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# All Hallows in the West

*"SERVIRE DEO SAPERE."*



Christmas  
1907

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Published at

All Hallows' School, Dale, B. C.

Editor, The Sister Superior.

News-Advertiser, Printers.

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# All Hallows' Canadian School,

YALE, B.C.

ESTABLISHED 1890

For Girls of the Church of England Only.

Conducted by the Sisters of All Hallows.

VISITOR - - - - THE LORD BISHOP OF NEW WESTMINSTER

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

Games Mistress, - - Miss R. Moody.

### The Course of Study Includes:

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

### Staff of Teachers:

Primary Class	-	Mrs. Dickson.
Junior and Senior Classes, English Subjects, Latin, Mathematics, French and Musical Drills.	}	Miss Shibley, B.A., Queen's University, Kingston.
		Miss Harmer, holding Certificates from St. Andrew's, Scotland and Science Certificate from S.Kensington.
		Miss Harris, 1st Class Certificate from Prince of Wales College and Normal School, Charlottetown, P.E.I.
Music, Violin and Harmony	}	Miss R. Moody, Cert: Senior Local Centre, Assoc.: Board R. A. M. & R. C. M., Pupil of Wolfermann, at the Dresden Conservatorium.
Music, Piano - - -		Miss R. Moody, Mrs. Dickson.
German - - -	-	Miss R. Moody.
Drawing - - -	-	A Sister. Miss R. Moody.

### School Terms:

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

School Hours: 9 to 12, 1 to 3 Study Hours: 7 to 8.30

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

Pupils are prepared for the McGill University Matriculation Examination.

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

Also for School Examinations of the Royal Drawing Society.

**Entrance Fee \$5.00**

**School Fees (in Advance)**

Board and Education	- - - - -	\$30.00 a month.
Music, Piano	- - - - -	5.00 a month.
Violin	- - - - -	5.00 a month.
Painting	- - - - -	5.00 a month.

Application for further particulars to be made to:

**THE SISTER SUPERIOR**

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

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

Parochial Mission Work among the Indians	- -	Begun 1884
Indian Mission School for girls, 35 pupils	- -	" 1885
Canadian Boarding School for girls, 50 pupils	- -	" 1890

**Staff of Workers:**

Three Sisters	Miss Harmer
Miss Shibley	Mrs. Dickson
Miss R. Moody	Mrs. Hamilton
Miss Harris	

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

**Prayer for the Children of the Schools:**

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

V. Take this child and nurse it for Me.

R. And I will give thee thy reward.

*Let us pray.*

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

**Commemoration of Those who have Gone Out from the Schools:**

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

V. And unto the God of gods.

R. 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.

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VOL. VII.

CHRISTMAS, 1907.

No. 10

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## Poetry.

### CHRISTMAS EVE.

“Rejoice in the Lord alway.”

Rejoice in God alway,  
With stars in Heaven rejoice,  
Ere dawn of Christ's own day  
Lift up each little voice.  
Look up with pure glad eye,  
And count those lamps on high.  
Nay, who may count them? On our gaze  
They from their deeps come out in ever widening maze.

Each in his stand aloof  
Prepares his keenest beam,  
Upon that hovel roof,  
In at the door, to stream,  
Where meekly waits her time  
The whole earth's Flower and Prime—  
Where in few hours the Eternal One  
Will make a clear new day, rising before the sun.

\* \* \* \* \*

Rejoice in God alway:  
With powers rejoice on high,  
Who now with glad array  
Are gathered in the sky,  
His cradle to attend,  
And there all lowly bend.  
But half so low as He hath bow'd  
Did never highest Angel stoop from brightest cloud.

Rejoice in God alway,  
All creatures, bird and beast,  
Rejoice, again I say,  
His mightiest and His least;  
From ox and ass that wait  
Here on His poor estate,  
To the four living Powers, decreed  
A thousand ways at once His awful car to speed.

Rejoice in God alway,  
 With Saints in Paradise  
 Your midnight service say,  
 Your vigil glad arise.  
 E'en they in their glad bowers  
 Too tardy find the hours  
 Till He reveal the wondrous Birth:  
 How must we look and long, chained here to sin and earth!

Ye babes, to Jesus dear,  
 Rejoice in Him alway.  
 Ye whom He bade draw near,  
 O'er whom He loved to pray.  
 Wake and life up the head,  
 Each in his quiet bed.  
 Listen: His Voice the night wind brings,  
 He in your cradle lies, He in our carol sings.

Keble.

## Leaves from Our Journal.

May 17.—The first lesson for this day, which is taken from the Second Book of Kings, relates the manner in which Solomon built the Temple of the Lord in Jerusalem. With this magnificent type of architecture before the mind's eye, we began thinking about the building of our own chapel, a subject which has cost us a good deal of thinking so far, and not a few prayers.

We read about the hewn stones that were used for the walls of that other temple, there were three rows of stones and then one row of cedar beams; the inner walls were lined with cedar; the floor was of fir, hard and polished, the outer door, too, was of fir, but the inner doors, the posts and the cherubim were carved in fine olive wood. Then we read of the lancet windows, "windows for narrow lights," and of a winding staircase, of folding doors, of inlaid floors and of pillars covered with gold. We ponder over these things in connection with the house we want to build for God in the mountains of British Columbia. Before many months perhaps, we may be building. Three thousand dollars, the total of the sum we have in hand for this purpose, will not go very far, but we must make it go as far as it possibly can and lay our foundations of stone, our walls of cedar, our floors of fir, and our pillars (we must have pillars), although they cannot be of olive wood, they must be of the best wood growing in our own Canadian forests. One window of stained glass has already been promised by Mrs. Sillitoe, in memory of her husband, the late Bishop of the Diocese, and the cross, made of brass and set with

amethysts, handsome and massive in its proportions, has been sent out from England by Mr. Jephson and now waits for the altar on which it is to stand.

**May 20th.**—"Summer showers are meant for joy." We have had a good many such moments of joy within the last twelve hours. Now it has cleared and the sun has dried the earth and I am resting by the brook, looking up along the sparkling, rippling water into a vista of golden green beyond, most fair and beautiful.

Along the road I trod yesterday the brown earth was carpeted with pine needles and bordered with trailing linnea, sweet and wholesome. My eyes looked upwards to the sunlight and the arching boughs beyond, always just beyond, seeming fairest and sunniest.

**Whitsunday** brought the Bishop to celebrate the Holy Eucharist in the old school chapel. There were fifty communicants, ten of whom were girls lately confirmed, making their first communion. It was a day of rejoicing.

**May 22nd.**—The first blue butterfly, like the petal of a corn flower, fluttered across my path today, fragile, gossamer blue, a thing of summer beauty, it glanced along the hard metal road and disappeared in the tall grass. The mystery of its transient life and tender beauty known only to the God who bestowed them.

**May 25th.**—We were invited to an entertainment last night in the schoolroom. The Junior Fourth Dramatic Club presented two scenes from the "Lady of Lyons" very nicely indeed. These entertainments may seem a great waste of time to those who do not spend their lives among children and who do not understand how difficult it is to keep the children sensibly and happily employed out of school hours, especially on wet days. Voice culture and a clear articulation are also advantages to be gained by dramatic entertainments, so the J. F. D. C. receives our sympathy and warm approval.

**May 30th.**—"Busy with accounts and suffering discomfort from the presence of workmen." This entry covers five days and serves to remind us that the hall and study were newly papered and painted in the spring. And the scribe who sat with bowed head over her ledger for five days, seeing all summer beauty out of closed windows, still lived in that beauty as in the heart of God.

**May 31st.**—I came across a terse and telling sentence in a book I was reading today "Weakness is part of my kit, and the weak make the running for the strong; and it's no use messing about and trying to do what others can do much better," he said, 'that a fellow who rebelled and sulked was a silly ass, and—and he is right.'" They are only the words of a boy, homely, forcible



and true. How true some of us know, and some of us are learning to know.

**June 7th.**—Miss Kelley left us today for a long absence. Sister E. M. will be returning to England shortly. The close of the summer will see many changes here, but before that time we have a long stretch of arduous work before us, work worth the doing, we know, and we know, too, that such work brings with it a reward not seen of men, but known to the servants of God.

**June 8th.**—It has been stormy for the last day or two, and tonight the sun went down behind dark, angry clouds, leaving a trail of amber light around which the storm clouds closed hungrily; and then a tiny rainbow, faint and shadowy, arched the heavens, that in fading left a copper colored ring like a crown to rest with gloomy radiance upon the mountain top.

**June 11th.**—The McGill matriculation examination has begun. We have eight pupils prepared for it.

**June 17th.**—The Indian School closing took place today. It was a perfect June-rose day, clear, sunny and sweetly fragrant. Archdeacon Pentreath kindly came up to distribute the prizes.

**June 19th.**—The day has been sultry and clouds are gathering ominously overhead. At 4 o'clock this morning we had a drenching rainstorm which settled the dust, and who does not know the delicious earthy smell which greets one's nostrils on the morning after a storm. Just such an earthy smell pervaded the air. The wind blew down the acacia petals and left them lying in drifts of cream and brown, edging the garden path and carpeting the verandah.

**June 20th.**—The music examinations are now going on. Mr. B—— arrived on the morning train, which was fortunately "on time"—so we shall not be hurried and our sixteen trembling candidates have plenty of time in which to do themselves and their teachers justice.

The children's examinations have set me thinking a good deal about them and their training and education. Character building should be the special feature of our work here. Jean Ingelwou writes, "A good teacher has to master the fact that the word education is derived from 'educio,' 'I draw out,' and not from 'addo,' 'I give to'; so the children must be trained to train themselves and learn how to learn. A far better equipment for life and its lessons than any ready-made cloak of superficial knowledge which covers all individualities and fits none.

**June 22nd.**—I went down to the gate tonight to speak to a neighbor. Low down on the river there was a white mist rising, which also partly curtained the purple of the mountains; and there

was a great silver moon riding in the deep blue sky above. And the whole world seemed swimming in that whiteness, and God and His angels were very near.

**June 28th.**—The summer is yet young, the June roses are not all faded, and the chill of the springtime air has been tempered by the summer sun till shade is a condition to be coveted, and in the shade of the old acacias we sat this afternoon and enjoyed the children's play.

For the first time in many years we had ventured on having an out-door afternoon entertainment for our great annual prize giving, and owing to the perfection of the weather, the kindness of many friends and the zeal and energy of the staff and the children, the day proved an unqualified success.

**1 A.M.**—The play is over, the guests are gone, the house is hushed to stillness. I watch the day breaking through the dusk of dawn with a dewy flush that makes it seem as if earth and air with all their winds and sweetness were just born.

**June 29th.**—Again night has fallen and purpled into a dewy dusk; the air is full of wandering scents from the briar and the white roses; the silence is restful. Yesterday under the acacias the children danced and sang, today they are many miles away. Some are already with their mothers, others are yet journeying homewards, all with joy and the golden summer of youth and life before them.

**June 30th.**—Yesterday I heard a child's voice saluting the early dawn, a voice that was quickly hushed by another voice, one of order and authority. I listen in vain for the children's voices on this misty morning, "all the green world, the white air washed with dew, and the silence almost perceptible."

**July 1st.**—It is Dominion Day and the Indian children who are still here are expecting some treat. So we pack the luncheon baskets and send them all out to picnic in the woods by Gordon Creek.

**July 2nd.**—Sweeps and soot! Soot and sweeps! is the burden of our song, and we chant it very cheerily in spite of adverse circumstances. By 5 o'clock the work is done. On Lee and his assistant have retired black but triumphant after a gallant struggle with "cross flues," errant bricks and wandering fir boughs (which are our substitute for chimney brooms).

**July 5th.**—Departures are still occupying our attention. Fifty-four of our "family" have gone, twenty-seven are going, and the new station agent is growing old and careworn under the stress of his duties at our little village "deepo."

**July 6th.**—At last the “goodbyes” have all been spoken, and yet it is unusually early for the Indian children to pack up and go. The sudden calm after the whirl of the last few weeks makes those of us who are left behind feel rather forlorn.

**July 9th.**—After a hot, dusty journey and a night at the hotel, a small party from the school boarded the “Belcarra” this morning en route for our tiny cabin by the sea. The two Indian girls who are of the party are seeing for the first time a body of water which is not the Fraser or Gordon Creek! Their delight is unbounded. They have discovered that the water is salt; they are going to see if it is buoyant and how long it will take them to learn to swim without the help of “wings.”

A small “family” of nine children are left at home under Sister Marion’s care, and Miss Francis has most kindly given up part of her holiday to assist her. They write to tell us of picnics to the “cable,” of expeditions across the river, of jam-making and fruit-picking, of hot, sunny days and cool, dewy nights. We write to tell them of sailing and rowing and bathing, of amateur house-keeping, of days of plenty when the “Belcarra” comes in bringing provisions, of days of famine, when half a loaf is a dear possession and butter is conspicuous by its absence.

There was one expedition to Indian River which will always remain a delightful memory. We went out in a launch and steamed along the coast for a distance of eight miles, anchoring a few yards from the shore. After tea, when the tide served, we ran into the mouth of the river in a light rowing boat. A lovelier spot it would be difficult to find. Clear, limpid water passing swiftly over a pebbly beach, deep woods on either side running back to dark blue mountains raising their stately heads to an azure sky. We passed a hut occupied by a lone old woodsman, or perchance a “prospector.” We sighted a merry camping party cooking their evening meal over a gypsy fire. There the stream flowed into a narrower channel and we passed into the green stillness of the woods into wonderful shadows and musical ripples.

**July 31st.**—The summer heat is intense, not a breath seems to stir the air, and the sun is scorching. The garden is suffering not only for want of water, but for want of “John,” our one-time faithful servitor, who came back from China in the spring and resumed his duties at the school with apparent willingness. But John, after crossing the seas to visit the land of his fathers, was a different man from the John who lived and labored humbly in the land of his exile. It followed that after six months of desultory work the new John took up his bundle and departed, delivering his decision with brevity: “Me no more work.”

**August.—**

"The roses have faded—the wilful wild roses,  
 They sleep with the violets that bloomed in the spring;  
 The midsummer glory has gone from the hedges,  
 Where only the blackberries cluster and cling.

"We measure the flight of the year by its seasons,  
 'It fell in the hay-time, or harvest,' we say,  
 'At the fall of the leaf, or when primroses blossom,'  
 Or else 'When the berries are red on the spray.'"

Yale is infinitely lovely after the recent storms. We have returned to duty sun-browned, hardy and joyously ready to take up the "trivial round of common tasks."

Our Sisters have sailed from England and we are exerting ourselves to get the schools ready for occupation before their arrival.

The days of the month are flying all too swiftly for all we have to do. At 4 o'clock one morning a busy toiler had to rise to meet the thousand pressing duties of the day. Long had she been watching for the dawn. It came at last, first a pearly grey twilight, then the glancing rays of the sun making the sky all roseate in the east over grim old Linky, and up the woods by the brook the birds began calling to one another.

**August 29th.**—Our houses are getting quite full again. The Sisters arrived safely. They were followed by Miss Shibley and Miss Harmer and the rest of the staff, finally by the children, until once more we numbered ninety-five souls in the "family."

**September 6th.**—The Bishop came to take the services in the chapel today, and with the offering of the Holy Eucharist in the early morning, the term seemed really to open.

**September 16th.**—On this day those of us who were left behind experienced an unwontedly "empty" feeling in the house, a curious sensation, when the school was almost at its fullest; but the presence was missing of her who had been the first to begin the work in 1884 and who had not gone away so far for eleven long years.

We were not allowed much time, however, to indulge in feelings, for a few hours had hardly elapsed since the departure of our travellers, when an unmistakeable case of measles showed itself in the school, and isolation and other like measures filled our thoughts.

All our precautions were, however, unavailing, and each fortnight afterwards, just as we were triumphantly coming out of quarantine, someone else succumbed! Altogether, twelve in one

school and ten in the other had it, and great was our thankfulness when we were really free from it at last.

**October.**—A most glorious autumn. Bright sunny days and clear, starry nights helped wonderfully towards good recoveries for our invalids.

In between whiles the garden engaged much attention. It had suffered greatly from the defection of the faithless John, so that his very energetic successor found plenty to occupy him. Though drastic measures were needed, and though the garden looked very bare, yet a gardener's prophetic soul is able to hope much from it in the future.

**November.**—So the term went on, diversified and enlivened (we are never allowed to be dull!) by birthday parties, plays, Hal-  
lowe'en festivities, and the great central point of all, the chapel services for our special Festival of All Saints, when the Archdeacon was with us for the second time this term. Though our garden was bare and empty, yet other gardens in the village, and an "old girl's" gift, beautified the chapel with many lovely white flowers, and children's voices rose in familiar hymn and anthem.

Still winter held off, and it was after "St Martin's Summer" before we had any real frost. Many people tell us that we may expect a fairly mild winter, an immense relief to many of us, though the children enjoy the excitements of a cold winter keenly. The Indians say that whereas last year the squirrels were almost frantic in their endeavors to lay in sufficient stores for the hard winter they felt coming on, yet this year they are not troubling about food at all.

**December.**—Advent has begun with all its outward and apparent preparations for keeping the coming festival, Christmas gifts, Christmas carols, Christmas home-going; and, underlying all these, there are the unseen, but no less real, preparations for celebrating the "Birthday of our God and King."

Though most of the household are looking forward to spending Christmas elsewhere, we and our Indian children hope once again, and perhaps for the last time, to keep Christmas here in our little stable chapel.

For we hope, all being well, to begin building our new chapel in the spring. There are still many difficulties in the way, but, as George Herbert says:

"When Thou dost favor any action,  
It runs, it flies;  
All things concur to give it a perfection."

## HALLOWE'EN.

This is a joyous time for the girls, and a comparatively peaceful one for the grown-ups. It matters not that festivities are postponed till a few days after the real Hallowe'en. The family is too busy for mischief, and too keen for the great event of the Hallowe'en party to imperil its success by misdeeds!

This year they gave a few brief dramatic gems in the Indian school room, and then such a supper as will live long in many memories.

The intellectual part of the feast was, on the whole, very classic. A story, hastily dramatized by the resident dramatist, called the "Hohenzollern Ghost," was acted by Nan, Phyllis, Elsie and Edith very well indeed. An excerpt from "Hamlet" was given with much spirit.

The three witches of "Macbeth" were ably represented by Nan, Hope and Rita. Later, Phyllis sang two songs, and gave a recitation, illustrated by the little ones, while Rita obliged the audience with a comic ditty. The proceedings were brought to a close by "God Save the King," and everyone adjourned joyfully to the dining hall for supper. But some of us thought we must have lost our way! Was that spacious and stately apartment, with its quaint decorations, its candles gleaming from behind strange faces, its table, at once so bountifully and so daintily spread, its wreathed walls, further bedight with every Hallowe'en emblem known to man—was that the room in which we took ordinary meals, learnt (or did not learn) ordinary lessons? Truly, it was—yet how marvelously transformed! The supper would have satisfied an epicure—it included the sweet perils of snap-dragon, and the giving away of strange prophecies, immured in walnut shells. We received these in a mystic spot on the back stairs, from the hands of a smiling witch.

Just a little dancing made everyone very happy, and then—hey, Presto! Busy hands made all the transformations disappear, and we went to bed!

## IN LIGHTER VEIN.

The Seniors found themselves face to face with two festival occasions—the birthday of the new Sister ~~Clara~~ whom they desired greatly to honor, and the birthday of Miss Shibley, their own especial teacher. They planned a great play! But one good reason and another put off the observance of the dual festival, and, when it did take place, there was a third reason for its occurrence—the visit of Bernice Harrison.

So, after many strenuous days—to speak more correctly, after-

noons—the great play was played on the evening of the Sixteenth of November. The scenery of the “Princess” was again used, for Acts One and Five. The three intervening acts were forest scenes, easily supplied from the neighboring groves.

The play chosen was “Ingomar.” It was long; it was in blank verse; it was, on the whole, serious, though not tragic. The comedy—in the persons of Polydor and Myron—was most delightfully supplied by Alyson and Viva. The other parts were well sustained, Mariette deserving praise as Actea, the mother. The Greek citizens looked very handsome, and, though they said little, said it well. Rita made a stately Timarch, and the robbers were, for the most part, vigorous and fierce. Phyllis was a sweet and dainty Parthenia, and the audience could not wonder that she subdued the noble barbarian. She sang sweetly and danced most gracefully. But for her vocal and terpsichorean efforts, the play was remarkable for going straight on with no interruptions during its course. This was a change from many previous performances, and one that gave satisfaction.

The chief honors of the evening, however, rest with Nan, whose portrayal of Ingomar, the barbarian chief, was full of strength, dignity and nobility. She said her long blank verse speeches exceedingly well, and never, for one moment, was anyone but Ingomar. The character called for serious work, and serious work had been given. From the moment that the young barbarian declaimed upon the merits of freedom, the joys of the wild forest, to the moment when he yielded his sword to Parthenia, and the still greater moment when he sacrificed his liberty to save her and hers, the impersonation never failed in dignity and beauty.

From

“Freedom is hunting, fighting, feeding, danger!  
That, that is freedom—”

to

“The slavery which gives thee freedom,  
Brings along with it,  
So rich a treasure of consoling joy,  
That liberty is poor and worthless by its side—”

is a far cry. But so gradually, with such natural relapses, did the barbarian become the noble, self-sacrificing citizen, that none were surprised.

Not only were her lines delivered with feeling, delicacy and force, but her voice was beautifully modulated; and the abrupt transitions from the rage of the barbarian to the tenderness of the lover and protector of the Greek maiden thrown upon his care, were remarkable for fine and careful shading which spoke of good work in rehearsals.

---

 THE TRIUMPH OF HOPE.
 

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Through the Autumn woods I strayed,  
 Yellow leaves were falling fast,  
 Choking paths and open glade,  
 Whirling in the furious blast.

In the West the setting sun  
 'Twixt red cloudy bars was seen  
 Peering through the forest dun,  
 Robbed of all its sheltering green.

But the wild brook hurrying by,  
 Turbid with incessant rain,  
 Reckless shouted, "Free am I,  
 Till grim winter forge its chain."

"What!" I cried, "is Summer fled?  
 What! Shall Frost again be king?  
 Quick the happy days have sped;  
 Is there promise of the Spring?"

Hard beside an ancient oak,  
 (Stark its boughs and hoar with eld),  
 Thus methought the silence broke,  
 Thus my craven fears dispelled.

Yes; in mire my crown is flung,  
 With rough tears my bark is wet;  
 But, where once a leaflet hung,  
 See! e'en now the bud is set.

Bear with me the wintry stour,  
 What if icy tempests blow?  
 Hope forestals the vernal hour,  
 Hope disarms the grisly foe.

E. D. S.

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 FOUR GIRLS UNDER CANVAS.
 

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Tenting—word to conjure with, that brings before one's mind the glint of white among the trees, recalls the sense of responsibilities forgotten, and of joys hitherto undreamed of.

Thus it was, dusters and brooms a thing of the past (to be thought of occasionally to make present pleasures more poignantly appreciated) that a camp was pitched in the heart of the woods, amid scenery of unsurpassed grandeur, and four congenial spirits entered upon eight weeks of delight.



But these are recollections softened by time! We began our sojourn in a storm of rain and hail, and all our optimistic forces were called into strenuous activity those first few days, when, with four of us and seven trunks, we yet had to make room for a bale and a half of hay, which the rain-wary carpenter had not had the courage to reclaim, and whose permeating odor was in evidence to such an extent that one tent was immediately christened "The Barn!"

But the forces of nature cannot be unrelenting forever, and finally we emerged, rather musty and mildewed, but still cheerful, and set about the altogether pleasant task of enjoying ourselves.

Then followed days of paddling, long excursions up the Bow—river of woods and whims, now contented and peaceful, winding between its wooded banks, only to dash itself down in a fit of fury, a tumbling iridescent heap of foam, its gentle ripples of a few moments before changed to an angry roar.

Up all the different streams we went, following the sign-boards—"To Echo River" one alluring notice reads—but we never discovered the Echo, though other attractions made up for the loss. "Willow Creek to the Lakes" read another, and how we all lost our hearts to the charm of Willow Creek—place of delight, deep and narrow, the willows clasping tentative fingers overhead, whilst we wound in and out, each curve, however often we might wind 'round them, a constant surprise.

To paddle thus was our chief delight all hours of the day, and we never could decide which was the best time, though one scene we shall never forget

Inky-black clouds and mountains all about us, the faintest primrose color gleaming through the willows, flickering on the drops from the paddles, whilst away to the west was a trail of pink clear across the sky, as if some gentle finger had given it a light caress, and the only sound the ripple of the canoe as it swung in and out, following the current.

Then the mornings, when with ill-concealed eagerness we would hurry down to get our ponies—"Happy," "Khaki," "Buster" and "Muskoka"—and set off for a ten-mile ride, always in a new direction—over the crest of a mountain, high above the Bow, or cantering in a wild race over a level stretch of road, when with very little effort one could fancy oneself pursued by Indians—indeed, from our shrieks you could easily imagine us as such—or tying our horses to rustic bridges whilst we dismounted for a drink, feeling so like a book personage, and fearing that at any moment we might rudely awaken to find ourselves at humdrum work once more.

Thus the days flew past, each enhanced by the never-ceasing supply of funny things seen on all sides. The people at the hotel where we breakfasted and dined—we had all the poetry of camping and none of the prose—were a never-failing source of amuse-

ment, and it is with shame that I must confess that we immortalized them in such snatches of doggerel as we could perpetrate between us.

The wet days gave us our friends, for we were compelled to stay within doors a few hours when the rain was quite equal to the description one often doubtfully reads when it "descends as a solid sheet, blotting out the landscape." It was all that and more!

Those wet mornings what fun we had at the camp—dashing from one tent to another, and into the rain for hasty ablutions, taken, quite as a matter of course, outside.

How we laughed when one suggested what our feelings would be should one's mother say, "My dear, it isn't raining very heavily, run out now and wash!"

Lunch time saw us up the river or on the primitive wagon-road on the side of the Vermillion Mountains. Pity the man, who, allured by the written description of the "delightful motoring one may have from Banff to Laggan" along this self-same road, attempts it, for this road should be named the "Motorists' Terror," and the sign, "Abandon hope—and tires—all ye who enter here," be set up at its entrance! But for picnics it is delightful—one never feels quite sure whether one will be required to clamber down a precipice or ford a small river, and "variety is the spice of life!"

The weeks flew by, and riding, paddling, swimming or climbing, we enjoyed ourselves with a childishness not at all compatible with our years; and friendship seemed sweeter away from the cramped restrictions of city life.

Sounds and smells were invested with a new delight; the ordinary occurrences of everyday life were lightened with much laughter, and so, always together, we sought from nature, and found happiness.

Then two of us had to leave, and we other two adjusted ourselves all over again and hastened to glean all that was possible from the remaining weeks.

Other camps were breaking up also, and often up the river we would hear the chorus of "Auld Lang Syne" ring out, followed by a verse of "Blest Be the Tie That Binds," and we would both feel it was cruel that such a summer should come to an end.

But life is full of surprises, and we had yet to see Banff in another aspect than that of tears and laughter.

We wakened one morning in an unnatural quiet and gazed across at each other, apprehension dawning in our eyes. Slowly—and shiveringly—I crawled out and peered through the flaps of the tent. "Oh, Frances!" I gasped, and then words failed me.

It was snowing! Snowing in a quiet, unassuming manner that smote terror to our souls. But the funny side of it struck us, and we laughed until we were weak.

Such a scurry to get dressed, to dig out such sundry necessities as brushes and combs, and to fly over to the hotel, where we were received with a chorus of questions and warmed and coddled till we felt we could once more move naturally.

We spent three nights under canvas through that storm, everything, including the corners of our quilts, frozen stiff; but at last a fine day dawned, and with regret in our hearts we bade a fond farewell to the mountains that had sheltered us, to the friends who had welcomed us so warmly, to the river that had given us such vast entertainment, and, settling down in the prosaic train, sent one "long, last, lingering look," and then gave ourselves up to dreams and memories.

Elinor M. Hanington.

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### PRIZE DAY.

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(From a Victoria Paper)

On Thursday, June 26th, the All Hallows' School, Yale, was the scene of much activity. It was a delightful day, the heat tempered by breezes, the sun pleasantly obscured by passing clouds. The beautiful grounds, in their setting of mountain peaks, the near points green with verdure, the more distant heights still crowned with snow, were gay with youthful forms and rang with happy voices.

The Chaplain, Mr. Underhill, and Archdeacon and Mrs. Penreath were present with local and other visitors.

At 3:30 o'clock precisely, the orchestra struck a joyous strain. This was followed by a short scene from "A Mid Summer Night's Dream." The dresses of the youthful actors were severely Greek, and showed to great advantage against the green trees, and flowering shrubs of the lawn, where the afternoon plays were staged. Arches of wild syringa formed picturesque "exits and entrances."

The spirited quarreling and wooing of the Shakespearean characters having been settled by a merry Puck, the orchestra again enlivened the proceedings very tunefully and harmoniously. Then came two adapted scenes from "The Lady of Lyons," in which fourteen of the junior fourth class presented the characters. Gay courtiers, a most delightful villain, a handsome prince, a pensive Pauline, a group of merry little maidens, and a "long-haired page in crimson clad" acted with gaiety and spirit, needing no prompting, and displaying a considerable amount of histrionic ability. Their voices were clear and easily heard, even by those most remote from the pretty stage. To these scenes succeeded a third selection on the stringed instruments, which was loudly applauded. Then followed the singing of "All Hallows" patriotic song, and at last came the distribution of prizes. A list of the winners is subjoined.

Two hours later came the dramatic event of the year—the senior play. A dramatization of Tennyson's "Princess" had been chosen, and this fanciful story was the poem itself. The curtain, rising, exposed to the view of the beholders, a pretty garden scene, with a fencing bout in full progress. At the close of the scene, "O, Swallow, Swallow, Flying South," was sung by the four actors on the stage in a very charming and dramatic way.

The orchestral interlude was brilliantly played, and afforded much pleasure. The second scene represented the hall of the university, and was both a delight and a surprise to the beholders. Marble columns, standing forth in bold relief, disclosed a charming vista of blue distance and wooded grove. The gowns of the princess and her attendants made very satisfying pictures against this background. Violin solos filled up the entr'actes and the play drew to its close in a rapt silence, the spirit and ease of the performers producing a degree of illusion not often found in amateur performances. Perhaps the most impressive scene was the fourth, in which the prostrate form of Lady Psyche was visible lying in the soldier's tent, while unseen singers chanted the beautiful lyric, "Home They Brought Her Warrior Dead." Stage, dresses and acting were all of a very high order of merit and reflected great credit upon the pupils who took such worthy parts, and upon those who had trained them to such very satisfactory work.

Two solos deserve special mention, "Tears, Idle Tears," and "Ask Me No More," sung by the princess to the wounded prince.

The play was preceded by a very effective Japanese drill, enlivened by selections from the "Mikado," very tunefully sung.

When the actors in their picturesque costumes gathered on the stage to sing "God Save the King," they were received with a burst of well merited applause. The proceedings were closed by a dainty supper, and the singing of "Auld Lang Syne." The archdeacon's speech and those of the chaplain were not the least enjoyable features of the occasion.

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Overture by the Orchestra.

**"A Midsummer Night's Dream."**

Demetrius.....	Rita Findley
Lysander.....	Alice McMynn
Helena.....	Margaret Lake
Hermia.....	Lorena Rourke
Puck.....	Ina Norton

## Scenes from "Lady of Lyons."

Claude Helnotte.....	Doris McLachan
M. Beusant.....	Alyson Beanlands
Colonel Damas.....	Frances Cook
M. De Roi.....	Frances Whitworth
M. Glavis.....	Mabel Greene
Charles.....	Violet Kirby
Pierre.....	Sybil Bagshaw
Pauline.....	Laura Phipps
Madame Deschappelles.....	Hope Bradburn
Maidens—Julienne, Helen Beck; Victorine, Ermine Bass; Marguerite, Grace Cross; Sylvie, Jean Jephson.	
Isadore, a page.....	Ina Norton

In the evening—

## "The Princess."

Prince Hilarion.....	Elsie Honeyman
Cyril.....	Nan Grant
Florian.....	Constance Hall
The King.....	Dorothy Broad
Ambassador.....	Phyllis Davis
Princess Ida.....	Evelyn Holmes
Lady Psyche.....	Bernice Harrison
Lady Blanche.....	Ida Shaw
Melissa.....	Phyllis Davis
Portress.....	Marguerite McLagan
Maidens.....	Members of the Senior Class
Violin solos, given between scenes, by Hope Bradburn. Bea Inkman and Bernice Harrison, were of a high order of merit. "The War March of the Priests," rendered by the orchestra in a most masterly and spirited manner, was very much enjoyed.	

**The Prize List** was as follows:

- Class Prize, Senior V.—Constance Hall and Ethelyn Trapp (equal).
- Junior V.—Rosabel Homprey.
- Junior IV.—(a) Jean Jephson.
- Junior IV.—(b) Grace Cross.
- Primary—Jean Ross.
- .... Scripture, Senior—Edith Rich, donated by the bishop.
- Junior IV.—Jean Jephson.
- Primary—Kathleen Greene.
- English Literature and Composition, Senior—Elsie Honeyman and Bernice Harrison (equal). Donated by Rev. H. Underhill.
- English and Canadian History, Senior—Edith Rich.
- IV.—Alyson Beanlands.
- Primary—Marjorie Johnston.

French, Senior A.—Dorothy Broad.

Senior B.—Marguerite McLagan.

Junior IV.—Hope Bradburn.

Primary—Eileen Nesbit.

Latin, Senior—Dorothy Broad.

Mythology, Junior A.—Ina Norton, prize donated by Miss Harmer.

Junior IV.—Mabel Greene.

Primary—Sybil Underhill.

Writing, Primary—Enid Underhill.

Special for map drawing, open to all—Grace Cross.

General Improvement, Class IV.—Rita Findley, prize donated by Sister Superior.

Schoolroom—Alyson Beanlands.

Monitresses—Alice McMynn.

Prefects—Rita Ferguson and Gladys McCreath. Prizes donated by sisters and the staff.

Gold medal for good conduct (on the honor roll for eight months of the year)—Edith Rich, Rita Ferguson and Beatrice Inkman (equal).

The last chosen by almost unanimous vote. The prize was donated by Mrs. Croucher.

Merit Cards (for obtaining an average of 50 per cent. on all examinations), Senior—Constance Hall, Ethlyn Trapp, Evelyn Holmes, Ida Shaw, Bernice Harrison, Beatrice Inkman, Irene Creery and Rosabel Homphrey.

Junior—Jean Jephson and Alyson Beanlands.

Primary—Jean Ross, Marjorie Johnston and Eileen Nesbit.



### PASSED MCGILL UNIVERSITY MATRICULATION.

PRELIMINARY EXAMINATION, JUNE, 1907.

Ida Shaw.....	Greenwood, B. C.
Evelyn Holmes.....	Victoria, B. C.
Constance Hall.....	Calgary, Alta.
Ethelyn Trapp.....	New Westminster, B. C.
Edith Rich.....	Ladner, B. C.
Irene Creery.....	Vancouver, B. C.
Phyllis Davis.....	Nanaimo, B. C.
Nan Grant.....	Victoria, B. C.

Of 550 candidates for preliminary matriculation from the whole Dominion, 290 passed the examination. All candidates from All Hallows were successful, Ida Shaw ranking first in British Columbia and sixth in Canada.

**MUSIC EXAMINATIONS.**

Associated Board, R. A. M. and R. C. M., June, 1907.

**LOCAL, CENTRE INTERMEDIATE.**

B. Inkman (violin).....	126
B. Harrison (violin).....	117
B. Harrison (piano).....	103

**HIGHER DIVISION SCHOOL EXAMINATIONS.**

E. Holmes (piano).....	114
D. Broad (harmony).....	108
B. Inkman (harmony).....	104
B. Harrison (harmony).....	100

**LOWER DIVISION.**

R. Homfray (piano).....	119
E. Holmes (harmony).....	118
I. Creery (piano).....	115
E. Trapp (piano).....	104

**ELEMENTARY DIVISION.**

E. Bass, (piano).....	Distinction 134
I. Norton (piano).....	" 130
A. Beanlands (piano).....	117
H. Beck (piano).....	110
E. Nesbitt (piano).....	110

**PRIMARY DIVISION.**

D. Beck (piano).....	111
H. Hogbin (piano).....	103
J. Ross (piano).....	100

**RUDIMENTS OF MUSIC.**

I. Creery C. Hall

**PRIMARY THEORY.**

R. Homfray,	V. Galletly,
R. Phipps,	E. Bass,

I. Norton.

**ROYAL DRAWING SOCIETY.****Examinations Held in June, 1907.****DIVISION I. HONORS.**

Ethelyn Trapp,  
 Sybil Bagshaw,  
 Frances Cook,  
 Mabel Green,  
 Ina Morton,  
 Constance Howell,  
 Doris McLagan,  
 Marguerite McLagan,  
 Rita Findley.

**DIVISION I. PASS.**

Clara Swenson,  
 Rosabel Homfray,  
 Constance Hall.

## DIVISION II. HONORS.

Ethelyn Trapp,  
Alyson Beanlands.

## DIVISION II. PASS.

Ina Morton,  
Mabel Green,  
Alice McMynn,  
Constance Hall,  
Annie Grant,  
Viva Galetley,  
Laura Phipps,  
Violet Kirby,  
Rosabel Homfray,  
Hope Bradborn.

## DIVISION III. HONORS.

Elsie Honeyman.

## DIVISION III. PASS.

Constance Hall,  
Rita Ferguson,  
Ermine Bass,  
Ethelynn Trapp,  
Ida Shaw.

## DIVISION IV. HONORS.

Grace Cross,  
Hester Barker.

## DIVISION IV. PASS.

Elsie Honeyman.

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### A DAY IN THE WOODS.

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It was at early dawn. The dew lay heavily on the grass, like little sparkling diamonds. The dawn was just breaking through the mist, and the sun began to peep through that as it lay on the lake. The air was glorious. Never had the world looked so beautiful as our thought as we made our way down to the boat-house.

We were soon skimming over the lake's smooth waters. Not a sound was heard but the dipping of the oars and the soft call of half-awakened birds.

Then across the lake and away from the beautifully kept lawns of the hotel where nature was seen in its own wild beauty, we made our way through the woods on a hunt for ferns. Up the mountainside we went. Now and again a bird, startled by our early intrusion, fluttered up from our very feet it seemed, chirping in surprise.

At last, after making our way through the long dew-laden grass and over mossy rocks, we came upon a dear little rippling brook, its waters daintily falling over a rock, forming a tiny cataract, and then on, winding in and out down the mountainside. On either side maple and fir trees stretched their long arms out in protection over it; and here and there, nestling in a little nook close to the stream, clustered the most beautiful and delicate maiden-



hair that ever grew. It was so very pretty, it seemed almost wicked to take it from its shelter, but we hardened our hearts and soon had a lovely boxful. Here we had breakfast, which never tasted so nice before; afterwards we wandered at leisure in two's and three's, some reading close to the water's edge and others gathering the wild flowers that grew in sweet confusion here, there and everywhere. Not until late in the evening did we leave the beautiful garden of Eden and turn with slow and thoughtful steps, each silent in her own reflections, back to the hotel.

Once more we glided over the waters. Now it was dark, the great moon shone overhead, dipping its reflections here and there, and everywhere the stars were in twinkling myriads.

Bernice Harrison.

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## School Register.

### CHRISTMAS, 1907.

1. Marian Arnould.....Sardis, B. C.
2. Lilian Arnould.....Sardis, B. C.
3. Alyson Beanlands.....Victoria, B. C.
4. Angela Beanlands.....Victoria, B. C.
5. Ermine Bass.....Victoria, B. C.
6. Helen Beck.....Port Arthur, Ont.
7. Doris Beck.....Port Arthur, Ont.
8. Dorothy Broad.....New Westminster, B. C.
9. Sybil Bagshaw.....Victoria, B. C.
10. Phyllis Barnes.....Edmonton, Alta.
11. Gwendoline Barnes.....Edmonton, Alta.
12. Irene Creery.....Vancouver, B. C.
13. Monica Child.....Calgary, Alta.
14. Grace Cross.....Victoria, B. C.
15. Hilda Coote.....Chilliwack, B. C.
16. Phyllis Davis.....Victoria, B. C.
17. Florence Findley.....Vancouver, B. C.
18. Rita Findley.....Vancouver, B. C.
19. Ruth Freeman.....Lethbridge, Alta.
20. Annie Grant.....Victoria, B. C.
21. Viva Galetley.....Banff, Alta.
22. Mabel Green.....Kelowna, B. C.
23. Kathleen Green.....Kelowna, B. C.
24. Constance Hall.....Calgary, Alta.
25. Elsie Honeyman.....Ladners, B. C.
26. Hilda Hogbin.....Calgary, Alta.
27. Freda Harvey.....Qu'Appelle, Sask.
28. Beth Harvey.....Qu'Appelle, Sask.
29. Janet Hamilton.....Vancouver, B. C.
30. Beatrice Inkman.....Agassiz, B. C.

31. Jean Jephson.....Calgary, Alta.
32. Marjorie Johnston.....Vancouver, B. C.
33. Marguerite McLagan.....Hazelbrae, B. C.
34. Doris McLagan.....Hazelbrae, B. C.
35. Alice McMynn.....Greenwood, B. C.
36. Ina Norton.....Victoria, B. C.
37. Eileen Nesbitt.....Vancouver, B. C.
38. Gwendoline Pearson.....Vancouver, B. C.
39. Edith Rich.....Ladner, B. C.
40. Lorena Rourke.....Vancouver, B. C.
41. Clara Swenson.....Ladners, B. C.
42. Huberta Shaw.....Greenwood, B. C.
43. Ethelyn Trapp.....New Westminster, B. C.
44. Edith Townley.....Vancouver, B. C.
45. Doris Young.....Port Arthur, Ont.
46. Norma Young.....Port Arthur, Ont.
47. Sybil Underhill.....Vancouver, B. C.
48. Enid Underhill.....Vancouver, B. C.

### Names Registered for Future Vacancies.

- Edith Brown.....Victoria, B. C.  
 Helena Astley.....Banff, Alta.  
 Constance Astley.....Banff, Alta.  
 Ethel Gibbs.....Lillooet, B. C.  
 Lulu Kirby.....Keremeos, B. C.  
 Gertrude Winch.....Vancouver, B. C.  
 Lettie Scholfield.....Trail, B. C.  
 Katherine Dempster.....Kamloops, B. C.  
 Lillian Piercy.....Victoria, B. C.  
 Valeria Nichols.....Seattle, Wash.  
 Dorothy Jackson.....Vancouver, B. C.  
 Dulcie Power.....Thrusms, B. C.  
 M. Blackwell.....Seattle, Wash.  
 Alvina Weiler.....Victoria, B. C.  
 Mildred Irvine.....Nelson, B. C.  
 Madeline Griffin.....Blaine, Wash.  
 Aimee Geogan.....Mt. Tolmie, B. C.  
 Dorothy Bell.....Ladners, B. C.  
 Mary Agatha Holt.....Surrey Centre, B. C.  
 Wenonah Holt.....Surrey Centre, B. C.  
 Dorothy Lucas.....Sardis, B. C.  
 Margery Lucas.....Sardis, B. C.  
 Mildred Boyle.....Vancouver, B. C.  
 Dorothy Burmgeat.....Vernon, B. C.  
 Marjorie Burmgeat.....Vernon, B. C.  
 Effie Johnston.....Nanaimo, B. C.  
 Margaret Hein.....Epworth, B. C.  
 Madeline Hall.....Winnipeg, Man.

## SPECIAL NOTICE.

It will be seen that a change has been made in the school fees, raising them from \$20.00 to \$30.00 a month.

This is necessitated by the increased cost of living in this part of the world. Statistics have been gathered which show that the increase has been over 47 per cent. in the last three years, so that payments which were sufficient formerly do not now cover expenses.

Also it is thought desirable to make some alterations and improvements in the school, and this cannot be done without some considerable outlay. As we go to press a new hot water apparatus for the bathrooms is being put in place. Other improvements, it is hoped, will follow as funds permit.

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 Visitors' Book.
 

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**June**—Rev. H. and Mrs. Underhill, and Margaretta Underhill, Vancouver; Mrs. McLagan, Hazelbrae; Archdeacon Pentreath, Mrs. Ross, Vancouver;; Mrs. Pentreath, Vancouver.

**July**—Bishop of New Westminster.

**August**—Bishop of New Westminster.

**September**—Mrs. Coote, Chilliwack; Mrs. Davis, Farnel; Mrs. Townley, Vancouver; Mr. and Mrs. Percy Barnes, Edmonton; Bishop of New Westminster; Archdeacon Small, Lytton; Rev. H. Underhill, Miss Elinor Hanington, Victoria; Mrs. Carey, Kingston, Ont.; Archdeacon Pentreath, Rev. C. Croucher, Mrs. Croucher, Yale; Mrs. Beecher, Vancouver; Mrs. Jemmett, Agassiz; Rev. T. Thompson.

**October**—Bishop of New Westminster; Rev. H. Beacham, Vancouver; the Very Rev. the Dean of Qu'Appelle; Archdeacon Pentreath.

**November**—Rev. F. G. Richard, Surrey Centre; Rev. H. Underhill, Miss Bernice Harrison, Victoria; Rev. E. Pugh, Lytton; Miss Hilda Hanington, St. John, New Brunswick; Mr. and Mrs. Townley, Vancouver; Mr. Oscar Bass, Victoria, B. C.

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 All Hallows' Chapel.
 

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Our last Christmas, probably, in our little stable chapel!

How many thronging memories it brings! Looking back, it seems but a short time since Bishop Sillitoe and Archdeacon Woods were with us there, with many others who have since passed within the veil and joined the Church at rest.

How they would have rejoiced, rather, how they do rejoice with us at the approaching fulfilment of long cherished hopes, in the raising of a building somewhat more worthy of Him who deigns to dwell amongst us.

For long years we hoped to be able at last to raise a beautiful chapel built of the firm grey stone of the mountain, but funds never came in which would be sufficient for that, so we must build in wood.

We hope the new chapel may be comely in proportion, and as dignified in its simplicity as possible; but the sum we have in hand (about \$3,500) will not allow for very much, as the cost of building has so greatly increased of late years.

If we have the fabric of the building there will still remain the furnishing, and for this, as will be seen, nearly \$300 has already been given.

We are urged to open two special funds, one, which the choir are most interested in, is an organ fund. This is very good news indeed, and perhaps in time a "real pipe organ" may replace the sweet-toned instrument now in chapel, which was the gift of a former generation of children some thirteen years ago. An organ and some bells are far off dreams, which may some day come true! The children think they will, and they have great powers of accomplishing wonders!

But the real need of all, and this it is for which the other fund is to be begun, is an altar.

Ever since the Sisters came here the same poor little altar has done duty. It was in keeping with their means then; it is not at all in keeping with the present circumstances of the schools.

It is hoped that the new altar may be very, very beautiful and that it may be given by the communicants, past and present, of the two schools, and by any others who have communicated with us here. Even if anyone is only able to give a tiny sum, do not let them hold back from giving it, so that everyone may join in the united offering.

He who of old "sat over against the treasury," valued the gifts cast into it at their true worth, and that which in His eyes outweighed all the others was a gift that seemed very little in the eyes of men.

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#### ALL HALLOW'S CHAPEL FURNISHING FUND.

May 1st, 1907—Cash in hand.....	\$277.50
June 11th—A. H. Literary Society.....	10.00
June 24th—"Old Bloxhamist".....	10.00
August 29th—Violet Astley.....	1.00

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\$298.50

## Heartsease.

Mark ix., 36.—“Jesus took a child and set him in the midst of them.”

The lesson of “the little child!” Is not this what each Christmas teaches us? As the old, old story of “God’s wondrous love in saving lost mankind” begins again to sound in our ears, as we begin once more to trace the life of God’s dear Son from Bethlehem to Calvary, are we not reminded that God’s first step in the working out of His salvation for us poor sinners was to take a little Child and set Him in our midst? He took His only begotten Son and set Him in the midst of this miserable and sinful world in the stable of the inn at Bethlehem. It was the first step of the way, whose end we see not fully yet, the way which we are still treading.

How far beyond all human plans or thoughts is God’s loving purpose! Who, as they gazed on the Infant Jesus in His blessed mother’s arm, conceived or could have conceived all that that little Child was to do and to be for us? As we look back after the experience of nineteen centuries, we know something of what was meant by the birth of Jesus, and of the joy of Christmas. If the question is asked of us:

“Who is this so weak and helpless,  
Child of lowly Jewish maid,  
Rudely in a stable sheltered,  
Coldly in a manger laid?”

we can answer, as those who know the truth revealed by God:

“’Tis the Lord of all creation,  
Who this wondrous path hath trod;  
He is God from everlasting,  
And to everlasting God.”

We can render thanks to God for His “unspeakable gift”; and can join, as Christians of every age and generation have done, with the angels in their hymn of salutation to the newborn Saviour—“Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will to men.”

What a wonderful lesson to all men is the lesson of the “Little Child!” Innocence, purity, reverence, dependence, obedience, humility—these, and such as these, are seen in the example of the Holy Child, Jesus. And He enforces the lesson with His own words: “Verily, I say unto you, except ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven. Whosoever shall humble himself as this little child, the same is greatest in the kingdom of heaven.” If we are to follow Him to the right hand of the Majesty on high, we must begin our journey with Him at the cradle of Bethlehem and become little

children, as He was a little Child. The path of humility is the only path that leads on high—the humility that refused, as Jesus refused, to take any position that God does not give, though it include the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them; but also the humility that dare not refuse, as Jesus would not refuse, to occupy any position to which God's call came, even though it was to occupy a cross of shame. For one part of humility is dependence—such absolute trust and submission to God, that at His call we can go anywhere and do anything to which He calls us, in the full assurance that He will supply us with all that is needful for us. If only we had this absolute trust and dependence on God, we should never hear Christian people saying that they were not fit to do this or that, which God expects and requires of them. To plead unfitness as an excuse for neglecting to do God's will, is not humility, but pride—the pride that refuses to humble one's self to ask wisdom and grace and strength of God, who giveth liberally to man and upbraideth not.

We, God's children, must trust our heavenly Father's love. He loved us so much that He gave His own dearly beloved Son to be our pattern and example, and to suffer and to die for us. He loved us so much that He has made us His own children. We are even now God's children, "heirs of God and joint-heirs with Christ; if so be that we suffer with Him that we may be also glorified together."

"Our eyes at last shall see Him  
Through His own redeeming love;  
For that Child so dear and gentle,  
Is our Lord in heaven above;  
And He leads His children on  
To the place where He is gone.

"Not in that poor lowly stable,  
With the oxen standing by,  
We shall see Him; but in heaven,  
Set at God's right hand on high."

The mark of those who are redeemed from the earth and stand with the Lamb upon Mount Zion (Rev. xiv., 1, sq.) is that "they follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth"; though the path begin in all humility at Bethlehem, though it lead to the agony of Gethsemane and the cross of Calvary; yea, though we walk through the dark valley of the shadow of death, we can still

Look up, as saints of God  
Nor fear to tread below  
The path our Saviour trod  
Of daily toil and woe:

Wait but a little while  
 In uncomplaining love,  
 His own most gracious smile  
 Shall welcome us above.

◆  
 NEATHERD'S CAROL.

What shall we bring fit for a King,  
 A feeble King and small,  
 Whose mother's gown is homespun brown,  
 Whose cradle is a stall?  
 The cattle stand on either hand,  
 His pillow is of hay,  
 We're church mouse poor who pass the door  
 And see the King today.

What shall we find for herd and hind  
 To bring their little King?  
 Oh, hearts made clean with love, I ween,  
 And knees bent worshipping.  
 The Kings are late, but He keeps state  
 Today, as once of old  
 The skies are dark, but one star's spark  
 Turns all the night to gold.

With fleece and hide we heap the wide  
 Brown manger, where He lies,  
 Rosy and warm in mother's arms—  
 No saint in Paradise  
 Was ever yet so safely set  
 Aside from hurt and harm.  
 His rest is pent by innocent  
 Dumb beasts of field and farm.

Hedgerow and tree stand white to see,  
 Made beautiful with snow,  
 For this sweet birth that makes the earth  
 The heart of Heaven to know.  
 Country and town, deep glen and down,  
 His bells of welcome hear;  
 But we who keep the neat and sheep  
 His very Self are near.

○  
 Letters.

Lytton, B.C., June 25th, 1907.

(About our little Lena, gone to Paradise.)

Dear Sister Superior,—

I have sad tidings to communicate. Your little girl passed away yesterday evening about 5 o'clock.

Lucy has been here over two weeks, and has spent part of every day with Lena. Yesterday she was with her the whole day, but had just gone home to tea when the call came. Mr. Pugh and the nurse were with her right to the end.

I think I told you that Lena received her first and only communion the day before she passed away.

There has been a gradual weakening of the little frame for weeks and months past, but not I think much suffering, until the last day.

I went up the Nicola yesterday and this morning received Lucy's telegram just as I reached Coutlee's hardly ten minutes before the train was due out, so I left word with the Indians there that I would return to them by tomorrow's train and came straight back to Lytton.

Lena will be brought to the church at 7:30 tomorrow, and will be laid to rest close by her mother, at 10:30.

She looks very sweet and restful in her white coffin. Her father saw that all things should be done fittingly.

With sympathy in your sorrow, yet feeling certain that we are united in giving thanks that she is taken from the evil to come,  
I am

Yours faithfully in O. B. L.,

R. Small.

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Hospital, Lytton, B.C., November, 1906.

(A letter to Miss Harris from Lena, written during her illness.)  
Dearest Miss Harris,—

I received your most beautiful letter on Monday, and I was very glad to hear from you and I am very sorry to tell you that I am very lonesome. I miss the girls at the school and our play and lessons. I can't do anything now. I sit upstairs by myself and I sleep downstairs in one of the wards.

I like very much to go and play with your nice girls, and is it you who sends the bales of nice clothes to different places?

Matilda has to help Nurse here, she is strong and fat.

Please, I would like very much for one pretty photo, and I thank you ever so much for it. I am so pleased, dearest Teacher.

Now I think I am so much ashamed for being so naughty with you at school when you took us to class; now I am very sorry, please excuse my naughtiness.

I will close, with best love from

Lena.

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## All Hallows' Indian School.

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

The Dominion Government of Canada provides a frugal



maintenance for 35 pupils, which is paid under an annuity allowance of \$5.00 per month for each child.

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

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

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

Two Sisters and three teachers take part in the educational work.

The whole establishment is under the personal supervision of the Sister Superior.

### Indian School Register.

1.	Katie Shiparkiminak.....	Ashcroft
2.	Maria O-aimoole-nack.....	Chilcoten
3.	Lisa Mah-ah-then.....	Lytton
4.	Elizabeth Nah-ah-ches-cut.....	Nicola
5.	Elizabeth Toosha.....	Nicola
6.	Nellie Ska-ka-mie.....	Chilliwack
7.	Josephine Skamie.....	Chilliwack
8.	Sara I. Exaltsah.....	North Bend
9.	Grace Oleson.....	Lillooet
10.	Theresa Niquokooshin.....	Cariboo
11.	Elsie Kooshin.....	Cariboo
12.	Stella He-he-nack.....	Lytton
13.	Alice Ka-zat-ko.....	Lytton
14.	Lottie Moweech.....	Shuswap
15.	Ellen Sushell.....	Nicola
16.	Jennie Newhinko.....	Lytton
17.	Hilda Mo-kawat-ko.....	Lytton
18.	Ada Ender.....	Lytton
19.	Beatrice Sheeshiatko.....	Lillooet
20.	Gina Shpinzoozooh.....	Lillooet
21.	Hilda Ziltatko.....	Cisco
22.	Betty Ho-peat-ko.....	Lytton
23.	Elsie Histko.....	Lytton
24.	Agnes Emminnatko.....	Spuzzum
25.	Nancy.....	Lytton
26.	Anne Duncan.....	Lytton
27.	Minnie.....	Lytton
28.	Theresa Canada.....	Lytton
29.	Corena.....	North Bend
30.	Eva Lovelett.....	Shuswap

## Prize Day.

### ALL HALLOWS' INDIAN SCHOOL.

The All Hallows' Indian School at Yale closed its term on Monday evening by an excellent entertainment given by the Indian girls in their school-room, in the presence of the staff of the Canadian and Indian Schools, the pupils of the Canadian School and friends. The Archdeacon of Columbia took the chair and distributed the prizes.

The floral decorations were very beautiful, a wealth of roses and ferns banking the front of the stage, festooning the walls and wreathing pictures and lamps.

Thirty-five Indian girls are on the roll, and they have passed through a successful year, both educationally and financially, the health of the children also obtains a good record.

The school building stands in the same grounds as the Canadian School, comprising seven acres. The staff consists of the Sister Superior, principal; Miss Kelley, B.A., head mistress; assisted by Miss Cotton and Miss R. Moody.

The following programme was rendered with brightness and delicacy. The only criticism we can make is that in some of the recitations the little children's voices were too low.

#### PROGRAMME.

1. Part Song—"In the forest".....Senior Singing Class
  2. Recitation—"Kit's Cradle".....Junior Class
  3. "Goodnight" Drill.....Eight Little Ones
  4. Violin Solo—March.....Allie
  5. Song—"Buttercup Meadow".....Junior Singing Class
  6. Recitation—"The Myth of the Song Sparrow" . .Jennie & Stella
  7. Rose Drill.....Senior Girls
  8. Song—"Swing, Cradle, Swing".....Junior Singing Class
  9. Recitation—"The Gitcheokokohoo".....Standard V.
  10. Violin Solo—"Simple Aven".....Allie
  11. Part Song—"Evening Song".....Senior Singing Class
  12. Recitation—"The Passing of Arthur".....Standard VI.
- All Hallows' Patriotic Song.

Prize Giving.

"God Save the King."

#### Prize List.

CLASS PRIZE—VI. Standard, Maria, Silver Daisy presented by the Sister Superior; V. Standard, Gina; IV. Standard, Ada; III. Standard, Nellie; II. Standard, Agnes; I. Standard, Carena.

SCRIPTURE—Senior Class, Milly, Cross presented by the Bishop; Junior Class, Gina; Primary Class, Hilda; Infants' Class, Agnes.

CATECHISM—Therese, medal presented by Archdeacon Pentreath.

WRITING—Senior Class, Beatrice; Junior Class, Minnie.

NEEDLEWORK—Senior Class, Lottie; Junior Class, Agnes.

BREAD-MAKING—Sarah.

HOUSEWORK—Allie, Hilda, Josephine, Sarah, Elsie.

DRESS-MAKING—Sophie.

SCRIPTURE REPETITION—Gina.

COOKING—Seniors only, Katie.

GOOD CONDUCT—Millie, Silver Medal presented by Mrs. Croucher.

The Venerable Archdeacon Pentreath, after distributing the prizes, spoke to the children in an affectionate, forceful manner, urging them to cherish noble ambition, to fulfil every duty in the very best way, and to so order their future lives and homes as to be an example to their people and a credit to their school.

He asked them to bear in mind the names of the great men of their people, men such as Tecumseh and Pontiac, Bryant and others.

He alluded to the pathetic fact that while fifty years ago there were estimated to be 150,000 Indians in British Columbia, that number is now reduced to under 25,000, and last year's report of the Indian Department shows a further decrease in this province.

"Rise up, therefore, dear girls, and strive to bear the burden of your people with pure hearts and good courage. The Sisters are helping you, many kind friends, both here and in Eastern Canada, are helping you and praying for you. Do your part nobly in the battle of life.

"Onward, therefore, Christian children,  
Onward with the cross your aid;  
Bear its shame and fight its battle,  
Till you rest beneath its shade."

## Children's Corner.

### JAM MAKING.

The time to make jam is in the summer, when all the fruit is ripe. I think it is very interesting making jam, because I have watched and helped in the little things, but I don't know how to make jam myself.

The best time to pick the fruit for jam is early in the morning, when it is not so very hot. In the summer holidays we used to get up at five o'clock to pick cherries, currants and gooseberries.

They make jelly out of the currants. Cherries make very nice jam. Heaps of cherries grow in the orchard here. I think there are three different kinds, the white, black and red cherries. They are very large ones, too. They make very nice jam when they are done properly.

These holidays when our little cook was making jam, I think she did one thing wrong. After she had put the jam into the bottles, she let them stand until they got cold, and then put the covers on them. I think they are not meant to do it this way, because I have seen other people make jam. As soon as the jam is in the bottles, they cover them up right away, before the air gets into it, and then turn them upside down to get cool, then the jam won't get fermented so quickly.

I am not sure about that, though, and so I did not say anything.

Gina.

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### A SERMON.

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The text for our sermon was taken from the Book of Amos: "Out of all the nations of the world have I chosen thee, therefore will I punish thee."

These words were spoken by Amos, the prophet of God, to the Lord's chosen people, the children of Israel.

Because they knew God and were His chosen people He expected great things of them, for they had very great privileges. When God sent that message to them they were offering their sacrifices and worshipping God, but their hearts were not right with God.

So with us. God expects a great deal from us, because He has given us high privileges, setting us in this school, and letting us live in a Christian country. Our Lord gives us His Body and His Blood to help us, and in them we have special graces and gifts, and God watches how we use them. He may have chosen one of us apart from other people, and how do we use the special grace He gives us? We will have to give an account of it in the last day, and He will punish us as we are privileged.

Amos was a herdman, and he says that he is no prophet, but still he did the work of God. So if we have been called we ought to do it with a good will. We may not be called to do high or great work, but what we have to do we ought to do it for God, and we will be rewarded according to the good we do.

Maria.

1907-1908.

Another year! And Thou, Thou only, Lord,  
 Knowing my secret heart, dost also know  
 How full it is of thankful love and praise,  
 Like echoes of sweet music as I go.  
 The Old Year's dying voice still speaks to me,  
 And whispers soft: "Thy God is good to thee."

Lo, He hath shower'd on thee with lavish hand  
 A thousand blessings. In the peaceful home  
 Where thou art dearly loved and know'st no need,  
 All undeserved thy happiness has come,  
 For mercies day by day on thee outpoured,  
 Oh, debtor, how much owest thou thy Lord?

### Gifts Acknowledged.

Cheque for \$75.00 from W. A., Toronto, through Mrs. Webster, for Indian School repairs.

Cheque for \$20.00 from Windsor, Nova Scotia, through the Rev. L. Amour.

Donation of 50 "Catechisms and Leaflets for Children of the Church," from the rector, St. Matthew's, Quebec.

Very pretty work bags, through Mrs. Howe, from S. Thomas branch, W. A., Toronto.

PRIZES—1 handsome book, Dr. Underhill, Vancouver; gold and silver crosses, Bishop of New Westminster; gold and silver medals, Mrs. Croucher, Yale; gold medal, Archdeacon Pentreath, Vancouver; silver daisy, Sisters All Hallows' in the West.

BALES—Outfits received from Christ Church Cathedral, Girls' Auxiliary, Hamilton, Ont., through Miss Shaw. Outfit from St. John's Girls W. A., Peterborough, Ont., through Miss A. McKee. Outfit from St. Peter's Church W. A., Hamilton, Ont.

1 small parcel of woolen things from Miss Hornibrook, St. Leonard's on Sea, Eng.

1 parcel stockings from Mrs. Leveson, Whitestable, Eng.

1 bale clothing, through Mrs. Bennett, Dorcas Secretary 11. Ave., St. Genevieve, Quebec.

September 1st.—Bale, Armstrong branch W. A., through Rev. H. Young.

Bale clothing and stationery from Women's Association, Edinburgh, Scotland.

1 very handsome brass altar cross for the new chapel, also 20 volumes for a "Sunday Library," from Rev. H. Jephson, Welwyn, Eng.

1 white stole and Christmas cards from Miss Wilsbere, Welwyn, Eng.

Christmas cards, Mrs. Lowe, England.

Large box fancywork from Miss Cornwall, Legh, Eng.

Fruit and flowers frequently, Mrs. Dodd, Yale.

Flowers for chapel, Mrs. Croucher, Miss Hanington.

A box of apples, Mrs. Harrison, Victoria.

Cheque for \$24.00, H. Moody, Esq., Eng., for garden.

Cheque for \$10.00, W. A., St. Thomas, Toronto.

Cheque for \$3.00, G. A., St. Thomas, Toronto.

Cheque for \$30.00, Young Women's Association, St. James' Cathedral, Toronto.

We gratefully acknowledge 4 days' help in pruning our fruit trees, from Mrs. W. Teague, and help in plumbing, Mr. W. Revsbech, Yale.

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## Wants.

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BLANKETS for single beds.

Boots, rubbers and overshoes of all sizes (especially from 13 to 2).

Scarlet tam-o'-shanters.

Strong thin summer stockings.

Strong woolen stockings for winter.

More scarlet cloaks for Sundays. Winter coats, all sizes.

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

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

Neck, to edge of hem.	Inside Sleeve.	Neck.	Waist.
42	18	13	28
39	17	13	27
36	15	12	27
33	13	11	27
30	11	11	26

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

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

Flannelette chemises and drawers, all sizes.

Unbleached cotton or flannelette night gowns.

Thick flannel petticoats, red or grey, all sizes. (Top petticoats are not worn.)

Strong knives and forks.

Stationery is always most useful.

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

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SPECIALLY WANTED.

Cotton nightgowns for girls from 13 to 17.

Cotton chemises and drawers for girls from 9 to 14.

Cotton stockings for girls from 9 to 14.

Cotton blouses for older girls.

Flannelette chemises, all sizes.

Flannelette drawers for girls from 12 to 17.

Winter vests and stockings for girls from 9 to 12.

Dark warm dresses.

Winter coats for little girls from 9 to 12.

Dark blouses for older girls.

Underwaists for girls from 10 to 15.

Buttons, in large quantities, especially strong, white bone buttons for underclothes.

Stationery, writing paper and many envelopes.

Fancywork materials.

Handkerchiefs.

Boots.

Rubbers.

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## NOTICE.

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

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

The Canadian School Winter Term will close D.V., Dec. 20th. The Spring term will begin, D.V., February 1st, 1907.

Parents wishing to withdraw their children from the Canadian School are requested to notify the Sister Superior to that effect not later than January 1st.