the day when the ultimatum expired, they made a raid on several towns in Rhodesia. Fighting has since been going on. May God bless and prosper our British arms.

DAISY, (Aged 15.)

Tableaux Vivants.

THE Winter Term closed with a most charming entertainment got up by the pupils of the Canadian School under Miss Shibley's direction, to which Mr. and Mrs. Croucher, all the children of the Yale Sunday School, and the children of the Indian School were invited.

The Programme began with a Piano Solo, very nicely rendered by Jessie Jones. This was followed by a capital recitation, entitled "That Calf" by Ella Underhill.

Then the most entrancing scenes from the well known romance of "The Sleeping Beauty" were presented in a series of Tableaux Vivants.

Scene I. "The Christening."
 Scene II. "The Fatal Spindle."
 Scene III. "The 100 Years' Sleep."
 Scene IV. "The Coming of the Prince."
 Scene V. "The Awakening."

All these scenes were full of artistic beauty, but the one which more especially held every one silent with admiration, was the second Scene, "The Fatal Spindle."

when the golden-haired Princess, (Muriel Underhill) stood before the witch, (Mildred Pentreath) and innocently received the gift that was intended to exercise such a baleful influence over her life. "The Awakening" was charming, full of graceful, yet rather amusing, touches of nature, especially in the two courtiers (Lottie Mc Donell and Ray Flewelling) whose out-stretched arms and open mouths spoke eloquently of the good sleep *they* had enjoyed.

The two little recitations which came next on the programme were full of fun, "Pussie's Mistake," by Louie Chantrell, and "Just for a Lark," by Hilda Edgecombe, and were very nicely and clearly said, although the speakers were only mites of children.

A Tableau of "The Seasons," with songs, in which "Spring" was represented by Dorothy Sweet, "Summer" by Una McIntosh, "Autumn" by Mabel Morrison, and "Winter" by Dorothy Bindley, was very pretty; the round rosy face of the last-named little maiden shone most quaintly out of her snowy hair, beard, and furs. "Spring" and "Summer" were very sweet and graceful, the costumes and pose being particularly well arranged.

"The Chickens" was a funny little recitation by "our babies," the youngest of whom, Kathleen Bindley, though only five, was by no means behind her fellows in performing the part allotted to her, with great spirit, notwithstanding some difficulty in pronounciation.

A short break occured here, which Muriel Underhill filled nicely, by playing "Clayton's Grand March;" and then Daisy Dodd gave us a capital reading from the "Birds' Christmas Carol" which

served as an introduction to the next scene, "How the Ruggles' Family prepare for a Dinner Party." Ray Flewelling was inimitable as "Mrs. Ruggles," and "Sarah Maud" (Stening Edgecombe) and all the rest of the "Little Ruggleses" responded to their mother's admonitions splendidly.

Tableaux "Sweet Sixteen of 1800" also "Sweet Sixteen of 1900," Muriel Shildrick and Daisy Dodd, respectively, were full of telling contrast; very spirited was the Nineteenth Century damsel, standing beside her bicycle, in her tailor-made gown, so different from her gentle retiring grandmama!

The "Pied Piper of Hamelin," as a recitation by Winifred Armstrong, was excellent; and "Naming the Baby" by little Marjorie Armstrong, filled up another interval, while thrilling scenes from "Blue-beard" were being prepared behind the curtain.

SCENE I. "Blue-beard's Departure" was represented by Ethel Brymner, as Blue-beard, and Mabel Mallory, as Fatima, and they managed very cleverly to convey a suggestion of the tragic element even in that preliminary scene.

SCENE II. "The Chamber of Horrors" was most lamentably disappointing, as such—"Blue-beard's wives" were rosy, healthy, happy-looking ladies, on whom no amount of stage powder could produce the conventional ghastly effect! Indeed so charming was the appearance of that row of heads, hanging by their hair, in orthodox fashion, that a little boy mistook them for a nice collection of dolls bought for Christmas, and rather wondered at the Sisters' extravagance! "My! they must have cost lots!"

SCENE III represented "Blue-beard's return." I heard it whis-

pered afterwards that Blue-beard tweaked poor Fatima's hair with such good-will, as he brandished our best carver over her head, that the expression of suffering on her face was by no means assumed!

In Scene iv, Winifred Armstrong as Fatima's brother, effected a gallant "Rescue," and "Sister Ann" (Jessie Jones) joined Fatima in gazing tragically at poor Blue-beard stretched dead at their feet.

A rapid change from the horrors we had been witnessing, brought the little ones trooping on the stage, in dainty white frocks, each carrying a waxen baby, and singing "The Doll's Song," with appropriate action.

"The Goblins," a very good recitation by Lottie Mc Donell, was succeeded by "The Trials of a Photographer" in pantomime. How charming was that naughty little girl (Hilda Edgecombe) who came with her Mamma (Edith Yates) to be photographed; how she chewed her bonnet-strings, turned her head away, yawned, did everything but sit still! Then the Affected Lady (Ethel Raymond) who minced in, and posed so distractingly! Lastly "the old country-woman, and her daughter" who refused to part with their umbrella, who peeped into the camera, were to the last degree absurd and unmanageable, created much merriment.

A spirited Piano Solo by Muriel Shildrick, and Kipling's Poem, "The Absent-minded Beggar," by Ethel Raymond, filled up another space of time, while a small contingent of troops for South Africa was being called to order.

Scene i. "The Farewell" was very pathetic.

Scene III. "News of the War," a homely cottage interior, where

"Granny" and the children were seated, all absorbed in their papers.

An Interlude was here very prettily filled by "the Young Recruits," two tiny children, in paper helmets, who with drum and trumpet, paraded about in a very telling fashion!

Scene iv. "Off to the War" was truly martial; red coats, red caps, gold lace, flags flying, and the strains of "The girl I left behind me" coming in quavering accents, rather out of tune, from those gallant sons of Mars, collected on the deck of a troop-ship!

In Scene v. "The wounded Soldier," (Ella Underhill) lay upon a blanket, his head tied up, and his little nose very much in evidence. An Army Nurse (Ethel Brymner) knelt beside him, feeling his pulse, while a gallant Trooper held a lighted candle, by whose feeble flame, she anxiously eyed the second hand of her watch.

"England and Her Daughters" was a National Tableau, which lasted while bright young voices sang out "God save the Queen." Then the curtain dropped, and it only remained for the good Chaplain to step forward, and thank our youthful entertainers, Miss Shibley and Miss Ellis, to whom we were indebted for a most pleasant evening, and a programme of great merit.

LETTERS.

DEAR SISTER:—I do not know if I am in your debt or not, but I wish to thank you for the Magazine, which we all greatly enjoy.

I hope you are well and have had a restful and enjoyable holiday. The summer here was cool and very dry. Now we are having

Indian Summer. My brothers spent their vacation fishing, one on the Lower St. Lawrence, the other on the Georgian Bay, and both apparently enjoyed themselves very much.

Quite a number of Toronto people were on board the ill-fated "Scotsman." Their experiences on the island read like one of Clarke Russell's novels. They say several succumbed to weakness and exposure, and were buried in the marshes. Really, travelling by sea is becoming quite dangerous now-days.

Tissot's wonderful pictures of the Life of Christ, 500 in number, have been on exhibition here. He spent ten years in Palestine painting them, and the results are most impressive. Though small, every face is distinct and full of expression, and the landscapes are instinct with life. Many of the Parables are illustrated, and, to me, this served to make their teaching more than ever real and pointed.

We are to have Grand Opera here this month, and I hope to hear Calvé in "Carmen" and De Rezski in "The Barber of Seville."

Every one is waiting anxiously for news of the war in the Transvaal.

My sister saw the grand demonstration given to Dewey (who surpasses Nelson!) in New York, but she was not much impressed by it.

Canada can lay claim to one hero of the Soudan War. Major Girouard is only 32, and he is very highly spoken of in Steven's book. It was he who laid the railway through the desert, and he is the Chief Engineer of Kitchener's army. He was here on furlough this summer.

To-morrow mother and I are going to see Prince Ranjitsinji and

his cricket team play against a Canadian eleven.

In June we had a most interesting Canadian Historical Exhibition here; there was the quaintest collection of old dresses, jewellery, silver, furniture, spinning-wheels, fans, etc., funny old wooden bowls and spoons of early Colonial days, Gobelin tapestry, trinkets of the French Noblesse, when this was New France, manuscripts of the journeys of such pioneers as Marquette and Père le Jeune, relics of Champlain, Wolfe and Brock, miniatures and portraits of historic people, a magnificent, carved, black side-board, said to have belonged to Americus Vespucius. An apartment devoted to military exhibits, medals won in the Peninsular war, old muskets, ensigns, etc. Snuff boxes of Beau Brummel and Robbie Burns, dresses of Charles I time, and tiny silver forks of the same period. Altogether it was a grand object lesson in Canadian History. The articles came from various parts of Ontario and Quebec, the Jesuits sending their valuable collection of documents.

Now I must close this wandering epistle. With love to any of my old pupils who are still at School with you.

Believe me,

Sincerely yours,

M. H.

Deer Park, Toronto.

—o—

MY DEAR A.:—From the address you will see that I am *en route* for India again. I stayed in London to attend the Prince of Wales' Levée, with some other fellows who came up from Aldershot. We took rooms at the Hotel Métropole, and from there, after getting into full dress uniform, we

set out, feeling the most important people in the world! Though undoubtedly the youngest officers present, we went into the Grand Hall and took our places in the procession with tremendous dignity! What a sight it was. Everybody was unimportant in a sense, for Royalty was there. All around us were aged Generals and Admirals, their breasts covered with medals and Orders, Officers galore, Civilians in full Court dress, by the bushel. The Church was represented by dignitaries in flowing gowns, there were others in Civic costume. Several very picturesque costumes were worn by Eastern potentates, and Afghan and Persian magnates. At a given signal we were ushered in, one by one, and were presented to H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, to the Duke of Connaught and the Duke of York. I was presented by Lord George Hamilton, and when we got in front of the Prince of Wales, he was not looking our way at the moment, but nothing daunted, I stood still, and in a second or two was rewarded by receiving three of the most gracious bows. Seeing another row of Princes (?) standing there, and not feeling sure who they were, I thought I had better give them a chance, and, would you believe it, my bow was returned by no less than six noble heads! I cleared out after that, and on my way down stairs, saw just as large a crush of men moving up in solemn procession to take our places in the Grand Hall, as had gone up with me half an hour before. God Save the Queen, and all her Sons and Grand sons!

I trust you are not tired of my yarn.

R. B.

Marseilles.

DEAR MA'AM :—I write you these few lines to tell you that I got here safely, and Mr. Mc. Pherson met me. I got here about 4 o'clock in the morning, and when I got off the train, I was very sleepy. I stopped at the station till after nine o'clock. I had my breakfast, I had coffee, bacon, toast, and stewed plums too, when I was half finished, Mr. M. came for me. When I got half-way homewards, all the children ran out to meet me, and some of them I did not know, because I had not been home for so long.

My sister Annie made me a pinnefore, and mother made me a pair of mocassins, which I am wearing now. My knee is sore, I scratched it against a sharp nail, my mother put some medicine on, but it got big, and I cannot bend it yet.

I was at Shuswap for a week. I am stopping up at this ranche for two weeks. I went for a waggon ride one day, and we had two or three bumps against the trees. I must close now. From

Child, Flossie.

Shuswap.

School Register.

Winifred Armstrong,	-	Golden.
Marjorie Armstrong,	-	"
Edith Yates,	-	New Denver.
Medora Hume,	-	Firlands.
Dorothy Sweet,	-	Ashcroft.
Rachael Flewelling,	-	Kamloops.
Stening Edgecombe,		Oroville,
		Wash.
Hilda Edgecombe,	"	"
Ethel Brymner,		New Westminster.
Muriel Shildrick,	"	"
Beatrice Annandale,	"	"
Louie Chantrell,	-	Blaine, Wash.
Gwendoline Bell,	-	Surrey Centre.
Winifred Bell,	"	"

Muriel Bell, - Surrey Centre.
 Muriel Underhill, - Vancouver.
 Ella Underhill, - ,,
 Mabel Mallory, - ,,
 Mildred Pentreath, - ,,
 Evelyn Widdicombe, - ,,
 Freda Widdicombe, - ,,
 Dorothy Bindley, - ,,
 Edith Bindley, - ,,
 Kathleen Bindley, - ,,
 Jessie Jones, Pierce County, Wash.
 Lottie McDonell, - - Victoria.
 Ethel Raymond, - Nanaimo.
 Elvie Raymond, - ,,
 Mabel Morrison, - Victoria.
 Una McIntosh, - Kamloops.
 Daisy Dodd, - - Yale.

Pupils temporarily withdrawn:
 Peggy Hunt, Vancouver. Lizzie
 Carson, Calgary.

Names of pupils entered for future vacancies: Dorothy Broad, New Westminster. E. Watts, M. Watts, Ladners. Eva Earl, Lyt-

ton; Marie Cross, Silverton; Beatrice Libernon, New Westminster; Margaret Gravely, Vancouver; Dorothy Stocken, Gleichen; Florence Davis, Vancouver; Edith Clyne, Vancouver; Alice Lee, Vancouver; Lilian Wehrfritz, Vancouver.

—o—

VISITORS' BOOK.

Sept. 20th., Mr. George Raymond, Nanaimo; Sept. 23rd., Mrs. James McIntosh, Kamloops; Oct. 20th., Mrs. Wynne, New Mexico; Nov. 11th., Mr. F. Devlin, Indian Agent, New Westminster, Rev. C. Croucher, Chaplain, Rev. E. Flewelling, Kamloops; Nov. 15th., Mr. W. Burns, Inspector of Schools, Nelson; Nov. 27th., Judge Bole, New Westminster; Mrs. W. Dodd, Yale; Nov. 29th., Mrs. C. Croucher, Yale.



All Hallows' School, Annual Account for 1899. Jan. 1st. to Dec. 1st.

RECEIPTS :	EXPENDITURE :
Jan. 1st. Cash in hand.....	Teachers' Salaries.....
5 Scholarships, Ind. S., S.P.C.K. 240 00	Laundry
Yale Catechist..... 240 00	Servants' Wages.....
Dom. Gov. Grant, Indian School 1,547 00	Mission journeys, Classes, In-
Donations..... 15 00	terpreting,
Coll. by pupils of Indian School 30 00	Freight and Drayage.....
Sale of fruit..... 45 00	Journeys
Sale of clothing..... 33 15	Entertainments and Prizes.....
Mrs. Pelly, Yale Chaplaincy F'd. 96 25	School Stationery, Music and
Canadian School Fees..... 3,553 12	Printing
	Music Examination Fees.....
	Postage
	Clothing and Boots
	Furniture and Crockery.....
	Medicine and Wine.....
	Candles and Oil
	Fuel
	Chapel Expenses
	Lytton Hospital
	Offertory.....
	Repairs and Improvements.....
	Land Tax.....
	Surveying Land
	Bishop Sillitoe Memorial Fund
	Rev. C. Croucher, Yale Chapl'n
	Chinese labour, Seeds, Garden-
	ing Implements
	House-keeping
	\$5,335 98
	Dec. 1st., Balance.....
TOTAL.....	TOTAL.....
\$5,921 38	\$5,924 28

Average number in household 1st. quarter.....	64
" " " " 2nd. " 	68
" " " (holidays) 3rd. " 	45
" " " household 4th. " 	70

BUILDING FUND ACCOUNT.

Sept. 20th. Cash in hand.....	1,926 12
Miss Blanche Rolfe.....	9 75
Mrs H. Moody	9 75
H. Moody Esq.....	70 00
Mr. McGillvray	5 00
Rosie.....	25
Collected by I. Allan Jack Esq	70 00
" " Jessie Jones	5 00
TOTAL.....	\$2,095 67

All Hallows' School Chapel.

It is very small, very poor, very humble, a plain little wooden building, once a stable, now as reverently fitted up as our means will allow, but each Christmas night our thoughts unconsciously turn for comfort to that prophecy with which Haggai comforted the Jews, who wept over the poor little Temple which was all they had to offer God, so different from the splendour and glory of that in which their fathers worshipped.

And on Christmas night the Presence of the Desire of All Nations fills this latter house with glory, a greater glory than even Solomon's Temple knew.

While all the world is sleeping, and the dark mountains stand in calm, majestic peace all round us, "as the hills stand about Jerusalem," in the tiny Stable-Chapel all is radiant with light and beauty. The Altar (as they touchingly said) embodying the old Indians' ideas of "glory," as it stands beautiful with light and colour of festal hanging, and of delicate flowers tended through many long weeks, that they may do honour to their Lord at this time.

Here at mid-night on Christmas Eve gather representatives of the "Nations" to adore Him, their Great Desire, Who was, as on this night, born in a stable.

When or how the custom originated, none can tell. The Indians told the Sisters (at their first Christmas here, 15 years ago) that they "had always" come on Christmas night to worship our Lord.

So these humble, faithful followers of the Shepherds, still travel many a toilsome mile, through snow or rain, frost and cold, that they may still perform the Shep-

herds' part and be the first to worship the New-born King, and to join with us in re-echoing the Angels' Song at the great Feast of Christmas.

Each Indian Chief leads in his band of communicants to the brightness of the tiny Chapel, and the rest of the baptized kneel closely together on the floor, leaving only space for the communicants of our Indian children, as in scarlet pinafores and white veils, they join their people, while up to God rises the first verse of the Christmas Hymn "O Come all ye Faithful," sung alternately in both Indian languages.

Then the Communion Service of the Church of England follows, fully choral throughout, all the people's parts in Indian, except the Nicene Creed. Their voices so musical and deep, like the pedal notes of a great organ, rising and falling "like the sound of many waters." Row by row they come forward, and most reverently kneel to receive Him, Who was born for them, as on this night. Finally after the Benediction, there rises a great burst of triumphant song, in the "Yale" language, from one side of the Chapel, "Sing Choirs of Angels," answered back by "Thompson" Indians, from the other side ("Yale" and "Thompson" always sing as *Decani* and *Cantoris!*) in voices no less melodious, but not so deep or full, "Sing all ye Citizens of Heaven above." Then, as we have not been able to translate all the hymn, we and our children sing in English for them all, "Yea, Lord, we greet Thee, born this happy morning," and they all join in the chorus, "O come, let us adore Him," in whatever language we sing it!

The Indians will miss anything

rather than this Service. So would we all, I think !

So you see that on Christmas night, one is glad to think of our Chapel having been a stable, for His Sake Who was born in a stable.

But a vision ever floats before us, more or less unconsciously, more or less distinctly, in which we see a beautiful, stately Chapel rising here among the mountains, fit, in some poor measure, for His Worship "Whom the Heaven and the Heaven of heavens cannot contain." Such a building we see, perfect of its kind, in stately and beautiful proportion, the best that man can design and offer, to the great Maker of all ; wherein the daily Services may be offered to God, by an ever-increasing number of His children ; where the music is the best that can be offered ; where every detail is not only for God's Glory in the present, but also, in His Mercy, a sort of ideal, to be ever before the eyes of the embryo womanhood, developing beneath its shelter. Such an ideal as shall imbue her all unconsciously, with a "noble discontent" with anything less perfect anywhere else, where God may cast her lot.

It is too sadly true that through Woman, sin first came into the world, but Christmas night reminds us, how God allowed a Woman then, and still allows Women now, to do all they can to atone in some small measure, for the misery brought by a Woman on the whole human race.

It seems somehow as if God had given Women, for this purpose, an almost greater power than He has given men ; a power that will reach an end in view, and fulfil its purpose, in spite of obstacles which seem to men to be insurmountable.

So I think we shall find, in years

to come, that just in such measure as we have sown here, in beautifying and caring for God's House and His Service, so the harvest may be reaped by others, through God's House and Services, all over the country, being made more fitting and more beautiful, by the labours of faithful women, who shall have received their first training here, and who carry a high ideal with them.

This vision of ours is no new one ; it has been ever in our hearts and minds, more or less unconsciously, at times insistently coming to the fore. But when God sent difficulties in the way of its fulfilment, then we looked about us, and saw how much work needed to be done for the perfecting of the "Living Stones" for His Heavenly Temple.

We saw the "corner stones" waiting "unpolished." and we turned to do the work nearest to us then, obeying that call of God, that divinely-implanted instinct, which "needs must love the highest when we see it."

So, for the time being, we left off struggling to raise an earthly building, while we devoted all our energies and resources to the work God had then given us, of being fellow-workers together with Him, in so preparing those living stones, that, in the end, He may find them fitted to be built up an holy Temple acceptable to Him.

But never, through it all, forgetting the intense desire that, some day, He would vouchsafe to give us a building here, fit to offer to Him as an abiding place, where He may dwell amongst us, here, in this place, where the Standard of the Lord is lifted up among the mountains ; feeling that we had but to "tarry the Lord's leisure,"

knowing with George Herbert, that "When Thou dost favour any action, It runnes, it flies, All things concur to give it a perfection."

Now, as the household of God's children increases here, it will be detrimental to the growth of at least one side of their nature, that we shall never be able to gather together as one family for worship, but some must be shut out, or else a school-room, or other room devoted to secular uses must be utilized.

The present Chapel was intended to hold 40, therefore it will obviously not be able to hold *many* more than the 69 who are now, at times, crowded into it!

Do you want to know what our vision of the Chapel looked like? Just like the Chapel of Netley Abbey would look, if it were restored; just the same beautiful proportions, and those exquisitely graceful columns and arches, so satisfying in their almost super-human perfectness.

You think that is "aiming at a star"? Well, so do we—perhaps; but—there *is* plenty of stone in the mountains to build it with, and, like that great Sculptor, we "see the Angel" in that mass of stone ever before our eyes!

I suppose the Services in our present little Chapel are unique in many ways, where the conquering and the conquered races sing antiphonally, where one sings in the closing words of the Sunday Vesper Psalms "The Lord shall increase you more and more," and the other race responds "Ye are the blessed of the Lord, Who made Heaven and earth." What a world of pathos there seems in the words, true, as yet, of so many of their forefathers, as the children's voices, their descendants, sing "the dead

praise not Thee, O Lord," and then both races sing together in full chorus "but *we* will praise the Lord from this time forth* for evermore," and they join with one voice in the Gloria.

ALTHEA MOODY.

Among Our Indians.

THE rather unexpected death of the old man, whose illness was incidentally mentioned in our Michaelmas Number, was the occasion of a second visit to Spuzzum. The train service having been changed for the summer months, we were able to leave Yale at noon on Wednesday and return by three the following day.

Although Sam had been ailing for some time, his death was in a manner very sudden. A relation, who lived with him, had gone up the mountain after some cattle, and a neighbour, on kindly looking in to light his fire, found the old man had received his summons "home" during the night. A message was immediately sent to his daughter at the School, and we were fortunately able to get her off on a freight train in time for the funeral, which, in Mr. Small's absence, Mr. Croucher kindly took.

My little party, following some hours later on the passenger train, arrived too late for the funeral, but we hurried to the ranche, only stopping once on the way to visit "Catlea", one of the most faithful of Christians, who, although blind, and too infirm now to go beyond the threshold of her own door, walked fourteen miles, only three years ago, to receive her Christmas Communion in the School Chapel, with the rest of her neighbors and kinsfolk.

We found Catlea busily and

cheerfully employed in making baskets from cedar roots, the sale of these baskets helps her to earn a poor little maintenance. She seemed much pleased with our visit.

By the time we arrived at the ranche, the funeral feast was just beginning. In front of Sam's little house a good camp fire was burning, and round it was grouped a number of Indians. We waited until 4:30, employing this interval in talking to one or another of the Indians individually, then, in response to my message, the congregation assembled in the Church for prayers. At the close of the service, which was conducted as usual by the "Church Chief," I gave them a short instruction on the "Life within the Veil" and its bearing on their own lives now.

The evening was drawing in and the air beginning to feel raw and chilly, for fresh snow had fallen on the mountains, when at length we dispersed with hearty hand-shakes and cordial *Klah-hoa-yahs* on all sides.

SISTER ALICE.

The Provincial Exhibition.

ON Friday evening, I heard that I was going to New Westminster, to the Exhibition, with Miss Moody. Kind Mrs. Dart said I might stay at the See House. I was very glad, I walked round and round upstairs with gladness. I could not go to sleep that night, the girl next to me and I had a great talk, after the others were asleep; Miss Moody heard us but she let us talk because I was so glad, I could not keep quiet.

I did not like the train, I thought I would, but I did'nt. It took a very long time to get down to New

Westminster, at least, I thought it did. I was very tired and sleepy.

Next morning we went, first, to see Mrs. Brynner, and then we went to the Park, that was very nice, I liked it very much. At the Exhibition Grounds, we arranged the flowers, fruit and vegetables, we brought to exhibit, and got our tickets for them. Then we went round and looked at everything. I saw many fancy work done with beautiful silk, I saw some button-holes too, but they weren't very good, and I don't think the darning was very good. The writing and the drawing and painting and collection of medical plants, was not good at all. We can write and draw like that, some of us can, but it is not good enough to get a prize. I saw a punch of everlasting, mixed up with hay, it looked rather funny. Some of the flowers were very pretty. I saw a house made of sacks of flour.

I saw some stuffed animals and birds, some photographs, and some bread made by girls not fifteen yet, there were some buns too, they looked rather hard, at least, some of them did. There were flowers frozen in ice. I heard a man playing on a piano, he was playing one of Miss Ethel's pieces, that she plays at practising time, in the morning. I saw quilts made by girls at Chilliwack, they got first and second prizes.

On Tuesday, the first thing we did when we got to the Park, was to go and see if any of our things had got prizes, and I wanted to jump for joy when I see two big red cards, one was on the flowers, it said "Provincial Exhibition, 1899. First Prize. Althea Moody, Yale. Collection Pansies." And the other card was on the plums "First Prize. Yellow Egg Plum."

There were some places you could go and get free tea and free bread and butter, and many places where you could buy cake and candy.

On Wednesday afternoon we went to Vancouver, on the tram. I met Mali there, and we tried to find Rosie, but we could not, she had gone somewhere else for a walk, with her babies; both Mali and Rosie are nurse-maids now. I had my tea at Mrs. Underhill's. I seen a real Highlander, and some sailors and soldiers. I saw three little negro girls, and I thought they painted their faces.

The river Frazer gets very broad and big down at New Westminster. The warfs go quite far in the water. I saw a ship that goes to war.

The new Cathedral is not finished yet, I went in and looked at it. The windows and chancel are all built in memory of dear Bishop, who died, a few years ago in New Westminster.

I don't think I can remember all the things I seen. Mali wanted to show me the monkeys, at Stanley Park, but we could not go; I was sorry, because I never see a monkey once in my life, and there are lions there too!

When we got home, the girls were just coming out of School, and they all rushed out to meet Miss Moody.

Sister let me have my lunch in the kitchen, and tell them all I saw. I think it was very very kind of Miss Moody and Mrs. Dart, to let me come to the Exhibition, and I will never never forget how kind they were, and all I saw in that happy, happy visit.

KATHERINE. (Ind : S.)

"Church Work in British Columbia."

A Memoir of the Episcopate of Bishop Sillitoe, by the Rev. H. Gowen, has just been published by Longmans, and is sold in this country, by H. MOREY & CO., New Westminster, at \$1.50.

To those who knew and loved Bishop Sillitoe, or had the privilege of working under him, this book will prove to be of absorbing interest. The descriptions of life and work in this Diocese are so graphic, and the illustrations so good, that it will be an invaluable book for reading aloud, and for discussion at working parties, and a great educator to those who have never before had pictures of life in B. C. brought vividly before them.

—•••—
= 1900. =

A Prayer for the New Year.

GOD make my life a little light
Within the world to glow;
A little flame that burneth bright
Wherever I may go.

God make my life a little flower
That giveth joy to all,
Content to bloom in native bower,
Although the place be small.

God make my life a little song
That comforteth the sad;
That helpeth others to be strong,
And makes the singer glad.

God make my life a little staff
Whereon the weak may rest,
That so what health and strength I have
May serve my neighbour best.

God make my life a little hymn
Of tenderness and praise;
Of faith that never waxeth dim,
In all His wondrous ways.

= **Wanted.** =

Six prs. grey union blankets, for Indian School. Three dozen counterpanes of work-house sheeting bordered with Turkey twill, size, 6x8 feet, for Indian School dormitories.

Frocks made of strong material, for summer or winter wear, to fit girls from 4 to 18 years of age. Over-all pinafores in strong galatea or Turkey twill. Odds and ends of cretonne or chintz.

DONATIONS TO BUILDING FUND.

= **Gifts Received.** =

One handsome Hall Clock, from Rev. C. Croucher, Yale, B. C. Six prs. stockings, two vests, from Mrs. Leveson's Stocking Guild, through Mrs. Mercier, Kemerton, England. One bale clothing, from Miss Relton's Working Party, Carshalton, England. One wringer, one collection of blackberry and anemone plants, from Mrs. Brym-

ner, New Westminster. Two baskets of plums, from Mrs. MacQuarrie, Yale. One copy "Bishop Sillitoe's Memoirs," from Mrs. Sillitoe, Sodbury, England. Papers, cards and pictures, from Miss K. M. Jacobson, Chester, England.

NOTICE.

THIS Magazine will be published three times a year. All the pupils in the Schools will be encouraged to write for it. Copies will be sent to parents, and charged for at the rate of 10c. a copy, in the quarterly Stationery Accounts.

The Canadian School Winter Term, will close (*D. V.*) as usual, on the 20th. of December. The Spring Term will begin (*D. V.*) on the 20th. of January, 1900.

Parents desiring to withdraw their children from the Canadian School, are requested to notify the Sister Superior to that effect, by the 1st. of January.



All Hallows in the West.

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

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

Staff of Workers :

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

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

Prayer for the Children of the Schools :

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

V. Take this child and nurse it for Me.

R. And I will give thee thy reward.

Let us pray.

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

Commemoration of those who have gone out from the Schools :

V. They will go from strength.

R. To strength.

V. And unto the God of gods.

R. Appareth every one of them in Sion.

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

ALL HALLOWS IN THE WEST.

All Hallows' Canadian School.

YALE, B. C.

ESTABLISHED 1890.

Conducted by the Sisters of All Hallows'.

VISITOR: - - THE LORD BISHOP OF NEW WESTMINSTER.

Yale is healthily situated amongst the Cascade Mountains. The School building is most comfortable, and is surrounded by lawns and a pretty garden.

THE COURSE OF STUDY INCLUDES:

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

STAFF OF TEACHERS:

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

SCHOOL TERMS:

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

School Hours: 10 to 1, 2 to 4. - - - Study Hour: 7 to 8.

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

Entrance Fee \$5.00.

SCHOOL FEES: (In Advance.)

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

Special reduction for sisters.

Application for further particulars to be made to:

THE SISTER SUPERIOR,

ALL HALLOWS' SCHOOL, YALE, B. C.