

## Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

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

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

- Coloured covers /  
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged /  
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated /  
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing /  
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps /  
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) /  
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations /  
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material /  
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Only edition available /  
Seule édition disponible
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion  
along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut  
causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la  
marge intérieure.
- Additional comments /  
Commentaires supplémentaires:

Continuous pagination.

- Coloured pages / Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged / Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated /  
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/  
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached / Pages détachées
- Showthrough / Transparence
- Quality of print varies /  
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Includes supplementary materials /  
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire
- Blank leaves added during restorations may  
appear within the text. Whenever possible, these  
have been omitted from scanning / Il se peut que  
certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une  
restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais,  
lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas  
été numérisées.

All Hallows' Library

# All Hallows in the West

*"SERVIRE DEO SAPERE."*



Ascensiontide Number,  
1905

---

Published at

All Hallows' School, Dale, B.C.

Editor, The Sister Superior.

## CONTENTS.

---

PROSPECTUS	1
Work	1
School Prayers	2
"Christ's Triumph Over Death" (Poetry)	395
Ascension Day-	396
Leaves from Our Journal	398
The Masquerade Ball	402
Green and Gold	407
The Wild Grey Geese of Canada	410
Success	412
School Register	413
Names Registered for Future Vacancies	414
Visitors' Book	414
HEARTSEASE	415
All Hallows' Chapel Building Fund Account	417
All Hallows' Indian School	417
Daily Time Table	417
Indian School Register	418
The Government Inspector's Visit	419
CHILDREN'S CORNER—	
Old Mary	421
Life	422
Easter Monday	423
Gifts Acknowledged	424
Wants	425
Notice	Cover

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

ESTABLISHED 1890

Conducted by the Sisters of All Hallows.

VISITOR - - - - THE LORD BISHOP OF NEW WESTMINSTER

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

Games Mistress, - - Miss R. Moody.

### The Course of Study Includes:

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

### Staff of Teachers:

- Primary Class - Miss Francis.
- Junior and Senior Classes, English Subjects, Latin, Mathematics, French and Musical Drills. } Miss Shibley, B.A., Queen's University, Kingston.  
Miss Nevitt, B.A., Trinity University, Toronto.  
Miss Kelley, B.A., Trinity University, Toronto.
- Music, Piano - - - Miss R. Moody Miss Francis, Miss Dodd.  
Miss R. Moody, Cert : Senior Local Centre, Assoc :
- Music, Violin and Harmony } Board R. A. M. & R. C. M., Pupil of Wolfemann, 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 Matriculations Examination.

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

Also for School Examinations of the Royal Drawing Society.

**Entrance Fee \$5.00**

**School Fees (in Advance)**

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

Application for further particulars to be made to:

**THE SISTER SUPERIOR**

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

**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 Francis
Miss Shibley	Miss Nevitt
Miss Kelley	Miss Dodd
Miss R. Moody	Mrs. Woodward
	Miss Maine

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

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

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

V. Take this child and nurse it for Me.

R. And I will give thee thy reward.

*Let us pray.*

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

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

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

V. And unto the God of gods.

R. 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.

---

VOL. VI.

ASCENSIONTIDE, 1905.

No. 4

---

## Christ's Triumph Over Death.

"Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates,  
And let the Prince of Glory enter in!  
At whose brave volley of sidereal states  
The sun to blush, and stars grow pale were seen;  
When leaping first from earth He did ~~out~~ begin  
To climb His Angels' wings; then open hang  
Your crystal doors"—so all the chorus sang,  
Of heavenly birds, as to the stars they nimbly sprang.

Outleap the antique Patriarchs all in haste,  
To see the powers of hell in triumph led:  
And with small stars a garland interchased  
Of olive leaves they bore to crown His Head  
That was before with thorns degloried:  
After them flew the Prophets, brightly stol'd  
In shining lawn, and wimpled manifold,  
Striking their Ivory harps, strung all in chords of gold.

To which the Saints victorious carols sang;  
Ten thousand Saints at once; that with the sound  
The hollow vaults of Heaven for triumph rang:  
The Cherubim their clamors did confound  
With all the rest, and clapt their wings around.  
Down from their thrones the Dominations flow,  
And at His Feet their crowns and sceptres throw,  
And all the princely souls fall on their faces low.

Nor can the Martyrs' wounds them stay behind,  
But out they rush among the heavenly crowd,  
Seeking their Heaven out of their heaven to find;  
And sound their silver trumpets out so loud,  
That the shrill noise breaks through the starry cloud:  
And all the Virgin souls in pure array  
Come dancing forth and making joyous play,  
So Him they led along into the Courts of Day.

So Him they led into the Courts of Day,  
Where never war nor wounds abide Him more;  
But in that House eternal peace doth play,  
Acquiescing the souls, that, new besore,  
Their way to Heaven through their own blood did score:

But now, estranged from all misery,  
 As far as Heaven and earth discoasted lie,  
 They bathe in quiet waves of immortality.

\* \* \* \* \*

About the Holy City rolls a flood  
 Of molten crystal, like a sea of glass;  
 On which weak stream a strong foundation stood;  
 Of living diamonds the building was,  
 That all things else, besides itself, did pass:  
 Her streets, instead of stones, the stars did pave,  
 And little pearls, for dust, it seemed to have,  
 On which soft streaming manna, like pure snow, did wave.

In midst of this City Celestial,  
 Where the eternal Temple should have rose,  
 Lightened the Vision Beatifical;  
 End and beginning of each thing that grows;  
 Whose Self no end nor yet beginning knows:  
 That hath no Eyes to see, nor Ears to hear,  
 Yet sees, and hears, and is all Eye and Ear:  
 That nowhere is contained, and yet is everywhere.

Ye blessed ones, grown richer by your spoils,  
 Whose loss, though great, is cause of greater gains;  
 Here may your weary spirits rest from toil,  
 Spending your endless evening that remains  
 Among those white flocks and celestial trains  
 That feed upon their Shepherds Eyes, and frame  
 That heavenly music of so wondrous fame,  
 Psalming aloud the holy honors of His Name!

—GILES FLETCHER. 1623.

## Ascension Day.

With this Day we close the first half of the Christian year. Since Advent we have been going over all the events of our Lord's life upon earth. To-day we celebrate His return to His heavenly Home after His work here was finished. On Sunday week we shall commemorate the descent of the Holy Ghost and the birthday of the Church of Christ, then our last and crowning festival will be in honor of the Holy Trinity—the Father who made us, the Son who redeemed us, and the Holy Ghost who sanctifies us, Three Persons in One God. Thus we pass the first half of the Christian year, which is divided into two parts, one teaching us about the life of our Lord, the other teaching us the practical lessons to be drawn from that life for our guidance.

On Easter Day we rejoiced in the Lord's Resurrection from death and the grave; to-day we meet to praise Him for His Ascension. He died for our sins and rose again for our justification, but even these great acts would not have been of complete use if His Ascension had not consummated His triumph over death and hell.

Ascension Day is, alas, too often a neglected festival. This might be because it comes on a week day, a working day. Perhaps if we could do in our city churches what you rightly do here in your school chapel, that is, prepare some special music for the services, bringing the best of the talent and culture we possess to honor the Lord Jesus Christ on His day of triumph, some people might be tempted away from the busy mart, the "daily round," to come to church. The reason for such common neglect is not far to seek. For many years the observance of this great festival has been more or less in shadow; its importance, the tremendous meaning it bears for us has not been brought forward with sufficient force.

Dear children, you, at least, will never have this excuse to offer. Year after year the great day has been made for you at All Hallows a day of deep spiritual joy. The words of the anthem I have heard you sing are taken from the xxiv. Psalm: a Psalm that was sung when the Ark of the Covenant was borne into the City of Jerusalem. The priests bearing the Ark and the people accompanying it sang as they approached the gates of the city, "Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors, and the King of Glory shall come in." Then the watchman on the wall questioned, "Who is the King of Glory?" and the chorus took up the answer with one glad shout of victory, "It is the Lord strong and mighty, even the Lord mighty in battle." "The Lord of Hosts He is the King of Glory."

This Psalm was primarily composed and sung before the entry of the Ark of the Covenant into the Holy City, but it was a forecast of the Lord's wonderful ascension, when He led His people out as far as Bethany, out of sight and sound of the busy city, up the slopes of Olivet, where He was parted from them and a cloud received Him out of their sight.

Do you suppose when He ascended into the Highest Heavens there would have been no welcome for Him there? Do you think that the angels who sang at His incarnation would not sing to celebrate His return to His Father, after the work that Father had given Him to do was finished? True, no sound reached earth of the angelic chorus, "Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lifted up ye everlasting doors, and the King of Glory shall come in," but something akin to the swinging aside of those gates surely took place in the Heavenly Jerusalem when our Lord entered there as man.

Who is the King of Glory? Heaven and earth, yea hell itself, is interested in the reply given back by the church of God and by His heavenly hosts on high, "It is the Lord strong and mighty, even the Lord mighty in battle: the Lord of Hosts, He is the King of Glory."

The battle was fought for the salvation of men in Nazareth, Bethlehem, Jerusalem and all round about Judaea, the victory was won on the Cross of Calvary when "by death He conquered death." He was buried and rose again from the dead and ascended into Heaven, His Father's home on high. These people, His disciples, were quite sure He was alive for forty days, for they had had the privilege of seeing and talking with Him. In the garden to Mary, in the upper room to the ten, going to Emmaus to the two on their journey thitherward, at the sea-side to over five hundred people at once. St. Paul tells us that two hundred and fifty disciples saw Him ascend. In the act of blessing them He was taken up out of their sight into the Heaven of Heavens. He ascended higher and yet higher until beside the Throne of God, at the right hand of the Father, He, the Son, our Prophet, Priest and King, sat down, and there He, who once offered Himself a sacrifice for us, is now pleading the merits of that sacrifice for the propitiation of our sins. Pleading that as He suffered for us we might escape the punishment justly merited by us. Pleading and shewing, as our great High Priest, His five wounds, wounds received "in the house of His friends."

All the suffering now is over. The sacrifice is complete, offered and accepted, thanks be to God, and on this most joyful festival we are able to think that the occasion it commemorates was the home-coming of the Lord. All His loneliness, His humiliations, His sufferings are over, and He, the King of Glory, has entered, attended by all the heavenly hosts, His Father's home on high. His Father's, therefore our Father's, for is He not our elder brother? Let us then lift up our hearts to thank and praise God for His goodness and love as revealed to us in His blessed Son, who not only died for us, but rose and ascended, and who is still with us in His holy church; for we have His promise, "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world."—Sermon preached in All Hallows' Chapel.

---

## Leaves from Our Journal.

---

JANUARY, 1905.—It was seven o'clock, and a cold morning, early in the year that was still quite "new." The moon was shining brightly in at our windows, and the experience of dressing by moonlight was novel and interesting. A few hours later the sun made an effort to pierce through the gloom of the day, which the moon

had left a sombre gray, and to send a few rays of warmth to cheer the earth.

We were tempted by this phenomenon to set out for a tramp over the snow. It seemed to us that on the white surface of the beach just below the village the yellow rays were falling warmly, so we made that point of the beach our goal. Alas, when we reached it the sun appeared to have receded to the farther beach; we walked sturdily on, but found once more the golden light beyond us. At length, chilled by disappointment and a little tired, we sat on a rock to rest, and to steep our souls in the magnificent beauty of the still white wintry world. Our footsteps had marred the fair surface of the snow, but even as we saw this with regret and regarded with a feeling akin to shame those same large, clumsy wandering footsteps, the snow came down again and silently obliterated all.

On our return to the house we found awaiting us invitations from the Indian school to a dramatic entertainment. The day passed in its usual round of duties, and at 7.30 we assembled in the school room to witness the tragedy of "Blue-beard."

The curtain rolled up and disclosed a charming Oriental maid, quaintly dressed in somebody's dressing gown and our second best lace curtains. In due time we learnt that this was Fatima, matron not maid, wife of Blue-beard the great and wealthy. Incidentally Fatima told us how many attendants she had, but only one appeared at her call and this one was an up-to-date parlor maid who must have been kidnapped from Albion's shores and carried to the Orient to wait on Fatima. Sister Ann also appeared to have suffered transplanting from a Clapham boarding house to this mysterious castle of Blue-beard's, of which she openly disapproved. Blue-beard himself was a remarkable character, adorned with a ferocious beard of Reckett's deepest blue. In the chamber of horrors among the murdered wives we thought we recognized our own dear thrifty cook and other members of the domestic staff, and as we gazed fearfully on their "heads" and pallid upturned faces we wondered who would get us any dinner on the morrow!

Sister Ann was a very resourceful person; she stood on something, possibly a ladder, and peeping over the curtains of the side wings she cheerfully waved a hand to us, as she answered Fatima's wailing voice, "Are my brothers yet in sight?" Then the brothers dashed in; one came in such haste that he reached the centre of the stage on all fours and nearly tripped up his fellow who was following closely behind. At this moment it was discovered that brother No. 1 had forgotten his weapon; something was thrust into his hand. Was it a sword, or a picket of wood? It mattered not; with it Blue-beard was slain, Fatima was rescued and carried faint-

ing away, while Sister Ann and the parlor maid exhibited unholy joy over their fallen enemy.

It was all very funny and yet it was capital. There were few stage properties and no set speeches, but spontaneity of movement, readiness of dialogue, and above all, the element of tragedy were there, and we were made to feel the latter through all our laughter.

After a brief interlude the curtain was drawn up once more, to disclose an exquisite little tree glittering with wax tapers and tinsel ornaments, and bearing on its boughs precious fruit in the form of dear little gifts from the Indian children to their School-Mother and to each one of their guests.

The next day and for many days after the School-Mother was very busy putting together a little baby's outfit, the material for which was provided through the generous donations of the staff; a wee "grand-child" was coming, whose young mother was too poor to buy garments and too ill to make them for it herself.

After this and to the end of the holidays there were many more parties for the Indian children. The mornings were spent in work, the afternoons in leisure and the evenings in pleasures of various kinds, from blowing soap-bubbles to dancing quadrilles. So January passed away and FEBRUARY brought our Canadian "Family" back to the old school and the old familiar routine. Opportunities for serving God and our neighbors in a special manner were once more ours, for God's garden of souls lay all spread out before us. Is it not Bunyan who says "Christians are like the several flowers in a garden, that have each of them the dew of heaven, which being shaken by the wind, they let fall at each other's roots, whereby they are jointly nourished, and become nourishers of each other."

We had some terrible storms of wind with frost and severe cold during the first ten days in February. Then winter picnics became possible and coasting and skating were sources of enjoyment to the strong and healthy.

A few little girls returned from the coast bearing with them symptoms of influenza. The attacks, however, when they came were slight; two or three elders succumbed to the malady, and these were more seriously ill, the School-Mother herself being confined to her room for three dreary weeks, during which time the splendid discipline and order of the house proved itself, and the strength of the staff carried the work on without hindrance until she was able once more to resume personal supervision over the "family." So the cloud of illness passed away with the frost and bitter winds, bringing MARCH in with lamb-like gentleness.

Ash Wednesday fell late and spring's tender green beauty was already covering all the earth when the church's call to Lenten fast and Lenten prayer fell upon our ears.

How one shrinks in anticipation from those forty days of sadness, yet how rapidly they pass and how hope gathers and strengthens with each passing day, for "hopefulness in the long run is only possible for one who prays," and in Lent we learn to pray anew.

The Chapel Choir and Orchestra were full of zeal and they began early to practice for the Easter services. Calmly and peacefully the days glided by, our good friends Archdeacon Pentreath, Mr. Underhill and Mr. Dorrell came in turns to supply our weekly Lenten services. Thus March passed into APRIL and spring beauty grew apace.

Holy Week, Good Friday and Easter found the dear Bishop in our midst, and he took the services for the schools, and also for the little Yale Indian congregation, as in former years.

Easter Day dawned beautiful and bright. Our Eucharist was offered early in the morning, and the perfume and beauty of spring's fairest flowers filled the chapel; surrounding the altar cross were stately Easter lilies, in the vases hyacinths, narcissus, and wild cherry blossoms gleamed purely white, while bordering the dossal and reaching up to the windows were more wild fruit blossoms, ferns and trailing smilax.

The aisle leading to the altar was marked by a path of pale gold daffodils in a setting of young ferns, the font was crowned with narcissus, and a tall plant bearing three exquisite lilies stood beside the lectern.

All the services were fully choral. We used Baden Powell's setting of the Communion Service, specially arranged for women's voices. At matins we sang "Hall Festal Day" as a processional, and had the anthem, "Behold the Angel of the Lord Descended from Heaven," by B. Tours. Five violins, a 'cello and viola blended with the notes of the organ and formed a noble accompaniment to the children's voices. The young soloists in the anthem sang out well without self-consciousness or nervous effort.

In the afternoon the Indians from the village assembled for their class and service. On Easter Monday the Bishop celebrated for them. The service sung in Indian was, as usual, very reverent, and the older people's voices were well supported by the children of the Indian School who were present.

Evensong was as brightly and heartily sung as our earliest service; there were no symptoms of weariness, although the night's quiet and rest, when they came, were very welcome.

Easter Monday and Tuesday were of course holidays, when the "family" went out for picnics and spent the evenings in dancing and games.

Some of the staff made brief week-end visits to the coast; Miss Kelley, who stayed to help us with the Indian School during the Christmas holidays, went to visit Mrs. Dart at the See House in New Westminster for a week, Miss Harris most kindly taking up her work during her absence.

May Day was perfect, all the mountain slopes were flushed with fresh green, the sky was blue without a cloud, the pine trees, the maples, the accacias were alive with the twitter of birds, delicate blue butterflies danced at our feet, and yellow sunshine filled the world with wonder and delight.

On the 10th the theory examinations of the Associated Board were held at the School. On the 20th Professor Graham Moore is expected from England to take the Music Examinations. On the 1st of June, Ascension Day, the annual Confirmation will be held in the chapel. We hope eighteen or twenty candidates from the schools will be ready to be presented by the Chaplain for this holy rite.

Thus "the days of our years" pass on. "They stand with hands outstretched, and full of gifts." Thanks be to God.

---

## Before the Ball.

"Half the fun of a party is getting ready for it," is the unanimous opinion of the corps of youthful workers who usually assist in preparation for social functions at All Hallows—and, judging from the peals of laughter and merry chatter which generally accompany their efforts, this assertion is undoubtedly true.

For days before the great "Masquerade Ball" the girls were busy preparing their costumes, the element of secrecy in which they were involved lending additional interest to the work. Mysterious boxes and parcels began to arrive daily "from home"—to be promptly whisked away by their respective owners and opened in the seclusion of the cubicles, where their contents were revealed to only one or two more intimate friends. What whispered murmurs of admiration were heard when the costume was duly tried on; what animated discussions followed, as alterations or additions were suggested; what praiseworthy endeavors on the part of the uninitiated to remain oblivious to sights and sounds evidently not intended for the general public.

Several enterprising spirits designed and made their own costumes, finding scope for artistic talents and natural ingenuity in

the arrangement of draperies or the manufacture of garments from limited materials, while several little ones who had been unable to arrange for their own dresses, were cleverly fitted out, through the kindness of a member of the Dramatic Club, in an astonishing variety of costumes from the never failing supply of play-clothes.

Unsuspecting grown-ups were assailed with guarded questions concerning famous personages, or, taken unawares, were entangled in the intricacies of national dress. With what unwonted ardor historical and classic characters were studied in order to obtain correct ideas as to costumes and accessories, and how incongruous were the results sometimes, when slender maidens and diminutive juniors appeared arrayed as stately goddesses or doughty heroes of renown. But what mattered it after all, when the spirit of good nature animated all alike.

At last the festal day approached and the various committees of senior girls who were to attend to decorations, entertainment and refreshments, took advantage of a brief holiday to complete their arrangements.

Armsfull of cherry-blossom, sprays of dogwood and flowering currant, ferns and ivy, were brought in and deftly arranged in dining-hall and study. Lace curtains, gay hangings and inviting "cosy corners" transformed the long dining-hall into a most charming "ball-room"—with all superfluous furniture removed and the floor waxed to just the requisite degree of smoothness.

In the study—where the supper table was laid—the masses of pink and white crab-apple blossom on walls and mantel-piece gave the prevailing tone to the decoration which was carried out in the adornment of the table. Long loops of pink ribbon extended from the chandelier to the corners of the table, which was twined with trailing vines and delicate ferns, while the pink shaded lamp shed a soft glow of rosy light over the sparkling dainties beneath.

When everything was in readiness and the busy workers had time to contemplate the result of their labors, they soon forgot the various trials to their patience and good temper during the afternoon—the fruitless searches for hammer and string, the restrictions regarding insertion of tacks, the hasty expeditions through showers of rain to satisfy insatiable demands for more ferns and flowers.

Meanwhile, in a quiet corner of the verandah, another group of girls is busily engaged in painting and writing programmes, each creamy cord tied with blue cord and pencil and adorned with some quaint device in colors, forming a much-prized memento of this memorable occasion.

In the kitchen, a bevy of merry maidens with sleeves tucked up and business-like mien are engaged in various culinary operations—

stirring bubbling saucepans of "fudge" and maple-cream, vigorously cutting bread for innumerable plates of sandwiches, destined to disappear later on with magic-like rapidity, or gravely deciding the all-important question of flavoring for jellies.

What exercise of care and forethought is required to remember all the little details and to put the finishing touches here and there. At last everything is completed, and late in the afternoon the weary little band of workers surveys with pardonable pride the array of tempting looking jellies and custards, cakes and bon-bons, each artistically decorated with ferns.

Then with light hearts and gay chatter all hurry off to dress—by no means an easy performance, when one is intent on keeping one's neighbors in ignorance of the character represented. fff

With what elaborate care the screens are drawn, what skurryings too and fro and surreptitious dashes to one's partner to borrow pins and hairpins or to have flowing tresses dressed in unfamiliar style. Soon phantom figures begin to flit past by twos and threes, wearing ghostly white masks or ferocious looking black ones. Motley groups gather in the play-room, and strange accents meet one's ear. Now the first notes of the Grand March are sounding and a wasp flitting by makes me drop my pen in haste. L. S.

#### AT THE BALL.

In my robes of gauzy yellow and black, with wings flapping uncomfortably between my shoulders, I emerge from my room unconscious that my appearance may be suggestive of harm or alarm to my neighbors; I approach "Priscilla," the veritable Puritan maiden of Longfellow's Romance, complete from quaintly fashioned gown to dainty cap and kerchief; she was standing at the head of the staircase waiting for me, or possibly for John Alden. However, as he did not arrive, we went down together and in the play-room fell in with a goodly company.

Representatives of many nations, characters from fiction and fairy-lore, historic dames and lords of high degree were assembled there in bewildering confusion. Here a tall Son of Mars in scarlet tunic and military helmet bends with gallant devotion towards his fair partner, a coy maiden in high waisted gown and fascinating eighteenth century poke-bonnet; there the dashing "Virginian" encounters a red-shirted Pirate and they have a heated altercation, displaying bowie knife and pistol to the shuddering spectators, who withdraw to a distance of reasonable safety. Then a Highland lassie trips by, accompanied by Paddy from Erin's Isle, equipped with tall hat, long tailed coat and shillalagh. Suddenly there bursts upon our dazzled vision a gorgeous Pierrot escorting a Siren in silken array of palest green, adorned with shells and pearls from her na-

tive element; closely following are some kindly little fairies and picturesque peasants giving cheery greetings, while a strange Turk, one Sultan of Sulu, swaggers forward bearing on his arm a coquetish Dolly Varden.

Certainly the "gentlemen" of the evening lack nothing in the way of variety in their choice of partners; there are girls of all nationalities and periods—Japanese, Spanish, Dutch, girls of the early Victorian Period to the latest Gibson Girl, whose dress is a work of infinite labor, consisting of sketches in pen and ink or water-colors on white muslin, each sketch representing some well known Gibson picture. Then there is a dainty little pair, Master and Mistress Popcorn, whom I saw surreptitiously eating the decorations from each other's costumes as they danced about. I flew forward to sting them, but missed them in the crowd and encountered instead Lord and Lady Fauntleroy. I was so astonished to find them fiddling that fortunately I did them no harm. Two "Sweet Girl Graduates" tried to give a scholarly air to our assemblage, but their academic garbs were overshadowed by the kaleidoscope of colors presented by June, Summer, Dawn, a Lampshade and a Buttercup, with whom they got tangled up.

Sinbad the Sailor is a charming little fellow, and his attentions to Martha Washington, against whose knee he sometimes leans with confiding affection between dances, are very touching. A dainty Fishermid is the cause of more than one conflict between the Turk and the Virginian, the Pirate and Tommy Atkins. A special and gigantic edition of "All Hallows in the West" is issued for the night of the ball, but we observe that its circulation is small and confined to the orchestra!

A piano and three fiddles discourse sweet music with such spirit that the fun and frolice of the hour become contagious, and old and young, grave and gay alike join in the whirling throng and "chase the glowing hours with flying feet," until the witching hour of night draws on and the revellers retire, leaving me to sombre reflection.

My coat was as bright and yellow as gold,  
My waist was most elegant too to behold,  
But nobody loved me, for that I was told.

Poor little WASP.

---

#### AFTER THE BALL.

We were very tired, and the sad thought forced itself upon us that we sought our pillows that night, that on the morrow our fair "Summer" would bid a long farewell to "All Hallows." Nearly four years have passed since she first came among us and endeared herself to us by her sweet sunny ways, and now her school-days are over. Sadly shall we miss her cheery presence from our midst,

her ready help in all our "Societies" and various undertakings, and her loyal affection to school friends and teachers, but we feel sure that in her far eastern home she will still retain her interest in the old school where she is enshrined in many loving hearts.

#### CHARACTERS.

The Pirate.....	Marjorie Armstrong
June.....	Elinor Hanington
Highland Lassie.....	Elaine Leighton
Paddy from Cork.....	Rita Ferguson
Toreador.....	Marie Cross
Swiss Peasant.....	Dixie Wilson
Tommy Atkins.....	Maud Hamersley
Lady of Early Victorian Period.....	Dodo Day
The Virginian.....	Lillian Pearse
Lady of the First Empire.....	Winifred Bell
Prince Rupert.....	Sybil Reading
A Flower Girl.....	Gladys McCreath
A Sea Nymph.....	Oonah Green
Pierrot.....	Gertrude Bellamy
Lord Fauntleroy.....	Bea Inkman
Lady Fauntleroy.....	Bernice Harrison
Summer.....	Cecily Galt
Fisher Maid.....	Vera Corbould
Spanish Girl.....	Rose Weddell
Sweet Girl Graduate.....	Muriel Wickwire
Master Popcorn.....	Edith Rich
Mistress Popcorn.....	Olive Day
Sinbad the Sailor.....	Mollie Lang
Lampshade.....	Hope Bradburn
Little Boy Blue.....	Jean Jephson
Folly.....	Kathleen Lang
Titania.....	Sybil Underhill
Attendant Fairies.....	Annie Hill and Florence Whitworth
Little Japanese Girl.....	Tibbie Gibson
Elf.....	Monica Craig
Joan of Arc.....	Grace Cross
French Fisher Girl.....	Jessie Choate
Dutch Peasant.....	Francis Whitworth
A Gipsy.....	Charlotte Whitworth
Little Miss Muffet.....	Elsie Craig
A Gibson Girl.....	Ida Shaw
A Parlor Maid.....	Helen Godfrey
San Toy.....	Phyllis Davis
Dolly Varden.....	Winifred Cook
Sultan of Sulu.....	Ella Underhill
The Geisha.....	Miss Francis

"All Hallows in the West".....	Miss R. Moody
Priscilla, the Puritan Maid.....	Miss Kelley
Yum-Yum.....	Marjorie Johnston
Dawn.....	Marjorie McCartney
Night.....	Dorrie Sweet
Bluebell.....	Doreen Broad
Buttercup.....	Ruby Clark
A College Don.....	Miss Dodd
Wasp.....	Miss Nevitt
Martha Washington.....	Mrs. Woodward
Dresden Shepherdess.....	Miss Shibley

### Green and Gold.

This is a world of contrasts—simple and complex. Nature delights in contrast of shadow and sunshine—of winter and summer—of new life in spring and dying in autumn. Following nature comes humanity with contrast of young and old, rich and poor, of happiness granted to the few, and the hopeless misery of thousands; with contrasts in each man's being of love and hate, greed and generosity.

We had crossed the river, and climbed up some seven hundred feet; the trail good and fairly wide for walking, though we failed to see how a wagon could be drawn there; yet as the path wound upward, now in shade, now in blazing sunshine, with ever-varying views of mountain and of river, our guide stopped several times to point out where "he and the mules" went over and caught on this pine, or that fallen log. The first time, when, horror-struck, we shuddered, "And the poor mule was killed?" "No, ma'am," came the re-assuring answer, "but a case of cream busted all over the hill-side." And when we arrived at our bridge, of which more presently, he told us how the worst thing he did, and on that very bridge, was to tip over a steel kitchen range on to his brother, who was helping him, but like the mule, he wasn't hurt.

Poor mules! Such a trail! Up that seven hundred feet and then down a sharp zig-zag—down—down—down—to the water—Siwash creek itself! Every day our guide, the "packer" for the mines, travels that path, in the heat of summer, and when the "switch-back," as the descent to the creek is named, is frozen into one mass of glittering ice, and the mules' only hope of safe arrival at the bottom is to sit down and slide there.

We had a fortunate day, cool and gray most of the time, with occasional gleams of sunshine to brighten up the world and wealth of spring green exulting around us in lavish welcome. So we managed to preserve some dignity as we walked down the switch-back and arrived at the creek. The bridge is built of logs propped on a

great rock in the middle of the seething torrent, and we crossed, unconscious for the moment of the revelation of beauty that awaited us, and began the ascent of the other side. But we came to a spring falling over the rocks, and running beside the path, where man, from a tin cup, and mule, from an old coal oil tin, drank and were refreshed, and there we too drank and rested, waiting for some who, weary, stayed behind. Can you see it? The noble creek below, tumbling, rushing over boulders, yet now and then delaying in some pool of wondrous clearness and depth of green; the wide, long bridge, and the precipitous hillside opposite, clothed in soft, living green; living young green, revelling in luxuriant protest against the stern tall majestic darkness of ancient fir trees, with wealth of moss and ferns marking the course of the little waterfalls joyously leaping to join the creek beneath. Green everywhere—green, the color of Hope; the leaping rush of the green water, contrasting, yet harmonizing with, the green quietude of the hill side. "Earth's sighing gladness did wring the heart."

But we had to go on, as there was another mile and a quarter of the trail before us, with many ups and downs, but always following the line of the water. There were several more bridges to cross, over water-courses that intersected the side of the ravine; more places to see where "the mules and me" went over, and then we came to signs of human habitation; log huts, firm, well-built and in their rustic simplicity quite in keeping with their surroundings. The contrast was yet to come. A sudden turn, a throbbing in the air, and the great new building of the Mt. Baker and Yale mine was before us, on one arm of the creek; across a bridge and a little way beside the other, and the buildings of the International were in sight, and see! from the cliff opposite, 200 feet above, swinging buckets of ore for crushing; and a high-up little trestle bridge with a truck flying over it. How hospitably the manager and his wife received us. We asked if we could see over the mine buildings; but the first thing we did stop to admire was an armful of puppies, such soft dumplings; but the old rhyme made itself remembered, "Pussy-cat, what did you there? I frightened a little mouse under her chair!" Then we went into the building. Sixty solid iron cylinders, weighing a thousand pounds apiece, work there day and night, week in, week out, each descending with merciless thud one hundred times a minute, and the noise and vibration therefrom are bewildering beyond description. Speech and hearing were impossible to us. Dizziness and an overwhelming desire to escape were the only sensations that remained to us. But it was very interesting. The buckets that swung over the creek from the high quarry opposite fed, first this mine, then filled the truck to feed the other. The rock they brought was shoveled down a grating (we forget the technical terms) to the great hungry pounders, and flowing water washed the crushed substance over steeply-inclined trays covered with

quicksilver, on which the gold settles, and from which it is collected at intervals of a few weeks. We walked up stairs, many stairs, with yawning chasms in between, and were outside. Oh! blessed relief!

"Now," said the manager, cheerfully, "we will walk over the trestle (it was a narrow, narrow trestle, high above the creek) to the other mine." But we couldn't; the pounders had pounded our nerves into palpitating misery. We were ashamed and hung our heads; but "Shove up the truck" we heard the order given, and up came the truck, and some bosses to aid us in clambering in—four of us (we are well-grown!) could just pack in, and away we were bundled, over the trestle and along the miniature track, through a delightful little tunnel, by the side of a splashing waterfall, and the other building was reached, and there were more pounders pounding. But we came out again, and had another truck ride, and then a hospitable lunch table and such a welcome cup of tea was ready for us. Tired as we were, our slight seeing was not over, and after lunch up we started for the quarry, the steepest little trail of all, sometimes leading over huge, slippery fallen tree-trunks in which foot holes had been cut; up and up, to where the men were trying to pull down the mountain and send it in buckets to the mines below. Beneath us were the buildings, pulsating with eagerness for gold! gold! gold! and towering high above their eager littleness a great mountain side with black, bleak precipice and dashing fall of water, and higher, less forbidding pine cliff slopes. But we had to go. There was four hours' walk before us to bring us back to our "trivial round." We said good-bye to our kind new friends, and started off, this time with the creek, on and on till we reached the Bridge of Beauty, and again stood to drink in the wonder of the scene. Oh! the contrast between nature's power and man's; between our buzzing, hurrying life and the strength of the hills.

We could not stay long, there was the "switch-back" yet to climb, and then we came out of the cool, deep shadow into brilliance of sunshine to see the river far below.

Down and down, past ferns and flowers, over bridges, through the little wood near the river like an English copse in spring—on, but "Earth's sighing gladness" wrung the heart then.

And the children, who had gone on ahead, now reappeared with great armsful of fragrant white flowers. We crossed the river, and once more stood on familiar ground; our day of contrasts over; good-bye to Siwash mines, and to the bridge set, like a jewel, in green, which is the color of Hope.

SISTER AGATHA.

## The Wild Grey Geese of Canada.

It is spring in the valley of Osoyoos in British Columbia, and high overhead in the clear blue sky the wild geese are flying northward. They come from California, and many a southern state where they have passed the winter, and their wild musical cry sounds full of joy and welcome to the spring. They fly in order, the great leader some way ahead, and his faithful flock in careful array behind him, sometimes in the shape of a wedge, indeed generally so, with the leader at the point. Now, the leader alone, sounds his clear trumpet note, and now, the whole flock bursts into full, sweet sound, as they discuss the best place to alight and rest after their long journey. Presently, if you watch them, you might see them begin to circle, slowly, lower and lower over the broad green meadows beyond the river, and the blue waters of the lake, which offer rest and food to the weary travellers. Here they scatter, to feed along the marshy ground of the shore, and later on to search out good places for their nests.

Often as we crossed the fields to the river for fresh drinking water, we would surprise a flock of geese feeding in the grass, and chatting in their pretty bird language to each other; then we would creep, like spies, noiselessly behind the bushes, and get closer and closer to watch them, till suddenly their wonderful scent warned them of the approach of humans, and with wild cries and a rush of great strong wings they would rise and sail away to other grounds. Several weeks have passed, and now on this particular spring day, behold three children, out on a birdsnesting expedition. We had gone out with our father, to look for a goose nest, and to get some eggs for our collection; we did not intend to rob the poor patient mother bird of all her brood, we would only take one, or two—according to the number of her eggs—which she would not miss.

Presently we reached a large haystack, and father—whose quick eyes had seen something which we had not—motioned us to stop. We did so, and following the direction of father's finger, we saw a pretty and touching sight. Lying on the top of the stack were two great grey geese, perfectly still, with their wings spread out. They were "freezing," that is they were trying to merge themselves into the stack, and seem part of it; so as not to draw attention to their nest, which was close by them.

But father soon showed them that they had been seen, and they flew up, straight above our heads, and circled round us in great anxiety, watching, as father climbed the stack and approached their precious nest. I for one felt very sorry for the poor things, who saw their cosy home being rifled by human hawks. But father did not wish in the least to harm them, and only took one egg out of

the six, which lay together, points inward in the nest of hay and down. We were very pleased with our success, and returned home quickly with our prize, leaving the geese to discover their safety. But when father came to blow the egg he discovered that it was hard set, and would have hatched in a few days, so we went to the stack again to return the egg to the nest, but found that the silly geese had deserted it. The poor nervous wild birds will sometimes give up their nest—when they smell human hands—and begin all over again. So we rushed back home and got a big basket, and put a stove lid wrapped in flannel at the bottom to keep the eggs warm, for we did not wish the six little geese to die because of our interference and their parent birds' stupidity. One of us climbed the stack, and put the six large warm eggs in the basket and covered them with the flannel. We took them home and hatched them under a hen; the hen had been wanting to sit, and we had tried to cure her by standing her in water; if she could have "put two and two together" she might not have been surprised when her brood turned out to be water birds.

When the little goslings were hatched they grew fast; it was the funniest thing to see them learning to walk. The little downy golden bodies were boa shaped, and the legs set far back, for swimming; and they couldn't keep their balance for an instant; one would take a feeble little step and fall flat on his baby beak; another would sit down backwards with great suddenness and blink his beady eyes in much surprise; a third would make a bold dash for the water, and turn a back somersault down hill with great speed, and so on. The distracted hen would watch these proceedings from an island stone three feet from shore, where she screamed directions to her children in wild excitement.

When the geese grew large we clipped their wings, and they used to follow us in a line whenever we went out in the boat. Sometimes they would come and stretch their long necks over the edge in an inquisitive manner, with their heads on one side. They used to land when we did, and standing sedately in a row, would watch with much interest the lighting of the camp fire. One young goose bent on discovery, sidled timidly up to the fire and gave it a peck, to see what it was made of; this experiment satisfied it for the rest of its life, and it went and dabbed its beak in the water in a great hurry. I was eating a piece of my birthday cake, and watching some hares in the distance, when I felt the cake pulled sharply out of my hand, and turning saw my "feathered friend" making for the water in high glee, very proud of its achievement.

We used to have our meals out on the verandah when it was fine, but we could hardly sup in peace for "our feathered friends," who were veritable "harpies," and would come waddling solemnly up, in order, one by one, and when we were engaged in interesting

conversation would pull a whole loaf off the low sideboard, stretching their long necks up on every side and pecking at it, till down it came with a flop, and scattered them right and left.

Every morning the dear things would waddle up and say good-morning in their bird way; "honking," and pulling at our dresses. Oh how we loved our dear faithful geese; so affectionate and so clever; but when winter came, they went, not to California, alas! but to the Paradise of birds—wherever that is—for they perished from the severe cold, and we shall never have such pets again.

OONAH GREEN.

## Success.

There are hundreds of different callings in life, and to each particular one there naturally belongs success or failure. I do not think there can be any middle class—it is only a question of degree.

Some girls have an idea that success in school life means passing examinations and carrying off prizes, the result of strenuous brain work only. But my opinion is that although it is splendid to be able to do this, there is another kind of success for us to aim at. It is not so noticeable perhaps and seldom receives public recognition. I speak of success in forming one's character. "Is that character better for your years at school?" "Have you wasted opportunities for strengthening and ennobling it?" Of course we are wasteful, we pass by our opportunities often with unseeing eyes. But these are test questions. "When you leave school will many miss your help and influence, Your example?" If so it has been a better and more unselfish success than the other. The success of helping others over hard places.

It is seldom that the two go together, for being wrapped up in ones own line of study and books has the tendency to make one selfish. Not that one is not giving up pleasures and striving hard to please those at home, but the temptation is to neglect the companions around us, to be unmindful of their needs. As one grows old success becomes a deeper and harder thing to attain, for trials multiply, and there are no school rules to keep one up, to control one. There are not so many friends to help and advise or kindly hands to lead one.

Some may think that popularity means success, but pleasure-seeking and society alone must be very unsatisfying, especially as one grows older. If we give up something while we are young for the sake of duty or love we shall be better for it. Self-sacrifice strengthens character and broadens the mind.

It is a great thing to give up one's life to missionary work, to go out to Japan, China or Africa, but missionary work can also be

found at home, for anyone who looks out to see whom she can befriend, whom she can lead on to a purer, better life, whose burden she can lift, whose ignorance she can perhaps enlighten.

Success is obtained in many ways. A teacher's real success is in the characters she helps to form, the minds to train, true knowledge to obtain.

An artist, a musician, an inventor, all have their ambitions, their aims. Do they strive for praise or gain, or to make the world better for their labors and their gifts? Is not this again the true test of true success? For myself alone do I work, or for my fellow men?

Earnestness, steadfastness, patience, perseverance, courage—all these great qualities are necessary to pave the way to success.

MARIE CROSS.

## School Register.

1. Marjorie Armstrong..... Cranbrook, B. C.
2. Hope Bradburn..... Victoria, B. C.
3. Winifred Bell..... New Westminster, B.C.
4. Dorothy Broad..... New Westminster, B.C.
5. Gertrude Bellamy..... Calgary, Alta.
6. Ruby Clark..... Lytton, B. C.
7. Marie Cross..... Silvertown, B. C.
8. Grace Cross..... Silvertown, B. C.
9. Jessie Choate..... Calgary, Alta.
10. Winifred Cook..... Vancouver, B. C.
11. Vera Corbould..... New Westminster, B. C.
12. Elsie Craig..... Dawson, Y. T.
13. Monica Craig..... Dawson, Y. T.
14. Dorothy Day..... Victoria, B. C.
15. Olive Day..... Victoria, B. C.
16. Phyllis Davis..... Nanaimo, B. C.
17. Oonah Green..... Penticton, B. C.
18. Helen Godfrey..... Vancouver, B. C.
19. Gladys Gray..... Victoria, B. C.
20. Isabel Gibson..... Burnaby, B. C.
21. Mabel Green..... Kelowna, B. C.
22. Maud Hamersley..... Vancouver, B. C.
23. Ellnor Hanington..... Victoria, B. C.
24. Annie Hill..... New Westminster, B. C.
25. Bernice Harrison..... Victoria, B. C.
26. Rita Ferguson..... Savona, B. C.
27. Beatrice Inkman..... Agassiz, B. C.
28. Jean Jephson..... Calgary, Alta.
29. Marjorie Johnston..... Vancouver, B. C.
30. Elaine Leighton..... Savona, B. C.

- |     |                          |                  |
|-----|--------------------------|------------------|
| 31. | Mollie Lang.....         | Calgary, Alta.   |
| 32. | Kathleen Lang.....       | Calgary, Alta.   |
| 32. | Marjorie McCartney.....  | Vancouver, B. C. |
| 34. | Gladys McCreath.....     | Greenwood, B. C. |
| 35. | Eileen Nesbitt.....      | Vancouver, B. C. |
| 36. | Lillian Pearse.....      | Kamloops, B. C.  |
| 37. | Edith Rich.....          | Ladner, B. C.    |
| 38. | Sybil Reading.....       | Fernie, B. C.    |
| 39. | Ida Shaw.....            | Greenwod, B. C.  |
| 40. | Dorothy Sweet.....       | Ashcroft, B. C.  |
| 41. | Ella Underhill.....      | Vancouver, B. C. |
| 42. | Sybil Underhill.....     | Vancouver, B. C. |
| 43. | Rose Weddell.....        | Kelowna, B. C.   |
| 44. | Margaret Wilson.....     | Regina, B. C.    |
| 45. | Muriel Wickwire.....     | Greenwood, B. C. |
| 46. | Frances Whitworth.....   | Vancouver, B. C. |
| 47. | Charlotte Whitworth..... | Vancouver, B. C. |
| 48. | Florence Whitworth.....  | Vancouver, B. C. |

#### NAMES ENTERED FOR FUTURE VACANCIES.

- |                      |                        |
|----------------------|------------------------|
| Monica Child.....    | Calgary, Alta.         |
| Beryi Child.....     | Calgary, Alta.         |
| Lena Nelson.....     | New Westminster, B. C. |
| Eleanor Ing.....     | Calgary, Alta.         |
| Vera Ing.....        | Calgary, Alta.         |
| Libbie Hall.....     | Vancouver, B. C.       |
| A. Guernsey.....     | Cornwall, Eng.         |
| B. Guernsey.....     | Cornwall, Eng.         |
| C. Cuernsey.....     | Cornwall, Eng.         |
| Kathleen Green.....  | Kelowna, B. C.         |
| Nellie Cook.....     | Victoria, B. C.        |
| Evelyn Holmes.....   | Victoria, B. C.        |
| Gladys Wickwire..... | Greenwood, B. C.       |
| Laura Atherton.....  | Seattle, Wash.         |
| E. Brenton.....      | Vancouver, B. C.       |
| Elsie Honeyman.....  | Ladners, B. C.         |

#### VISITORS' BOOK.

JANUARY, 1905—Mrs. Underhill, Helen Underhill, Vancouver.

FEBRUARY—Rev. T. Green, Kelowna.

MARCH—Ven. Archdeacon Pentreath, Vancouver; Rev. H. Underhill, Vancouver; Rev. A. Dorrell, Ashcroft; Mrs. Bradburn, Victoria.

APRIL—Rev. H. Underhill, Vancouver; Rev. A. Dorrell, Ashcroft; Archdeacon of Columbla, Vancouver; Rev. H. Underhill, Vancouver; Bishop of New Westminster, W. Godfrey, Vancouver.

MAY—Rev. E. Summerscales, Vancouver; Rev. J. Wetherden, Mission; Rev. E. Pugh, Lytton; Mr. J. Green, government inspector, Vancouver; Rev. A. Dorrell, Ashcroft.

## Heartsease.

### TRINITY SUNDAY.

"The four and twenty Elders fall down before Him that sat on the throne and worship Him that liveth for ever and ever, and cast their crowns before the throne."—Revelation iv., 10.

There is a peculiar blessing promised to those who read the Book of the Revelation of St. John the Divine, and keep those things that are written therein.

Full of mystery are these prophecies touching the Kingdom of Heaven. We shall find the study of this book difficult, and we must only approach it with prayer and reverence. The chapter we have read to-day and from which my text is taken, tells us of the open door in Heaven, through which a vision dazzled St. John's sight, of the great White Throne, and the sea of crystal, and of the four-and-twenty elders, who cast their crowns before Him, when the beasts, or living creatures gave glory and honor and thanks to Him that sat on the Throne.

What mean those living creatures, who continually worship before the Throne, and who are the four-and-twenty elders? We cannot go far wrong if in interpreting this passage we try to keep in harmony with the whole of God's revealed Word. No doubt we shall fall short of the true and full meaning of the vision, but something we may learn by reverent meditation. The beasts, or living creatures surely represent the whole animal creation. St. Paul says, "The creature himself shall be redeemed into the glorious liberty of the children of God," and the "four-and-twenty elders," are they not the representatives of the saints of the Church, who cast down their golden crowns before the Throne of God, while the living creatures sing His praise, all join in adoration of Him, who is the Creator and Father of all?

That word crown signifies the sum, the chief part, the consummation of anything. There is a warrior who speaks of victory as a "Crown of glory." A poet speaks of a "Crown of sorrows."

"And sorrow's crown of sorrows,  
Is remembering happier things."

The Apostle speaks of the "Crown of Life" which the righteous Judge shall give—the "Crown of righteousness" which Jesus has laid up for His followers. There are divers, and yet allied, meanings to the word crown.

And they, the representatives of the Church of God signified by this word elder, "cast their crowns," that is, all the gifts they have received from God. They cast all their true achievements, all their works, all their successes, yea all their sufferings, all their victories over sin and the flesh, before God, saying, "Thou art worthy, O Lord." "All are from Thee." They themselves were nothing in comparison to Him and His glory. The offering they made was even of their best, their "golden crowns"—the consummation of themselves and their lives—these they cast down before the Throne.

It is a great lesson the Church teaches us on Trinity Sunday! It is a glorious festival. It stands by itself. The other festivals remind us of what Jesus the Son of God has done for us, in His Incarnation, Nativity, Circumcision, Resurrection, Ascension, of God the Holy Ghost coming to us, of what saints and martyrs have borne and achieved through His Power and His Grace. But to-day we are called to think of none of these things—to-day we lift our eyes to know that somewhere in the unfathomable space beyond the blue sky there is a Throne and a God: upon His glory, His perfection we are to fix our thoughts. "Our safest eloquence concerning Him is our silence," so wrote the saintly Hooker. God is in Heaven, we upon earth, therefore let our words be few.

God the Father—"Our Father," we are taught by God the Son thus to address the Great Creator. How much in an earthly family does this word "father" mean! The caretaker, the breadwinner, the consoler, the adviser, the judge and avenger of misdeeds, and yet the incarnation of love and tenderness, of forbearance and fortitude to his children. However many there are he has room for all, and place in his heart for each. He cannot spare one, there are none too many. To give up a child, even for his benefit, is a bitter wrench, and yet such a father as I have described, ideal in his relations to his family, is a weak creature like ourselves. As we grow up, perhaps we realize this, but still we look up to him because he is our father. God, our Father in Heaven, is God Almighty, God Eternal. How can we picture Him to ourselves? But He has revealed Himself to us in Jesus Christ.

Jesus Christ is God—now we can understand. Jesus Christ died for us—such is God's love! And the Holy Ghost is God—He is God's gift to us for wisdom, and understanding and prayer. We must pray; how else can finite understand the Infinite? The mystery of the Holy Trinity, the Three Persons in One God, must be reverently approached, meditated upon until our belief and our trust in God the Father, who made us, God the Son, who redeemed us, and God the Holy Ghost who sanctifies us, becomes ingrained in our lives and in our prayers, until we join that blessed company on high, represented by the four-and-twenty elders, who cast their

crowns before the Throne, ascribing honor, power and glory, to Him that sitteth on the Throne, the Lord, God Almighty.

### ALL HALLOWS' CHAPEL FUND.

Jan. 1905—Cash in hand.....	\$1550 01
Epiphany offering, Miss Wickstin.....	5 00
April 5—Rev. A. Dorrell.....	2 50
	<hr/>
	\$1557 51

### All Hallows' Indian School.

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

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

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

Clothing is most kindly provided for the children by various branches of the Women's Auxilliary 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-keeka," 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.

1. Flossie, from.... Shuswap
2. Katie Shiparkiminak.... Ashcroft
3. Sophie She-a-mat.... Yale
4. Lucy Shoo-lee-kit.... Lytton
5. Helen Intis.... Spuzzum
6. Katherine Mah-ah-lee.... North Bend

7.	Emma Chautatlen.....	Lytton
8.	Maria O-aimoole-nack.....	Chillicotin
9.	Suzanne Schoutimich.....	Spuzzum
10.	Lisa-Mah-ah-then.....	Lytton
11.	Milly Mah-amat-ko.....	Lytton
12.	Lena Shiltrh.....	Lytton
13.	Allie, from.....	Savona
14.	Elizabeth Nah-ah-ches-cut.....	Nicola
15.	Elizabeth Toosha.....	Nicola
16.	Josephine Skamee.....	Chilliwack
17.	Nellie Ska-ka-mie.....	Chilliwack
18.	Sara I-exaltsah.....	North Bend
19.	Grace Oleson.....	Lillooet
20.	Therese Niquakooshin.....	Cariboo
21.	Elsie Kooshin.....	Cariboo
22.	Stella He-he-nack.....	Lytton
23.	Alice Ka-zat-ko.....	Lytton
24.	Lottie Moweech.....	Shuswap
25.	Matilda Jekasat-ko.....	Lytton
26.	Ellen Sushell.....	Lytton
27.	Louise, from.....	Savona
28.	Jennie Newhi-in-ko, from.....	Lytton
29.	Hilda Ma-kwat-ko.....	Lytton
30.	Ada Ender.....	Lytton
31.	Beatrice Sheeshiatko.....	Lillooet
32.	Gina Shpinzoozooch.....	Lillooet
33.	Hilda Ziltatko.....	Cisco
34.	Betty, from.....	Lytton
35.	Rosie Ch'sshetko.....	North Bend
36.	Margaret Hullpinich.....	North Bend
37.	Elsie Histko.....	Lytton
38.	Agnes Emminmatko.....	Spuzzum

### The Government Inspector's Visit.

Four days before the date of his arrival we were casually told that the Inspector was coming to visit the Indian School. In many schools, such an announcement would mean cram, bustle and confusion, and special instruction to the children as to how they were to behave in the Inspector's presence.

It is all very different from this at "All Hallows in the West." The Inspector's visit made no change in the daily routine. Everything went on as usual until ten o'clock on Tuesday, when the children filed into their places in the school room in their best "pinneys" and clean white collars and such bright expectant faces!

I was privileged for the first time to be present at this visit of inspection. The children rose at our entrance, like a company of

soldiers, and answered quietly and clearly to their names when the register was called. One girl, whose plump little person and dimpling face made her presence very obvious, in a moment of excitement called "absent" to her name, but that was a detail awakening no more than an indulgent smile from her companions.

Under Miss R. Moody's careful direction the I., II. and III. Standards went through certain exercises of a musical drill creditably. In the prelude march they all kept step, and each child knew just what was expected of her and did it without hesitation. In the ball drill, which followed, most of them kept good time, and managed their balls so that they should all be in the air, or in their hands on the proper beat, and the effect was very pleasing. Then the whole school marched to the platform and sang the "Umbrella Song."

After this we heard reading and spelling in the various standards. Standard III. began with a chapter from their Reader called "The Little Snowshoveller." This was very nicely read by the class, and for little girls there was plenty of expression. The children were then asked individually to spell certain words in the lesson, and there wasn't one mistake! Standard IV. read "My Own Canadian Home" with much vigor, and Standard V. "The Soldier's Dream," Standard VI. "The Changed Cross." An excellent spelling examination followed each reading.

A little break was made here by Katherine, who played on her violin "Polnisch," by Ludwig Mendelssohn, one of the pieces she is preparing for the music examinations of the Associated Board.

Miss Kelley then gave the IV., V. and VI. Standards an oral examination in Canadian History, and the children answered readily, seeming quite at home in this subject.

The Sister Superior thought the little ones were getting tired, so she suggested that the I., II. and III. Standards should stand up and say their Multiplication Tables, which they knew from two to twelve times without a mistake. We did not try to dodge them! In the intervals the Inspector employed himself in examining the scribblers, exercises and drawing books.

The IV., V. and VI. Standards were examined in Geography, and their knowledge of the Continent of Europe, with its boundaries, countries, capitals, mountains, exports, manufactures, etc., was cleverly brought out.

The IV. and V. Standards then sat down, and the VI. Standard was briefly examined in English History. The names and dates of the sovereigns of the Tudor Period and the chief events of each reign, with some test questions on the Reformation, new learning,

discoveries and literature of this period, were well and intelligently answered.

We heard a two-part song, sung by the seniors, and closed our proceedings as usual with a hearty rendering of "All Hallows' Patriotic Song." The readiness with which the children took their part in this programme was remarkable. They knew what they were expected to do, and this gave them confidence both in themselves and their teachers.

The Inspector spoke pleasantly to the children before leaving, and after commending their progress, he added that in his tour of inspection of all the Indian schools in this Province, none had given him greater satisfaction than the Indian School at Yale. It was at "the top of the other schools" now, but the other schools had been incited by their example to make greater efforts, and therefore it behoved them to strive to keep the position and leadership they had obtained.

BEATRICE FRANCIS.

---

## Children's Corner.

---

### OLD MARY.

She lives in Yale, in a tiny cottage in a deserted, lonely side street, on what was once a street. All by herself she lives there with her dog, a faithful friend, who is too old now to be of any use to her.

I have heard that this same old dog, when he and Mary were young, climbed all the mountains round Yale together, he often protected her, or scared away wild beasts that would otherwise have attacked her.

Mary keeps chickens and sells the eggs. She has quite a nice little orchard behind her home. She is very fond of giving away the fruit, and often goes out in the heat of the sun to pick berries for the pleasure of giving them away afterwards.

I will try to describe her. She is a small wrinkled woman, with a little soft brown face. She generally wears a shawl and holds the ends tightly in front of her; on her head she wears a handkerchief fastened, not under her chin, but at the back of her head. She also wears very short skirts just touching the tops of her boots or mocassins.

She has lost the sight of one eye, but she sees very well with the other, and her face brightens up when she meets any one she knows. She always shakes hands and then she pats you gently, saying "goot gel, goot gel" (good girl). She does this to everyone. Although she is very old, she is very active, but she always has

something the matter with her. When you say, "How are you Mary," she always says. "Ah, me heep sore, me tired, lots work, washee cloe outside, all time wet, outside rain, me copp, copp, copp. Interpreted this means "I am very sore and tired; I have been washing clothes outside and got caught in the rain and my cough is troublesome."

Poor old Mary once had a family of three grandchildren with her, but the two eldest, a boy and girl, died when they were about twelve or fourteen years old. The youngest girl came to school here, now she is grown up and has gone out to work.

Mary has lived in Yale for ever so many years; perhaps she knows no place, further than Spuzzum or North Bend. She talks in a tiny high-pitched voice; people who came to Yale forty years ago say that Mary was already an old woman then, and she used to be always climbing the mountains alone. Even now she goes out herrying in the summer time, and stops out alone all night in the loneliest places. Mary is very fond of the School; she comes to the class in chapel every Sunday.

THERESE.

### LIFE.

We heard a sermon to-day about life. All people, animals and plants have life. Now what is life? It is a very great mystery. No one can explain it. It comes from God, it goes to God.

If we picked up a stone, we might see that it has undergone many changes in the years, but in itself it is a thing without life. Look at sand through a microscope; it is full of beautiful sparkling crystals, but they are without life. Look at other sand and the microscope would show that once it was composed of tiny shells once the home of living creatures. That sand is dead now, but once it held life.

The mountains are covered with snow in the winter; they are very beautiful then, but lifeless. In spring they are covered with green growing things full of life; no one knows when they will stop growing, for everything that has life expands or develops.

There are four stages of life. We may compare them to night, starlight, dawn and light.

Night is the darkest, the lowest kind of life. It represents thousands of people in our great cities, poor, miserable, without food or clothing sufficient for daily need, without pleasures but of the lowest kind, without hope, without knowledge—this is the life like night.

Starlight is a grade higher. We have many such in Canada. They live comfortable homely lives, work hard to provide these

comforts, and care for nothing else; these care for their bodies, but take no thought for their mind or souls. This kind of life is represented by twilight; it is only a step higher than night.

Then there is dawn. The life people live who care something for the body, perhaps even a great deal, but who make a great deal of mind and intellect; who strive to obtain knowledge of all kinds, but whose souls are neglected, to whom God and the Bible are unknown and cared for.

Light is the clearest, therefore the highest symbol of life. The life of people who care alike for mind and body because God gave them, but who care most for the life of their souls, which are immortal.

When we rise from the grave on the last day we will be the same persons, yet our bodies will be changed and our souls, too, just as we change from year to year, growing up from children to grown-up people. Christ says "I am the Way, the Truth and the Life." Life is a mystery. It belongs to God; Jesus is the Way that leads us to Him. The Truth which gives all Light. The Life which is of Heaven.

MARIA.

---

### EASTER MONDAY.

The morning dawned, the sun rose, throwing its beautiful golden rays against the white walls of the old dormitory, and promised us a lovely fine day for our holiday.

It was not until some time after breakfast that the exciting news came: "At 11 we are to start for a picnic with Miss Maine." To where? The messenger did not know. The Canadian School and some of the teachers had already gone out, so it was much easier to finish the house work than we had expected.

Soon we were ready to start for the "Flat," Sister Alice's favorite spot for a picnic. Miss Maine, Katherine and Lucy joined us, leaving the dear old cook and Allie watching us from the door as we started off.

Climbing was very exhausting, perhaps because the day was so hot. At the top we found our old tree standing still, although many others had been cut down and cleared.

We set down our things, or hung them up on the tree, and began making a resting place for Miss Maine with branches, just as we used to do for Sister Alice in the good old days.

We soon had a blazing fire and some of us had a fine run to the creek to fill our pail; it was a long way, but thanks to the narrow trails we knew so well we soon got there and back. Maria made a

capital cook. She soon boiled the water, made the tea, and very soon we sat down to lunch. Then we were off again to scramble where we liked over the mountains and with the whole afternoon before us. Soon we scattered, and four of us met on the trail that led to the Silver Mines, so we thought we would keep together and follow that trail. It led us over some steep places, over places where violets and lilies grew, over old fallen trees, until at last it brought us out before the miners' old cabin, and we wondered if any one was there. We saw the trail had been repaired in various places, and a pick and shovel were lying around.

Therese was afraid of a dog we heard in the distance, so I volunteered to lead, although I must confess I did not feel very brave. It was so far away and so long. We came to an ancient bridge, which we crossed one by one, in case it would not bear our weight all together, and we did not want a cold bath, although the brook beneath looked so fresh and clear, its banks were covered with moss and flowers. Therese found "the lady's slipper," which is very rare. An orchid, I think, they call it.

We came out by a great big stump which had been rooted up and turned the wrong way, throwing its roots into the air instead of into the ground. Here we resolved to turn back, because the sun was getting low. So back to Miss Maine and the little ones we turned, and found to our sorrow that it was only half past three. We might have gone up so much farther.

We talked about what we saw, and what we did, altogether about everything; we talked all at once, until Miss Maine had to say, "Hush, children, you deafen me."

We waited by Yale Creek for some of our missing companions and reached home in time for dinner.

Such holidays are better than anything I know, except coasting in the winter.

SOPHIE.

---

### Gifts Acknowledged.

Bale of beautiful new clothing, fancy things, ornaments, etc., through Miss Jack, St. Paul's and St. Thomas' Branches of the W. A. in Diocese of Fredericton.

Bale of clothing, groceries, Christmas gifts, through Mrs. Brock, Hawkesbury Branch of W. A.

Bales clothing, groceries, toys, etc., through Mrs. Secord, St. Thomas' Branch of W. A., Toronto.

Parcel clothing, tea, dolls, scrap books, etc., from Bishop Strachan's School, Toronto, through Miss E. Robinson.

Three bales clothing, groceries, tea, soap, etc., from St. Thomas' Branch of W. A., Belleville, through Mrs. Carre.

Parcel of aprons and pinafores from "Mrs. Bentley and Kathleen," Enderby, B. C.

"Birds and Nature," a most interesting publication received for several years through the kindness of R. S. Day, Esq., Victoria, B.C.

## 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 13 to 6). 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 flannel for spring, and of strong pretty print, etc., for summer, are a constant necessity. Very poor material is hardly worth making into dresses, as it wears out so soon.

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

Neck, to edge of hem.	Inside Sleeve.	Neck.	Waist.
42	18	13	28
39	17	13	27
36	15	12	27
33	13	11	27
30	11	11	23

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

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

Plants, bulbs or any contributions towards the garden. Strong knives and forks. Enamelled iron mugs and bowls.

Stationery is always most useful.

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

SPECIALLY WANTED—Flannelette nightgowns for girls from 14 to 18. Strong woollen stockings for winter, either dark grey or black. Sizes for girls from 12 to 18.

## Associated Board of R. A. M. and R. C. M., London, England.

Professor Graham Moore arrived at All Hallows' School on Monday, May 22nd. The examinations began at 10 o'clock and continued until 5 o'clock in the evening.

Twenty-one pupils entered for the practical Piano and Violin examinations. Out of this number nineteen passed, two with distinction.

Eleven entered for the written examinations in Harmony, Theory and Rudiments of Music, and all passed successfully.

### Local Centre Examinations.

Piano (Intermediate)—Lillian Pearse, Ella Underhill.

Rudiments of Music—Lillian Pearse, Ella Underhill.

### School Examinations.

#### PIANO.

Higher Division—Helen Godfrey, Beatrice Inkman, Ruby Clark, Elinor Hanington, Bernice Harrison.

Lower Division—Distinction—Edith Rich.

Pass—Phyllis Davis, Margaret Wilson, Muriel Wickwire, Mollie Lang.

Elementary—Jean Jephson.

#### VIOLIN.

Higher Division—Winifred Cook, Bernice Harrison.

Lower Division—Distinction—Beatrice Inkman.

Pass—Katharine Mahahlee (Indian School).

Elementary—Hope Bradburn, Kathleen Lang.

#### HARMONY.

Lower Division—Elinor Hanington, Doreen Broad, Maud Hamersley, Bernice Harrison.

#### RUDIMENTS OF MUSIC.

Winifred Cook, Margaret Wilson, Jessie Choate, Phyllis Davis, Beatrice Inkman.

## 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 Spring Term began February 1st, 1905, and will close on or about June 30th, 1905.