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All Hallows in the West

"SERVIRE DEO SAPERE."



Epiphany Number,
1905

Published at

All Hallows' School, Yale, B.C.

Editor, The Sister Superior.

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All Hallows' Canadian School, YALE, B.C.

ESTABLISHED 1890

Conducted by the Sisters of All Hallows.

VISITOR - - - - THE LORD BISHOP OF NEW WESTMINSTER

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

Games Mistress, - - Miss R. Moody.

The Course of Study Includes:

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

Staff of Teachers:

Primary Class - Miss Francis.

Junior and Senior Classes, } Miss Shibley, B.A., Queen's University, Kingston.
English Subjects, Latin, } Miss Nevitt, B.A., Trinity University, Toronto.
Mathematics, French and } Miss Kelley, B.A., Trinity University, Toronto.
Musical Drills.

Music, Piano - - - Miss R. Moody Miss Francis, Miss Dodd.

Music, Violin and Harmony } Miss R. Moody, Cert: Senior Local Centre, Assoc :
Board R. A. M. & R. C. M., Pupil of Wolferrmann, at
the Dresden Conservatorium.

German - Miss R. Moody.

Drawing and Painting - Miss Francis.

School Terms:

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

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

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

Pupils are prepared for the McGill University Entrance Examination, and for Matriculation

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

Also for School Examinations of the Royal Drawing Society.

Entrance Fee \$5.00

School Fees (In Advance)

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

Application for further particulars to be made to:

THE SISTER SUPERIOR

All Hallows' School, Yale, B.C.

ALL HALLOWS IN THE WEST.

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

Parochial Mission Work among the Indians	- -	Begun	1884
Indian Mission School for girls, 35 pupils	- -	"	1885
Canadian Boarding School for girls, 45 pupils	-	"	1890

Staff of Workers:

Two Sisters	Miss R. Moody
Miss Moody	Miss Francis
Miss Shibley	Miss Nevitt
Miss Kelley	Mrs. Woodward
	Miss Maine

Chapter: (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. Appearth every one of them in Sion.

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

All Hallows in the West.

VOL. VI.

EPIPHANY, 1905.

No. 3

A Hymnal for Christmas Morning.

It is the Christmas time;
And up and down 'twixt heaven and earth,
In glorious grief and solemn mirth,
The shining angels climb.

And unto everything
That lives and moves, for heaven, on earth,
With equal share of grief and mirth,
The shining angels sing:

"Babes new-born, undefiled,
In lowly hut or mansion wide—
Sleep safely through this Christmas-tide,
When Jesus was a Child.

"O young men, bold and free,
In peopled town, or desert grim;
When ye are tempted like to Him,
The Man Christ Jesus see.

"Poor mothers with your hoard
Of endless love and countless pain—
Remember all her grief, her gain,
The Mother of the Lord.

"Mourners, half blind with woe,
Look up! One standeth in this place,
And, by the pity of His Face,
The Man of Sorrows know.

"Wanderers in far countrie,
Oh think of Him, Who came, forgot/
To His own, and they received Him not.
Jesus of Galilee.

"O all ye who have trod
The wine-press of affliction, lay
Your heart before His Heart to-day—
Behold the Christ of GOD."

The Child Jesus.

At this season we look again at the dramatic scenes of the early Gospel narrative, and again we are struck with the extraordinary beauty and simplicity and wonder of the Epiphany of the Wise Men. We return to the familiar tale which is always haunting us, which means so much, which so fastened on the imagination of Christendom through the fascination of St. Francis, that it became an ideal of dramatic representation in art, picture after picture recalling the beauty of the scene. Still we see the Shpherds running, and the Wise Men, and the Kings clothed in Wisdom, drawing near to the Babe. For us it always means the response of God to all effort of the human brain—the sign of God appearing along the lines of daily work to those who toil in the way of knowledge. It was the answer to all in them of human curiosity, human faculties spent on the secrets of life, of nature, of the stars, of the human soul. They had been moving along ways they knew not; knowledge itself, straining its eyes, guided them blindfold to that which they had never anticipated, yet which all their work had foretold—to the star that mingled with the stars that they had always watched and studied. It was the response of God breaking out in the very heart of their intellectual pre-occupation. What was their work and their study? Fantastic enough it would seem to us, if we had the chance of poring over their strange scrolls, their odd bits of magic, the old charts and diagrams by the help of which they watched the moving heavens, puzzling out their secrets. Yet amid all the strange fantastic allegorizing, the mathematical crudities, there did still come out a strange accumulation of knowledge, a wonderful accuracy, a power that found the solstices, the equinoxes, and had insight into times and seasons; a power to cover long periods of years, to watch the routine and rhythm of the great heavens above us—futilities, childish fancies, all mingling with real intellectual foresight and long accurate calculation.

So may our knowledge of to-day seem to future centuries, and after us men may wonder in very much the same fashion at the childish fancies of our science which seem so wise and great to-day, and marvel that in spite of them we yet did arrive at results, did travel along the lines of great nature, God being with us. Anyhow, there were these Men; they nursed the great thirst and passion in the soul for knowledge, and carried on the line of those who gave themselves up to the fascination of intellectual curiosity. They held the great tradition, they had the tenacity to carry forward on their own account the labors of the past, dealing thoroughly with the facts open to them. Still they cherished the unconquerable hope that the human soul is made to see the great vision of God; still they were true to the great cause, and night after night they were still out there on the watch. Then again, not only had they the tenacity,

the patience, the thoroughness of the true workman, but they had also the courage to see that the moment to strike had come, to recognise that the new Truth had dawned. What was it, this new sign in the heavens? Was it new, or was the normal used in an abnormal way by God's kindly hand? We know not; but whatever it was, it was only according to the measure of the thoroughness of their calculations, only by the knowledge which had been theirs before that they were aware that the sign had been given. Thy knew it, because of the patience with which they had pored over the signs and indications which had preceded. Their work had its fulfilment. The star—meteor or comet—might have come and gone unnoticed, but these patient, watching men were ready with a response to the signal given. So ready are they that, like the Merchant in the Gospel whom our Lord praised, who, when he saw the pearl of great price, went and sold all that he had to gain that one prize—these men, in audacious courage of intellectual vigor, will risk all, will set out on their great adventure, leave all behind them, knowing that what they had seen cannot have been given in vain. What is it, this new birth in heaven, this birth of some wonderful thing? These patient, yet audacious men, clinging to the old, yet ready for the new, they are the true type of all intellectual workers; the sign is given to them in the way of their work, and they find themselves in the place where He is—at the feet of the young Child.

And we can have that in our thoughts and our prayers, praying that the Star of the Epiphany may come to us along the lines of our dally work, may come in response to that particular intellectual labor which is ours. We may find that it is there that God arrives; over that work the star arises. In the very heart of it, just where we least expect the vision of the Epiphany glory, Christ is born again in our soul. So often do we desire to find Christ by some strange way; often our work flags, our hearts grow weary, it seems the most mechanical, the least godly side of our life; for relief we must turn elsewhere—not along this dry and dusty road can we find the light which our soul desires. Yet the Wise Men would say, Turn again into the old paths. There, where your work is, where your life is, seek it there—there you will find it. Within the lines of your toil prepare the road down which He will come; there, where is the most hard, tiring, mechanical routine, look for the Star—it will arise there. Wait for it; remember the Wise Men, their tenacity, their patience. Remember those who had gone before them, who had toiled all their lives, who saw no star, yet worked and passed on the great hope, the expectation. So work on there, spend your prayers there, among the desks, the class-rooms, the dry routine, looking for the Epiphany to break. And when it does, cling to it: the Wise Men passed away—how pathetic the thought!—back into the darkness, back to their old studies; yet they had seen the Star, they had worshipped the Babe, had given their gifts. They must have re-

membered it always—always they could turn again, and, with the Epiphany in their eyes, revive the memory of that glad hour when their whole work was transfigured by that light. So cling to those moments which come, and when you know that your work is an offering made to God. Out of the work itself you must bring your gold, your frankincense, and your myrrh. Remember, the joy of finding this is the life which God blesses; this is that over which His sanction hung, the life over which the Star arose, the Star which stood over the young Child. And after all the greatest gift the Wise Men brought that day was, not their tenacity or their courage, but the humility which knelt at the feet of a young Child. To retain that humility of intellect in spite of the height they had attained above their fellows, still to be ready to fling it all down, to have found the mystery of all mysteries in this Blessed Child—that is their glory, that is why we bless their names still, why artists love to picture them, painting over and over again the Wise Men kneeling before the little Child.

Always you are to bring, as they brought, any gift you may possess, to the feet of the Holy Child; every power given you is for the service of children; the Star will appear, and stand over the place where the young Child is, and in that Child you will know that it is He who makes every child the Child of God. The Child Jesus gives His own Childhood to every child you tend, and still He says to you, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my little ones, ye have done it unto Me." When those children are naked of all knowledge, you clothe Christ in them; when the children desire knowledge, it is Christ in them who desires it, it is Christ to Whom you bring the knowledge. When they come to you hungry and empty, and you are able to do something to feed the faculties of their lives, Christ says, "Ye gave Me meat." When they are in prison, in their ignorance through wilfulness and naughtiness, you visit them in that prison, and you set them free; Christ says, "You are visiting Me, you are liberating Me." So when a child is obstinate, tiresome, stupid, the Star will stand for you over that child with all its wilfulness; within that child there is Another hidden, and for the sake of that most Blessed Child you will give your very best. That will be the power of the Epiphany; always there is hope there. When most despairing, beaten, baffled, lo! there is the Star; behold, you have seen it again over the children. You will rejoice exceedingly as you catch sight of it again, and remember the pledge and promise of the Epiphany. While you sorrow for having forgotten and lost Him, you will rejoice in penitence to have found Him in them. You will bring out your gold, your frankincense, all the best service of your life, for the sake of Him Who is the One only Beloved, Christ Jesus our Lord. So remember the Star over the children; so look for God in a work-a-day world; so nourish and cherish hope; so walk in patience and courage along the way. Be

content to pass into the night, after all the Star which has sunk will rise again; and there over the very heart of the Child you will see it, and rejoice in the joy of the Epiphany. Thank God for the light of it; though it came and went, it will lead you into life, into the Holy House; not into the cave, from whence you must come out and pass away again, but into the Eternal Home, where there is no need of the sun or of the stars to shine in it, for the Lamb is the light thereof.—From "The Flying Leaf Supplement," Guild of the Epiphany.

Leaves from Our Journal.

SEPTEMBER, 1904.—The schools were in session again, and summer holidays, with all their joys, had passed once more into the background of memory among the things of yesterday. For the first three weeks all were working so hard that no one thought of mentioning picnics or expeditions of any kind. Then the warm sunshine and the pleasant air suggested that a little week-end visit to Harrison Hot Springs might be beneficial to some of the staff. So early one Saturday morning a party of five, on pleasure intent, walked to the station. A lamentable check met them, the train was reported two hours late, so back they came to the school. It was not an easy matter to find occupation for those two hours, and just as they were leisurely collecting hats and gloves for another march stationwards, the shrill whistle of the incoming locomotive rent the air. A wild dash was made for the gates, which were reached just as the train sped past. The engineer, it was whispered, seeing the oncoming figures, feared another "hold-up," so he put on speed. Here I must digress to say that a "hold-up" actually occurred on our peaceful line this autumn, near Mission Station. Armed and black-masked men stopped the passenger train, gagged the officials, and carried off all the registered mail and a large quantity of gold dust, which was being conveyed to the coast.

At 4 o'clock a slow passenger train went through, and on this our pleasure-seekers arrived eventually at Agassiz. Afternoon tea at the "Bella Vista Hotel" refreshed them, and then a rig drawn by good horses speedily carried them over the five miles of road, through forests of spruce and fir and pine to Harrison Hot Springs, just in time for dinner. There were to be no services in the Parish Church at Yale on the following day, but they had ascertained that there would be Evensong in the Parish Church at Agassiz. So the morning hours were spent quietly in a boat far out on the waters of the beautiful lake, where all nature was fair and peaceful, and spoke more eloquently than any sermon of the love and goodness of God. In the afternoon they had tea on a rock, "Whip-poor-will" rock I think it was called, and then came back to the Springs for dinner, leaving early so as to get to Church in good time.

The Festival of St. Michael and All Angels was marked as usual by carefully-prepared musical services and very interesting addresses given by our chaplain, the Rev. H. Underhill. A feeling of sadness was present with some of us who realised that the day was now fast approaching when Miss Moody would be leaving us for a long period of absence in England.

OCTOBER.—On the first of this month Miss Moody began her travels eastward, and for the two succeeding weeks we haunted post-office and telegraph office, for if the mails did not bring letter or post-card, a message from somewhere might surely be expected, for was she not sailing on a vessel furnished with wireless telegraphy!

On the 12th great preparations were on foot for a birthday party. The Play-roomers' got up a charming little "Fairy dance," and several of the "study girls" helped out the programme with a recitation from "The Charge of the Light Brigade," in which each performer was dressed to represent a different character, and delivered a single verse with appropriate dramatic action and accent in keeping with the extravagance of her costume. The Scotsman, the Frenchman, the Elderly English Spinster, the Schoolboy, and several others were simply inimitable, and so amusing that we grew at last almost weary with laughing. The supper, which was very elaborate, was provided, I believe, by both Study and Play-roomers, in honor of Miss Shibley's birthday. Mrs. and Miss Hamersley and Mrs. Croucher were our guests for the evening.

A little later in the month another birthday stirred the children into activity. In this the Indian children had their part, for the birthday was Miss Kelley's, so the schools combined. The Dramatic Club of the Canadian School borrowed the Indian school-room, and gave their performance there on the platform, then they retired, and the Indian children prepared and served the supper.

On All Saints' Eve, when all the preparations for keeping our dedication festival suitably were ready, and the little moment of quiet which precedes the dinner hour here had fallen over the house, I stood at my window, musing on the years that had passed since I spent my first "All Saints" in Yale. The setting sun was resting with a marvellous benediction on the stern old head of our tallest mountain peak. The October mists were rising and cloaking the color of the autumn trees, and I stood dreaming and listening to the cheerful twitter of the robins that came up from below. Full of thankfulness was my heart as I looked back on the twenty years I had been privileged to work in the mission field, full of hope and courage as I looked forward to the years of labor that were perhaps yet to come, and as I lingered there the evening shadows deepened, color and sound together began to fade away, and the silence was, for a

while, complete, a silence which made me feel that God was very near.

The Bishop came to visit the school during the Octave, and delivered a very interesting address to the Literary Club, taking for his subject, "England in the Days of Dr. Johnson."

An event of great importance in the annals of the school was the opening of, a Saturday Candy Shop, at All Hallows. The little office, so strictly given over to business every other day in the week, on Saturday puts on another appearance. Then miniature counters appear set out with dishes of barley sugar, maple cream and chocolates. Biscuits, plain and fancy, good and wholesome, are there ready to be weighed out in business-like looking scales. Tiny cups offer five cents worth of honey, while rosy apples or golden oranges are temptingly set out. The object of the candy shop is to save the young and guileless from the temptation of spending their pocket money on unwholesome sweets and stale biscuits in the village, for the store there is "run" to furnish miners' outfits, not little girls' fancies, so our candy-shop is intended to supply a long-felt want. Towards the end of the term the new shop exhibited toys, dolls, books, beads and handkerchiefs in charming array, and it became possible for even the youngest or poorest to make purchases from one to five cents and upwards.

The end of November was marked by days of warm sunshine and balmy air, suggestive of spring. We enjoyed some long walks at this time, a few of us on Saturdays even taking our lunch out and spending the whole morning in the open air.

One sweet day I was tempted to rest for a while on a hillside close to a tiny spring, from which I enjoyed a drink of cool water, with its flavor of brown earth and all the roots of herbs that grew about its little shores. A November day, and yet the air blew softly in our faces, fragrant almost with the spicy fragrance of the spring and of the field that lay below us, warm in the afternoon sunshine, and cool with forest airs that drew down from the deep pine-clad slopes behind us, and which seemed to hold the dark secrets of a coming winter. We looked down on the village, on the plain, forsaken houses standing together above the river, so small, so meagre, so incapable of charm or pleasantness in themselves, but in their setting of violet mountains and gorgeous autumn foliage, with the yellow sunshine brooding over all, they seemed to focus a spot an artist might love to paint or a poet to write about.

Towards the end of the month the rains were again very heavy. Some bad "wash-outs" took place on the railway line, and for several days the west-bound trains were cancelled.

On St Andrew's Day Archdeacon Pentreath came to take our chapel services and to give the children, at their own request, some

special addresses on missions and on the missionary work that is being done both abroad and in other parts of our own Diocese. With what they learned from him, I hope some of them will try to enrich the pages of our Epiphany Magazine.

DECEMBER was a hopelessly dull month. It rained all day and every day for a week at a time. The children were making Christmas presents, and to them for once the rain was welcome, because there could be no walks in such weather, so long afternoons were secured for fancy work and burnt leather work, for painting and glueing and all the other little arts of the craftswoman.

On the occasion of the Bishop's last visit in the term to All Hallows, he was able to stay with us from Saturday to Tuesday, so after the Sunday services were over, and an Advent Eucharist had been celebrated for the Indians in the School Chapel, there was still a day to spare with no special duty, so the Bishop gave the Literary Club a lecture on Tennyson's Minor Poems, the privilege of attending which the members of the Club kindly extended to both schools.

Afterwards the Literary Club sent out invitations to an "At Home" for the evening of the 17th in the much-used dining-hall. By the addition of a few rugs and easy chairs, and the readjustment of furniture the character of the room was pleasantly altered, and the President received her guests with great urbanity.

Among the various items on the programme of entertainment we specially enjoyed an animated argument given in character between "Betsy Priggs" and "Sarah Gamp" on the identity of "Mrs. Harris." As a contrast to this scene the same performers, Ella Underhill and Dorothy Day, with delightful versatility, gave us the love scene from Shakespeare's "Henry VIII," between the English monarch and the French Princess "Kate."

The school orchestra of six violins played together very nicely; Cecily Galt sang two pretty little songs; then Miss Rose Moody came forward with her fiddle, and the sight was so welcome that she received an ovation before she began to play, and a determined encore afterwards.

We were provided, of course, with light refreshments towards the close of the evening. Some of us, who were only guests, and not members of the Literary Club, felt that evening that if our duties would permit of it, we should appreciate the privilege of belonging to this capital little society, whose aim is so decidedly for culture and self-improvement.

The closing party of the term was given by the members of the Children's Chapel Club, who were anxious to do something to help the Building Fund with a Christmas donation. So a dear little Christmas play was given in the old school-room, a play which

taught this lesson well, with delicate touches of humor and pathos, that "Christmas was a time for giving, not getting."

In the dining-hall the C. C. C. held a sale of candies and biscuits, done up in handy "lunch boxes," very tempting to travellers. They also traded in holly, Indian baskets, pictures and curios of various kinds. In the study a farewell supper was set out, to which we did ample justice, for the evening, though most enjoyable, had been fatiguing, and we were all both tired and hungry.

By this time all the school examinations and the musical reviews for the term were over, and every one was thinking of packing up for the Christmas holidays. On our last Sunday we had a carol service in the chapel after Vespers. Both schools, accompanied by violin and organ, sang together some of the beautiful old carols telling the story of the love of God for man.

On the 20th the Canadian School closed. A special first-class car was added to the ordinary passenger train for the accommodation of the travellers from All Hallows who were westward-bound. Our travellers who were eastward-bound had to wait for the 7 o'clock evening train. Most of them had a twelve hours' journey before them, and some expected to be two days and two nights on the train.

The last days of the year are always wholly given up to our Indian work. To us this season seems specially to belong to these dear people, whose need called us away from home and kindred to bear to them the joyful tidings of a Saviour's birth. Our pioneer work is done so far, thank God. How we and they together once more celebrated the birthday of our Lord will be related by another pen in another part of the Magazine. My Journal for 1904 draws to a close.

The old year is going out—its hours are spent, the New Year dawns.

1905.

A Psalm for the New Year:

A Friend stands at the door;
 In either tight-closed hand
 Hiding rich gifts, three hundred and three score;
 Waiting to strew them daily o'er the land,
 Even as seed the sower.
 Each drops he, treads it in and passes by:
 It cannot be made fruitful till it die.

(A good New Year, we clasp
 This warm, shut hand of thine,

Loosing for ever, with half sigh, half gasp,
 That which from ours falls like dead fingers' twine
 Ay, whether fierce its grasp
 Has been, or gentle, having been, we know
 That it was blessed: let the Old Year go.

O New Year teach us faith!
 The road of life is hard:
 When our feet bleed, and scourging winds us scathe,
 Point thou to Him Whose Visage was more marr'd
 Than any other man's; Who saith,
 "Make straight paths for your feet" and to the opprest—
 "Come ye to Me, and I will give you rest."

Yet hang some lamp-like hope
 Above this unknown way,
 Kind year, to give our spirits freer scope,
 And our hands strength to work while it is day,
 But if the way must slope
 Tombward, oh bring before our fading eyes
 The lamp of life, the Hope that never dies.

Comfort our souls with love,—
 Love of all human kind;
 Love special, close—in which like shelter'd dove
 Each weary heart its own safe nest may find;
 And love that turns above
 Adoringly; contented to resign
 All loves, if need be, for the Love Divine.

Friend, come thou like a friend,
 And whether bright thy face,
 Or dim with clouds we cannot comprehend—
 We'll hold out patient hands, each in his place,
 And trust thee to the end,
 Knowing thou ledest onward to those spheres
 Where there are neither days, nor months, nor years.

Canadian Missionary Society.

The Canadian Missionary Society is composed of all baptised members of the Church of England in the great Dominion of Canada. Each province is divided into a certain number of dioceses, while they, in their turn, are divided into parishes, with a clergyman over each, and over all is set a bishop. Each parish is given a certain sum to raise each year, and the diocese helps the parishes according to their needs. Every member of the Church is a member of this Society, but no member is forced to pay more than he desires.

People wonder where all the money comes from in these societies. It comes in various ways. The Mother Country gives us great help. In fact, if it were not for her, we would find it very difficult to succeed in our work. There are numerous societies in England, and amongst the most important are the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, the Colonial and Continental Missionary Society, and the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge. All these societies help us to a large extent. In Canada itself there is a great power for good in the Woman's Auxiliary. This society has branches in almost every diocese in the Dominion.

In the Province of British Columbia there are three dioceses—Westminster, Columbia and Kootenay. In the Diocese of Westminster there are many missionaries working among the Indians, and in New Westminster itself good work is being done among the Chinese and Japanese. There is, in that city, a Japanese student preparing for Holy Orders, and it is to be hoped that after his ordination he will do good work for his own people in this country.

At Barkerville and Quesnelle, which are at a distance of seven hundred miles from Ashcroft, there is no clergyman at present, but efforts are being made to obtain the services of one for them. The houses in these districts are sometimes ten miles apart. Most of the people belong to the Church of England, but they have very few opportunities and privileges. Some of the people have never seen anything of the world beyond their own horizon, but some have recollections of Vancouver, and think of it still as a small village. At the Hundred-and-Fifty-Mile-House, this summer, there was a society formed for the purpose of restoring the Church work in the neighborhood. It was named after S. Margaret of Scotland.

On the coast of British Columbia—which is very rugged and mountainous, and has numerous large and small islands—there are supposed to be about three thousand men employed in the logging industry. For them the Canadian Missionary Society has decided to equip a Missionary Boat, and to establish an emergency hospital at Shoal Bay.

None of us are too young to be members of this Society, and we can all try to do something to further its great work for Christ.

ROSE WEDDELL.

The New Missionary House Boat.

All along the coast of British Columbia there are many inlets and islands. There are also many logging camps in various places, for, as you must know, lumbering is one of the chief industries of this province, and many men are employed in it.

In some camps there are no more than twenty men, but in others several hundreds. Altogether, it is estimated that there are three thousand men occupied in this work. Some of these men probably come from respectable homes, where they had many privileges and went to church regularly. On coming to this part of the world they could find no better occupation than cutting trees and floating them down the streams to the ocean, where they were drifted to the mills. Other men, of course, have been born and bred in a lumber camp.

It is very seldom they see strangers, but the excitement and interest that is created when one does appear, is very great.

On different islands there are tiny settlements, with perhaps a few houses, a store and a saloon, where the men spend their hard-earned money for want of something better to do with it. In these settlements there are people who are employed in various ways, but they all probably live the same kind of life as the lumbermen.

Not long ago the Churchmen in this province thought something ought to be done for these men who could not get to church. The Bishops of Columbia and Westminster, with the help of others, thought that a missionary boat might be equipped to serve the purpose, but what an expense it would be for two poor dioceses! They estimated that it would take four thousand dollars to build this boat, and where should the money come from?

The Reverend J. Antle, who is very fond of the sea, had made a small boat himself, and was sent up the coast for a six months' trip, to see, and report the prospects. On his return, he was sent to the Central Mission Board, in the East, with an appeal for two thousand dollars. This was granted, with an addition of one hundred and fifty dollars, to be used to furnish a circulating library in connection with the boat. This was a great encouragement to the Church and to all earnest Churchmen.

This boat is not yet built, but the contract is to be given in a short time. She is to be sixty feet long, with a room for services thirty feet in length; another part is to be fitted up for the library. She is to have an auxilliary gasoline engine, and the crew is to consist of Mr. Antle, a companion, and a Chinese boy for cook.

This little boat and her crew are to go up and down the coast, stopping wherever there are logging camps or settlements. The clergyman is to go into the camps to hold services and to distribute books among the men. Those who wish to partake of the Holy Eucharist are to be invited to the little chapel on the boat, which has an Altar and all the furniture needed for the Church's Services. There it is that they will receive the Blessed Sacrament.

This is only a part, although the greatest, of the plan. The Victorian Order of Nurses is sending two nurses to Shoal Bay, where

an emergency hospital is to be founded. It is chiefly for the loggers who are hurt or ill. Many lives have been lost simply because the men, who have been badly injured in any way, have been unable to reach the Vancouver hospitals and get proper treatment before it is too late. With an emergency hospital at Shoal Bay, these men will be looked after, and given proper treatment at once, and be well cared for until they can be safely taken to Vancouver. It will be a lonely life for the nurses, but there will be great satisfaction in it.

To make men care for the Church, and its services, they must have their bodies looked after as well as their souls. So the hospital will be for their comfort, and will probably save many lives.

These plans have not been carried out yet, but we can only hope that they soon will be. There may be a little difficulty in winning the confidence of the loggers, but we hope to succeed in time, and to make the Missionary Boat a messenger of hope and comfort to many.

MARIE CROSS.

Sonnet.

Long months the question racked my heart and brain:
 How may I reconcile the joys of life—
 The daily joys with which my lot is rife,
 Glory of sunshine, sweet distress of rain;
 On summer days the pleasure dashed with pain.
 That finite sense must lose such wealth of bliss;
 Stories of classic beauty; more than this,
 Glad speech, deep silence fraught with meaning plain;
 All this and more—with His Divine command
 "Take up thy Cross, and daily follow me."
 The answer came: Seek not to understand;
 All joys, all griefs thy Father plans for thee.
 Eternity shall still thy throbbings wild;
 Obey, rejoice, content to be His Child.

IRIS E. MOODY.

School Register.

Marjorie Armstrong..	Cranbrook, B. C.
Hope Bradburn..	Victoria, B. C.
Winifred Bell..	New Westminster, B. C.
Dorothy Broad..	New Westminster, B. C.
Gertrude Bellamy..	Calgary, Alta.
Ruby Clark..	Lytton, B. C.
Marie Cross..	Silverton, B. C.

Grace Cross..	Silverton, B. C.
Jessie Choate..	Calgary, Alta.
Winifred Cook..	Vancouver, B. C.
Vera Corbould..	New Westminster, B. C.
Elsie Craig..	Dawson, Y. T.
Monica Craig..	Dawson, Y. T.
Dorothy Day..	Victoria, B. C.
Olive Day..	Victoria, B. C.
Phyllis Davis..	Nanaimo, B. C.
Cecily Galt..	Rossland, B. C.
Helen Godfrey..	Vancouver, B. C.
Gladys Gray..	Victoria, B. C.
Isabel Gibson..	Burnaby, B. C.
Mabel Green..	Kelowna, B. C.
Maud Hamersley..	Vancouver, B. C.
Elinor Hanington..	Victoria, B. C.
Annie Hill..	New Westminster, B. C.
Bernice Harrison..	Victoria, B. C.
Rita Ferguson..	Savona, B. C.
Beatrice Inkman..	Agassiz, B. C.
Jean Jephson..	Calgary, Alta.
Ursula Johnson..	Vancouver, B. C.
Marjorie Johnston..	Vancouver, B. C.
Elaine Leighton..	Savona, B. C.
Mollie Lang..	Calgary, Alta.
Kathleen Lang..	Calgary, Alta.
Marjorie McCartney..	Vancouver, B. C.
Gladys McCreath..	Greenwood, B. C.
Lilian Pearse..	Kamloops, B. C.
Edith Rich..	Ladners, B. C.
Sybil Reading..	Fernie, B. C.
Ida Shaw..	Greenwood, B. C.
Dorothy Sweet..	Ashcroft, B. C.
Ella Underhill..	Vancouver, B. C.
Sybil Underhill..	Vancouver, B. C.
Rose Weddell..	Kelowna, B. C.
Margaret Wilson..	Regina, Assa.
Muriel Wickwire..	Greenwood, B. C.
Frances Whitworth..	Vancouver, B. C.
Charlotte Whitworth..	Vancouver, B. C.

NAMES ENTERED FOR FUTURE VACANCIES.

Monica Child..	Calgary, Alta.
Beryl Child..	Calgary, Alta.
Lena Nelson..	New Westminster
Fleanor Ing..	Calgary, Alta.
Vera Ing..	Calgary, Alta.
Jibbie Hall..	Vancouver

A. Guernsey	Cornwall, Eng.
B. Guernsey	Cornwall, Eng.
C. Guernsey	Cornwall, Eng.
Kathleen Green	Kelowna
Nellie Cooke	Victoria

VISITORS' BOOK.

OCTOBER, 1904—Mrs. Shaw, Greenwood; Lally Shaw, Norman Shaw, Greenwood; Bishop of New Westminster, Rev. A. Dorrell, Ashcroft; Mrs. Hamersley, Miss Hamersley, Vancouver; Mrs. C. Croucher, Yale; Mrs. Jephson, Mr. Jephson, Calgary, Alta.; Rev. H. Underhill, Vancouver; Bishop of New Westminster.

NOVEMBER—Rev. W. A. Robbins, Greenwood; Mr. A. Green, Vancouver; Mr. R. C. McDonald, New Westminster; Archdeacon of Columbia.

DECEMBER—Bishop of New Westminster, Rev. H. Underhill, A. Gray, Esq., Victoria; Archdeacon of Columbia.

Letters.

(From Miss Moody from England.)

All Hallows, Ditchingham, Norfolk, Eng., November 17th, 1904.

My Dear Sister.—

After I had spent a very delightful three weeks at home, I began travelling about again, and the travels were so very interesting that I thought you might like to hear about them.

First I went to Ryhope to see my sister, who is one of Canon Body's Diocesan Mission workers. Ryhope is a "pit village" in the County of Durham, though in Canada we might hesitate to call a place of 12,000 inhabitants a "village!" The "pit," or coal-mine, must be a wonderful place. I don't know how deep it is, but it goes out three miles under the sea! The pit cottages where the miners and their families live are built of brick, in long rows, 100 in a row, all joined together, and all exactly alike.

Ryhope is on a cliff overlooking the North Sea. You can see many ships going to Newcastle and other places for coal.

I stayed at the Mission House with my sister. It is a dear little house with a little garden in front, quite full of chrysanthemums.

You may imagine how I thought of you at Yale in the services on All Saints' Day!

On my way back to the south again the Head Deaconess invited us to stay at the Diocesan Mission House in Durham.

One has always had one's thoughts so filled with descriptions of the glories of Durham, which one hardly expected ever to have the chance of seeing, that it seemed like a dream to be in a train seeing peaceful English fields gliding past the window, and all of a sudden to see a break, a deep valley, and beyond it a compact, hoary town rising up, crowned most gloriously with the magnificent pile of Cathedral buildings! It was a sight one can never forget.

It was wonderful driving up from the station through the old town of Durham. Up, up we went, through the narrow streets paved with cobblestones, until at last we drove in under a huge stone gateway (whose gates are still locked at 10 o'clock every night), and we entered the Bailey, as the enclosure round the Cathedral is called.

The Diocesan Mission House is just opposite the Cathedral. It used to be an old monastery building in the olden days, and is full of quaint, unexpected doorways, staircases and passages, whose floors are quite uneven from age. The walls are very thick. In my bedroom there was more than room for a good-sized bureau to stand in the thickness of the wall under the windows. Between the Mission House and the Cathedral is the Dean's house. There were some very ancient holly trees, full of berries, overhanging his garden wall, and by the gateway there was a curious little extinguisher built in, which was formerly used for putting out torches. The Dean's kitchen is a very imposing stone building, some distance away from the house. One would think his dinners would get rather cold, especially in winter, before they reached him!

, How I wish I could, in my way, help you to understand what a tremendous and most beautiful building the Cathedral is! Perhaps it might give you some idea of its size by hearing one thing I was told, which was that it takes two days to really go over every bit of it. And again, that there used to be in olden days as many as thirty-two altars in various parts of it!

As to its beauty, it is built of dignified brownish stone, with nice warm tints in it, and is said to be the grandest of all English Cathedrals. It was begun in the year 1093, and the building does not seem to have been completed for about four hundred years!

We went over to Evensong, just an ordinary everyday Evensong, such as has been going on there for hundreds of years, yet there was a choir of over thirty men and boys, and, I think, four clergy. We had full choral Evensong, with the loveliest music! I wish you could have heard it, in fact I could hardly really enjoy it for thinking of you all, and wishing you were there. How our choir at Yale would have envied those huge great leather-bound Canticle and Anthem books, large enough for two or three little choir boys to

share. And what a revelation the singing would have been to them! They have been doing something to the organ for the last six months, so only a note was given, and the whole service, responses, Psalms, very elaborate Canticles, and a beautiful Anthem were sung, entirely unaccompanied. It was wonderful to hear those perfectly-trained voices rising in such exquisite harmony and echoing up among the massive Norman arches. One felt as if angels must be waiting eagerly to present anything so perfect before the throne of God. And yet, as the concluding words of the anthem fell on one's ear, "God is the King of all the earth," one realised somehow that perhaps to Him the most perfect earth-music was that which voiced the homage and adoration of all His people from all over the earth, and that perhaps even our little wavering notes of praise, echoing faintly up the mountain sides and among the forest trees arching overhead, were needed to complete the harmony of such worship as was being offered daily in such a "Palace of the Great King" as Durham Cathedral.

Travelling down from Durham to Norfolk, after so much travelling in Canada, the contrast between the two countries struck one more forcibly than ever before. It was not only that Canada is so much newer, and, in some parts, so much wilder, while England is like a perfectly cultivated garden, but that which is the grandeur and magnificence of the two countries, is so characteristic of each.

In Canada we think we have everything on such a grand scale, our mountains are so lofty, our rivers and lakes so wide, our trees so tall, our distances so immense, and yet one thing, the greatest of all, the peculiar glory of England, great Church buildings, are tucked away out of sight. Even when we have a beautiful church in our country it is only among a crowd of other buildings in a city which jostle up against it, over top of it, and sometimes almost completely hide it.

What a revelation then is such a journey as that down the eastern side of England! There are no mountains, the land is as flat, generally, as our prairies, yet lacking their feeling of expanse, as it has all been cut up from time immemorial into various farms and holdings. Most of the rivers appear to us like apologies for streams, even the trees, though so beautifully symmetrical and well cared for, seem dwarfed in comparison with our forest giants, and when one comes to the towns the contrast is greater than ever. When travelling in Canada the approach to a large town is heralded by the whirring of saw-mills, the clangour of foundries, the banging of freight cars being shunted up and down miles of railway track, and many other similar sights and sounds, and something of the same sort goes on, too, in the busy commercial centres of England. But here in the eastern counties, where Christianity was planted so firmly in spite of the ravages of the Danes and Northmen so many centuries ago, the Church still appears visibly as the predominating influence, nature and commerce alike being equally subservient to it.

Leaving Durham behind, bathed in a glow of early morning sunlight, the day changed somewhat, and the sky became overcast, still there was much of quiet peaceful interest in the landscape, and one was more than content to sit and watch it passing by, till suddenly three times over in the course of that journey, one's heart gave a great bound as out of the grey mistiness loomed up before one's eyes the outlines of a city, whose buildings rose up only in entire subordination to that great feature in the landscape, the towers, spires and fretted walls of a great Cathedral.

First came Yorkminster, which I was actually able to visit hurriedly; then Lincoln, and lastly Ely. Both Lincoln and Ely are magnificently situated, each crowning the slopes of the only rising ground for many miles around.

One wondered how many a stormy battle had been waged round their walls in the troubled days of old.

There are many other interesting things I should like to tell you about, but have not time. Especially of my brief visit to Yorkminster, where, amongst the regimental flags which had found a resting place there, there was one blood-stained flag which had been carried on the field at Waterloo.

My travels have ended for the present at Ditchingham, where, though it is November, the trees seem to be full of birds singing as if it were May.

Last night we went down to an entertainment at the Orphanage, a little play, and some very pretty tableaux, which the children had got up entirely by themselves. It reminded me very much of Yale, and I felt quite bewildered for a moment at seeing the programmes dated from "All Hallows School."

With much love to yourself, dear sister, and all the family,

Your very affectionate,

ALTHEA MOODY.

From a late Pupil of the Canadian School.

150-Mile-House, Cariboo, B. C.

Dear Sister.—

Thank you very much for sending me the magazine, which I received yesterday. It was very good of you to remember me. I did feel so school-sick when I read it, and longed to be back at dear old Yale, if only for a few minutes. I do not think you realise until you leave school for good how much you really loved it all, at least I know that is the way I feel about it.

We have had no rain to speak of ever since I came home, so everything is terribly dry. There have been large bush fires all over the country for months, and many of them have only just gone out.

I have a dear little grey pony to ride. My brother bought him when he was wild and broke him in. He is quite gentle now and goes very fast. I am thinking of putting him in for the Chilcote races next year, with one of the boys to ride him. We have eight horses now, but a very valuable one has been lost all summer, and is now running with a wild band, so I doubt if we will ever get her again.

We have had no very cold weather yet, but the nights are chilly, there often being from fifteen to twenty degrees of frost. The ranchers say it is going to be very severe—that means from thirty to forty degrees below zero, and we are not looking forward to it.

I went to the Indian Mission School with Father some time ago. It is a very pretty place, four or five miles away. The Father Superior showed me all over it. He was very funny, and showed me all the clothes the children wear and the material of which they were made. I don't think it is nearly so nice as the Yale Indian School.

I went out shooting two or three times with Father, but we did not have very good luck. Game is very scarce this year, as is everything else. I have been looking after the chickens all summer. We had about fifty, as well as the hens. Everybody has a cow up here, and their own eggs. I have also learned to milk, and like it very much, but I do not always get up in time to do it.

Please give my love to everybody, and, with very much love for yourself, I remain

Your loving pupil,

EILEEN.

Heartsease.

ARCHDEACON PENTREATH'S INSTRUCTION ON MISSIONS.

(From notes taken by a pupil in the Indian School.)

"Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature."

This was our Lord Jesus Christ's commission to His Apostles when He rose from the dead, and in St. Matthew's Gospel we find these words added "baptising them in the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." His promise, "Lo I am with you alway even unto the end of the world," further strengthened their commission and comforted them in moments of loneliness or peril, of doubt or disappointment.

This command and this promise belong to us also who are baptised members of Christ's Church on Earth. We owe much to this command; if it had not been given to and obeyed by the Apostles we might never have heard of Jesus. Our Lord's Apostles might have been content to stay in their own land and to preach the good news to their own people only, but having received Christ's command

they "went forth." St. Thomas is said to have gone to India, indeed, he was martyred there. St. Paul travelled through many lands, it is thought that he even went as far as the Island of Great Britain. All this happened a very, very long time ago, but it is not so long ago since the Good News was first carried to Canada, and we believe that before the end of the world comes every creature of God will get a chance of hearing the Glad Tidings: "Unto you is born, in the City of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord."

The work of evangelization is being carried on now as it perhaps was never carried on before; into a thousand languages and more the words are translated, "Jesus is God."

There are three great missionary days in the Church's calendar. The first is Christmas Day, when Jesus Christ the Son of God was born into the world of a lowly Virgin Mother and manifested to the Jews through the watching shepherds, who, tending their flocks at night, heard the wondrous angels sing, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth, peace, good-will towards men," and, coming to the stable, found the Divine Child, with Mary, His mother, and fell down and worshipped Him, then, going out again, they, the first missionaries of Jesus, carried the Good News with them.

The second Great Missionary Day is the Epiphany, when the Lord Jesus was manifested to the Gentiles (foreigners) through the three Wise Men who saw His star in the East, and came from afar, bringing their gifts of gold and frankincense and myrrh to lay at the Christ Child's feet. They, no doubt, carried the good news back to their own country.

The Third Great Missionary Day is Whitsunday, which commemorates the birthday of the Christian Church, when the Holy Ghost descended upon the Apostles in cloven tongues of fire, and they received the power of special "gift of tongues," which enabled them to speak to every man of that great concourse which had assembled in Jerusalem for the Feast of the Passover, in his own language. Thus the first missionaries of the Christian Church were enabled to speak at once in foreign languages and to carry the good news to the people of all nations.

It is only about fifty years ago since the Good News was brought over to the people of the Pacific Slope of Canada. These people were very wild and fierce. They used to be called "canoe pirates," because they attacked strangers approaching their coast very savagely, and did much damage. Captain Prevost (who was afterwards an Admiral in the British Navy) came in contact with the "canoe pirates" when he was cruising in their waters, and he asked for missionaries to be sent out to them. Bishop Ridley was the first missionary Bishop of Caledonia. His wife, Mrs. Ridley, was much loved by the Indians. Her example, even more than the work she did, was such a help and blessing to the people amongst whom she lived. In this

way we can all do missionary work. Even if we have no other gifts, we cannot teach, or circumstances oblige us to stay at home, we can always try to live well, that is, to live for Christ, so that people around us may see in us the beauty of the Christ life, and learn to love Him too.

Mrs. Ridley died about two years ago. The Indians set up a stone at the head of her grave, on which they inscribed these words in their own language, which, translated in English, reads "Mother, we remember thee." One of the Indians, speaking about her, said: "We were lying in the stones and dirt until she came and lifted us up with her pure hands."

Here is an example for us, the example of one good woman, who strove to follow Christ's command, and by her life "preached the Gospel to every creature" who came under her influence. There are fifteen hundred million people in the world to-day, and of these only about five hundred million are Christians. All the rest have yet to hear the good news. Let us all try to help them in some way by our prayers, by our example, by our alms. If we cannot go away to be missionaries to the heathen ourselves, we can be humbly strengthening the hands of those who are in the strife, who are battling for the souls of those "God so loved that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish but have everlasting life."

All Hallows' Schools, Yale, B.C.

ANNUAL ACCOUNT.

Advent, 1903, to Advent, 1904.

RECEIPTS.

December, 1904, cash in hand..	\$ 504 85.
S. P. C. K. Scholarships for Indian School..	240 00.
Donations—	
Miss Wilson, Yale Chaplaincy Fund..	48 00
Rev. J. S. Simpson, for Indian School..	41 64
Captain R. Bryson, Indian School..	24 00
Rev. H. Underhill, for prizes..	2 00
Sister Fanny, S. S. J. D., England, for Indian School..	16 93
Dominion Government, grant for Indian School..	1851 50
Rent of land..	36 00
Sale of hay..	18 00
Small sales..	19 50
Canadian School Fees..	8636 34
Total..	<u>\$11,438 76</u>

EXPENDITURES.

Teachers' Salaries..	\$ 1638 00
Servants' Wages..	574 35
Clothing..	47 00
Prizes and Entertainments..	58 65
Journeys..	218 25
Piano Tuner..	50 00
Drayage..	163 20
Indian Hospital, Lytton..	10 00
Crockery and Furniture..	864 67
School Stationery..	376 32
Fuel..	782 32
Medicine and Medical Fees..	149 30
Repairs..	152 25
Freight..	428 44
Postage..	59 20
Offertory..	50 50
Laundry..	772 98
Housekeeping..	3969 41
Music..	67 65
Insurance..	173 25
Taxes..	6 30
Yale Chaplaincy Fund..	73 00
Printing..	86 32
Examination Fees..	113 05
Chapel Books..	15 00
Altar Flowers..	4 70
Balance..	534 65
Total..	<u>\$11,438 76</u>

INDIAN SCHOOL SPECIAL ACCOUNT, 1904.

RECEIPTS.

December 1st, 1903, in hand..	\$ 8 95
Freight repaid on bale..	8 65
1904—Donations—	
Through All Hallows Community, England..	\$ 14 30
Carshalton Working Party, England..	4 85
Junior W. A., Trinity Church, Seattle..	5 00
Rev. G. Ditcham..	5 00
W. A., Toronto..	5 00
Children's Lenten Offerings, Whaplode, England..	2 00
Mrs. Bompas..	5 00
Carshalton Working Party..	7 30
Mrs. E. Cornwall Legh..	4 80
N. G. D. Parker, Esq..	5 00
Miss Wallace, Carshalton..	24 00
	<u>82 25</u>

Forward..	\$82 25
Miss R. Moody, donation for bed..	10 00
Sale of Baskets..	39 15
Sale of Fruit..	6 00
Sale of Work, Clothing, etc..	104 40
Total..	<u>\$ 259 40</u>

EXPENDITURE.

Duty and Postage..	\$ 17 85
Freight, Express and Drayage..	14 20
Clothing..	7 20
Basket Industry..	37 20
Furniture and Hardware..	74 65
Garden Seeds, Plants, Manure and Labor..	67 85
Sundries..	4 15
December 1st, 1904—Cash in hand..	36 30
Total..	<u>\$ 259 40</u>

ALL HALLOWS' CHAPEL FUND.

Michaelmas, 1904—Cash in hand..	\$ 1501 66
September—"Old Carthusian"..	9 55
October—Rev. A. Dorrell..	1 00
" —Mrs. Dorrell..	1 00
November—All Saints' Day Offering..	11 80
December—Children's Chapel Club..	25 00
January, 1905—Total in hand..	<u>\$ 1550 01</u>

All Hallows' Mission to the Indians of British Columbia.

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

The Dominion Government of Canada provides a frugal maintenance for 35 pupils, which is paid under an annuity allowance of \$5.00 per month for each child.

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

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

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.

Salaries do not form a heavy item in the Indian School expenditure, as nearly all the work for it is done voluntarily.

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

A matron has charge of the house work and clothing.

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

Daily Time Table.

Morning—Rise—Senior girls at 6; Junior girls at 6.30.

6.30—House work.

7.30—Prime in chapel.

8—Breakfast, bed-making, etc.

9—School—I, II, III Standards. Reading, writing, musical drill.

9—IV, V, VI Standards. House work.

10—School—IV, V, VI Standards. Reading, Canadian and English history.

10—I, II, III Standards. House work.

11—All Standards in school for arithmetic.

12—Recess and luncheon.

Noon—1—I, II, III Standards. Needlework.

1—IV, V, VI Standards. Scripture, drawing, singing, needlework.

2—I, II, III Standards. Scripture, elocution, general knowledge.

2—IV, V, VI Standards. Geography, grammar, French, musical drill.

3—Recess.

3.30—Walk.

5—Setting table for dinner. Lamps, etc.

5.30—Dinner.

6.30—Vespers in chapel.

7—Study hour.

7.30—I, II, III Standards go to bed.

8—IV, V, VI Standards. Recess.

8.30—IV, V, VI Standards go to bed.

Bread-making, cooking, laundry, waiting at table, etc., are all included in the domestic training or "house work." Pupils who are over 17 years of age, or who have a good standing in the VI Standard, have more attention paid to their domestic training, and spend less time in the school-room.

Indian School Register.

Flossie, from..	Shuswap
Katie Shiparkiminak..	Ashcroft
Sophie She-a-mat..	Yale
Lucy Shoo-lee-kit..	Lytton
Helen Intis..	Spuzzum
Katherine Mah-ah-lee..	North Bend
Emma Chautatlen..	Lytton
Maria O-aimoole-nack..	Chillicotin
Suzanne Schoutimich..	Spuzzum
Lisa-Mah-ah-then..	Lytton
Milly Mah-amat-ko..	Lytton
Lena Shilthr..	Lytton
Allie, from..	Savona
Elizabeth Nah-ah-ches-cut..	Nicola
Elizabeth Toosha..	Nicola
Josephine Skamee..	Chilliwack
Nellie Ska-ka-mie..	Chilliwack
Sara I-exaltsah..	North Bend
Grace Oleson..	Lillooet
Therese Niquakooshin..	Cariboo
Elsie Kooshin..	Cariboo
Stella He-he-nack..	Lytton
Alice Ka-zat-ko..	Lytton
Lottie Moweech..	Shuswap
Matilda Jekasat-ko..	Lytton
Ellen Sushell..	Lytton
Louise, from..	Savona
Jennie Newhi-in-ko, from..	Lytton
Hilda Ma-kwat-ko..	Lytton
Ada Ender..	Lytton
Beatrice Sheeshiatko..	Lillooet

Gina Shpinzoozoh..Lillooet
 Hilda Ziltatko..Cisco
 Betty, from..Lytton

Christmas at All Hallows in the West.

This was my first Christmas at All Hallows, and I think I can safely say it has been one of the happiest I have ever spent. Outside the weather was ideal—lots of snow and just cold enough to make the air crisp and bright. Inside all was cosy and warm, with bright, comfortable fires burning in every grate. On Christmas Eve the children had plenty of work to do. They divided themselves into two bands, one band was sent off to cut cedar boughs and evergreens, while the other tacked them up on the walls and made them into wreaths as fast as they could be brought in. For quite a month before Christmas the children had been off on each fine day collecting sword ferns and Oregon-grape, which is very similar to holly, but without the red berries, and they had stowed these away safely in tubs in the cool cellar. These were brought to light, and by dinner-time everything was finished, and each room looked like a diminutive forest. Needless to say the little chapel was not neglected. Everything possible was done to make an ideal Christmas at All Hallows.

On Christmas Eve we were to have the usual mid-night Eucharist for the Indians, and we spent many happy hours practising and getting accustomed to the Indian words, which are set to Gregorian music, which, strange as it may seem, suits them exactly. The Indians used to come up from the little village for practices, and they did enjoy it so! I don't know what we should have done without their strong sonorous voices. We had an orchestra, too, which was the greatest help. Miss Main and Katherine both brought their violins, and under Miss R. Moody's training did wonders. We sang everything in Indian but the Nicene Creed, and began with the "Venite Adoremus," two verses of which had been translated into Yale Indian. I think for the rest of my life I shall always want to sing "Emeyjap tu walta, Emeyjap tu walta, Emeyjap tu walta, Christ Salth Shiam," instead of the usual chorus, "O come let us adore Him." There were thirty communicants at the service, twenty being Indian. Archdeacon Pentreath came up from Vancouver to conduct the services, and we had such a happy party at supper, after the service. The table had been decorated and set early in the evening, and we ate our first Christmas meal by the light of fairy lamps and candles. Most of us were not sorry, however, when it was over and time for bed, as we had had rather a busy day.

On Christmas morning we were awakened—shall I say it?—by the sound of a prosaic bell. I had been told such things did not happen on Christmas Day, but I certainly heard it. A few minutes later we

heard the strains of a violin, and very shortly, bright cheerful voices, singing a Christmas carol in the hall. Then we heard a tramp, tramp, tramp up the stairs, which ended in "Carol Sweetly Carol" on the landing outside our rooms. On coming down to breakfast, Sister Superior inquired who had committed such an outrage as to ring the rising bell on Christmas morning, and we found the culprit to be Milly. She had been reproved the day before for omitting to ring it, but she had an argument ready in her own favor. She reminded us that if she had not rung the bell, what would be the sense of singing in their carol, "Hark the Merry Christmas Bells?" We have no cathedral in Yale to ring out the Christmas chimes, so Milly thought the rising bell would be a good substitute.

It was well we all ate a good supper in the early morning on Christmas Day, for we had very little breakfast. It was not that there was a lack of food—that is never known at All Hallows—but there was a great lack of space on the table, as our presents were piled high in front of each plate. However, we managed to get a little food and to be ready for Matins at 11 o'clock. The Archdeacon gave us a Christmas address, and we were quite sorry when it was over.

There was great excitement among the children at this part of the day. The tables were laid in the Canadian School dining-hall, with Sister Superior's place in the middle of one table, and Sister Agatha's at the other. We were all dressed in our best—the children with their blue frocks and white frills. The "grown-ups" took their places first, and then the children marched in singing a Christmas carol. We had a very happy meal and did justice to the turkey and plum puddings. I had never before had a Christmas dinner with quite such a large family.

Christmas festivities were carried on to Saint Stephen's Day, as I think they were everywhere else this year. We had a big Christmas-tree for the Indians, who had come up for the Midnight Celebration, and all the children who were at the school. It took us nearly all the morning to find places on an overladen tree for everything, but by three o'clock the curtains were drawn across the windows and the candles lighted. I have never seen such a beautiful tree. Every branch was laden, and looked as if it could not bear even another trifle. There were seventy-five pairs of eyes, some of them were so very, very old, yet all were bright and eager, gazing at the tree, and longing for the distribution of its heavy load of presents. The children in the school sang several carols, and then the delightful work of destruction began. Sister Agatha and Miss Kelley undertook to cut down and distribute the gifts, Miss Nevitt the oranges, and I was in demand with the candy-bags, while Miss R. Moody kept watch over the lighted candles. The tree was stripped of its finery very quickly—in about half the time it took to dress

it. A very happy party of Indians made their way back to their ranches that day. They had had a very blessed time indeed. Reverent Musical Services in a Place of Worship, that was warm and fragrant with the Christmas wreaths of evergreen and flowers. They had heard words of instruction and had joined in songs of praise. Comfortable gifts of warm clothing were in their hands, and the bountiful tea they had enjoyed, served round by their own little daughters, filled up their measure of satisfaction.

When we had robbed the tree even of its decorations it seemed as if Christmas were over. We sang Christmas carols each evening at Vespers, and enjoyed a quiet and restful week. Then on New Year's Day, Christmas festivities broke out again. We had a party of eighteen at the annual Communicants' Dinner.

After New Year's Day I thought that we surely must have seen the last of Christmas—but no! On the eve of the Epiphany, Sister announced, "Now to-night we must have a party for the children." We all inquired what we might do to help, and for an answer were led into the dining-hall, to behold another Christmas-tree, quite a small one this time, waiting to be dressed. We spent the afternoon decorating it. There was one small gift for each child, and a bag of candies. At half-past seven in the evening an eager, anxious throng of children assembled at the dining-hall door. An edict had gone forth that all guests were to enter the room blindfolded, for this second tree was to be a real surprise. There was one small child of about nine years who had come to the school just a day or two after Christmas, and had missed the first Christmas-tree, and had never had an opportunity of seeing one in her life before. What her ideas were it is impossible to conceive, but her wild look of terror and her pale face showed that she expected the worst. She spoke no English, so it was impossible to calm her fears. She was led into the dining-hall and the bandage removed, but even then I don't think she felt reassured. However, in time she found out what it was all about, and took a great interest in the other girls' proceedings, which were to find their own presents before Sister had finished counting ten. They came up in threes, and if their search was unsuccessful they had to wait until all the others had had their turn. We had used our judgment in placing the presents, those for the tallest children we had put on the floor, and for the slow, methodical children we had hung the presents on the ends of the branches.

When all had their gifts the tree was pushed aside and the games began. We had the "Blackbird" and several other games, which are quite indigenous to All Hallows. Then we had "I sent a letter to my love," and ended with the orthodox "Musical Chairs," only this time it happened to be the "Musical Stools," which is much simpler, as there is no chair-back to obstruct the way to a seat.

After a real supper, with real tea out of real cups and saucers, the family said goodnight, and I think it was a real goodbye to

Christmas parties for a year. The next morning all the decorations came down, all the ivy, moss and ferns that had cost so much labor to put up on Christmas Eve, was ruthlessly carried away faded and drooping now, and by dinner time there was no trace of it all left, except in our memories. Many years will not efface the impression made by the "First Christmas at All Hallows in the West" on

BEATRICE FRANCIS.

Children's Corner.

BOOKS.

In every civilised country all grown-up people and little girls are taught how to read and write, and are sent to school to learn.

In olden days people used to write books by hand, which cost a lot of money.

The Bible, which was about the first book to be printed, we all ought to have and read before any other book.

We, most of us, who go to churches and chapels, have heard it read, and have been taught about some separate book in the Bible each term.

There are also other books written by good men about the Scriptures, which make them easier for us to understand.

Some men go out to foreign lands and they spend two or three years roaming about the place having nice adventures. Sometimes they get in danger when they meet some wild animal, and if they chance to have a gun they shoot it. That's fine sport, and books of adventures are exciting, and people like reading them.

There are a lot of men that write poetry. Some men had plenty of time to write poetry, like Tennyson. He was a very famous poet.

There are other men who didn't always have time to write much, and who just wrote scraps when they had time.

Women write too. Mrs. Browning wrote a lot. She is a famous woman.

There are many other nice books that amuse us and tell us about school lives, like "Sunday Echoes in Week-day Hours," the "Laneton Parsonage," and others.

An English lady wrote a lot of books which are very nice, like "The Heir of Redclyffe" and "The Dove in the Eagle's Nest" and "Daisy Chain." These are the books I like.

BEATRICE.

A THOUGHT ABOUT HEAVEN.

(Suggested by the Bishop's Sermon on All Saints' Day, 1904.)

People often think that Heaven must be a very monotonous place, because they learn that there the saints are at rest, or, at least are continually employed in singing and praising God. Therefore they naturally think that it must be monotonous, because here anything we do all the time becomes wearisome. Even our best services in church tire us very much if they are too long, but that is because we have bodies. In Heaven there are no tired bodies, only bright spirits of the saints, whose characters differ one from the other, therefore there must be great variety and yet great harmony in Heaven, for there all are one in Christ and Christ in God.

The notes of a musical instrument all differ one from the other, but when tuned and played on by a master hand they produce beautiful harmonies, so the saints, differing in character, touched by God's hand, make Music in Heaven.

MILLY O'SHAIMAIST.

CITIZENSHIP.

The Bishop took for his text this: "Our conversation is in Heaven." First of all what does the word "conversation" mean? In common use now it means "talk," but that is not what it means in the text, not what it used to mean when the Bible was first translated into English. The meaning of the word has suffered change. When St. Paul wrote these words to the Phillipians he did not mean "our talk is in Heaven;" no, the word ought to have been translated "citizenship." "Our citizenship is in Heaven." If we belong to Jesus, as we do, this earth is not our home, our city. The home of Jesus is in Heaven, and therefore ours must be there too. On earth we are only strangers and pilgrims journeying to our Heavenly Home.

St. Paul thought a great deal of his citizenship, and once when he was to have been scourged, he was saved by his privilege as a Roman. (his citizenship), for the Centurion was afraid when he heard that he was a Roman. Another time when the elders had him unjustly sent to prison he would not come out, but the magistrate had to come and take him out with respect. He thought a great deal of his Roman citizenship and the honor and privilege it conveyed. He also thought and wanted us to think about our citizenship as the children of God, and because of this citizenship we have many rights and privileges. We have first of all the privilege of Baptism, to make us members of Christ and heirs of the Kingdom of Heaven. Then we have the privilege of praying to God as our Father, but, above all blessings and privileges we have the privilege of Holy Com-

munion, that Holy Feast in which we partake of the Body and Blood of our Blessed Saviour.

Let us then be careful to value our "citizenship."

THERESE.

A SCHOOL INSPECTION.

One day in November the Indian Agent, Mr. McDonald, and the Government Inspector, Mr. Green, came to visit our school.

All the girls were in the school-room at their desks, according to their grades, then Sister Superior called over the role, and we each answered "present" to our name (only Emma was absent; she is still minding her baby sister at Lytton, and Elizabeth, who is at home sick). After the register was marked, our little ones, First, Second and Third Grades, marched on to the platform and sang a pretty song Miss Rose Moody taught them, and they did their little musical drill. Miss R. Moody was playing all the time. Then they recited a piece called "Castles in the Air," which Sister Agatha taught them. I think they did it all very nicely. The Inspector seemed very pleased too.

The Fourth, Fifth and Sixth Standards had to read and spell and answer questions which Miss Kelley asked us in Canadian History, Geography of Canada and Physical Geography. Sometimes Sister Superior put in a question, and sometimes Mr. McDonald, but we did not make any mistakes. Then all our Exercises, Arithmetic and Copy-books, and our Needlework, were shown to the Inspector.

When it was all over Mr. McDonald told us he was very much pleased with us, he was quite sure we were well taught in this school. I forgot to say that we all sang "All Hallows Patriotic Song," because it says on the Government Code that Indian children are to be taught patriotic songs, and Katherine played a solo on her violin. Mr. McDonald said we could not have known so much if we had not been taught carefully. He said many other things, but it is a little hard to remember all, but at the end he said he was not a good speaker but that Mr. Green was, so Mr. Green got up and told us how he had enjoyed his visit and what a surprise it was to him. He thought we must be good children to have learnt all we knew, but we owed a great deal to our teachers, who must have worked as hard as we did, and been very patient too. We were not great scholars now perhaps, but he hoped some day by and by, as we learned more and more, we would try to make use of our knowledge to do some good in the world. At the end of his speech he asked Sister to give us a whole holiday, not that day, because it was already half over, but another day, from the morning till evening, because he thought all children loved whole holidays, and we had worked so well that we deserved one.

When the sun was shining one morning Miss Kelley came into school and told us to put away all our books. We were going to have a whole holiday. So we went out doors. It was so fresh and bright, and we had a lovely day, and we can all truly say that we love such holidays.

FLOSSIE.

Gifts Acknowledged.

Stationery, from Mrs. Nevitt, Toronto. Clothing and sundries from Mrs. Hornibrook, St. Leonards-on-Sea, England. Haunch of venison, Mr. Ferguson, Savona. Box of apples, Mr. Weddell, Kelowna. Four brace prairie chickens, Mrs. de Blois Green, Penticton. Two books, magazines, Rev. H. Underhill. "Punch," H. Moody, Esq., Fleet, Eng. "Living Church," Rev. A. Dorrell, Ashcroft. "Church Times," Sister Fanny, Little Hampton, Eng. Three fair linens, Christmas cards, Miss Wilshere, Welwyn, Eng. Dolls, handy boxes, writing cases, writing papers, knitted shawls, pictures, cards, from "The Rose Circle," Victoria, through Mrs. R. S. Day. Basket huckleberries, sack apples, large faggot of gum sticks, from George Sheamatta, Yale. Barrel containing Christmas stockings, candy bags, nuts, oranges, books, boxes of sweets, etc., from St. Saviour's branch W. A., Nelson. Six boxes oranges, one bucket of candies, from Mr. Creighton, Yale. Ten dollars' donation, from Kamloops branch of W. A., through Mrs. Godfrey. Vancouver, has purchased an extra bed for the Indian School. One box, containing oranges, also four dozen candy baskets and pitchers, from Rev. H. Underhill. Two boxes of oranges, from Mr. Rich, Ladners. One box of oranges, from Archdeacon Pentreath, Vancouver. Bale, containing clothing, new boots, groceries, two cakes, cards, toys, etc., through Miss Haviland, St. Peter's branch W. A., Charlottetown, P. E. I. Small parcel of books and woollen things, cards, from Mrs. Howard, Toronto. Small box of "notions," from Mr. H. Morey, New Westminster. Parcel of pretty trifles and nick-nacks, also some beautiful knitted vests, from Miss McDonald, Bath, England. Bale, clothing, toys, books, etc., from the Dorcas branch W. A., Sherbrook, Quebec. One bale beautiful clothing, ornaments, toys, etc., from St. Paul's Vale (no other address). As we go to press we hear that several more bales have arrived at the station and are waiting to be delivered.

Wants.

Strong, unbleached sheets, 2 1-2 yards long, 1 1-4 yards wide. Blankets for single beds. Plain, strong Turkey-twill counterpanes (unlined) 2 1-2 yards long and 1 3-4 yards wide, are very much needed for the Indian School dormitories. We should be specially grateful for these.

Boots, rubbers and overshoes of all sizes (especially from 11 to 4).
Scarlet tam-o'shanter.

Strong thin summer stockings; pink sunbonnets.

Four more scarlet cloaks for little new girls.

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

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

Neck, to edge of hem.	Inside Sleeve.	Neck.	Waist.
42	18	13	23
39	17	13	27
36	15	12	27
33	13	11	27
30	11	11	23

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

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

Flannelette petticoats of women's sizes, and also, for the very little girls, 22 to 23 inches long in front. Plants, bulbs or any contributions towards the garden. Strong knives and forks. Enamelled iron mugs and bowls.

Stationery is always most useful.

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

ALL HALLOWS IN THE WEST.

NOTICE.

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 closed on Dec. 20th, 1904. The Spring Term will begin February 1st, 1905. Pupils will be expected to arrive on the morning and evening of that day.