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PAGE

MISSING

ALL HALLOWS IN THE WEST.

All Hallows' Canadian School.

YALE, B. C.

ESTABLISHED 1890

Conducted by the Sisters of All Hallows.

VISITOR - - - - THE LORD BISHOP OF NEW WESTMINSTER

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

The Course of Study Includes:

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

Staff of Teachers:

- | | | |
|-------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------|
| English Subjects
and Latin | Miss Shibley, B.A.,
Queen's University, Kingston, | Miss Hart, B.A.,
Trinity University, Toronto. |
| Euclid and Drilling | Miss Kelley, B.A., Trinity University, Toronto. | |
| French and German | - Miss Shibley, B.A., and Sister Alice, C.A.H. | |
| Music, Piano - - | - Miss Moody, Sister Alice, C.A.H., Miss Hart, B.A. | |
| Music, Violin - - | - Miss Money, Cert. Assoc. Board, Sr. Local Centre. | |
| Drawing and Painting | - Miss Moody. | |

School Terms :

- | | | |
|-------------|---|-------------------------|
| Winter Term | - | 1st Sept. to 20th Dec. |
| Summer Term | - | 20th Jan., to 1st July. |
- School Hours : 9 to 12, 1 to 3 Study Hours : 7 to 8.30

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

Pupils are prepared for the McGill University 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. |
| Music, 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 *Vale, 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:

Three Sisters	Miss Hart
Miss Moody	Miss Kelly
Miss Shibley	Miss Marstrand

Mrs. Woodward.

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. 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. IV.

ASCENSION-TIDE, 1903.

No. 4

The Coronation Day.

The hosts of Heaven are gathering met
Around the Mount of Olivet,
In all their bright and glad array
To hail the Coronation day ;
For to His Throne above the skies
The King of kings this day shall rise.

The Earth in all her beauty fair
Of fresh'ning green, and soft spring air,
Yonder clear depth of eastern blue,
Where Heaven seems opening on the view,
All seem alike with joy to sing
The Coronation of the King.

The three and thirty years at last,
So full of pain and grief, are past ;
Beneath His Feet the Olive shade,
Where He in anguish knelt and prayed,
Lies not forgotten, but—passed by,
Upon this day of Triumph high.

O day most glorious! Even now
Both angels and archangels bow
Before the Man Whose Feet have trod
The paths of death, and call Him GOD !
And CHRIST, true Man, all worlds must own
One with the FATHER on His Throne.

Hark to the shout which rends the sky !
" Ye everlasting doors on high,
And all ye golden gates give way !
The King shall enter in to-day."
" The King of Glory !" " Who is he ?"
Come forth, ye heavenly Hosts, and see.

In Human Form, where still there show
The marks of pain He bore below,
With pierced Hands and Feet and Side,
Behold Him come !—the Crucified !—
His rightful place on high to claim,
Sharing the Everlasting Name !

Wonder of wonders ! On the Throne
Manhood with Godhead joined, we own,
Since there henceforth sits CHRIST the LORD
By all the universe adored,
Our very human nature shares,
And evermore that nature wears.

Man fell—but oh ! to what a height
Of wondrous power and glorious light
GOD hath uplifted him—since we
Man on the Throne of Godhead see!
While all creation owns His sway
And hails the Coronation Day !

ELLEN M. BLUNT.

The Shall Come Again.

"This same Jesus, which is taken up from you into Heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen Him go into Heaven."—Acts I, 11 verse.

There is one clause in our Creed which teaches us two very solemn things with regard to the future. One is the certain coming again of our Lord to this earth, and the other is the purpose of His coming, viz., "To judge both the quick and the dead."

The earliest prophecy of this second coming is presented to us, not in the Old Testament, but in the New where St. Jude tells us (verses 14, 15), "And Enoch also the seventh from Adam prophesied of these things saying, Behold the Lord cometh with ten thousand of His saints." This warning had a very wide and full significance, although primarily it may have been fulfilled in the Flood, which was a great and terrible type of the Day of Judgment.

In the days of Noah the people were eating and drinking and marrying, living for this life only and altogether forgetting God, until they fell into such great wickedness that they brought His terrible judgment upon the Earth.

The world is growing very old, and the light the Gospel has shed upon it since the coming of the Son of Man has cleared away many grim shadows. But now, as in the dark days before the Flood, men are occupied with the things of the body while the soul sleeps.

During the sorrowful season of Lent and on Easter Day, most of us probably made very earnest efforts to shake off the habits of spiritual sloth into which we had fallen, and strove to keep near God for a little space, but where will Ascension Day find us? Among the faithful disciples gazing up into the blue depths of the heavens, beyond which the Master has disappeared, striving from thence to obtain some gleam from that hidden Glory wherewith to illumine our poor earthly lives as "witnesses unto Him?"

Close companionship with the Divine Master changed the spirit and character of the Apostles so that those who afterwards met them knew that "these were they who companied with Jesus." In a similar manner our close walk with God every succeeding Lent and Eastertide should bring out in each one of us an increasing likeness to Christ, that when He comes again He may know those who are His by this Likeness.

The certainty of the Lord's return we know, but the day and hour we know not. To-day, therefore, I must live my life in preparation for that day when the secrets of all hearts will be opened. What that judgment will be can only be expressed to us in type and figure, "the image of the winnowing fan which we find both in the

Old and New Testament, perhaps expresses as well as anything can the bareness and nakedness of the truth about each individual soul which will be then revealed to God, to itself, and to the universe."

"Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." "In one sense the day of judgment is always going on, for no one can be severed from the agent, nor the consequences from the action." *What I do is myself, and the consequences of what I do are inalienable from me.*

We live our lives here in comparative seclusion and what we do day by day seems of no importance to those outside of our own circle, and yet some of us may live long enough to see the good or evil of what we are doing now make itself felt in other parts of the world. Yet although we do not always see the fruit of our actions, we see it often enough to keep the idea before our minds.

We can no more escape the consequences of our actions than we can help casting shadows, though sometimes the shadow lies beneath our feet, and sometimes is projected so far away that we have some difficulty in recognizing it as ours. But when we speak of the Judgment Day, we mean the complete, the absolute, the immediate fulfilment of a law which has been in operation ever since human society began, and which stern as it may appear is the only thing which makes human life explicable and the silence of God intelligible. For after all the SILENCE of God is as terrible as His speech.

There is help for us in the sacramental gifts of Christ: in the Comforter, the Holy Spirit of God sent to teach and lead us; in the practical duty of self-examination; keeping our account; at night, on Saturdays, from Festival to Festival,—a time will come, we may be sure, when five or ten minutes spent in this way will be worth more to us than all the hours we have spent on some of the many accomplishments, acquisitions and pleasures we are so eager after now.

If we are to fit ourselves for ascending with Christ it must be by "walking with God" here, and by constant preparation for our Master's second coming.

"And when we come to die we shall not find
The day has been too long for any of us
To have fulfilled the perfect Law of Christ.
Who is there that can say 'My part is done
In this; now I am ready for a law
More wide, more perfect for the rest of life?'
Is any living that has not come short?
Has any died that was not short at last?

Whensoever it comes—

That summons that we look for—it will seem
Soon, yea, too soon! Let us take heed in time!
That God may now be glorified in us!"

Leaves from Our Journal.

DECEMBER—The snow has been with us since November. Yet, for the want of really hard frost we cannot enjoy it either for sleighing or coasting. Of course, enterprising little people like to go out and make futile attempts to ride over the soft, yielding snow in their small sleighs, but as damp skirts and wet boots result from such amusements their elders naturally disapprove of this description of "winter sport."

For the term's closing party an effort was made to get up again the operetta of the "Three Bears," which was such a success last spring under Miss Flewelling's able management, but it proved a sad failure, through no fault, however, of the little performers. The "King of Man" had been doing "chores" all day for the entertainment, and was consequently very tired, and, though he and his Queen Consort did their very best to carry out the programme, the solos, for want of practice, were flat and tuneless, the choruses poor and thin, and a general want of finish made us very thankful that no critic from outside was there to witness the apparent failure of our dramatic troupe on this occasion. Though outwardly it failed, yet circumstances arose which made some of us discern success of the best kind that evening, for we saw that unselfishness, self-forgetfulness, and cheerfulness reigned over the Royal Court of Man, and at the woodland rendezvous of the Three Bears and Manx Cats.

At the end of the term we parted with two very dear little girls, Vera Erickson and Olive Day, both of whom had been pupils at All Hallows for some time.

Miss Woodward, also, who had taught in the school for three and a half years, and whose residence with us extended over a period of seven years, went away for a long rest and change.

Two very special gifts arrived most opportunely on Christmas Eve, giving great pleasure to all the household. From Captain R. Bryson in India, we received a cheque for £5 for the Indian children, and from Mrs. Pelly and her family in England a handsome oak case containing a beautiful set of solid silver altar vessels for the chapel.

Our Indian School Christmas parties were very pleasant, although a much smaller number of Indians than usual were allowed to come up and visit the school, or join in their old time Christmas services.

JANUARY, 1903.—Early in the month most of our staff migrated for a few days to the Coast for a brief rest and change. Unfortunately the weather was very foggy in Vancouver, in fact for seven days we never saw the sun, and only obtained faint glimpses of the mountains across the Inlet.

On returning to Yale we were as usual very busy until school began again on the 20th.

FEBRUARY.—The snow was very deep, and the frost pretty sharp. Mrs. Underhill and four of her little ones spent a couple of weeks with us. For the entertainment of our guest we attempted a very ambitious operetta, "The Bells of Corneville," and, in spite of the hurried manner in which it was got up, it went off very well. Mrs. Underhill, Miss Hart, and Sister Alice took the children singly or in groups to practise their songs and choruses. The music of the piece is difficult because of its unusual compass, and if our little girls' "top notes" were not all one could desire still the general effect was very pleasing.

Miss Moody managed the orchestra, and piano, organ, violin, drum, triangles, tambourine and seven bells produced together an agreeable harmony of sounds. Miss Shibley undertook as usual the arduous duties of stage manager and costumer.

When the moon was full invitations to a "winter picnic" were sent out to both schools, but for different dates.

A huge bon-fire was prepared in the playing fields, and lighted at about 7 o'clock in the evening, then galtered and short-skirted (very short-skirted indeed) the family from the Canadian School appeared, and, chaperoned by a few elders took their way through the deep snow to the field. Seats had been provided round the bon-fire and from that point of warmth and comfort we were able to watch the young ones tramp away to the higher ground, from whence they came coasting down, sometimes singly, sometimes in sociable parties on "bob-sleighs." There were stumps in the way, and, when the steering was managed by an inexperienced hand, into these stumps the coasters went, and were tumbled over into the snow in merry confusion. The fun went on till 9 o'clock, then a supper of steaming hot cocoa, brown bread and butter, and ruddy russet apples provided a homely but satisfying meal for the children, which was partaken of before trudging home to bed.

The following evening the Indian School enjoyed a similar pic-nic.

(N. B.—We afterwards learnt that friends at a distance were informed that "the Sister Superior had had a SLAYING party in the field."—Editor.)

MARCH.—Lent began so early that this month was almost entirely given up to work and prayer.

We feel very much indebted to the clergy who so kindly came up to take our weekly chapel services during this solemn season.

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APRIL.—The Bishop arrived at All Hallows early in Holy Week, and spent seven days with us, taking the daily services for that week, as well as the special services for Good Friday and Easter Day in our chapel.

It was such a comfort to us to notice how much stronger and better His Lordship looked, and how easily he seemed able to do all that was required of him during those days of special spiritual effort, not only for the School, but also for the Indians, and on Easter Day for the Parish as well.

The chapel choir prepared the anthem "Since by Man Came Death," etc., from the Messiah, for Easter Day, and the organist was assisted by two violins in the accompaniment.

Flowers came in abundance, gifts from our children, to adorn the altar, and to make the chapel both fragrant and beautiful.

We enjoyed a little visit from Miss Gordon, of Crofton House, Vancouver, during Eastertide.

The ten days given for holidays were crowded with expeditions of one sort or another. The weather, on the whole, keeping fortunately very fine.

We, elders, went down to the beach one afternoon, before the Bishop returned to New Westminster, and enjoyed a small afternoon tea on the rocks. A dark cloud coming up the river threatened us with a shower, but it blew over and a sudden gleam of sunshine enabled one of our party to catch a very pretty effect for the sketch on which she was engaged.

A "Violet Party" was given by the study girls in honor of the Sister Superior's birthday on Tuesday in Easter week. Invitations were written on violet tinted paper, and fastened with bows of violet baby ribbon. The study walls were draped in violet of many soft shades, bunches of sweet violets adorned the mantelpiece, while the supper-table had several prettily arranged violet ornaments.

The entertainment began with a "Violet Hunt." Each guest was provided with a tiny muslin bag, and directed to go and search for paper violets, which were to be found everywhere and all around, under the door mats, and over the lamp-shades, in our hostesses' pig-tails, and among the tea-cups. When the hiding-places were exhausted the bags were delivered to the umpire who counted out their contents. First and second prizes were awarded to those who had found the largest number of violets, and a booby prize was presented to the least successful searcher.

The violet hunt was followed by a pleasant little dance, and then everyone went in to supper. The beautiful birthday cake, and

all the delicacies enriching the table, came in various Easter hampers generously provided by too indulgent mothers.

A presentation was made to the Sister Superior of a handsome copper gipsy kettle, suspended over a spirit lamp from a wrought-iron stand.

The whole entertainment was most skilfully devised and carried out, in all its pleasing details, by the study girls with grace and simplicity.

Only twelve children from the Canadian School went away for the Easter holidays. This left a "family" of 33 in each school for the Sisters to "mother," and everyone, of course, expected to have a good time.

The governesses were free to follow their own avocations, or to go away if they desired to do so. Those who had examinations of music, or matriculation, on their minds were glad to secure a little extra time with their pupils. But on the whole it is upon those who have the personal charge of the children that the heaviest burden of work falls, either on workdays or holidays. Teaching is, after all, a small part of school-keeping, if people realized it. Accounts, correspondence, housekeeping, housework, clothing, laundry, health, character, recreations, these—and many more similar responsibilities occupy the domestic staff.

Work of such a nature is never ended; on Saturdays and Sundays it is probably a little heavier than on other days, but, where it is animated by a great love for the Divine Master, and for the children He has graciously entrusted to our care, there is no thought of complaining, no miserable reckoning up of the number of duties, in a word—no grudging service.

MAY 1st.—The wind is a little high to-day, and the air is very fresh, but the great white clouds, radiant in sunshine, drifting rapidly across the blue sky, have a delightfully summer-like aspect. The daffodils in the garden border seem actually to enjoy the wind! How their long leaves wave, and the soft yellow flowers bend and flicker! 'Tis almost as if the breeze and sunlight had in them taken visible form.

A May day in Yale is full of changing beauty. The sun stays with us only a few hours, but its rays are very warm, and the snow-clad sentinel mountains shelter us from wind-storms.

We are not without bird-life either. Every year seems to bring more feathered strangers into the valley.

Spring is here at last!

The artist now is sketching in
 The outlines of his broad design,
 So fast to deepen line on line,
 Till June and summer days begin.

Soon will shadow pitch her tent,
 Beneath the trees in grove and field,
 And all the wounds of life be healed,
 By orchard bloom and lilac scent.

Easter Fragments.

The winter is past and gone, the snow is fast vanishing from sight—the flowers appear on the earth. We are "In the mountains," 'away back' from town and road, away up a steep slide, over or through a mile of snowed up trail, and then up, up, to a little peak all of our own. Sentinel rock—let us call it. We can see such FIELDS of mountains, such beauty of curve and slope, such grandeur of rock and precipice, such tender grace of coloring. The baby pine trees are so fragrantly pleased with their new green, and little ferns, and buds bursting on many a bush and sapling give promise of luxuriant wealth of undergrowth by-and-bye.

Below, among the trees, the snow lies thick, here is freedom and life. Let us breathe in vigor and strength and be still.

Oh, the hush from earth's annoys!
 Oh, the heaven! Oh, the joys!

But some who stayed lower down will be alarmed if left any longer. Let us be gone, and come no more hither with such laggards.

Where are we now? In the valley, on a rocky headland jutting out into the Fraser. Its thick soft carpet of mosses has never been disturbed by human foot; pine trees shelter us from the railroad track that so mars the beauty of valley and ravine. We can gaze up the river as far as the mouth of a dark canyon, and down to where the water divides, foaming round a great island to flow together again, "strong in triumphant quiet." The river is silvery green, and though we know how swift its rushing torrent, we hear no sound. The whole scene is an embodiment of peace.

Peace beginning to be—
 Deep as the sleep of the sea,
 When the stars their faces glass
 In its blue tranquillity.

But an insistent voice begins to worry for leave to "throw down rocks into the river." Let us be gone and come no more hither with such vandals.

And now? Such a prosaic disappointed party. We were going up a mountain and it is raining. But undaunted we start off with umbrellas, waterproofs and rubbers for a "rain picnic." Oh, bathos. **DOWN THE TRACK.** But the rain stops, and the sun breaks through the clouds, and lilies are growing in profusion on either side. And among pine trees, close by a wide, beautiful creek, with a glorious mass of mountain opposite we have our lunch.

Prosaic still, we have forgotten our kettle, and have to hunt through a forsaken house, where an old saucepan with a hole in it is seized upon as a treasure. But all difficulties overcome, here is pleasure and contentment. Soft, silvery light illumines mist and cloud; cheerful affection enlivens our feast.

A little warmth, a little light
Of loves bestowing.

But some of us have an appointment to keep this afternoon.
Let us be gone, and come no more hither till at leisure.

Where now? Here, on the mountain top, 'mid the strong foundations of the earth, all littleness is left below us, a great outlook is ours.

There is the river winding away for many a mile among the mountains; range beyond range before unknown to us; and nearer, one great peak whose summit is an unbroken stretch of dazzling snow, a perpetual sacrifice of unsullied purity to the LORD of mountains. Down a steep precipice we can see the river—far, far below—and the forbidding range on the opposite side is now close by and friendly.

The 'wheeling kites' wild solitary cry' is heard by us, as the great birds hover round our heads to discover who is invading their domain.

Here is space, height, the edge of eternity. 'Lone Nature feels that she may freely breathe,' and her loneliness is our uplifting, and her sorrow is our strength. Here in her lofty sanctuary

On the soul
Falls the rest that maketh whole;
Falls the endless peace.

But duty calls, calls us down. Let us be gone, but though here we come no more, let us ever "lift up our eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh our help."

And now let us find a resting place. Night has fallen; all is still. Only in our little chapel fresh budding boughs and pure white lilies are offering their Easter beauty.

Here, to-day, as every day, have children's voices praised the children's risen and triumphant King. Now as the quiet of night steals over us, let us come, with all our joys and all our sorrows, just as we are, to be enfolded in the Peace of Divine Love.

Hence we need never be gone. Hidden, privily in His own Presence—our rest for ever. Here will we dwell, for we have a delight herein.

M. A.

About Places We Know.

ALTERDINA.

I have not travelled very much, but the place I remember very well and liked best, was a country place in California called Alterdina. I stayed there for about six months.

A great many country places have one great drawback, and that is they are so far away from any town, but Alterdina is within an easy distance of a small town, which you can easily reach by means of donkey-cars, or if you want to go faster you can drive, as there is a good road all the way.

The donkey-cars are used mostly by school children, who on their way to and from school, can get off the car to fill their hats full of oranges, and then with very little exertion they can catch up with the car, for the donkeys move very slowly.

It is so warm in Alterdina that I remember on Christmas Day in the evening we went out without coats and lighted a bon-fire.

So much fruit grew there that any one used to be allowed to go into the orchards to take what they wanted. There was a vineyard opposite our house, and whenever we wanted to, we went over and gathered a basket or apron-full of grapes. The plums grew there in such large quantities that I got quite tired of them, and for about two years after I left I would not touch a plum. I liked going out before breakfast to pick oranges.

It used to seem so funny to me to see all the gardens surrounded by hedges instead of fences as we have them in British Columbia. A number of walnuts, figs and eucalyptus trees grew there, too.

MARJORIE McCARTNEY.

THE ISLE OF MAN.

The Isle of Man is a tiny island situated in the Irish Sea, between England and Ireland. It is a lonely spot, having all over it fairy-like glens and waterfalls.

Douglas is its chief and largest town; in summer it is a very rowdy place, being generally crowded with "trippers," but if you visit it in spring, autumn or winter, I am sure you will think it perfectly delightful.

One of the chief attractions on the island is the electric tramway, which runs along the cliffs for many miles. The trams stop at two or three pretty little places on the way. One of these places is called Grondle, and many people go there for picnics, and have their meals either on the shore or in a pavilion built high up on the rocks. A tiny stream flows down from there into the sea, and you can follow its windings through a glen of romantic beauty.

Another little fishing village is called Laxey. Here one of the sights is the "Laxey wheel." I do not know what it is used for, but it is immense and you can climb right up to the top, and look out to sea for miles round.

Castletown is another place of importance, because it has a very large boys' school called "King William's College," and a very old fortress called "Rushen Abbey."

In Douglas, besides electric trams, there are cable cars, which run through the town. They move swiftly, but occasionally the cable breaks when going down hill, and then they cannot be stopped by any means until the bottom of the hill is reached. By that time, perhaps, the car has run into a few waggons or anything else that happened to come in its way.

There is a beautiful bathing place in Douglas, which induces many people to visit the town. There are also public swimming baths of mild temperature for the use of those who do not like cold water baths.

It is not easy to describe all the advantages of Manxland, but I think every one who is fortunate enough either to live there or to be able to visit it, must find it an ideal spot full of beauty and interest.

EILEEN HOOPS.



A Lumber Camp.

We were going to see one of the lumber camps which we had been told was situated about six miles out of Vancouver across Burrard Inlet. We took the ferry across and landing on the other side, started in good spirits on our long walk.

The logs are floated down a large flume by a strong current of water into the sea. We were told to follow this flume up the hill till we came to the camp. There was a roughly made road beside the flume, but it was very broken, and damp from the continual overflow of water from the flume, besides in places it floated a good many logs, and we were in continual danger of stepping on floating, not solidly planted logs, and sinking down with our own weight into something like eighteen inches of water.

The first few miles was through open country; then we entered a British Columbian forest and seemed to be entirely swallowed up by the immensely tall trees by which we were surrounded. Great majestic Douglas firs stood there towering above their smaller brethren, seeming to regard them with scorn as if wondering why they did not hold up their heads and grow taller, not knowing that in a few days perhaps, their lofty heads might be lying on the ground, lower than the lowest of the trees. For it is these giants of the forest the woodman's axe first attacks. Firs were not the only trees here, there were many large beautiful cedars.

We had lunch about half-way up, but I am afraid it was rather a bad affair, as I unfortunately succeeded in sending most of the contents of our lunch-basket into the flume while I was trying to fill the kettle to make tea. It certainly did not take us very long to eat up what was left.

About 2 o'clock in the afternoon, we reached the camp, where the lumbermen have their huts; these are built of rough logs, many of them have no windows, just small holes cut in the walls, and covered with calico or chintz. We were told the men were cutting wood a mile further back in the forest, so we went on.

It was a very curious scene we came upon at last. The men looked so rough and strong, and yet they were so small in comparison to the forest giants they were attacking with saw or axe. The logs, when sawn into the desired lengths, were hauled by horses to the flume, and from there they were floated out to the sea to form the "boom of logs" which steamers take in tow.

The lumber men were all dressed in blue corduroy trowsers and grey shirts. They looked sadly in need of a good washing. But I suppose the rough work they have to do makes them very dusty, and in camp there are not many luxuries. I know in summer it is not easy to keep clean when one is out camping only for pleasure.

We started on our return walk about six in the evening, but as some of the men were going to drive into town to spend Sunday, (this was Saturday), they took us with them, and we were all very thankful, for we were very damp and were not looking forward with pleasure to plunging about in the dusk on any more floating logs.

ELLA UNDERHILL.

Examinations.

DATE.	EXAMINING BODY.	SUBJECT.	GRADE OR DIVISION.	NO. OF ENTRIES	TEACHER.
May 4	Associated Board of R. A. M. and R. C. M.	Rudiments of Music.	Local Centre.....	4	Miss Moody.
May 26	Associated Board of R. A. M. and R. C. M.	{ Violin..... Piano.....	School, Elementary..... School, Elementary.....	1 3 2	Miss Money. Sister Alice. Miss Hart.
"	"	"	School, Lower.....	1	Miss Daisy Dodd.
"	"	"	School, Higher.....	3	Sister Alice. Miss Hart.
"	"	"	Local Centre, Junior.....	1	Sister Alice.
"	"	"	" " Senior.....	3	Miss Hart. Miss Hart.
"	"	"	Local Centre, Junior.....	2	Miss Moody.
"	"	"	" " Senior.....	3	Miss Moody.
June	McGill University.....	Matriculation....	First Half.....	3	Miss Shibley.
"	"	"	Second Half.....	4	Miss Shibley.
June 19	Royal Drawing Society.....	Drawing.....	Division I.....	(about) 20	Miss Moody.
"	"	"	Division II.....	(about) 15	Miss Moody.

School Register.

1.	Marjorie Armstrng	Fort Steele
2.	Dorothy Broad	New Westminster
3.	Gwendoline Bell	Sapperton
4.	Winifred Bell	Sapperton
5.	Leonora de Beck	Alert Bay
6.	Zeta Clark	Lytton
7.	Lorna Crosdalle	Nelson
8.	Marie Cross	Silverton
9.	Mae Cook	Vancouver
10.	Louise Chantrell	Blaine, Wash
11.	Claire Corbould	New Westminster
12.	Jessie Choate	Calgary, N. W. T
13.	Daisy Dodd	Yale
14.	Dorothy Day	Vancouver
15.	Florence Davis	Vancouver
16.	Phyllis Davis	Nanaimo
17.	Dorothy Eskrigge	Nelson
18.	Louise Ferguson	Vancouver
19.	Margaret Fisher	Vancouver
20.	Margaret Graveley	Vancouver
21.	Cecily Galt	Rossland
22.	Eileen Hoops	Cariboo
23.	Maud Hamersley	Vancouver
24.	Meda Hume	Golden
25.	Ellnor Hanington	Victoria
26.	Peggie Hunt	Vancouver
27.	Beatrice Inkman	Agassiz
28.	Ursula Johnson	Vancouver
29.	Alice Ladner	Ladners
30.	Violet Ladner	Ladners
31.	Gladys Lord	Vancouver
32.	Mollie Lang	Moosejaw, N. W. T
33.	Kathleen Lang	Moosejaw, N. W. T
34.	Agnes Lambert	Vancouver
35.	Marjorie McCartney	Vancouver
36.	Susie Pearse	Kamloops
37.	Frances Paget	Revelstoke
38.	Elinor Paget	Revelstoke
39.	Dorothy Sweet	Ashcroft
40.	Ethel Raymond	Vernon
41.	Elvie Raymond	Vernon
42.	Ethel Thynne	Nicola
43.	Muriel Underhill	Vancouver
44.	Ella Underhill	Vancouver
45.	Olive de Wolf	Vancouver

NAMES ENTERED FOR VACANCIES

Christina Marshall-Smith	Ladners
Oona Green	Penticton
Beatrice Green	Penticton
Edith Rich	Ladners
Daisy Bayne	Victoria
Mary Davey	Grand Forks
Olive Vincent	Victoria
Jean Vincent	Victoria
Catherine Ross	Vancouver
Leonora Ross	Vancouver
Irene Ross	Vancouver
Lilian Pearse	Kamloops
Gipsy Harper	Banff
Ruby Clark	Lytton
Gladys Campbell	Rossland
Winifred Cook	Vancouver
Clara Templeton	Vancouver
Margot Whitney	Nelson
Iva Henderson	Ashcroft
Eva Davies	Tacoma
Lilian Greenfell	Vancouver
Grace Cross	Silverton
Nora Hayden	Agassiz

VISITORS' BOOK

December, 1902.—Rev. J. Antle, Vicar of Holy Trinity, Vancouver; Rev. H. Underhill, vicar of St. Paul's, Vancouver.

January, 1903. Rev. A. Dorrell, Vicar of St. Alban's, Ashcroft; Rev. H. Underhill, Vancouver; G. Lang, Moosejaw, N. W. T.

February.—Rev. A. Dorrell, Ashcroft; Miss Agassiz; Rev. W. Bell, Sapperton; Mrs. Underhill and Jack, Sybil Underhill, Enid Underhill, Helen Underhill, Vancouver; Archdeacon Pentreath, Vancouver.

March.—Mr. F. Devlin, New Westminster; Rev. H. Underhill, Vancouver; Miss Choate, Calgary; Rev. A. Dorrell, Ashcroft; Archdeacon Pentreath, Vancouver; Rev. H. Underhill, Vancouver; Miss Choate, Calgary.

April.—Rev. A. Dorrell, Ashcroft; Bishop of New Westminster; Miss Gordon, Crofton House, Vancouver; Rev. H. Underhill, Vancouver.

May.—Rev. A. Dorrell, Ashcroft; Miss Hamersley.

Heartsease.

Ever since the earliest childhood of the world, the great All-Father has kept the thought of responsibility before His children.

It has been a potent factor in the world's development, and nothing can ever take its place in true education.

Even quite a little child is taught to be responsible for the use it makes of things,—gradually is interwoven the idea of responsibility for its influence over others, while all the time it is learning by degrees the very hardest lesson of all, responsibility for itself, its advantages, pleasures, privileges, duties, all that goes to make up its own individual life.

At school responsibility for the use we make of time, and opportunities of learning, is taught now-a-days chiefly by means of examinations.

There are few who do not know what preparation for an examination means, and who among us has not experienced the dread sense of being set down alone, either in the presence of the examiner, or with a blank paper before us which he will scrutinize later on? Every avenue of escape carefully guarded, with nothing but our own past to fall back upon—no way now of making up for carelessness, neglect, idleness, and the like—no chance of looking out the word or date we ought to have made sure of last week—no opportunity of going over that difficult passage just once again, there we are, ourselves, as we have made ourselves, our opportunities and advantages behind us, and the real state of our knowledge or ignorance laid ruthlessly bare to the unprejudiced eye of justice, and the strictures of unbiassed criticism.

Perhaps the uneasiness many of us feel at such times is not all due to our sense of the importance of that particular test, but to an underlying, unexpressed feeling that this is but typical of what death will bring to every one of us.

In that great examination of our life-work—the end of our responsibility here, how shall we acquit ourselves?

Will our success be such as shall do credit to our Master, the Lord Christ? and do honor to our school—His church?

If it is to be so, let us pray that we may realize in time that it is not only by nerving ourselves for some great future effort, though we may and should keep that thought ever in mind, but by patiently and thoroughly mastering the lessons each day brings us, and never despising "Drudgery, the grey angel of success," that the result, humanly speaking, will depend.

Sometimes other people's lives seem to be harder than our own, and we are puzzled by the seeming inequality, but, there again, if we turn to the thought of our life on earth being a school life, that helps us to understand the reason of things that seem hard now.

For instance, in a class there are some in whom the Master's eye discerns greater capacities for knowledge than others, though this may not be apparent at present to their companions, while to themselves "ability" appears an unmitigated affliction, cutting them off from many an enjoyment, or time of pleasant recreation, "to grind away at some old study," which is rendered still more irksome, as the joyous laughter of their companions floats in on the air, those who, not "having ability," are free to do as they like!

So works the All-Wise! our services dividing,
Not as we ask;
For the world's profit, by our gifts deciding
Our duty task.

Do we not know some in this life who are in the Master's "Honor Class?" Learning many a hard lesson, cut off from much pleasure; hardly able to realize at times that "ability" is always worth the responsibility it entails, as, in spite of their own reluctance to attempt so much, in spite even of their companions' pleading, they are kept steadily to the appointed task by their patient Teacher, Who sees they have it in them to do well; yea, to excel; Who knows how glad they will be by and bye; and Who gives them not less to learn, but more and more, till, as they near the time of examination, they are straining every nerve to do well in their final effort, "the last before they leave school for good."

Live on brave lives, chained to the narrow round
Of duty! Live, expend yourselves, and make
The orb of Being wheel onward steadfastly
Upon its path! The Lord of Life alone
Knows to what goal of good. Work on! Live on!

Let us, who are beginning our work in Life's long school, and unknowing as yet to which class we shall belong, take example by the brave perseverance of those in the higher classes, and strive like the "great souls" who "are always loyally submissive—reverent to what is over them," dutifully to master each subject given us to the best of our ability, faithfully to learn each day's lesson as it comes, and leave the time of examination in the Hands of the All-Wise.

We must, too, try to realize that "we never are, but are for ever only becoming that which it is possible for us to be," and we cannot understand what the possibilities are which God sees in us, and for the development and right use of which He will hold us responsible.

Something dimly understood
 And which thou art not now ;
 But which within thee, all the time,
 Maketh thee what thou art ;
 Maketh thee long and strive and climb,
 The God-life at thy heart.

Let us, by a supreme effort, try to shew our unquestioning trust in the great All-Father's Wisdom, our filial submission to His will, by setting aside, as much as possible our own pre-conceived ideas regarding the ordering of our lives, "seeking always His glory, and serving Him duly in our vocation, with Thanksgiving."

Letters.

(FROM A LITTLE PUPIL FORMERLY BELONGING TO THE
 INDIAN SCHOOL.)

Alkali Lake, B. C.

To Dear Miss Moody,—

I received your letter and I hope the girls are all well. I send my best love to them, and I hope they have all had a nice time on Christmas.

I had a nice time here but I can remember all the good times I had with the girls down there, and I wish they was with me again.

Please tell Allie to write down all the girl's names for me, and of all the new ones, too; and tell me what you are doing.

We had a little concert here. We had "Edith's Burglar" in it. Edith came out to look for him in her night-dress, bare-footed and a candle in her hand, and she seen Santa Claus, who smiled at her, and shook his head; then we had little Miss Muffet, there was a girl who sat by Boy Blue. She had a saucer in front of her out of which she was eating, and Boy Blue came behind her with a stick in his hand with a long string and a spider at the end, and he put over her just slowly, on to her saucer, and little Miss Muffet jumped and screamed. The next was little Jack Horner, just sits and eats a pie, and the next is little Bo Peep. She stands and hunts for her sheep. Next was Mary's Little Lamb. She was Santy Claus' brother, who sat on a chair. He tells us about Santy, then we sang some songs. We went in a ring and heard Santy Claus bells ringing. When he came in all the children ran to catch him, and crowded around him, and then he gave us our presents.

On New Years we went to visit. We went down to the Moors and had a nice time. I send my best love to you and all the girls. I would like to see you all again. Thank you very much for the nice present you sent me. I liked it very much indeed.

I must close my letter, from

LITTLE LIZZIE.

FROM A FORMER GOVERNESS OF THE CANADIAN SCHOOL.

Paget, Bermuda.

My Dear Sister Superior,—

On Tuesday, 3rd March, I received your welcome letter. I am answering it now, as our weekly mail leaves on Saturday, 7th March, for New York. After May, navigation here is almost closed, as visitors leave to avoid the hot months. The hotels also are closed until October. We may perhaps have a mail once or twice a month, but are practically cut off from all communication from without, and as many as can leave the island to escape the intense heat, thunder storms and earthquake shocks, which sometimes occur during the summer months.

Last month we had it 85 degrees in the shade. It is such damp, sticky heat, in the mornings, my clothes feel as though they had been out in the dew all night. In Honolulu we had dry heat, which was easier to bear.

I wrote a long letter to you shortly after I came. There was one mistake in it. Hamilton has only 1,500 people.

I expect to return to America in June, 1904. I must say I prefer it to any other country I have tried. The house here is built on the top of a high hill, so we get all the breeze there is. The grounds are extensive; there are five servants in the establishment, and my pupils have a nurse to wait on them.

You ask me if I like Bermuda as well as Honolulu. The two places are not alike in any respect. Bermuda is more primitive. It has few modern conveniences or comforts, and very little communication with the world, being closed yearly from May to October.

Fruit is imported. Very little grows here. The coast is exceedingly dangerous, and no vessel of any size can enter Hamilton, and never after dark. The shops are very poor. The house flies are insufferable, and there are myriads of ants and cockroaches, like those of Honolulu. The legs of refrigerators stand in soup-plates of water to keep the insects from ascending.

The entire fruits are the fig, banana, and the papaw, which is something like a turnip. Our English fruits will not grow here, the soil is very poor. There are, I believe, no wild flowers; the sage and palm are scanty and look rather miserable. Hamilton is lighted by oil lamps, and the streets are narrow, ill-paved and broken.

The shops could not produce a scribbler or a blackboard, so Colonel V. sent to America for them. The board was quite a curiosity on the island when it arrived. They asked me 60 cents in a shop for a 10c. box of chalk, but I think this is all there was in Bermuda.

We have no twilight, and as the streets are not lighted in Paget or any of the districts, I am unable to go out after tea. It is dark at 6 o'clock now.

I am very well, and so far do not mind the heat, but the hot wind from the gulf of Mexico is like a blast from a furnace. They use English L. S. D. here, yet gold is below par. The sovereign is only worth \$4.80, instead of \$4.86 2-3. There is a bank and the Cathedral in Hamilton, and there is one small church in each of its eight districts. The island is 29 miles round. Two-thirds of the people are negroes. I have five windows in my room, and can see Hamilton, the ocean, the other islands and the lighthouse point.

Do write to me. I received the two numbers of the magazine you sent me. Ethel Thynne was one of my pupils, also Louie Chantrell.

With kindest love to you, and remembrances to all I know,
I remain, dear Sister Superior,

Yours affectionately,

ANNIE DAVIS.

Chapel Building Fund Account.

ASCENSION-TIDE, 1903.

RECEIPTS.

Advent, 1902—Total in hand, 1903	\$ 1,106 22
January—All Hallows' Chapel offertory	26 00
Moksahm	5 20
Miss Dugdale	10 14
E. Hoops, Esq.	2 40
February—Miss Wickstead	5 00
Miss C. Pelly	2 40
March—Miss Armstrong	2 00
April—Rev. A. A. Dorrell	2 00
Moksahm	9 66
Vera Erickson	5 00
May—Rev. H. Frere	4 86
Total	<u>\$ 1,180 87</u>

We hear with thankfulness of one or two more gifts on their way for the Chapel Fund, and we need hardly say how very grateful we shall be for other contributions for the same purpose.

The very next enlargement of either school will crowd the present chapel beyond endurance again.

All Hallows' Indian School.

Very full of quiet pleasant events have been the last few months so far as the interests of the Indian School have been concerned.

Settling down into the small but very complete "New Wing" has been an increasing source of satisfaction, as every week, almost every day, proves more fully the comfort of it. It was told us that it would be full of blessing as it was the outcome of so many prayers and that is certainly true!

In December there was the usual undercurrent of delightful anticipation. No one minded hard work, nor even grumbled if water-pipes froze, or stovepipes smoked, everything was quickly and cheerfully remedied, for were there not glimpses caught of mysterious parcels and bales and, crowning joy of all, Santa Claus' Christmas barrel, which arrived with a very prosaic load of potatoes on snowy Christmas Eve?

Can the all-too-short night of that same Christmas Eve ever be forgotten?

How, when all the decorations were finished, though they made a very nice "setting" that was about all that could be said! The cold weather had retarded the flowers and though the poor dear bulbs had spent some days sitting in a corner by the stovepipe yet only one hyacinth had come out! So the best silver-edged geraniums were cut down and humble everlastings were used, when two boxes of the most beautiful white flowers arrived, a Christmas offering from two communicants to help to make the place of His feet glorious on this Night of nights.

Soon, even before our festal Evensong, the old Indians began to arrive, as it was such a stormy night, and some hours were spent in classes and preparation, while the family slumbered peacefully overhead, till, as Christmas Day drew on, the older children softly rose and dressed in scarlet, with white veils for the communicants, they joined their people and us in the chapel to be amongst the very first in the land to greet the new-born King.

Gladly sounded the strains of the Christmas hymn as, it was sung in two Indian languages alternately, till the last verse, which we sang in English, but a little previous practice enabled every one to join in the last chorus, each in their own tongue.

After the service hot tea, etc., was dispensed in the schoolroom before our friends wended their homeward way, and it was not until well on into the small hours of the morning that the Family subsided again. In fact there had hardly been an hour's grateful silence before sounds of childrens' mirth arose from the dormitory, stealthy

footsteps at first and timid voices; then, when undoubted traces of Santa Claus were discovered, further sleep was, of course, out of the question, as the little choruses of delight went on, till an unexpected and welcome lull was followed by shrill young voices at one's door energetically singing, "Wake and sing good Christians"—the very last thing one desired to do at that moment!

But, oh! those stockings! so long, so full, such a charming variety of things in them. Never before had Christmas brought such satisfying joy to the young ones.

There was early matins in Chapel to enable our kind School Chaplain to catch the train which would take him back for Christmas evening among his own people.

At mid-day the Indian School were invited to a festive dinner in the dining hall, whither they all repaired with beaming faces and red pinafores at the time appointed.

Then our Indian friends came up again for an instruction and social gathering, till finally that happy and most successful day came to an end.

The next day brought round again our usual Christmas Tree party, an unfeigned source of delight to young and old alike. Such a beautiful tree as it was this year. And so bountifully provided for—thanks chiefly to the generosity of Captain Bryson, who always remembers the children at this season.

On almost the last day of the old year—a day when the earth was freshly clad in a garb of snowy whiteness, a bridal party might have been seen at early dawn setting forth to the parish church, where our oldest school-daughter, Clara, was married to Frank Clare, a Devonshire man.

The party returned to a simple wedding breakfast. Very simple it was indeed, as trains had failed us and supplies had not arrived from the coast, but very happy, none the less.

Then the newly-married pair went off for a short honeymoon, before setting up housekeeping, and it was not until Easter that we saw our school-daughter again, as she arrived on the eve, bearing a large basket of beautiful trilliums, to spend the Festival once again in her old school-home.

A kindly moon during the Christmas holidays countenanced many an evening's coasting on the glistening slope of well-packed snow in front of the school.

Towards the end of the holidays a series of most welcome bales arrived, bearing Christmas gifts, and much else which has materially lightened our labors in the clothing department ever since.

School began again on January 20th, and only those who know what holidays are in a large family, especially when one is trying to get through arrears of work before another term begins, can at all realize the blissful rest experienced when the welcome school-bell rings at last and one's very energetic family is provided for for so many hours.

The unwonted peacefulness did not last long, however, as influenza soon visited us again, for the second time this winter. This time it was mostly the little ones who were attacked, and we had some bad cases, with troublesome and tedious after-effects.

Even that cloud had its silver lining, though, as it showed what good and careful nurses some of our elder girls made.

There was a pleasant break just before Lent, when the Canadian School got up the play "Les Cloches de Corneville," and the Indian School was invited to form the orchestra for the performance. Seven bells, drums, triangles, tambourine, organ and piano produced a grand conglomeration of sound—enjoyed alike by performers and audience!

As the weeks drew on towards Easter-tide one fruitful subject of conversation was the all-important question as to whether our white mountain lilies, the trilliums, our earliest wild flower, would be out in time for Easter. Now and again warm balmy days would come and the crocuses would lift up cheerful little faces to the sun, then the soft white snow would cover everything up again, and our hopes would die down. Many expeditions and lengthy scrambles, would only result in one or two tightly closed buds. But, just before Easter, spring really did come, and we had trilliums after all for the first Easter in our enlarged chapel.

How the pale green walls set off the fronds of hardy fern, the holly-like glossiness of the "Oregon grape," and the trailing masses of our Northern linnea, all ruddy from the winter frosts!

What a beautiful pathway to the altar was made by the bamboo rods, filled with flowers and ferns, at the end of each seat!

How all the beauty culminated at the altar itself where Easter lilies, hyacinths and narcissus filled the air with fragrance and looked like a vision of angels hovering over the altar in the Presence of the Lord!

Very beautiful too was the Easter music beginning with the Introit, "When I Wake Up I Am Present With Thee," going on to the old familiar communion service of Dykes in F., while at matins both the Processional "Hail! Festal Day!" and the four tiny anthems from the "Messiah, ("Since by Man Came Death, etc.") were accompanied by two violins, one played by a former pupil in the In-

dian School, now on the domestic staff, and the other by a senior girl in the Canadian School.

The Bishop liked it all very much, but the thing he was specially pleased with was the anthem "Oh, Rest in the Lord" on Easter Eve. The Bishop gave the Indians a very nice instruction on Good Friday in Chapel, interviewed the interpreter on Easter Eve, and had a full choral celebration of Holy Communion for the Indians on Easter Monday.

Afterwards the chiefs came and spoke to him and he gave them kindly advice and counsel.

Another old school-daughter, Mary, with her husband and two babies, Rosie and Martha, came up with her people to join in the Easter services.

Two new little girls, Matilda and Ellen, also arrived in time to keep Easter with us, making our number for the Indian School 33 again.

Now the spring is fairly upon us, there is sunshine everywhere; voices of birds and children outvie each other in happiness, and flowers are springing forth, refreshed by their long sojourn in the dark, cool earth, showing their thankfulness for their safe-keeping through the storms and blasts of winter, by the glad luxuriance of their blossoms and buds.

Gardening operations are being vigorously undertaken and while our good old Chinaman delves in the vegetable garden, small but faithful workers dig holes for plants in the flower-gardens with commendable energy, till the scene of their operations more nearly resembles a rabbit-warren than anything else!

However, when the head-gardener can be torn away from giving music lessons, etc., the patient plants get into their flowering places and stand in ordered array, only waiting till the daffodils and tulips have done blossoming to let us know what a gay show they can make in their turn.

At the end of this month the Bishop has signified his intention of being with us again, before Whitsuntide, if possible, to hold a Confirmation in the School Chapel, when a few from each School are looking forward to being admitted to the fuller privileges of the Christian Life.

ALTHEA MOODY.



Children's Corner.

About the Play.

On Monday night the Canadian girls had a play, and they invited the town people to it, and they had the play in the schoolroom and it was very nice indeed and the first thing they had was music. And on the platform they put a sky up and the colour was white and blue, and they put a card-board for the mountain and they cut the shape of a mountain and they drew some water running down and there was an armour on the platform in the castle and they all had lanterns and they were looking for ghosts and they were walking around for ghosts and they could not find any at all.

There was an old man he had a stick in his hand, it was Gaspered he was a miser and he sat down on the chair and pored out his bag of gold on the table, and he said oh my gold, my darling gold, and he shook a sheet out of the window and pretended that it was a ghost and scared all the people because he didn't want any body to come in his house because he was afraid that they would steal his gold and some boys came in with lantern in their hands looking for ghost and they saw this man poring the money out of the bag, and he heard the bell and then he began to put it back and his hands were so shaky and lots of the gold dropped on the floor.

LISA (aged 9) and GINA (aged 11).

A Winter Party.

It was on the 14th of February, in the playing fields. That is a lovely place for coasting. We had 6 sleighs between us, two large ones, and four small ones. We built a large bon-fire in the centre of the playing fields and had our party late in the evening. The light was very bright from the fire so that it lighted almost the whole field. People who are very strong and don't mind being bumped about enjoy coasting thoroughly, but I cannot say about those who like smooth steady rides, for it is very bumpy in the playing fields, just at first it is smooth and delightful, then you get tossed up like a ball, and the snow flies in your face, but that is where all the fun comes in. You try to stick to the sleigh but it is hardly of any use. Sometimes too the steerer makes a mistake and the sleigh tumbles over on one side knocking everyone into the snow but here again laughter comes out, whatever your mood is, to see such funny scenes before you.

Whenever we got cold we would run to the fire and in a few seconds would be warm again and ready for more fun.

Then in the end we had our supper. Hot cocoa and brown and white bread and butter, but as everything comes to an end so the party ended at last and we gathered together and put the fire out.

Thinking it would go out we bid the playing fields Goodnight, but even the fire was a little mischievous, and as soon as we were snug in bed it burnt up brightly again, and never went out until midnight.

FLOSSIE.

Housekeeping and Dressing.

We ought to be tidy and dress our hair and feet and bodies.

We ought to buy nice things but not grand. Plain dress is very good and a nice hair.

If we are children we should keep our pinnies clean and not have 3 or 4 dresses a week, but be neat, and not have all sorts of colors. Supposing we had pink dresses, it would not be nice to have different colors with it.

Our feet ought not to have holes in our stockings but mend them nicely, and not to have one pair for 2 or 3 weeks but have nice clean stockings every week as we do. When we have rubbers we ought to have slippers to go in them so they would not wear out so quick because our heels cut them.

Some Ladies wear a lot of rings, and have 4 or 5 rings on, but it is nicer to have one or two rings. Plain rings are very nice and always mind your finger nails are nice and hands and faces clean.

If you have nice blozes and skirts not to let them come apart behind, and little girls are to have their backs all tidy and done up.

When you are going out for a walk don't wear hats with feathers all sticking up, but it is very nice to have some feathers. Not too much, and have a nice coat or cloak.

Then to keep our houses clean and tidy, no cobwebs on the wall and ceiling, if so just sweep them off and that is no trouble. In winter keep the rooms nice and warm, have no pieces of dirt on the floor, put the tables all nice and straight and chairs around the room so if any visitors come they can sit down. Have your lamps all clean and trimmed and all the dust out of the corners, and dust everything, then you'll all

Be BIG or LITTLE LADIES.

MARIA.

Picnics in Easter-tide.

We have such lovely times in spring and especially about Easter when we have holidays.

We had our first picnic on Wednesday in Easter-week, as it was rainy the day before, being the proper day appointed.

We started out at 11 o'clock in the morning when the sun was shining brightly and everything looked as beautiful as could be.

Both Sister Alice and Mrs. Woodward came with us, and we never thought of the place we were going to, till we got as far as the town. Some said we were going to the "flat" and most "up the slide." When we all decided to go up the "slide" there was doubt whether the little ones could climb, but any way they were told to be good and they said they could climb.

The two smallest were about the best climbers, Nellie and Grace, Nellie was first to get to the top, guided and helped by Katherine, who said she was a splendid little climber, and Grace, who climbed so fast soon got tired but was very good until some one exclaimed "poor little Grace," which of course made her pity herself and begin to cry.

There was snow here and there at the top of the slide which glistened, and brightened our way.

There is a road up there, leading to some strange place, which we followed in vain, for there was too much snow, so Sister Alice decided that only a few of the big girls could go on to see if there was any better place further on.

The party (fifteen of them) came back and said that the snow was deeper and they didn't reach the stream, it was a little farther off.

When we all had had our lunch we wandered round enjoying ourselves as much as we could, some of the little girls went to the top of a little hill just at the back of our place and heard water rushing by. They came running down with excitement to tell us, but we did not believe them.

Oh how we laughed at ourselves afterwards when we found the stream close by!

Katherine and Maggie went up again with a pail to get some water for our tea, as the stream was not found till after we had lunch.

MILLY O'SHAMAIST.

Our Picnic on the Flat.

This picnic was on Monday after Low Sunday our last one for Easter time, for the next day solemn school hours began with Arithmetic.

Well, we started out in the morning about eleven o'clock after we were all finished our work. Every one went except one or two who were unable to go out that day.

We went up to the flat, our favorite old flat, where we used generally to go for picnics. It is not far from here, we went up the hill way so it was not so far as the town way.

When we got there I could scarcely believe that was the place we used to know. I couldn't believe my eyes because it was all cleared, the trees were all chopped down and the greater part of it was quite bare. We looked for our old swing, but it was in vain, for I suppose the wood cutters must have chopped away the two trees on which the swing was tied.

The different little spots brought back to memory many of the absent ones now in different parts of the world far away and near.

But for all this we enjoyed ourselves very much. We had our Lunch at twelve. We

* * * Made a fire upon the field
And boiled a can of tea."

As it says in a poem we learnt last year. After lunch some of us planned to climb up to the second flat, which was much prettier than the first. Sister Alice took the few who wanted to climb up, while the rest remained with Mrs. Woodward.

Some of us got out of the commander's sight and went all over the different places gathering the dearest lilies, and the sweet little violets, until we thought it was quite time the sheep were collected.

When we got down to the first flat there was Sister Alice with a long stick to support her, and a number of companions along with her. She was just laughing for she had been travelling a great deal, going up hill and down again with a small girl who did not know much about the way.

It must have been amusing, but I am quite sure poor Sister must have been worn out after all her long travel.

We all returned about 3 and were nicely rested for the rest of the day.

It was a beautiful fine April day we went for this picnic, everything about was beautiful, all the birds singing their spring songs to cheer the earth.

LUCY.

Spring.

Spring is always a very happy time. It makes one think of the happy spring of souls, and also of when our Lord rose from the dead.

Spring began in Lent this year; the word "lent" means spring.

This year we kept thinking spring had come, but then it melted snow and got cold again.

The winter is like when we are in our sins, as it says in one of our hymns:

"All the winter of our sins
Long and dark has been."

The spring is like the happy time when we shall wake up in "Christ's own likeness satisfied."

When we die we are put into the earth, that is like planting seeds, but in the spring of souls we shall all wake up, and come forth to meet the Lord.

Of course, we will all be like different kinds of flowers, but we will all come up together.

Our flowers don't all come up at the same time, some come up and then a few more and so on till they are all up.

Our spring in this country is always pleasant after the cold winter. The snow all melts, and the air is filled with pleasant noise of water. The birds come and begin to sing, the flowers peep forth and fill the air with fragrance. The leaves peep out also,—these things all give us pleasure, and people who have lived in this country and go away to very hot countries where it is always summer nearly always say that what they miss so very much is the spring. I am sure they do.

THERESE.

Gifts Received.

One set solid silver altar vessels, Mrs. Pelly and family, England.

One bucket candy, boxes oranges, D. J. Creighton, Yale.

Boxes oranges and candy for children, A. Ender, T. Nicholls and the section men.

One bale from W. A. Summerside, P. E. I., containing second-hand clothing for sales, and other useful articles.

One box and one barrel from W. A., of St. Peter's, Charlottetown, P. E. I., containing beautiful clothing and quilts; most acceptable groceries, two Christmas cakes and one pudding.

One parcel, from Junior W. A., St. Peter's, Charlottetown, P. E. I., nice clothing for little Indian child.

One bale, All Saints' Girls' Mission Band, Toronto, Ont., beautiful toys, clothing, quilt, carpet, etc.

One bale, St. Thomas, W. A., Toronto, Ont., splendid cloaks, and tams, sheets, toys, clothing, etc.

One bale, St. Thomas' Girls' W. A., Toronto, Ont., very nice clothing and supply of charming little Christmas gifts.

One bale, W. A., Deer Park, Ont., new and second-hand clothing, etc.

One bale, W. A., Archville, Ont., second-hand clothing, etc., a welcome gift of sheeting (32 yards), and new material.

One bale, W. A., of St. Thomas', Belleville, very nice clothing, quilts, etc.

One box W. A., Cathedral Branch, Ottawa, new felt hats and ribbon for trimming.

One bale W. A. Trinity Church, Brockville, Ont., second-hand coats, new hoods, other clothing, 21 yards splendid rag carpet, and six quilts.

One bale, St. Matthews W. A., Quebec, most splendid "outfits for three Indian girls, and generous supply of bedding.

One parcel, All Saints' Church, St. Andrews, N. B., pinafores and aprons.

One bale, (donors at present unknown), scarlet aprons, much-needed overall pinafores, and other very nice clothing.

N. B.—Bales are frequently received containing absolutely no clue as to their origin. We should be so glad to be able to write acknowledgments and thanks at once without the wearisome delays, many enquiries, and the disappointment to the kind donors which this omission entails.

BEDS FOR INDIAN SCHOOL.

(Acknowledged in Christmas Number.)

Particulars have now been received of the donations so kindly given for the above:

All Saints' Children's Auxiliary, Ottawa	10 50
W. A., Toronto, (two beds)	21 00
St. Matthews, Quebec	10 50
W. A., Charlottetown, P. E. I., (half-bed)	6 00
W. A., Niagara Diocese, (half-bed)	5 00
	\$53 00

Only one bed, the smallest, costing \$8.50 (with mattress) remains unpaid for.

Wants.

Strong, unbleached cotton sheets, $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards long and $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards wide.

Dresses of blue serge, or of any strong, warm material for winter, and of print, or some thin, strong stuff for summer are a great necessity. A simple mother hubbard pattern is almost the best for the younger girls. The sizes that are specially wanted measure from 26 to 36 inches from neck to edge of hem in front.

Sunbonnets of pink print for week days, and white ones for Sundays. We shall be very glad of 18, or even more, of each kind.

Strong thin stockings for summer wear.

Flannel petticoats of women's size, and also in small sizes from 12 to 22 inches long.

Small drawers of flannelette or unbleached cotton (in sets of 3) —waistsizes 21 to 28 inches. They wear better if not gathered in at the knee.

Turkey twill and dark print aprons, also a few white aprons for the older girls (woman's size.)

Boots, shoes, rubbers and overshoes of all sizes, but especially numbers 12 to 4 are a very great boon.

New, strong Bibles, prayer books, hymn books, Bible stories, simple devotional books, and story books for the library.

If anyone had a copy (even in the old edition) of Smith's Dictionary of the Bible to spare, it would be very warmly welcomed.

Also we should be grateful for Canadian or American Church papers.