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All Hallows in the West.

VOL. I.

CHRISTMAS-TIDE, 1900.

No. 3.

CHRISTMAS-TIDE.

LOVE came down at Christmas,
Love all lovely, Love Divine;
Love was born at Christmas,
Star and Angels gave the sign.

Worship we the Godhead,
Love Incarnate, Love Divine;
Worship we our Jesus,
But wherewith for sacred sign?

Love shall be our token,
Love be yours and Love be mine,
Love to God and all men,
Love for plea and gift and sign.

Christina Rossetti.

THE earth was held in the thralldom of sin. Strife and envy were abroad, and "darkness covered the earth" like a pall. Through this darkness the world could no longer see God. Yet God had not left Himself without witness. Heaven and earth were still bound by mutual charity, and earth's children—though hardly daring to look up to the Godhead in its awful purity and holiness—raised their eyes to heaven His dwelling place, and owned by that very upward glance, that voiceless cry, their right to be heard and to be helped.

Gone astray, soiled, polluted through and through by sin, sin of which perhaps we are unable to conceive the depth, dark Earth in her helplessness cried to Heaven; "Drop down ye heavens from above and let the skies pour down righteousness." Parched and thirsty, worn and weary, feeling the burden of sin greater than she could bear, the power of moral choice all but gone, the power of correspondence with Divine Grace almost, but thank God, not quite

lost, again and again: the yearning helpless cry was raised, from the moment the first father and mother of the human race saw with horror-stricken eyes God's pure earth stained with the blood of their son, slain by his brother's hand, the cry for help went up—"the voice of thy brother's blood crieth to Me from the ground"—this, the first recorded prayer.

For thousands of years after, as sin and iniquity increased, consciously or unconsciously, out of the gloomy night the despairing voice of earth reached the throne of Mercy. "*Rorate cæli desuper, et nubes pluant justum,*" "Shed down dew from above, ye heavens, and let the clouds pour down a just one." Yea, One who should restore to earth the primeval perfection of man, who should show forth again the Image of God in earth's fallen race, through the Seed of Adam "Who was the Son of God."

Heaven replies generously, that as a result of the acceptance of Divine grace, earth herself should generate a Saviour. "*Aperiatur terra, et germinet salvatorem,*" "Let the earth open and let it bring forth a Saviour."

Then beneath the dew of heavenly grace the parched earth revived. The Angel Gabriel was sent to Nazareth, "a city of Galilee," to a virgin espoused to a man whose name was Joseph, of the house of David, "and the virgin's name was Mary."

Divine compassion had pierced the gloom, the wretchedness of sin, and the shadows began to disperse.

"Hail! thou that art highly fa-

voiced, the Lord is with thee ;
 "blessed art thou among women."
 So fell the wondrous message.
 Heaven and earth were still, in
 deepest awe and wonder. "Thou
 hast found favour with God,"
 "thou shalt conceive and bring
 forth a Son," "He shall be called
 the Son of the Highest," "Of His
 Kingdom there shall be no end,"

Earth's daughter accepted the
 gift for all men and for all time.
 With brave, calm, humble sur-
 render of herself to the "power"
 that "should over-shadow her,"
 the "dew of Heaven," the Holy
 Ghost which should come upon
 her, and "the Holy Thing" which
 was born of her was called from
 eternity "the Son of God."

Behold now the Virgin Mother
 and her Holy Child. "Kings shall
 bow before Him, all nations shall
 do Him service." Earth is a-
 wakening, and the heavens are
 flooding the fields with light, and
 with joyous melody.

Hark! the herald angels sing
 Glory to the new-born King.
 Peace on earth, and mercy mild
 God and sinners reconciled.
 Joyful all ye nations rise
 Join the triumph of the skies
 With the angelic host proclaim,
 Christ is born in Bethlehem.

Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace
 Hail, the Son of Righteousness.
Light and Life to all He brings
 Risen with healing in His wings.
 Mild He lays His Glory by,
 Born that Man no more may die,
 Born to raise the sons of earth,
 Born to give them second birth,

Hark the herald angels sing
 Glory to the new-born King.

The restoration of harmony be-
 tween Heaven and Earth is the end
 of the Incarnation. "God and
 Man is one Christ."

From near and from afar the
 nations are flocking to Christ: in
 ever-increasing numbers they come,
 "the music of the Gospel leads
 them home." Home to the shel-
 tering arms of Christ's Church,
 where the Lord is still with His
 people in the Blessed Sacrament of
 the Altar, under the lowly forms
 of bread and wine.

It is thus He comes to dwell
 within us, to recreate us. He
 trusts Himself to us, and lays Him-
 self within our hands, even as a
 helpless Babe He lay within His
 mother's arms. "This Infant is
 God, but where is His majesty?
 This Infant is a King, but where
 is His power? I see only a little
 Babe on His mother's knee, a poor
 workman guarding them, but to
 illuminate this scene a star comes
 out of the east and sheds its tran-
 quil light above the stable which
 affords them shelter." Even so
 the star of faith illumines our poor
 souls and helps us to discern the
 majesty and power and life of the
 Lord's Body under the simple
 forms of bread and wine.

Year by year the blessed Christ-
 mas-tide proclaims the Birthday of
 "God and Mary's Son." We see
 multitudes of men, subjects with
 ourselves of the Infant King,
 hurrying by on the great pathway
 of life, many going, as yet, they
 know not where. While thousands,
 having found the path which leads
 to God, their souls strengthened
 and purified by the sacred indwell-
 ing of Christ, by means of the
 Eucharist, musing in deep and
 sacred joy on the mysteries of the
 Incarnation, are stepping heaven-
 ward, and "a little Child doth lead
 them."

Leaves from our Journal.

OCTOBER :—Dr. Neville Parker's opinion, that Miss Moody required to be invalided home for at least six months complete rest, was received with great consternation by the family. We had all seen, for several months, that her health was failing, but we hoped that the brief holiday she took in August would have proved of sufficient benefit to restore it. This, however, was not the case, so we bowed to the inevitable, and sent our dear friend and fellow-worker off on her journey on the evening of the 12th., with an earnest "God Speed." A cablegram from London, reached us on the 30th., announcing her safe arrival on English soil.

NOVEMBER :—All Saints' Day was bright and frosty, a pleasant change after all the rain, and the Festival was observed at the School with its usual course of musical services in the Chapel.

In the absence of the organist, a little sub-organist (Ray Flewelling,) was temporarily appointed, and she accompanied all the musical parts of the service at celebration both on All Saints' and All Souls' Day, very nicely indeed, besides playing for Choral Matins, and for daily Vespers during the Octave.

Archdeacon Pentreath came to luncheon at the School, inspected the new building, and made the *little* girls very happy by accepting an invitation to a Juvenile party in the play-room.

On the 6th., the children gave a pleasant little entertainment in the School Room, which they threw open to everybody, charging an admission fee of 25 cents. Almost all our neighbours from the village

came to it, and I believe they all agreed in pronouncing the evening an unqualified success.

About this time a serious trial befel! the house keeper and her staff. The kitchen was pulled down about their ears; their cherished pots and pans were cast adrift; the cooking stove was driven out to seek shelter under the roof of the unfinished dining hall, and in this condition of chaos there were seventy hungry mouths expecting to be fed.

No sooner was the greatness of the emergency recognised than it was nobly met, as those same "hungry mouths" can testify. No one can deny that there *was* discomfort and inconvenience, and to a certain extent disorder in the refectory and hall and in the room used temporarily for a kitchen, but these were counterbalanced by hearty good will, sweet temper, many merry jokes and innocent fun, all of which will, we hope, find their reward, shortly, in a new kitchen, with a kitchen range, and ovens large enough to bake forty loaves at once!

Bread, for School consumption, was ordered up from Vancouver during this crisis, and when the sacks arrived and large comfortable quartern loaves were stored away by hundreds, the present writer, who was responsible for the supply, felt like a second Count Graf, and fervently hoped the rats would not invade *her* castle at night.

It was such a pleasure to greet Mrs. Chetham, (Minnie Revsbeck) on her arrival from Australia, and to see her bonnie baby girl, another "grandchild" to enrich the old School.

The month closed in deep shadow for one of our household, and loving sympathy, with her family,

made us sharers in their sorrow in a very special way.

Mrs Flewelling 'fell asleep' after a comparatively short illness, leaving her dear ones very desolate indeed. We, who have, in our time, tasted the cup of suffering and borne the desolation which death brings into all homes, will know how to pray for these dear children who are bearing the burden of heavy sorrow for the first time.

Thus Heaven is gathering one by one,
in its capacious breast,
All that is pure and permanent, and
beautiful and blest;
The family is scattered yet, though of one
home and heart,
Part militant in earthly gloom, in heaven-
ly glory part;
But who can tell the rapture, when the
circle is complete,
And all the children scattered now, be-
fore the Father meet?
One fold, one Shepherd, one employ, one
universal Home,
'Lo, I come quickly!' even so, 'Amen,
Lord Jesus, come!'

The Story of A Piece of Embroidery.

THE Guild children thought about it. Five years ago the Guild of the Holy Child was a very energetic body. Unfortunately there was not much scope for their activity in Yale. They spent long Saturday afternoons in making all sorts of pretty things. Three-cornered pin-cushions, night-dress cases scattered over with flowers and petals so life-like that tidy people might be disposed to shake them out of the window first before attempting to use them; linen bags of marvellous designs, tray cloths of all sizes, and a few afternoon tea cloths that were triumphs of

skill indeed. But in Yale no one was rich enough to buy all these treasures of art. So after a while the Guild gave up their Saturday afternoons of work, and their zeal cooled a little; spasmodic efforts were made to collect the Guild fees, but on the whole they were content to watch the growth, the *very slow* growth of a piece of linen embroidery, destined for the altar in Agassiz Church, and taken in hand in 1886. A very much admired design was seen in *The Churchwoman*. Miss Bourne, who was then on a long visit to the School, and from whom the Guild obtained many beautiful lessons in the art of always finding time to help others, copied and enlarged this design, and finally drew it in fine delicate indelible lines on the white linen, purchased with Guild money for this offering. By this time school was closing for the Midsummer vacation, and the President and two members of the Guild were starting on long journeys. Two were bound for England, and one for Denmark. They travelled together for several days and made up a sewing circle on the train. Many fine stitches were put in by three pairs of industrious hands, amid the rumble and shaking and jars of a sleeper of an "Atlantic Express." Memories of bright conversations, helpful little ways, kind attentions to one another and to fellow-passengers, were sewn into those little squares of linen, not unmeet offerings to Him for Whose honour and service the embroidery was undertaken. Then came a day of separation, and those three workers have never been together since. One carried the linen to her home in Norfolk, and there in the tranquil beauty of the Community gardens, or in the

quiet of the Sisters' room, she continued the work begun under such different surroundings. How very kindly the Sisters helped, teaching new stitches, suggesting improvements, and entering with loving sympathy and interest into that tangible little bit of foreign mission work, sent into their midst by the children of the Far West! Afterwards in rather shabby London lodgings the work continued. Then again on the Atlantic, on the return journey, fellow-passengers with skilled fingers contributed their mite to the great design.

After that there was a long interlude, when a period of busy active work crowded out all time for embroidery; the linen was put away and apparently forgotten. Not so,—the heart of the Guild was beating still, though so slowly and languidly, that it seemed to lack life—but life existed, and presently a little stir was felt in Lent when absent members sent in subscriptions and present members suggested meetings.

A youthful group gathered on the cool shady verandah one hot day in April, the linen was brought out, and while some engaged daintily on it, others took up various pieces of plain sewing, and all seriously discussed the prospects of the Guild. Thus occupied they failed to observe the approach of a strange dog: a low growl from Carlo, our faithful, if somewhat plebeian, school dog, called attention to the intruder, but too late to prevent a catastrophe. In one moment children and work, thimbles, scissors, cottons, dogs, and stools were in a confused tangled heap. Then Carlo, the valiant, was chasing the stranger away, and dishevelled little girls were picking themselves up, collecting their possessions, and

and anxiously shaking out the linen, which most fortunately came out of the encounter unhurt.

Like coral insects, patient fingers worked on it chain stitch, satin stitch, French embroidery stitch, and long lines of plain neat hemming, until in course of time grapes and vine-leaves, corn and scrolls, took shape and form, and the whole work was nearly done. Then weak eyes and old eyes failed, and the embroidery seemed again likely to suffer from inaction, but help was close at hand. Two of the girls from the Indian School, who are not members of this Guild, offered their services in pulling out threads for hem-stitching which was the last and finishing touch needed. Every needle-woman knows how hard it is to draw threads in long unbroken lines in fine linen. How much patience and skill it requires, such a firm delicate touch, such keen clear sight, Mary and Jane possessed all these, and gave of their best with quiet devotion. At last the hem-stitching began. Those who were little girls in 1886 are among the senior girls now, clever with their needles and quite able to advise on all knotty points. The embroidery is finished. Bleaching, washing and ironing followed as a matter of course, and then the work was done. A record of many young lives, many holy resolutions, much high purpose, and an offering in truth of love and devotion to Him Who for our sakes became a little Child.

Many changes have passed over the School since 1886. Teachers have changed. Old pupils are married, have settled abroad, or are doing their duty quietly at home. New pupils are constantly entering. A growing amount of *esprit de*

corps is making both Schools a power to be felt in the land. As numbers increase the standard of education is correspondingly raised.

But the daily routine of life goes on now much the same as then. The seasons come and go in their due order, and one day succeeds another "in work and prayer and healthful play." Many of the details of work done, lessons learnt, worship offered seem very small and insignificant, and some—like the finest stitches in the embroidery—are all but invisible, yet one little stitch being out of place or out of proportion somewhat, mars the effect of the whole. On the other hand, the better work throws a charitable covering over that which is feeble and imperfect, and the whole in God's hand, is made beautiful and complete a "fair linen" indeed, meet to lay on the altar of Love.

Our Village Church.

"Heaven is not given for our good works here ;

Yet it is given to the laborer."

AS the years roll on it is pleasing to note the various improvements which have been made in our little village church, from time to time, all speaking of reverent love and care for God's House.

Though the building itself is very simple and homely, its setting is wondrously beautiful in this valley girt round by mountains "great and strong."

Looking back on the last decade, the first record of repairs, we find set in motion by Mrs. Bompas, to whom the broken fence surrounding the church was a vexation, and through her exertions money was

raised in the village to put that in order.

Then the need of choir seats was observed, and Miss Moody ably seconded by Mrs. Dodd and others obtained the amount necessary to purchase them.

The necessity for painting the church exercised our minds a little later, and with this object in view a church working party was organized and through the zeal and devotion of its members, several sales of work and small Entertainments were successfully held, the proceeds of which were laid by for the purpose of transforming the white-washed barn-like looking building into a neatly painted grey church with a warm tilecoloured roof.

An improvement in the lectern next suggested itself to us, but we were rather unwilling to part with the old one, because it was almost unique in its ugliness, still its clumsiness was a serious drawback, therefore the boys of the Sunday School, under Sister Margaret's direction, presented St. John's with a new wooden lectern, well made, well proportioned and nicely varnished.

Last spring rather heavy repairs became necessary because the foundations had sunk on one side, and I believe the building was hardly considered safe. Then the Schools rose as one man and subscribed \$50.00, the Parish, under Miss Ellis' house to house visitation, responded with equal generosity, and workmen were at once employed to make the House of God once more strong enough to meet the blasts of winter storms.

The brass cross on the altar was a gift from the Guild children. The new vases were Miss Moody's loving offering. Now new seats are being put in, the lumber for

which was paid for out of a little sum of money left in trust with the treasurer by the Working Party before it disbanded, freight on the same was a gift from the School. Before Advent we hope to see the clumsy old seats displaced and new ones taking their place.

It is a pleasure to muse upon these tokens of love for the place "wherein God's Honour dwells." There is still very much that might be done for it. A new stove, new matting and perhaps a few other items might well claim our attention presently.

Parish work is not among the duties undertaken by the community (except for the Indians) in this part of the world. What the Sisters have done so far, through the different members of their staff, has been a free will offering, but, with the enlargement of their Schools, time and opportunity, for outside work, becomes more and more difficult. The organist's duties alone are very arduous, owing chiefly to the distance of the School from the Church. Miss Moody filled this position, voluntarily, for nearly ten years, giving generously of her time, strength and talent to it, and the manner in which she trained the choir and raised the tone of church music was simply admirable. The Sunday School too, under Sister Alice and Miss Ellis' management, has been very satisfactory, both as regards numbers and attendance, but here again an extra walk and the sacrifice of a whole afternoon, to toilers who are teaching all the week and to whom Sunday cannot come as a day of rest under these circumstances, makes a gradual withdrawal from Parish work a necessity, but we see with heartfelt thankfulness that young Church members, in the Pa-

rish, who have grown up more or less under All Hallows' influence, are now able and willing to take up the duties we must lay down. So the old order changes, but in the new ordering of Parish work may there be among us as heretofore, love, and sympathy and mutual support.

Full of vows and full of labour,
All our days fresh duties bring;
First to God and then our neighbour,
Christian life is an earnest thing.

Onward ever onward pressing,
Yet untried as Angel's wing,
Believing, doing, blest and blessing,
Christian life is an earnest thing.

SUNDAY.

O day most calm, most bright!

SOMETIMES "the Sundaies of man's life" dawn with such exceeding beauty that one is startled into re-echoing involuntarily George Herbert's quaint fancy that they are indeed like jewels "to adorn the wife of the eternall glorious King."

Perhaps, the great law of compensation, which runs through all our human life, which makes the mother reserve some special joy for the little one shut out from other children's pleasures, is nowhere more lovingly shewn than in the Mission life, where He, Who "like as a Father pitieth His Own children," and Who, "as a Mother comforteth" gives those, cut off from other privileges, a gleam, at times, of His eternal joy, a faint foretaste of the glorious "restitution of all things."

There was once a Saturday, of more than usual work, aggravated by keen suffering, which drew those who worked and suffered with resistless force to their Lord's Presence at His Altar, in spite of the

drenching rain with which darkness finally closed in and swallowed up that earthly week.

But, as the morning broke on Sunday, all was calm and peaceful, the storm was over, and all nature at rest.

During the silent walk to the little Village Church for the early service, the soft white mist wrapping everything in the impenetrable folds of its clinging embrace, even the nearest objects were indistinct and blurred. The only thing that really appeared clear and decided was the path immediately before us, though that stretched out, apparently interminably; we could not see the end for mists and for other objects which hid it, but we knew that, wherever it ended for others, for us it led straight to the House of God, to the Presence of our Lord Himself.

So our failing steps went bravely on towards that hidden distance. Seeing very little quite clearly, feeling rather chilly, as even the sun seemed to hold back from piercing or trying to disperse those mists with which God had enshrouded our path, but it looked at us with a white cold face when at length it rose over what we knew must be a mountain.

Before we reached the church one tiny edge of a peak appeared above the vapoury billows, looking so fresh and unearthly, as it apparently rested above the clouds, that it raised wondering thoughts in our minds as to whether it might not be that our earthly lives were indeed at times very near the Heavenly, and that not *only* "in our infancy" was it that "Heaven lay about us."

Even familiar places were clothed with a solemn reverent beauty, as if we had come unawares into the

midst of the great service of the universe, and had beheld "all the earth worshipping" God, the Father everlasting, and not only our own sin-stained, trouble-worn earth, but that other World, the new Heaven," and the "new Earth" having passed through her time of trial, and having emerged radiant with the God-given treasures of darkness, the hidden riches of secret places with which God had endued her suffering.

Reminding us also of that beautiful sequence for All Souls' Day, when, after the night of doubt and sorrow, the voyagers dimly discerned "rock crests torn and shattered" when

"An unknown Land they made out
Through the murkiness and spray.
Ah! unknown, unknown to mortals,
Is it thus with longing eyes,
First we see thee, first we know thee,
First we have thee, Paradise?"

Then, leaving God's House after the greatest of all earthly joys, and no more alone, we stepped forth into a world most marvelously beautiful. No longer the impenetrable barrier of dead white mist blotted out and concealed everything, but it seemed as if the Presence of our Lord Himself with us dispersed the mists, as the visible sun, His great type in nature was doing. For as we walked on, the mists rolled off our path in long soft swathes of pearly, silvery, and then golden light, all changed and glorified, not a sullen wall any more, but a glorious veil lightly drawn round "the place of His Feet." One rent after another showed startling glimpses of the mountains standing round about us, sparkling in their Sunday freshness of newly fallen snow. Heavy drenching rain it had been to us in the lowlands, but light glistening snow to them in their

lofty purity—snow, which so transformed even the dark fir-trees clothing their summits, that the mountains appeared to us, as once before mountains had seemed to a servant whose eyes were opened, as if they were full of Angels.

Hours of insight like this, when 'invisible things are clearly seen, being understood by the things which are made,' makes us more than content that our lives should be, if God so willed it, shrouded at times, even ended, if need be, in mists and darkness, as once, long ago, another life was apparently ended on this earth.

"But if it be that seeming uncompleteness
Cover us like a pall
Softly on me and mine when that is ended
May peace eternal fall
And after darkness be our way attended
By light ineffable."

ALTHEA MOODY.

All Hallows' Canadian School Entertainment.

Nov. 6th., 1900.

PROGRAMME.

Overture. Piano Duett
Frances Paget and Ray Flewelling.
Tableaux. "Pygmalion and Galatea"
Scene I & II. J. Jones & M. Gibbs.
Recitation. "Why cats wash after eating"
Ella Underhill.
Chorus. "The three black crows."
Tableau. "King Charles and Cromwell"
Meda Hume and Muriel Shildrick.
The Spelling Bee.
Play. "Snowdrop, or the Magic Mirror"
Queen. Kathleen Bentley.
Snowdrop, Dorothy Sweet.
Prince, Florence Davis.
Forester, Ethel Raymond.
Seven Dwarfs, Ella Underhill, Elvie
Raymond, Dorothy Broad, Freda
Widdicombe, Edith Ciyne, Marjorie
Armstrong, Edie Bindley.
Tableaux. PICTURE GALLERY.
"Duchess of Devonshire" M. Shildrick.
"Helen of Troy" Mabel Gibbs.
"Cleopatra" Ray Flewelling.
"Her Majesty at eighteen" Una McIntosh

Song in costume. "The land of Japan"
Jessie Jones and Winifred Armstrong.
Tableau. "Home from the war"
Eva Earl and Mildred Pentreath.
Chorus. "The Three Sailor Boys."
Dialogue. "School for Scandal"
Sir Peter, Winifred Armstrong.
Lady Teazle Jessie Jones.
Song. "My dream of you"
"Lady Teazle"
Recitation. "A little bird told me"
Marjorie Armstrong
Chorus. "The Fairy Jane"
Dance in costume. "The Highland Fling"
Ethel Raymond, Muriel Underhill,
Meda Hume, Florence Davis.
Tableaux. "The Eve of Waterloo"
Scene I. The Ball Room.
" II. The Alarm.
" III. In Camp.
Song. "Annie Laurie"
Perl. Song. "Sweet and Low"
GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

SUCH is the programme of what, I think, we may justly consider the most successful of our School Entertainments. From beginning to end, all went as smoothly as a marriage-bell, the several artistes entering into their parts with the greatest spirit, giving the audience a most pleasant evening, judging from the hearty laughter and often prolonged applause. Each tableau, play or recitation was so well rendered that it seems almost impossible to select any for particular description, where all were so worthy of note, yet how *could* "Pygmalion and Galatea," "The Land of Japan," the dwarfs in "Snowdrop," "Sir Peter and Lady Teazle," "The Highland Fling" and the "Night before Waterloo" be passed over in silence? The statuesque pose of Galatea was well maintained, the closed eyes and whitened face, giving the effect of marble so well, that the question was raised among the youthful part of the audience, "Is she *really* marble? Pygmalion was a handsome young sculptor, and well sustained his part in both scenes.

The Action-Song "The Land of Japan" requires two performers, one out of sight, who sings, the other in costume on the stage, who interprets by the aid of her fan, the various degrees of coyness, haughtiness, repression or encouragement indicated by the song. The pretty Japanese dress, graceful attitudes, and expressive looks were a grand success, and received well merited applause.

But oh! those dwarfs! Seven of them, in their red and black costumes, with peaked red caps and peaked red shoes, the very thought of them brings a laugh! They entered with *such* verve into their parts, and by their impish gambols and quick repartee, never once at fault, turned what without them would have been a sedate little play into a delightful farce, provocative of intense amusement.

Sir Peter and Lady Teazle were capital, their characters seemed true to life:—he, the old, jealous, yet loving husband, habited in dressing gown and powdered wig, and leaning on his stick, trying in vain to enforce his authority; she, the wilful young beauty, daintily charming with her furbelowed skirts, patches and powder, fascinating every one, even poor grumpy Sir Peter, as she flouted his wisdom, and scouted his advice, and after alternately teasing and coquetting with him, airily tripped from the scene, her pretty serenity unruffled through all.

The Highland Fling was danced in costume, and splendidly too: it speaks well for the physique of the dancers that they were ready and eager to grant the encore immediately claimed by the audience.

The first scene of the Tableaux "The night before Waterloo" was perhaps the most effective. The

girls looked charming in their quaint empire dresses, as with stately steps they were led by their soldier partners through the graceful figures of the minuet especially learnt for the occasion.

With this picture before our eyes, and the old time melody of the minuet in our ears, we will once more let the curtain fall on our young players. May their parts in the great drama of Life be played as well, and earn for each the true success of the great "Well done."

M. ELLIS.

Adventures and Mis-adventures.

UPON the advent of King Winter, our thoughts immediately turned towards the rink, and a few of the more energetic of the family volunteered to go out and flood it. Much to our consternation however, we discovered when we arrived on the spot, that the workmen had carried off the flume, when they had to drain the cellar of the new wing, after some unusually heavy rain. But this loss did not daunt us in the least. Armed with buckets we set to work to draw water from the brook, and after ten minutes hard work we awoke to the fact that we were emptying only one third of our buckets on the rink, and the rest generously over ourselves. Not being water-babies, we concluded that this arrangement did not exactly seem to suit our constitutions, so we proceeded to hunt for the flume, which we *might* have done before if we had only thought of it. After some trouble we succeeded in excavating it out of a snowdrift, and placing it in position, then we found it was too short by three feet. By altering this position we could place one end of the flume in the brook,

but here alas, our most strenuous exertions were unavailing to make the water run up-hill. At last we sadly gave it up, and marched to the house carrying our buckets in a gloomy and crest-fallen manner, when it suddenly occurred to us that we might carry water to the Cottage, the workmen having cut off the supply from there for some inexplicable reason of their own.

No sooner was the suggestion made than it was accepted and entered upon with zeal, and all was going splendidly. Back and forth we tripped, pleased with ourselves and expecting everyone to be pleased with us, when a sad accident befell! As we entered the Cottage on our last trip, one of our number whose coat was too long, caught the tail of it on the handle of my bucket, and over she went, tipping not only her own pail of water but mine also all over the place. At that instant, unfortunately for us, the careful *Châtelaine* of the Cottage came out of her room, and,——well, she *wasn't* pleased with us, *she* did not want a skating rink on her door-step, and she did not seem to consider the explanation I offered, that Francesca's coat-tail was too long, at all satisfactory or exculpatory. So we trudged back to the School and told Sister our "tale of woe," and received some consolation from her remark that "at least we had tried to be useful." Sister is very kind, she always gives us credit for our good intentions. On this occasion she also gave us good advice, and told us to ask Mr. Warner, who is on the Building Committee, and looks after everything most kindly, to make a new flume and flood the rink for us. This morning a beautiful sheet of clear glassy ice met our enraptured gaze, when we

went out to inspect before breakfast. Afterwards what a scramble there was for straps and boots and skates: and how jubilantly we flocked down to the rink, and how we flew over its crystal surface, and how we enjoyed ourselves—at first,—it takes more than a school girl's pen to describe. But misfortune was in the air. There were twenty degrees of frost, sufficient to freeze the ice on any rink solid enough to bear anything you would think, but you don't know the weight of All Hallows' pupils perhaps, and when they fell one after the other, sometimes all together on top of each other, the ice refused to bear it, and it cracked in several places, and little pools of water began oozing up. So we came in after an hour's fun, and we hope before we have another hard frost, a regulation will be drawn up forbidding anyone who weighs more than 120 pounds to fall on the ice on our skating rink. We think then we may count upon making up a very select skating party indeed.

WINIFRED ARMSTRONG.

The Provincial Exhibition.

HAVING achieved some small success with fruit at the New Westminster Exhibition last year, we became more ambitious in our attempts this year, and sent no less than thirteen exhibits, beside some specimens of handwriting from the Indian School. The latter was beautifully legible and very neat, but lacked perhaps somewhat in character, and therefore obtained no mention; but the other ventures succeeded beyond our most sanguine expectations, taking nine prizes.

As no one from the School was

able to go to New Westminster to look after the exhibits, Mrs. Brynner very kindly arranged everything for us.

ENTRIES AND PRIZES.

Children under (16.)

Needlework,	Ray Flewelling.
"	(1st. Prize) Eva Earl.
"	Louie Chantrell.
Freehand Drawing.	(1st Prize) D. Dodd.
"	" (2nd. Prize) Flo. Davis.
"	" Una McIntosh.

Ornamental Penmanship.

(Maps) (1st. Prize) Gwendoline Bell

" (2nd. Prize) Jessie Jones.

GENERAL.

Crochet Neck-tie,	(2nd. Prize) Mrs. Woodward.
Button-holes on linen,	(1st. Prize) Miss Moody.
French Prunes	(2nd. Prize) Miss Moody.
Collection of dahlias,	Miss Moody.
Collection of water colour sketches,	(1st. Prize) Miss Moody.

We hoped to have had more fruit and flowers to send, but the season was early, and we had so much rain, that we viewed with sadness the beautiful yellow "egg plums" spoiling on the trees, until it wasn't safe to leave them longer, so they found their way into pies, and were eventually eaten up by thirty hungry little girls.

MURIEL SHILDRICK.

School Register.
December, 1900.

Winifred Armstrong,	-	Golden.
Marjorie Armstrong,	-	"
Dorothy Bindley,	-	Vancouver.
Edith Bindley,	-	"
Dorothy Broad,	-	New Westminster.
Gwendoline Bell,	-	Surrey Centre.
Winifred Bell,	-	"
Kathleen Bentley,	-	Slocan.
Louie Chantrell,	-	Blaine, Wash.
Marie Cross	-	Silverton.
Edith Clyne	-	Vancouver.

Florence Davis,	-	Vancouver.
Daisy Dodd,	-	Yale.
Eva Earl,	-	Lytton.
Mabel Gibbs,	-	New Denver.
Medora Hume,	-	Firlands.
Peggie Hunt,	-	Vancouver.
Beatrice Inkman,	-	Agassiz.
Jessie Jones,	-	Pierce Co. Wash.
Alice Lee,	-	Vancouver.
Una McIntosh,	-	Kamloops.
Clara McDonald,	-	Eburne.
Fernie McDonald,	-	"
Frances Paget,	-	Revelstoke.
Mildred Pentreath,	-	Vancouver.
Ethel Raymond,	-	Nanaimo.
Elvie Raymond,	-	"
Frances Rives,	-	Lillooet.
Muriel Shildrick,	-	New Westminster
Dorothy Stocken,	-	Gleichen, Alta.
Dorothy Sweet,	-	Ashcroft.
Muriel Underhill,	-	Vancouver.
Ella Underhill,	-	"
Evelyn Widdicombe	-	"
Rachel Flewelling,	-	"
Freda Widdicombe,	-	"

The two last are temporarily absent from unavoidable causes.

—o—

Names of pupils entered for future vacancies:—Susie Pierce, Kamloops; Beatrice Libernon, New Westminster; Margaret Gravely, Louise Ferguson, Joey Dalton, Vancouver; Grace Corbould, New Westminster; Grace Cross, Silverton; Gertrude Johnston, Victoria; Cecily Gait, Rossland; Vera Erickson, Cranbrook; Marjorie McCartney, Kamloops.

—o—

VISITORS' BOOK.

October: Mr. G. Raymond, Nanaimo; Mr. McDonald, Eburne; Miss Simpson, Vancouver; Mr. F. Devlin, New Westminster.

November: Archdeacon Pentreath, Mrs. J. Clerc, Dr. J. Clerc, Vancouver; Mrs. McIntosh, Kamloops; Miss Teague, Yale; Mrs.

Dickinson, England · Mrs. L. Chetham, Jessie Chetham, Australia.

HEARTSEASE.

MY DEAR CHILDREN :— Sister Superior has asked me to write you all a line by way of Christmas greeting. I do so with pleasure, but yet, with some diffidence, for, to speak frankly, I know very little about girls. If you were boys now, I should know pretty well what to say. I know how boys think and feel, and what advice and directions are good for them, but girls are somewhat of a puzzle to me.

However, when we are asked to do anything by one who has the right so to ask, it is a good rule for all of us, boys and girls alike, to try to do it, as best we can.

I congratulate you on the progress both the Schools are making. From my own observation, and from what the parents of some tell me, I know that the Schools are doing very well. You must be glad of that, and also glad to know that when the new buildings are completed, there will be a larger number of you. The right sort of boy always likes to know that his School is going ahead, although he may not be a prize winner, and may greatly prefer play to work. I suspect the right sort of girl has the same kind of feeling.

It is only in later life that one fully understands the advantages of school, and one rarely looks back upon it with unalloyed pleasure. The retrospect too often brings regret for lost opportunities. We often feel the restraint, the fixed routine, to be irksome and galling, and we do not understand

how necessary is the discipline for us, how necessary it is for us to have regular fixed hours for work and recreation, and above all, for devotion, if we would be truly happy and be fitly prepared for the duties of life. My one word of advice to you dear children, is this :

Strive by God's help, so to live in school, that you will always look back upon All Hallows with pleasure unmingled with regret!

May you have a Happy Christmas with your relations and friends, and may you understand more and more fully, as the years roll on, our reasons for Christmas joy.

I am

Your affectionate Bishop,

JOHN NEW WESTMINSTER.

LETTERS.

(From Bhamo to Hongkong.)

DEAR CHILDREN :— It is nearly three weeks since I received that jolly little parcel of yours, and I should have written to you long ago, only I was ordered the very next day to hold myself in readiness for field service in China, and ever since I have been too busy to write letters.

In Bhamo we have a padre come to us only about once a month, so I used to read the service for the people in our little garrison church. Well last Sunday afternoon, I looked through the Lessons and the music and thought I had got everything nicely ready for the evening, when I got a letter from our Major, to say that he had received a wire, and I was to leave on Wednesday morning for Rangoon, to catch the mail for Madras, where our troops were mobilizing for China. You can just think how excited I was,

and how glad that the letter came after I had got everything ready for church quietly. I had just time to whisper to the organist "I'm away to China," when the 6.30 bugle blew, and the beautiful voluntary began. I walked to my place feeling as if I was in a dream, and oh! we had such a nice service that evening. I had been rather anxious about it, because we were trying new chants for the Psalms and a new Vesper Hymn. But the choir were just splendid, and everything was perfect. You may be sure that when I came to the prayer for our soldiers and sailors in South Africa, I did not forget to add "China."

I began my journey on Wednesday, according to orders, but I am afraid, because there is so much to tell, I shall find it all very difficult to write about.

First we went down the Irriwadi in a ferry boat, a queer sort of craft which only draws $2\frac{1}{2}$ feet of water, and the lower deck is a flat platform the edge of which is only eighteen inches above the surface of the water. We floated and paddled down through the most gorgeous scenery. This spot is known as the "Second defile," and here the great river narrows down to a swift flowing stream 300 yards in breadth, and on either side of it huge rocks covered with the most luxuriant vegetation tower up above your head for hundreds of feet.

This delightful bit of the trip only lasted six or seven hours and then I had to get on the railway. All the heavy boxes were carried up the steep bank by Burmese girls; I felt so sorry for one poor lassie of about fifteen, who had a great trunk poised on her head, and very nearly came to grief on a stone.

I had barely done an hour's ride in that train, when I was told I had to change at a place called "Nabha Junction." It was only 9 p. m. when I changed trains, but I went to sleep at once, for I was told I should have to get up at 4 a. m. Sure enough just at dawn the train pulled up and we had to bundle out. Here we found the river had calmly forsaken its old channel under the Bridge, which was standing high and dry, and had cut through 150 feet of embankment above it. I was carried across in a chair to the train waiting on the other side, and getting all my kit together, we started off once more. In a few hours we arrived at a ferry where a steamer took us on board and landed us on the other side of the Irriwadi. Here a train took us up again, and dropped us after an hour's run, at a junction station through which the Rangoon mail passed. Once I had boarded her I was all right, for she went straight to Rangoon. At Rangoon I had 24 hours to spare, and was very comfortable at the Civil Surgeon's house.

I am sorry I was not able to stay longer in Burmah. I think it is a wonderful country, and one of the finest for scenery I have ever been in.

The Burmese do most beautiful carving in wood, ivory and silver, and their pagodas are marvellous. Many of these are covered with pure gold, and so are the images of Buddha, to be found within them. One of their curious customs is to buy gold leaf in the bazaar, where little square pieces are sold at so many annas each. These they take to the temple and stick on some image they choose for special decoration; in this way through the offerings of the "faith-

ful," in time all the images become covered with gold. I daresay you have heard of the clever way in which elephants are trained to carry and stack logs in the great timber yards in Rangoon, unfortunately I missed seeing them at work.

The Burmese as you know are Budhists, and everywhere in Burmah you see men walking about with shaved heads, and wrapped in long saffron yellow robes. Every man has to become a "ponghyee" and enter a monastery at some time of his life, for a longer or shorter period. If only for a day, he must go through the ceremony of renouncing the world, shave his head in token of his vow, don the saffron robe, and go at least once round the village with the begging bowl round his neck, in the company of the regulars of the monastery. Without this he has not attained the privileges of humanity, the evil he does they believe will swell his demerits, but not a single good action will be recorded to his advantage in the next transmigration. I could tell you a great deal more about these strange people, but I must not weary you. I could not find any special form of religion which included their women folk. The girls in the bazaar used to look so picturesque in their bright coloured silks, large earrings, flowers in their hair, and huge cigars in their mouths—everyone smokes in Burmah, men, women and children alike.

From Rangoon to Madras the trip was uneventful. At Madras we were railed on to the "Beach Station," and I had a most comfortable "Chotahazri," but that was the last bit of comfort I enjoyed that day. For three solid hours I rushed up and down that beach, collecting kit, men, dhooly bearers, tents, etc. off the train and on to the boat.

At length the good ship "India" sailed from Madras Harbour with 9 British officers and half the 5th. Hyderabad Infantry, A and B Sections of 61st. N. F. Hospital with 2 British officers and 120 followers and details, also 500 mules. We do not stop anywhere now until we get to Hongkong.

On the 31st. we got into the "China Sea" after a lovely voyage. We passed over twenty transports, returning empty from China for more troops, but they never had a word to say to us, and we were longing to know what had become of Kruger, whether peace had been declared anywhere, whether we were to go on to Pekin etc. Meanwhile the pleasant routine of life on board ship for us went on as usual.

Camping Ground, Hongkong.

As I sit down to write this I feel very uncomfortable, but very happy. When we came to anchor in the harbour, we found that nobody knew anything about anybody. Telegraphic communications with Canton and Pekin had been cut off entirely.

As we were to stay on board that evening, I promptly arranged to go on to the Island and examine it. This I did with great satisfaction; I was specially interested in the funicular railway.

Yesterday we dis-embarked and came on to the Hongkong parade ground. Now we have just received orders to re-embark and proceed to Wei-hai-wei.

I hope this letter will reach you safely, the post office arrangements here seem to be rather unsatisfactory.

With all good wishes from

Your old friend

R. B.

September 18th., 1900.

All Hallows Schools, Annual Account, Advent, 1899, to Advent, 1900.

RECEIPTS.	EXPENDITURE.
1900. Jan. 1st., Cash in hand, \$ 388 30	Teachers' Salaries,..... \$ 503 35
5 Scholarships, In. S. S.P.C.K. 240 00	Laundry,..... 597 53
Yale Catechist, S.P.C.K. 240 00	Servants' Wages,..... 414 60
Dom. Gov't. Grant, In. S. 1465 00	Out-door labour and drayage,.... 55 00
Donations,..... 4 50	Freight,..... 282 82
Through the Sisters, Ditching- ham, Eng.,..... 48 00	Journeys, (Indian School)..... 172 95
Sales of clothing, etc.,..... 58 90	Prizes and School Badges,..... 43 50
Rent for land, 41 00	Stationery, Music, and Tuner, 247 28
Canadian S. Entertainment, 13 00	Examination Fees, Can. School, 61 00
„ „ School Fees,..... 4833 29	Postage, 46 00
	Printing, 25 65
	Clothing and boots,..... 137 95
	Furniture and Crockery,..... 615 73
	Medicine, and Medical Ex.,..... 114 73
	Wine, 42 25
	Chapel Expenses, 20 00
	Candles and Oil, 148 00
	Fuel,..... 513 09
	Church repairs, 25 00
	Lytton Hospital,..... 15 00
	Offertory, 13 05
	Repairs and Improvements,..... 368 19
	Parochial Indian Work,..... 239 05
	House Keeping,..... 2190 99
	\$ 6892 71
	Dec. 1st., Balance, 439 28
TOTAL.....\$7331 99	TOTAL..... \$ 7331 99

Average number in household, 1st. quarter.....	64.
„ „ „ „ 2nd. „	77.
„ „ „ „ 3rd. „	45.
„ „ „ „ 4th. „	71.

Building Fund Account.

Sept. 1900,	Cash in hand,.....	\$ 2402 92
Oct. „	Jessie,.....	2 00
	“Stalky,”	25
Nov. „	Rev. J. Rhodes, £ I. I. O.....	5 05
	J. Tillet, Esq., £ 2. „	9 60
	Bank Int. on Deposit Receipt, .	31 30

\$ 2451 12

DEAR SISTER SUPERIOR :

I beg to enclose notice of Grant from S. P. C. K., for £80, for your new building.

When you can advise me that the conditions are complied with, please return me the document. I will then sign it and forward it to S. P. C. K.

I am glad to hear from Arch. Pentreath that you have made such progress with the building.

May God's blessing rest upon you and Sister Alice and your co-workers in the coming Christmas season and for ever.

Yours sincerely,

JOHN NEW WESTMINSTER.

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 — — — — —
Yale Chaplaincy Fund.
 — — — — —

RECEIVED.

PAID OUT.

Sept. 1900, Cash in hand,.....\$ 52 90 Oct. 17th., Rev. C. Croucher,..... \$ 52 90



A Child's Version of a Christmas Sermon.

Thou therefore endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ.

ONCE there were three children and their father gave them each a tree to plant in their gardens. One was a laburnum, and another was a rose-bush, and the other was a fir-tree, which did not blossom, but in the winter, when the others were all dead, it was fresh and green, and was chosen to be a Christmas tree and was decorated with beautiful presents. There are a great many lessons to be learnt from a Christmas tree. We must brave all the sharp frosts of unkind words, and though we may bend under the devil's storms, we must not break our boughs. And a Christmas tree is always lighted up, and we must be lighted up with all the Christian graces, but if our tempers break out it is like the tree catching light, which was to be put out. But we must not put out all the other lights, we must rather light our taper again.

And we must'nt say that all our presents are for ourselves, we must use our talents to make other people happy and be content to be put away in a corner after they are all taken off us.

I. E. M. (aged 12.)

About Music.

THERE is music in everything but of different kinds. God loves music, so there is always music and singing in Heaven. There is music on earth too but the music in Heaven is the best and much more pretty.

We have a pretty kind of music

in us when we dance and sing and play. God made everything, and He gave power to the birds to have music, and to the brook and to the wind too. If you stand near the telegraph wires when the wind is blowing you will hear lovely music. Some birds have hardly any music. The pretty birds cannot have a nice music because they have something pretty already, and the birds that are plain have a lovely music in their throats because they have only dull feathers to cover them, they are not pretty outside.

Some people can make nice music with their hands, they play good, but they have to keep their hands straight and sit up straight too. We have the best music in chapel always, and sometimes I think, when we go to Heaven, we will be able to sing good, because we learnt to sing in chapel first.

Little birds sit on trees and sing their music, only, one bird flies and sings too, it goes very high but I never could see it. Sometimes the wind only blows a little and then the wind music is soft, and sometimes it blows hard and then the music is very loud. The thunder makes the loudest music. The river flows fast, there is a lot of water in the river and its music is nearly always loud. The sea makes the grandest music. There is music in everything. Some one told me there was music too when everything was quite still, you could not *hear* that kind of music, but you could feel it in your heart, all the good people loves the music.

EMMA CHUTATLEM,

(Aged 12 years.) Indian School.

Parochial Mission Work Among The Indians.

IT may interest some of our friends, who care perhaps more especially for that part of our work which is done among the adult Indians, to see a tabulated statement of the classes, services, etc. which have been held for them at All Hallows' during the past year :

ADVENT, 1899—1900.

Sunday afternoon services and entertainments,	39
Festival services, including five Celebrations of Holy Com'n	9
Interpreters' journeys.....	7
Christmas Party	1
Wedding	1
Baptism	1
Sales of clothing	2
Medicines dispensed to patients	67

For three months in the year, that is from June to September, the Indian work in Yale is practically closed, because salmon fishing takes everyone to the coast early in the summer, and afterwards the Indians stop at settlements on the Lower Fraser for hop picking.

The "Services" mentioned above are led by the Interpreter. Instructions are always given by Miss Moody, or, in her absence, by one of the Sisters.

The only support we have for this department of our work is derived from an annual grant of \$240.00, from the S. P. C. K., paid under the head of "Catechist's Stipend."

"The Indians of Ganada."

WE have been tempted to make some extracts from the second of two articles bearing this title, which

appeared in the "Literature and Science" column of *The Guardian*, of Oct. 24th.,

Space forbids us to copy the whole article, but we present such parts of it as may be of special interest to our Magazine readers :

"Some fourteen years ago Bishop Sillitoe induced the All Hallows Community at Ditchingham, Norfolk, to attempt the task of educating and Christianising the girls of the Indian tribes on the Fraser River, and he established the Sisters at Yale. It is needless to dwell on the hardships, the disappointments, the troubles, which in the early days, attended the good Sisters to whom this work was intrusted. Their faith and patience have been rewarded by their having to day schools, both for Indian and Canadian girls, which are admittedly models of what such schools in such a country should be. The Canadian school is outside the scope of this article. We may briefly say it was originally started partly that, by the fees of its pupils, the missionary and educational work among the Indians might be supported, and partly because there are no distinctly religious schools in the diocese to which the clergy could send their children. To-day the education given here is so highly appreciated that the numbers might be very largely increased and the funds necessary for Mission work correspondingly provided if only the moderate capital required for enlarging the premises could be found. The two schools are kept entirely distinct, except in worship.

"The services in our present little chapel are unique in many ways, where the dominant and the subject races sing antiphon-

ally, where one sings in the closing words of the Sunday Vesper Psalms. 'The Lord shall increase you more and more,' and the other race responds, 'Ye are the blessed of the Lord, Who made heaven and earth.' What a world of pathos there seems in the words, true, as yet, of so many of their forefathers, as the voices of their descendants sing. 'The dead praise not Thee, O Lord,' and then both races sing together in full chorus, 'but *we* will praise the Lord from this time forth for evermore' and they join with one voice in the *Gloria*."

"In the Indian school there are some thirty girls. Many more could be obtained if funds and accommodation permitted. The Government capitation grant of \$60 is, of course, insufficient to provide clothes, food, books, medicine, fuel—in fact, everything—for the children; the Community itself has no funds; the Diocese can give no assistance. It is astonishing what has been accomplished on what may be described as a 'minus quantity.' The children are, as far as care and good food can make them, healthy and absolutely happy. English as well as Canadian educationalists have testified to the excellence of the teaching, while the Blue-book tells us that out of 1,000 Indian children in boarding schools in the whole Dominion, eleven reached the Sixth Standard, and five of these eleven are credited to Yale Mission School. The girls are carefully trained in all practical and domestic work, being promoted as aptitude is shown to cooking and baking. Gardening, too, they take a share in, and upon the garden the health and, indeed, existence of the household of sixty to seventy persons is very largely dependent. One, or, when funds

allow her to be extravagant, two Chinamen or Japs are engaged by "the gardener" to do the heavy work: the rest is all done by herself and her Indian pupils, and a very good education the work is. These Indian children are very musical by nature, and when properly trained attain a good deal of proficiency. One of them has for some years played for the musical services in the chapel, and when the examiner, appointed by the associated board of R. A. M. and R. C. M., went through Canada last year (1899) holding examinations in music, "Rosie" readily obtained her certificate. We may mention that nine out of ten candidates from the two Yale schools were successful in the examinations, one passing with honours. This was far above the average for the whole Dominion.

There being no missionary charged with Indian work nearer than Lytton, the supervision of the tribes on the lower Fraser River is very much in the hands of the members of the Yale Mission. A male missionary may be consulted on every conceivable subject by the men, but a female missionary is taken into the confidence of both women and men, and no London Police magistrate has so many ticklish questions to solve or such a variety of subjects on which to advise. Leaving, however, the secular subjects, watch a group of from twenty to forty old Indians, men and women, trooping up to the Mission-house on Sunday afternoon for instruction and catechising, their weather-beaten faces showing their anxiety to learn but their difficulty in mastering and assimilating the simple teaching, while the teacher's difficulty in conveying it in two different languages, both unwritten, is

at least equally great. Before the great festivals, at which they always make their Communion, extra care is given to instruction and larger numbers attend, often from great distances.

"On the whole, whether one derives one's knowledge from the official Blue-book or from those who have really and practically studied the question, one cannot but congratulate Canada on the steadiness, honesty, and judgement with which she has hitherto carried out her Indian policy. It is a humane and a just one. Of course it cannot but bear the impress of officialism, but there is in the schools and the agencies at work a sufficient admixture of voluntary enterprise and enthusiasm to keep the average standard well above the ordinary official level. It is those who take up the work for the Master's sake, and who, consequently, regard the old aborigines with sympathy and not as necessary evils or unpleasant obstacles to be got out of the way of "progress," who alone can get into real touch with them, and can enter, as far as an alien can, into their lives and thoughts. "There is no comparison," said a quondam Minister of the Interior to the writer, "between the excellence of the work of institutions where it is done by volunteers and where it is done, however conscientiously, by paid officials." It is of one of the former that an old Indian spoke, as, laying his hand on his dear friend before she started on a visit to England, he said, "I wish I was a fly, and then I could sit on your cloak till you come back again." There is a pathos, almost poetry, in this: but, better still, there is the showing of the complete sympathy established between the two.

"If Canada's system of treating the Indians is still on its trial the same may be said also of Canada's immigration system. It is not only of the Indians that it is difficult at present to allocate the position they will occupy in the future. Canada has a great deal of assimilation of alien races to accomplish in the next few *lustra*, and upon her powers of digesting and absorbing the large foreign element now pouring into the country the peace and prosperity of her future very much depend. This broad question, however, is beyond the scope of this article, which deals solely with the present and future of the aboriginal races of the Dominion. To most of these latter the restless pushing activity of the white man, and the arts, the industries, the mechanism, the religion which he brings with him are still novelties which puzzle and perplex him. But they have accepted the situation, and are trying to make the best of it, alien though it may be to all their old habits and ideas. As years pass those who lived the old life will pass too. Slowly—oh, how slowly!—new ideas of home, industry, and contentment will grow up with the new generations, and it may be hoped that, in the ages to come, that curious conglomerate of races now pouring into the Canadian North-West—English, Canadian, American, French, German, Scandinavian, Russian Menonite, and Doukhobort, in a climate as splendid and bracing as the freedom they all enjoy—will unite into a more or less homogeneous whole, in which the descendants of those who once owned and roamed at will over the whole country may, we may trust, not be without a place and a record."

HARRY MOODY.

Among Our Indians.

AFTER an absence of many years, I went back to live among my people for few months, and I saw again some of their customs which must appear to white people as very strange, and sometimes very wrong—but I think it is because they do not understand.

The Potlatch is always one of our chief affairs. It is our way of paying for the burial of our dead. The Indians would not think it honouring the dead, just to pay in money the people who help to bury their dead, just the same as they pay the people who build their house—that is a common way, but to pay for a funeral they have to save for years, and the workers are willing to wait for *long* time, years and years, to be paid in what we think the right way, I think you would call it etiquette, and the Indians are very particular about it.

The Potlatch and the Indian dance always go together, and they are always held about the fall of year, I don't know exactly the reason why, may be because it is for the dead, but the Indians would never think of having the Yale Indian dance any other time than near winter time or at the first snow-fall.

I will try and tell you in a few words about the Indian dance. It is not fun like the white peoples' dance, it is always rather mournful and makes you feel inclined to cry. The dance I went to this Fall was given by Chief Sam. It was a big affair, but he had his son Peter and his daughter Mary to help him. He had a large number of friends from North Bend and Spuzzum, and all the Yale people, and some from the Lower Fraser too.

The guests were all comfortably settled in old Tom's big house. Poor Tom can no longer see, but it is astonishing how he went about talking to his dear "tillicums," and knowing almost everyone around him. So Tom entertained them until supper time. Chief Sam would often come in and tell his guests, in a long speech, how glad he was to see them, and thank them for coming, because he knew they had come a long way from their homes to comfort him. You see it was something like a funeral feast, although Chief Sam's wife died nearly nine years ago. The funny part was that Sam could only talk in Yale Indian, and a great many of his friends were Thompson and they could not understand, but they knew he meant something kind.

When supper was over the dance began, first some planks were put round the room in front of the people who were sitting on the ground, and then small sticks were given to them, there was no kind of music but every one just beat time, who knew how, to the dance, and every one who could sing the dancer's song joined in it, but if any one made a mistake in beating time, that offended the dancers. The first one who danced at this party was an old woman, and she began moving slowly waving her arms about to the time of the beating sticks, and the singing and all was so mournful, then it got a little louder and faster, and then louder and faster still, but altogether in time, singing, beating and dancing. When the old woman got tired, someone else began, and so on till all had their turn. I do not mean everyone danced, only those who knew how, and they were mostly the very old people. Old Tom,

blind as he is, danced as good as ever, better even than the others. One man danced too much, he danced until he could not stand, he was like a naughty child wanting sweets and not knowing when he had had enough, but no one else did that I am glad to say. It was very late when everyone went to sleep. The next day there was nothing done, but dancing and singing and beating time began in the evening.

And it was that second evening, Chief Sam and his sons piled blankets, and Indian-made blankets in a heap in the middle of the room, and the real business of the potlatch began. All those who had helped to bury Sam's wife, and his brother's wife and child had to receive first. Tom made a speech explaining everything, then one by one each blanket was lifted up and given to the person it was intended for, after Sam's *debt* was paid, what was left was given away to other people. Sam's potlatch was not a very grand one, because he is an old man and poor, but everyone got something, either in money or strips of Indian-made blanket, no guest went away empty-handed; and he was glad, he said, that nothing went wrong, no gambling or drinking until they fell ill.

Though the dancing and the song is so sad it always makes the people cry, and sometimes become hysterical, it is not that the dance is wrong, but the people have to learn self-control.

Formerly the Indians used to go and dig up their dead and wrap them round in new blankets to keep them warm, but now the Government does not let them do like that, and being Christians they begin to understand slowly, that they must leave their dead undis-

turbed, and in God's care until the Resurrection Day.

Potlatch is an old custom, and I do not think the Indians will ever give it up; but it is changing in some ways, and people are not so extravagant as they used to be in giving them. It is a very solemn kind of meeting of the living, in memory of the dead.

There is some one at home who is thinking of having a small potlatch for his little son, who died a long time ago. I think if some of our friends, I mean our *real* white friends like the Sisters and Miss Moody would come, they would see for themselves; you cannot understand unless you see, and the Indians would be so glad, and there would be a chance to teach them more to be good Indians and Christians too, and not what they often feel, that to be Christians they must leave off being Indians and try to be like white people, giving up even what is harmless in their old customs.

MALL.

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A Message for the New Year.

1901.

*Ye have not passed this way heretofore.
.....Sanctify yourselves for tomorrow,
the Lord will do wonders among you.
Josh. III. 4. 5.*

BE not afraid, although the future lies
veiled from our mortal sight,
Our God Who draws the veil before
our eyes

Can make the darkness light;
His Hand which leadeth us by paths
unknown

Can never lead us wrong,
His Love which makes us walk by faith
alone,

Will make our faith more strong.

His message tells us of the unknown way
For which we must prepare
Tomorrow's wonders lie with Him —today
is ours, for work and prayer;
Run in the race and conquer in the strife,
Lay every weight aside,

For God demands a consecrated life,
A spirit sanctified.

Now on the threshold of the coming year
God waits with His command,
That call to holiness, which faith will hear
And love will understand

To-day, life's pilgrimage through paths
unknown,

Dark though the pathway be ;
Tomorrow, when His wonders shall be
shewn,

The pure in heart shall see.

A. R. G.

Gifts Received

Since September 29th., 1900.

One Baby's frock, Miss G. Woodward, New York.

One scrap-book, Lucy Marshall, New York.

Six pairs stockings, Mrs. Levenson's Stocking Guild, England.

One case carved ornaments in wood, silver and brass, Capt. R. Bryson, China.

One bale clothing, through Miss Violet Moody from Miss Relton and Miss S. Wallace, Carshalton, England.

One bale outfit for three girls, St. Matthew's Branch, W. A., Que.

Magazines and periodicals, Rev. H. Underhill, Vancouver.

"The Graphic," Miss Bourne, England.

"The Churchwoman" Miss Helen Grafton, Woolhope, Eng.

One bale clothing, from the Adolphustown Branch, W. A.

Wanted.

Unbleached cotton sheets for Indian School, to fit beds 2ft 6 x 6ft 6. Quilts or blankets; three doz. scarlet or crimson woolen Tam-o-shanters, for Indian children.

Blue serge dresses, all sizes

Old copies standard works, odd volumes of Encyclopedia, etc., for the Library.

NOTICE.

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

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

THE Canadian School Winter Term will close as usual (*D. V.*) on Dec. 20th. The Spring Term will begin (*D. V.*) on Jan. 21st., 1901. Pupils are expected to arrive on that day.

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



All Hallows in the West.

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

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

Staff of Workers :

Three Sisters,	Miss Moody, (absent on account of health.)
Miss Shibley,	Mrs. Woodward,
Miss Ellis,	Miss H. Woodward,
	Miss Flewelling.

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

Prayer for the Children of the Schools:

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

- V.* Take this child and nurse it for Me.
R. And I will give thee thy reward.

Let us pray.

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

Commemoration of those who have gone out from the Schools:

- V.* They will go from strength.
R. To strength.
V. And unto the God of gods.
R. Appareth every one of them in Sion.

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

ALL HALLOWS IN THE WEST.

All Hallows' Canadian School.

YALE, B. C.

ESTABLISHED 1866.

Conducted by the Sisters of All Hallows'.

VISITOR: - - THE LORD BISHOP OF NEW WESTMINSTER.

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

THE COURSE OF STUDY INCLUDES:

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

STAFF OF TEACHERS:

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

Correspondence Lessons superintended by the Sister Superior.

SCHOOL TERMS:

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

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

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

Entrance Fee \$5.00.

SCHOOL FEES: (In Advance.)

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

Special reduction for sisters.

Application for further particulars to be made to:

THE SISTER SUPERIOR,

ALL HALLOWS' SCHOOL, YALE, B. C.