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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<br>and Latin | Miss Shibley, B.A.,<br>Queen's University, Kingston, | Miss Hart, B.A.,<br>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.

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### 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.

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

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

**Staff of Workers:**

Three Sisters	Miss Hart
Miss Moody	Miss Kelly
Miss Shibley	Miss R. Moody

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. Appareth every one of them in Sion.

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

# All Hallows in the West.

VOL. V.

MICHAELMAS, 1903.

No. 1

## Hymn for St. Michael and All Angels and Harvest.

The angels of God sang in holiest mirth,

When warmed by the morning's first roseate ray,  
A mantle of green wrapp'd the new-waking earth  
And over its fields night's grey mist roll'd away,  
Where stars of the morn lit the amethyst sky,  
"All glory, to Thee, Lord! Thrice Holy, Most High!"

The angel of God sped in light from His throne

When down upon Mary the Spirit was pour'd,  
And hailed her, blest ever, Maid-Mother alone,  
The garner where Heavenly Manna was stor'd;  
And faint and far rang from blue depths like the sigh  
Of breezes at eve, "Alleluia! Most High!"

The angel of God sped in light once again

When broke for the Day-Spring a maid's maiden-birth,  
And heaven's bright host hail'd, on Bethlehem's plain,  
The Fruit of her womb, Living Bread for the earth;  
"Good-will and peace," sang they, "to man draweth nigh,  
All glory, all glory to God be on high!"

The angels sped down and the stone roll'd away,

When sprang the grave's First-fruits from Earth's darksome womb.  
Again they drew nigh on the glad harvest day  
When leaving her fields, He was borne to His home;  
And loud broke the chorus, o'er hell's harrowed cry,  
"All glory, great Victor o'er death, Lord Most High!"

And when the last harvest had whiten'd the plain,

Like beams of the sunset, of fast-falling leaves,  
The angels shall speed at His bidding again,  
And bear to His garner in gladness the sheaves;  
While loud the sweet songs of the reapers resound,  
"All glory to Thee, Who mak'st harvest abound!"

When, Lord of the harvest, First-fruits of the grave,

Thine ingath'ring angel pass over the land,  
True Bread of Life feed us, Thy Blood-Shedding save,  
That when by the threshing-floor stayeth his hand,  
True grain for Thy garner of rest may we be,  
'Mid harvest-home song, "Lord, all-glory to Thee!"

W. HENRY JEWITT.

## The Limits of Angelic Power.

"Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister to them which shall be heirs of salvation?"—Hebrews I., 14.

What do we know of the ministry of the angels in our behalf? It is a somewhat difficult question to answer, because there is no one passage of Holy Scripture that treats exhaustively of the subject. What teaching there is has to be gathered here and there, here a little and there a little, and we have to combine the fragments of teaching thus gathered, and work them for ourselves into one harmonious whole, ere we can grasp the grandeur of their work, the loftiness of their standing, and the reality of their ministration and service towards us.

Still, let us never consider for one moment that we are left to conjecture for ourselves. God's truth is never left to our conjecture or imagination. He may be pleased to conceal some things from us altogether; but what He reveals, He reveals; and whatever He reveals, though it be but little by little, is enough for the time at which He reveals it. And He gives to us, His children, the Indwelling Presence or power and enlightenment of the Holy Spirit, that we may not grope in darkness, nor wander in the uncertain and deceitful light of our own imaginations, but may be guided into all truth, according to our Blessed Saviour's promise: "When He, the Spirit of Truth, is come, He shall guide you into all truth."—John xvi., 13.

Now, instead of considering the whole nature and ministry of the angels, let us consider what they are not, rather than what they are, and as following from it, what they cannot do, rather than what they can; and we shall find that, even from this aspect, the subject will bring before us useful and profitable lessons.

1. They are not of the same nature as men. It may be difficult to express in exact scientific language—which necessarily deals only with material things—the nature and qualifications of beings essentially spiritual; but we can at least say with certainty that angels are not men. When our Blessed Lord Jesus Christ, the Saviour of mankind, came to dwell in the world, to accomplish God's plan of our salvation, "He took not on Him the nature of angels, but He took on Him the seed of Abraham." And the reason, if we may so call it, given for the taking on of human and not angelic nature at the Incarnation, is, that "Jesus being made a little lower than the angels for the suffering of death, by the grace of God, should taste death for every man, that through death He might destroy him that had the power of death, that is, the devil, and deliver them who, through fear of death, were all their lifetime subject to bondage, for verily, He took not on Him the nature of angels, but He took on Him the seed of Abraham." Jesus then took man's nature, a compound nature, with one part subject to decay and death, in order

that by the example of His all-holy life, He might be the pattern and example to all humanity, and by the sacrifice of His precious death might deliver mankind from sin, and from death, the wages of sin. But the angels being, so far as is revealed to us, of one uncompounded nature only, and having nothing of the nature of material substance, are incapable of death, though they were not incapable of sin, and of falling from their high estate. In the case of man, though he fall and fall deeply into sin, he is still capable of repentance; the flesh may betray him with its many lusts, but there is always the Spirit striving against the flesh even as the flesh lusteth against the Spirit. But if an angel fall, he must fall, so far as we can see, entirely and altogether; "there is no longer any hold for good in one part of his being, when another has given way, as there is in the case of man." There is no compound or complex nature to render him capable of inward strife; no possibility of repentance and amendment, so far as we know; no possible growth into holiness, when innocence has once been lost. And therefore we sing, and sing truly, in one of our children's hymns, of the "Song which even angels can never, never sing, for they know not Christ as Saviour, though they worship Him as King."

In the revelation that was given to St. John, wherein is unveiled before us the worship of the heavens, we may see clearly this distinction in the very words with which the angels and the redeemed from among men glorify the Lamb that was slain. The four living creatures and the four-and-twenty elders, being men, fall down before the Lamb, singing a new song, and saying: "Thou art worthy..... for Thou wast slain and hast redeemed us to God by Thy blood, out of every kindred and tongue and people and nation, and hast made us unto our God kings and priests, and we shall reign on the earth." But the angels, in number ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands, who stand about the throne, and about the living creatures and the elders, cry with a loud voice, "Amen; worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power and wisdom and riches and strength, and honor and glory and blessing." Surely these thoughts of our utter unworthiness of ourselves, and yet of God's infinite love and condescension in giving His own dear Son to take our nature upon Him and bear our iniquities in His own body on the tree of shame, should move us to value, more than we have ever done before, to value as far above all earthly comforts and pleasures, that ever blessed redemption which God has procured for us through the precious death and blood-shedding of Jesus Christ, our Saviour and our King.

2. And again, it follows from what we have already seen, that there are capacities and powers belonging to redeemed mankind which are not within the capacity and power of even the highest of the angelic host. The example of the life of Jesus, not so much in its aspect of perfect obedience to the Father's will, as in that heart-touching, soul-constraining aspect of self-sacrifice for the sake of

others. This is an example, not to angels, but to men; and only to those amongst men who, like ourselves, have been redeemed and delivered from the fear of death, and to us only, while we are still in these mortal bodies.

We are tempted sometimes to look on these mortal bodies of ours as encumbrances, necessary perhaps for our trial and probation, but to be given up readily, and even with gladness and rejoicing, when God gives the word that calls us from this mortal life. It will be more profitable for us to consider the blessing and advantage that we possess in having these mortal bodies, liable as they are to accident, disease and death, and all the ills that flesh is heir to, and subject to base and degrading temptations and sins. See the use that Jesus made of His sacred body, while He lived here on earth among men; and see also that the possession of a mortal body made it possible for Him, and therefore makes it possible for us also, to sacrifice ourselves for the sake of others, and even to reach to that highest form of sacrifice wherein Jesus is the only perfect example—the laying down our lives for the brethren. Have we not here an advantage over the angels, an advantage over even the departed saints, over those who are at rest in that blissful place, "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest"?

When we feel the burden of the flesh heavy upon us, then is the time for us to look upon our life here, not with the tear-dimmed eye of this world, but with the keen insight into the loving purposes of God, as revealed in His dear Son, which belongs to those who have been redeemed, and have been gifted with the Holy Spirit of truth. Who can know the fellowship of His sufferings but those who, like ourselves, are capable of sharing those sufferings? Who can fill up that which is behind of the afflictions of Christ for His Body's sake, which is the Church, but those who are still members of the Church militant here on earth? Who can show forth the power of the grace of God but those who only through that grace are day by day kept from falling? Who can fight the Lord's battle and win fresh victories for Him, like those, who having pledged themselves to be Christ's faithful soldiers and servants unto their lives' end, are still in the open field drawn up in battle array against the enemy?

How true it is that the appearance of things depends upon the aspect from which we regard them! How specially true it is with regards to the trials and difficulties of our life here. To the man whose heart is not touched by the fire of the love of God, the sorrows of life are at best endurable, endurable only because incurable by anything the man himself can do; but to those whose hearts are warmed by the fire of Love Divine each sorrow is a fresh link that binds them to the Man of Sorrows and acquainted with grief; each trial is for the proving and strengthening of a faith which, being more precious than gold or silver, shall be found unto praise and honor and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ; each difficulty becomes an occasion for the exercise of more faith; each temptation



for a fresh triumph of Divine Grace. As one of our hymns puts it:

"The trials that beset you, the sorrows ye endure,  
The manifold temptations that death alone can cure,  
What are they but His jewels of right celestial worth?  
What are they but the ladder set up to Heaven on earth?"

It is then a great comfort in the sorrows we have to bear, the difficulties we have to face, and the temptations we have to overcome, to be assured that we can glory in tribulation, knowing that tribulation worketh patience, and patience experience, and experience hope, and hope maketh not ashamed, for the word is sure that our light affliction that endureth but for a moment worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory; and that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed in us.

3. And lastly, we may learn yet another lesson from the limiting of the power of the Holy Angels, and from our capacity to do certain things which they are incapable of. "Unto the angels God hath not put in subjection the world to come." They are not gifted with gifts of the Holy Ghost, as men are; they have not tasted of the heavenly and been made partakers of the Holy Ghost, nor tasted the good Word of God, nor the powers of the world to come. All this follows from what we have been already considering concerning Jesus, our Pattern and Example. By His Holy Incarnation, by His taking man's nature upon Him, He made it possible for man to be whatever He is Himself. The working of what we call God's providence, the changes of the season, the ordering of the courses of nature, the ruling of the elements—all these are still entrusted to the agency of the angels; but the ordering of the spiritual things of the Kingdom of Christ, the preaching of the Gospel, the ministering of the Word and Sacraments, the power of benediction and absolution, of these things, which belong of right to the God-Man, Christ Jesus, only, are by Him entrusted to those whose human form and nature He still wears; to those whom, for that very reason, He is not ashamed to call His brethren. Whatever ministry Jesus came to fulfil amongst men (save only in the sacrifice of His death for our redemption, which was once accomplished, once for all) may be considered as being at any rate possible for men also to fulfil. For Himself, when He began His ministry, He claimed that He was anointed and sent "to preach the Gospel to the poor, to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives and recovery of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that were bound, to preach the acceptable year of the Lord." And what He thus claimed for Himself is true also of those, to whom He said: "As My Father hath sent Me, even so send I you." Men are, what angels are not, stewards of the manifold grace of God; men are the ministers of Christ, and stewards of the mysteries of God.

See how this truth is brought out in the accounts that are given us of the work and ministry of the angels. An angel appears to Philip, the deacon, to bid him go towards the south into the way that

goeth down from Jerusalem to Gaza. The result of that journey was the baptism of the Ethiopian eunuch. But the office of the angel is strictly limited to the message that was brought to Philip. The conversion of the eunuch, his instruction, the discernment by which Philip was led to declare the eunuch's fitness for baptism, and the actual baptism itself, all these belonged not to the region of the angels' ministrations; they appertained only to man, to that being made at the first in the image and after the likeness of God, and now regenerated and gifted with the Holy Spirit of God. Or, see again in the message brought to Cornelius an illustration of the same truth. The angel appears and tells Cornelius that his prayers and alms are come up for a memorial before God, but that in order that Cornelius might learn what he was to do, he was to send for a man, even for the Apostle St. Peter, and through the ministry of a brother man was he to be taught the way of salvation, receive the Sacrament of Holy Baptism, and enter the Church of Christ. How highly then should we value the ministries and ordinances and means of grace Jesus entrusts, not to angels, but to weak, fallible mortal man! Great as is the power, and high the dignity and standing of the Holy Angels, yet in his regenerate condition the standing of man is higher. While, therefore, we thank God for the ministry of the angels, while we acknowledge the reality of their protection, and emulate them in the perfectness of their obedience to God's commands, let us not forget that we ourselves are called to be the very children of God Himself, to be heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Jesus Christ our Lord; that so if we suffer with Him and for Him here below, and faithfully fulfil the work and ministry that He entrusts to us, we may be glorified with Him hereafter in His eternal and glorious kingdom for ever and ever.

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### Leaves from Our Journal.

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MAY.—How pleasant the sunny May days were, with their lengthening twilights and their fragrant promise of flowers and fruit. Every moment that any of us could spare from hard, inexorable duty was spent out-of-doors. Such long walks, such exciting mountain climbs, such delightful little out-of-door tea-parties became possible in such weather.

Speaking scholastically, May is a very hard month with us, for examinations are alarmingly near, and, as a matter of course, each single candidate nervously feels that her work is not nearly done. Teachers, too, go about with puckered brows, anxiously coaching this one, prodding that one, and feeling generally that life is full of carking care towards the end of the school year.

In the middle of all this bustle, this hurry and skurry, there came upon us suddenly a quiet solemn hush, when our thoughts were sudden-

ly arrested and carried upwards from the trivialities of earth to the glorious realities of heaven. The Church's call was given to some of her children to prepare themselves for God's great gift of His Holy Spirit in the sacred rite of Confirmation.

So there came a day in May when the Chapel was all gracefully decorated with ferns and narcissus; the altar was made beautiful with choice flowers from garden and greenhouse, and our children from both schools assembled at 11 o'clock in the morning to take their part of praise and prayer in the solemn service appointed for that hour.

The Canadian School sent up three of its number—Cecily Galt, Maud Hamersley and Louie Chantrell. The Indian School sent up four little girls—Katie, Emma, Beatrice and Maria, to receive the church's special blessing in its own appointed way, "by the laying on of Apostolic hands."

So much preparation, so much instruction and prayer, so much timid eagerness, so much flutter at the last moment as veils were adjusted, sweet school-flowers arranged, prayer-books provided, then—a few moments' quiet waiting in chapel, a little while spent in prayer, a few words spoken by priestly lips, the blessing given, and it was all over! Did we come out of chapel and go back to our every-day work just what we were before? No; a thousand times no. Let us try to realize that every moment we spend in prayer, every time we reverently approach God in the sacraments, we receive a blessing which nothing can take away.

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JUNE.—The roses were very slow in blossoming this June, but how lovely the delicate buds were peeping out by hundreds from behind their leafy screens. The verandahs, the walls, the balconies, even the roofs were covered with their luxuriance. The honeysuckle, too, was blooming magnificently and helping to shelter the verandah from the too warm rays of the sun with a screen of unrivalled sweetness.

The sun can be very, very hot sometimes in Yale. Ninety-nine degrees in the shade was the worst we had to complain of, and it was rather trying; but we have a brook to retire to when lessons are over, and there, in many a sheltered nook, on either side of the banks, the family were to be found every afternoon, cooling themselves. I was reading in the Cowley Magazine the other day that one of the good Fathers who had just gone back to his work in India found the temperature 105 degrees in the shade, and the only comment he made upon it was "that he felt comfortable and was getting warmed through!"

On the 1st of June a birthday party was given to Miss Moody, preceded by a "lilac lunch." Our school parties are all very much alike—a little entertainment, a little dancing and then a dainty supper. These parties come round with amazing regularity. Some one

always has a convenient birthday on hand to sanction our breaking out of routine.

On the 13th, the Indian Schol prize-giving took place. At the same time that the children of one school were industriously drilling, singing, reciting, etc., in preparation for their closing function, some of the children of the other school were sitting under the trees for coolness, their desks set wide apart, working on their matriculation papers under Mr. Dorrell's supervision, the McGill University having appointed him as Local Examiner this year.

We have recollections, too, of another examination day, not long ago, when Professor Graham Moore came to preside over the music examinations. The discipline of such days is necessary for strengthening the character of the school and upholding its educational standard, but we cannot pretend that we like them, and we are glad when they are over. When certificates arrive and passes are made known then it becomes "another story," which may be read elsewhere in the magazine, but which does not belong to our veracious journal.

The Canadian School prize-giving took place on the 25th; after that all books were put away, pianos were closed, the dormitories were dismantled, and packing occupied almost every moment of everybody's time until the last tearful goodbyes had to be spoken.

We had cause for tears this term, for no less than seven of our oldest "children," who came to All Hallows five, six, seven years ago, who have grown up under its shelter from childhood to girlhood, and are now blossoming into sweet womanhood were going away "for good" to return to us no more as pupils. Is it any wonder that we felt tearful? The vacancies they leave will be easily filled; bed and desk, no doubt, will soon find new occupants, who, in their turn, will become very dear to us, but in memory and affection the nooks the "old girls" held will always be their own, and in the years to come, after they have entered into the "world's great field of battle," have worked, and suffered and glorified God, we hope that they will come back to us with the old love and trust unshaken and with their child-hearts still unchanged.

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JULY. It was a great relief not to have workmen round the house this year building and pulling down, and generally interfering with our peace and comfort. A little papering, a little painting, kalsomining the school-house and a few repairs were all we had to have done.

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AUGUST.—A small group of Indian children and one or two "grown-ups" constituted the household in August. Our chief interest was vested in the garden and in the canaries, who had been busy nesting since April. On Easter Day the first wee egg was laid, and by a curious coincidence on almost every great saint's day after that, a tiny bird broke through its shell and nestled under a proud little

mother's wing. So "Phil" and "little John" and "Martin" came into the world and gave promise of happy bird-life in the great cage—a promise which, unfortunately, is not fulfilled to-day for sad tragedies befell our young brood. "Martin" left the nest too soon, and met death by drowning in the small birds' bath. "Phil" flew away once, twice, three times, and after enjoying a few hours' unwonted freedom in the garden he returned each time, a tired, hungry repenting prodigal. But there came a day when Phil flew away and returned no more, because a fierce hawk was hovering overhead, and even as our birdie left the safe shelter of the verandah he was seized upon and carried away in the cruel claws. Then "Ladybird," who was very young and delicate, insisted upon rearing a family on her own account, and, not having the strength for it, she died. Our last hope of having a nursery in bird-land was finally destroyed by "little John," himself this Spring's fledgeling, who upset his mother's nest and broke all her eggs.

SEPTEMBER 1ST.—School re-opened to-day. We miss Sister Alice, who is still in England, and we are fortunate in having Miss R. Moody on our teaching staff this term; otherwise no changes have taken place in the old school since we closed in June.

### Peggie's Valedictory.

Only a few days more, and I shall be leaving this dear old School to which I have returned term after term ever since I was ten years old. I am not as old as some of the girls who are leaving, but then they have finished with lessons, and I shall probably have to go on studying for some time yet; but there are other better, higher things in life than lessons which we learn at All Hallows—things I shall never forget.

Many changes have passed over the old school since I first came. There were only twenty girls then, and half of these were "play-roomers." The play-room was upstairs, just over the teachers' sitting room. Every night after "preparation" we used to rush round that poor old room, playing "wild man." Half the excitement of the game consisted in making a great noise, but not great enough to bring some one up to hush us. Sometimes Miss D. used to come up and threaten us with that dreadful punishment of writing out five French verbs. Those dear old times have been long since over; there is a new play-room now on the ground floor, occupied by new girls, who do not know the delights of playing "wild man" over the teachers' sitting room. But though Miss D. and the old play-room and most of the old girls are gone, the old school stands larger and broader and better than ever, and there are still good times and lots of fun to be had.

Out of doors, too, there have been many changes since I first came. The dear old brook has not changed its course, but some of the large trees that shadowed its banks have been cut down, and wild undergrowth and rough paths leading to it have been levelled into terraces, and a stone wall banks the brook towards the road, and has two flights of stone steps leading down to the water's edge. We used to have a dear, dangerous, old swing standing under the trees, but that, too, has been taken away.

I remember well the first time I fell into the brook, just after I came. I did not get very wet, only a little splash and a bruise or two. The last time I fell in (I am afraid it will be the very last time) was last Sunday. When I come back to visit the school, I shall be too old and too big to fall into the brook any more.

The mountains alone remains unchanged since I first saw them. How well I remember steaming into the village on the Eastern Express and seeing Linky and Jew's Nose, and all the other mountains clad in young fresh green, for it was April. The village was wrapped in mist, and a gentle rain was falling. That night I had my first experience of shyness, and a little home-sickness, and how very good every one was to me.

(Continued by Florence.)

Goodbye is a sad word, and yet how beautiful it is when we realize that it contains the blessing "God be with you."

How lonely and strange the first night at school feels! Such new surroundings, so many new faces, such hard lessons and tiresome rules. The first time I went home, how excited I was. The train seemed, to my impatience, to move so slowly. Then, before I realized it, I was back again. After that, countless terms came and went, and time after time I re-appeared like the proverbial bad penny. What lovely times we have had! Picnics, plays, parties and all manner of good and pleasant things. We grumbled sometimes and had our grievances. Once, at a "rose lunch," wreaths of roses were placed on the heads of two girls whom we voted for because they never grumbled; the rest of us paid a "grumbler's fine"!

Shall I ever forget these dear familiar scenes as I see it now? The hills and the river, the trees shading the old wagon road, and the school itself, so large and yet so cosy and picturesque in its lovely surroundings. Only those who are leaving after many years spent at All Hallows can know the regret lying deep in the heart as the last term approaches its end.

We have spent our last Sunday here. We are parting from girls who have grown up with us. We are each going our different ways on life's journey, probably to be scattered far and wide and separated for ever.

Goodbye, then, dear old life, dear school, dear friends and companions. To-night I go to sleep only a school-girl; to-morrow I shall awake a woman. It will be almost like going to school again, only in a new, grown-up way, for how much there will be still to learn and to do in the years to come.

## One of Our Trials.

(By a School-Girl.)

Most grown-up people say, and they say it impressively, with wise shakes of their heads, that school-days are the happiest of one's life; but a kind Aunt of mine once broke the tradition of our elders by saying that she did not agree with that sentiment (I have had a great respect for her opinion ever since), and I suspect that, like ourselves, my aunt had a "pound" in her school.

That very word "pound" strikes anguish to our hearts! Who invented it?

On the first day at school, no one mentions it. We leave our things about; we open parcels and strew the table with papers and string, we even throw some into the fire-place; we take off hats and coats and rubbers, and pile them on chairs and lockers; in fact, we are lawless, for the grim shadow of the "pound" has not yet fallen upon our heads. Then retribution follows. A monitress is appointed to keep the rooms tidy, and to take into "pound" our offenceless possessions. If my boots were left under my bed instead of in the boot-bag, they were doing no harm there, yet that ruthless monitress takes them into "pound" and compels me to pay two cents in stamps before I can get them out again. The mysterious way in which handkerchiefs wriggle out of pockets and into "pound" would exercise the genius of a Sherlock Holmes to fathom. My music ought to be in my own particular case on my own particular shelf. Instead of that both music and case are in "pound," and separately, at that, so four cents have to be produced in order to redeem them; and, sad to relate, you cannot do without your music, although you might do without your boots for a little while.

There is one comfort, but it is a very poor one, and perhaps hardly worth mentioning: when you lose anything you need not feel anxious and disturbed over your loss; you only need to visit the "pound," and there you may be sure you will find what you seek.

A little girl once asked: "Where is the 'pound'?" I have been at school a long time and the "pound" has blighted the freshest years of my life, but I find it impossible to locate this awful thing--this Nemesis which follows us about all day long.

It is surprising what a large amount of money can be collected in two-cent stamps. Last term the monitress had such a nice little bank account for "pound" that we thought it would be a very good thing to expend the whole sum in buying a comfortable, roomy easy chair for our study; but Sister does not always see things from our point of view, and she thought an uninteresting rug for the floor or a table-cloth, to replace the one we had inked, would be more suitable.

The "Pound" is a time-honored institution. It was in existence here before I came. It has been saddening my life ever since I

came, and I daresay it will go on and flourish long after I leave, and, possibly, I will not say probably, when I am old and wise I will come at last to say what an excellent thing is that "Pound"!

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## Four Little Girls in a Boat.

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When we were camping at Foul Bay this summer, we often used to see fishing parties returning with two or three rock cod or salmon, so we thought surely if we, too, got a line and a boat we could be just as successful. Two of our friends, who used to come down very often to the bay, volunteered to go with us, but the question arose, how could we fish without a line? For we did not possess one. Then Gladys said her brother had a line for salmon fishing and also a spoon bait. I don't believe any of us knew what a spoon bait was, as none of us had ever been out salmon fishing before; but we each carefully concealed our ignorance from the other and arranged that early the next day Nora and Gladys were to come down at 9.30 a.m. with the fishing line and we should borrow a boat and try our luck at fishing.

The next day dawned bright and clear. Very early a boat was borrowed and my sister Olive and I started off to the Bay. We were soon joined by our friends with the fishing line and bait, which we all examined very closely and carefully.

At last everything was settled, and we got in. I took the stern and had to steer with a paddle, as there was no rudder. Gladys undertook the task of fishing, Nora that of rowing, while Olive sat in the bow, provided with a small paddle. Her duty was to be ready to beat the salmon's head just as soon as we caught it, for, Nora said, that was what had to be done, and we all agreed with her because we did not know any other way.

Just outside the bay is a great mass of kelp stretching across from one end to the other, and giving to the entrance a most unattractive look. There can also be seen, at low tide, a long ridge of rock lying parallel with the kelp and making the bay useless as a harbor in rough weather, and for these two reasons the Bay got its ugly name of "Foul." Otherwise the bay is very pleasant. There is a lovely sandy beach and the water is warm and shallow. We were forbidden to go outside the kelp, as the tide is sometimes very strong, so we contented ourselves with rowing round inside.

The fishing line was let out, but another difficulty arose: were we to row about or stay still when the line was out? We did not know, so we decided to do a little of both. First we stayed still, then we rowed slowly, then very fast, until suddenly, in one of our fast pulls, there was a tug on the line. Gladys gave a shriek. I, who was steering, dropped my paddle and began to help to pull in the line. Olive got as far up to the other end of the boat as she could and declared that she would not pound the fish's head. The oars somehow



got outside the boat and began floating around, and had to be fished in again. Nora scrambled up in the bow, leaving the middle of the boat free for Mr. Salmon, and seizing the small paddle, began beating the seat with a vengeance to show how she would soon put an end to the fish when it was landed. Meanwhile Gladys and I were pulling on and on. Would the line never come to an end? The more we pulled the harder it seemed to get, and at last, with a tremendous effort we hauled in—what? Nothing but a long straggling brown piece of kelp that trailed away behind the boat! It really was too cruel a disappointment. Yet, angry as we were, we could not help seeing the funny side of it, too. We had told mother that we would bring in at least three salmon, and now, after nearly two hours' patient fishing, to have nothing but a straggling piece of kelp about thirty feet long! We loosed it from the line in disgust, and then Nora took the oars and prepared to row back, for we had had enough of fishing, and I looked round for my paddle, but where was it? Not in the boat, certainly, nor floating anywhere near it; but after gazing about in amazement at its complete disappearance, we suddenly caught sight of it sailing gaily out to sea. We began to pursue it eagerly; then the absurdity of the whole affair came over us, and we dropped our oars and laughed heartily. It was some time before the truant paddle was rescued and we could return to shore. Everyone was very polite to us, and no one asked any questions about the number of fish we had caught which we thought was very kind and considerate of them; but having bought our experience, that was the first and last fishing expedition we undertook by ourselves in the holidays.

DOROTHY DAY.

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## Our Literary Society.

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The Senior girls of All-Hallows, with the approval of the Sister Superior, have decided to form a Literary Society, the object of this society to be primarily to arouse and develop the taste for good literature and also to form a library which may benefit pupils, both present and future. It is earnestly hoped that this may also serve to keep us in touch with those who have graduated from the school, as "old girls" are cordially invited to become members. The terms of membership to be:

1. To have been a senior pupil of All Hallows.
2. To read a certain number of books from a list, which will be drawn up by a committee.
3. To pay an initial fee of 50 cents and an annual fee the amount of which will be determined later.

It has been suggested that a meeting be held every two weeks

at the school, at which books will be discussed and criticisms from absent members read aloud.

All who wish to become members are requested to send a list of books which they would like to read, and from these a committee will choose those which are to be purchased.

The books, after being read in turn by members at the school, will be sent to those at a distance. After going the rounds they will be returned to All Hallows and become the property of the Club Library.

If any readers of the magazine care to contribute works of standard authors or good modern fiction, please address:—The Secretary, All Hallows Literary Society, All Hallows, Yale, B. C.

## The Last Day of the School Year.

ALL HALLOWS SCHOOL, YALE, B. C.

On June, the 25th, at 3.30 o'clock in the afternoon, a large number of friends assembled in the school-room of this institution to witness the closing exercises and prize-giving of the Canadian School.

The girls, forty-five in number, who are all resident at All Hallows, wore white dresses with lovely sprays of white roses decorating the corsage. They also wore their school colors fastened by silver maple leaf buckles on the left shoulder.

The platform was draped with white lace, looped back with wreaths of pink and white roses, and the entire length of the room was decorated with roses and ferns in lavish profusion. The afternoon programme was short but very good. It began with:

Piano Duet—"Tarantelle" (Rheinberger).... M. Underhill and D. Dodd  
 Recitation—"Mrs. Squealer's Tea-Party"..... The Little Ones  
 Song—"The Baby and the Fly"..... Junior Class  
 Recitation—"Fingers and Thumbs"..... Kathleen Lang  
 Piano Solo—"Mazurka" (Godard)..... Frances Paget  
 Song—"The Veteran's Song"..... Junior Class  
 Recitation—"Consolation"..... Phyllis Davis  
 Musical Drill, with Wands: Pianist, Muriel Underhill.  
 Song—"Twelve by the Clock"..... Senior Class  
 Recitation—"Extremes"..... Margaret Graveley  
 Song—"Old Neptune"..... Junior Class  
 Tambourine Dance: Pianist, Muriel Underhill.  
 Piano Solo—"Resolution" (Flitz Spindler)..... Susie Pearse

The ceremony of prize-giving was followed by short addresses from the Rev. H. Underhill and the Rev. J. Antle before "God Save the King" was sung.

Of all the items on the programme, we must speak with the most cordial appreciation of the recitation, "Mrs. Squealer's Tea-Party,"

given by four little girls, whose clear utterance and dramatic action made this a very pleasing performance indeed.

The musical drill, with wands, was also exceptionally good, and the Tambourine Dance, illustrated the "poetry of motion" in a manner reflecting the highest credit both on the performers and on Miss Kelley, who, we undersand, superintends the Calisthenic Department.

The musical part of the programme was throughout very well rendered.

#### THE PRIZE LIST.

Class Prize—Form VI.	Daisy Dodd
" " " V.	Gladys Lord
" " " IV. (Senior)	Elinor Hanington
" " " IV. (Junior)	Aline Day
" " " III.	Ursula Johnson
Scripture Prize—Senior Division.	Winnifred Bell
Scripture Prize—Junior Division.	Aline Day
English Literature—1st Prize.	Florence Davis
English Literature—2nd Prize.	Frances Paget
History, Eng., Can., Greek—Class V.	Winnifred Bell
" " " " " IV (Senior)	Ella Underhill
" " " " " IV (Junior)	Elvie Raymond
Latin—Class A.	Susie Pearse
" " B.	Mae Cook
" " C.	Maud Hamersley
Map Drawing—Senior Division.	Florence Davis
" " Junior Division	Marjorie McCartney
Special prize for Dictation (paper set by Dr. Hanington)—	Gladys Lord
Recitation.	Phyllis Davis
General Improvement.	Olive de Wolf
School-room Monitress.	Marjorie Armstrong

Besides these prizes, honor certificates were presented to the following young ladies who had obtained over 75 per cent. in each subject of the school examination:

Louise Ferguson,  
Eileen Hoops,  
Alice Ladner,  
Susie Pearse.

Another group of honor certificates was issued to those who had obtained not less than 60 per cent. in each subject, with a total average of over 75 per cent. on the whole examination:

Florence Davis,  
Mae Cooke,  
Winnifred Bell,  
Ella Underhill,  
Maud Hamersley,  
Meda Hume,  
Violet Ladner,  
Zeta Clark.

Certificates from the Associated Board of the Royal College and Royal Academy of Music were presented to pupils who had passed the recent music examinations successfully.

## Associated Board, B.A.M. and B.C.M.

### Local Centre Examination. RUDIMENTS OF MUSIC.

Muriel Underhill,  
Susie Pearse,  
Eileen Hoops,  
Alice Ladner.

### School Examination—Senior Division.

#### PIANO.

Alice Ladner,  
Frances Paget,  
Meda Hume,  
Daisy Dodd,  
Zeta Clark.  
Mae Cook.

### School Examination—Junior Division.

#### PIANO.

Marjorie MacCartney,  
Beatrice Inkman,  
Violet Ladner.

### School Examination—Elementary Division.

Phyllis Davis (Distinction),  
Eleanor Hanington,  
Maud Hamersley,  
Dorothy Eskrigge,  
Elvie Raymond.

In the evening, at 8 o'clock, the scene was transformed and the platform became a miniature stage with footlights and drop curtain complete. The operetta "Les Cloches de Cornville," or "The Chimes of Normandy," was presented in a most spirited manner. The youthful soloists sang very sweetly and acted with a simple grace and verve that was charming. The choruses were good, and the orchestra of bells harmonized with good effect with various other instruments.

At the end of the performance, the Bishop of New Westminster, who was present, made a pleasant congratulatory speech to the staff and the pupils of All Hallows School, as did also Dr. Underhill and one or two others.

A gala supper was provided for the pupils in the dining hall and refreshments were offered informally to guests in the study.

Friends who are able to attend this annual function are most hospitably entertained and it affords the fortunate few who are able to leave the city a holiday of purest pleasure in a most lovely part of the country.

Copied from the Vancouver "Daily Ledger."

In the foregoing account the Honor Roll for Good Conduct was omitted, which ran thus:

#### HONOR ROLL.

Names on once (out of a total of seven times possible)—Ethel Raymond, Elinor Hanington, Ella Underhill, Louie Chantrell.

Twice—Eileen Hoops, Olive de Wolf, Ethel Thynne, Margaret Fisher.

Four times—Winnifred Bell, Eleanor Paget.

Five times—Daisy Dodd, Alice Ladner.

Six times—Louise Ferguson.

Seven times—Meda Hume (gold medallist in 1901), Susie Pearse, Muriel Underhill, Ursula Johnson.

The last three names were nominated for votes and the gold medal was given by almost unanimous vote to Muriel Underhill.

The results of the McGill matriculation examinations, as also those of the Royal Drawing Society examinations were received after school closed in June.

### Matriculation Results at McGill.

#### NAMES OF THE SUCCESSFUL PUPILS IN ARTS.

The following candidates have passed the matriculation examinations at McGill University for course leading to B. A. in Arts:

Margaret Dodd, All Hallows, Yale, B. C. . . . .	407
Eileen Hoops, All Hallows, Yale, B. C. . . . .	378
Louise Ferguson, All Hallows, Yale, B. C. . . . .	338
Ethel Raymond, All Hallows, Yale, B. C. . . . .	326

#### PASSED PRELIMINARY EXAMINATIONS AT MCGILL.

The following have passed the preliminary part of the matriculation examination at the McGill University:

Zeta Clark, All Hallows, Yale, B. C.  
 Violet Ladner, All Hallows, Yale, B. C.  
 Meda Hume, All Hallows, Yale, B. C.

(Copied Montreal paper.)

### The Royal Drawing Society.

(Incorporated 1902.)

President—H. R. H. Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll.

Vice-President—Sir George Kekewich, K. C. B.

Art Director—T. R. Ablett, Esq.

#### EXAMINATION OF SCHOOLS, 1903.

Report for British Columbia, Yale, All Hallows.

General Report for School.

"A very good result."

(Signed) T. R. ABLETT.

DIVISION II. Honors—Ella Underhill (prize), Gwendoline Bell, Frances Paget, Aline Day, Madge McCartney, Maud Hamersley, Florence Davis.

Pass—Meda Hume, Dorothy Broad, Zeta Clark.

DIVISION I. Honours—Ellnor Hanington, Meda Hume, Violet Ladner, Claire Corbould, Aline Day.

Pass—Elvie Raymond, Dorothy Broad, Marie Cross, Lorna Croasdaile, Eleanor Paget, Ethel Thynne.

TOTAL—Honors, 12; Pass, 9; Fail, 2—23.

## About Places We Know.

### THE LAKES IN THE CLOUDS.

Far away among the Great Rockies, rather out of the beaten track of the summer tourist, in a setting of rugged mountains, vast glaciers and dense forests, you will find the Lakes in the Clouds.

The train set us down at Laggan one windy, showery afternoon. We were told that two "rigs" had been sent from the chalet at Lake Louise to meet travellers and convey them over the intervening three miles.

The road was rough and narrow, and our vehicles were rather crowded, but such high spirits and good will prevailed that we took our bumps philosophically, and even when some one quizzically remarked that the lowered flaps of the chariot we occupied was suggestive of Durham's well-known Black Maria we refused to be affronted.

How picturesque the chalet appeared, and how pleasantly suggestive it was of home comfort. Traversing a long corridor, we were conducted to our rooms, and found that they overlooked Lake Louise. Calm and peaceful, it lay at the foot of well-wooded hills, the blue green of its waters divided near the farther shore by a mother-of-pearl shaft of light reflected from the snowy peaks of a great glacier, above which a fliaagree of soft grey clouds was lightly poised.

Although we shared the chalet with some fifty other guests, we felt a wonderful sense of rest and repose here within sight of that lake. The stillness of its shores was striking, and no calls of bird or beast broke the majestic silence. Nothing but the distant muffled roar of an avalanche which once rushed down the side of an adjacent mountain.

Early next morning we prepared to go higher up, to visit Mirror Lake and Lake Agnes, 1,200 feet above our present altitude of over 5,000 feet.

We procured ponies and started on our expedition with light-hearted gaiety. Twenty-five tourists had already sallied out in different directions, taking all the Swiss guides with them, so we were constrained to find our own way, which was not difficult as the path lay straight before us; but how steep that path was, and it became increasingly so as we got higher up, until at last, within a hundred feet of the summit, we found ourselves on a narrow rocky ledge, looking down to the receding pine-robed valley, a thousand feet below, then looking down on Mirror Lake, sparkling like a jewel in the sunshine, and on blue tranquil Lake Louise, still farther away.

At this place we abandoned our ponies, and, proceeding on foot, we reached at last a point where the ragged end of a rope dangled down. To cling to this frail support and work our way up the steep, rugged mountain-side was the work of a few hot, energetic moments. Then there was a small ladder before us, and when we had scaled it we had reached Lake Agnes. A slight rain-storm was

gathering, the clouds were rolling under our feet, and, standing in misty sunshine ourselves, we watched the shower descend on the valley beneath.

What pen can describe the scene of magnificence around us, the sky above where "great glacier clouds hung in azure glory." It is one thing to see the mountains with our eyes, looking up to limited outlines, grand as they are, from valleys beneath; it was another thing to be there in the midst of the mountains, the limpid waters of the lake at our feet, the billowy sea of snow-covered peaks stretching beyond.

We found some lovely wild-flowers on the shores—tiny blue forget-me-nots, looking as homelike and friendly as they do in our garden borders, and a spray of white "painter's-brush," quite a unique specimen. Then we heard a feeble cry coming from a hole in a rock, and on going up to investigate we disturbed a young marmot, that ran about squealing like a kitten. It had such pretty grey fur, and seemed almost tame.

We felt strangely unsociable in those vast solitudes. Each went her own way, reverencing the unutterable stillness and majesty, realizing the delight, the loneliness and the dread. What an army of mountain peaks, what a marshalling of the glorious works of God in one single spot. Shall we ever forget how those Lakes in the Clouds spoke to us of the bounteousness, the infinite goodness of God?

MABEL KELLEY.

## School Register.

Marjorie Armstrong .....	Fort Steele, B. C.
Dorothy Broad .....	New Westminster, B. C.
Leonora De Beck .....	Alert Bay, B. C.
Winifred Bell .....	New Westminster, B. C.
Zeta Clark .....	Lytton, B. C.
Ruby Clark .....	Lytton, B. C.
Marjorie Croasdale .....	Nelson, B. C.
Marie Cross .....	Silverton, B. C.
Mae Cook .....	Vancouver, B. C.
Winifred Cook .....	Vancouver, B. C.
Louie Chantrell .....	Blaine, Wash.
Claire Corbould .....	New Westminster, B. C.
Jessie Choate .....	Calgary, Alta.
Daisy Dodd .....	Yale, B. C.
Dorothy Day .....	Victoria, B. C.
Florence Earl .....	Lytton, B. C.
Phyllis Davis .....	Nanaimo, B. C.
Dorothy Eskrigge .....	Nelson, B. C.
Louise Ferguson, .....	Vancouver, B. C.
Margaret Fisher .....	Vancouver, B. C.
Oonah Green .....	Penticton, B. C.
Cecily Galt .....	Rossland, B. C.
Elleen Hoops .....	Cariboo, B. C.

Maud Hamersley .....	Vancouver, B. C.
Elinor Hanington .....	Victoria, B. C.
Bernice Harrison .....	Victoria, B. C.
Beatrice Inkman .....	Harrison, B. C.
Ursula Johnson .....	Vancouver, B. C.
Alice Ladner .....	Ladners, B. C.
Violet Ladner .....	Ladners, B. C.
Mollie Lang .....	Moosejaw, N. W. T.
Kathleen Lang .....	Moosejaw, N. W. T.
Marjorie McCartney .....	Vancouver, B. C.
Agnes Lambert .....	Atlin, B. C.
Lillian Pearse .....	Kamloops, B. C.
Eleanor Paget .....	Revelstoke, B. C.
Dorothy Sweet .....	Ashcroft, B. C.
Mildred Sweet .....	Victoria, B. C.
Ethel Raymond .....	Vernon, B. C.
Elvie Raymond .....	Vernon, B. C.
Edith Rich .....	Ladners, B. C.
Ella Underhill .....	Vancouver, B. C.

#### NAMES REGISTERED FOR FUTURE VACANCIES.

Gipsy Harper .....	Crossfield, Alta.
Margot Whitney .....	Nelson, B. C.
Grace Cross .....	Silverton, B. C.
Helen Godfrey .....	Vancouver, B. C.
Aileen Stephenson .....	Atlin, B. C.
Gwyneth Stephenson .....	Atlin, B. C.
Jean R'steen .....	Revelstoke, B. C.
— Farr .....	North Bend, B. C.
Ida Shaw .....	Greenwood, B. C.
Huberta Shaw .....	Greenwood, B. C.
Helen Jephson .....	Calgary, Alta.
Muriel Wickwire .....	Greenwood, B. C.

#### Visitors' Book.

May, 1902.—Mrs. Sillitoe, Seattle, Wash.; Professor G. Moore, London, Eng.; Bishop of New Westminster, Rev. H. Underhill, Vancouver; Mrs. G. Ditcham, Lytton; Mrs. A. Corker, Alert Bay; Mrs. Price, Gitwingak, Skeena River; Mr. A. Corker.

June, 1903.—Rev. A. A. Dorrell, Ashcroft; Miss G. Corbould, New Westminster; Miss M. Pentreath, Vancouver; Miss R. Flewelling, Phcenix; Dr. F. Underhill, Vancouver; the Rev. J. Antle, Vancouver; Bishop of New Westminster, Rev. H. Underhill.

July, 1903.—Mrs. Pearse, Kamloops; Mr. R. McDonald, New Westminster.

August, 1903.—The Rev. A. Hart, Toronto.

September, 1903.—Judge Harrison, Nanaimo; Rev. H. Underhill, Vancouver; Rev. E. Pugh, Lytton, B. C.



## Heartsease.

In the fifth chapter of the Second Book of Kings, in the 11th and 15th verses, you will find these two little sentences: "Behold I thought," and "Behold, now I know." They were spoken by the same person, Naaman, the Syrian, who was captain of the host of the King of Syria, a great man, an honorable man, and a mighty man of valour, but he was a leper. Through the little captive maid of Israel, who waited on his wife, he heard that there was a prophet in Samaria who would be able to recover him of his leprosy. Some one told the King of Syria about this prophet, and he sent a letter to the King of Israel by a messenger carrying costly presents with him, and asking the King to cure Naaman's leprosy. The monarch was unable to do it, but Elisha said "Let him come now to me, and he shall know that there is a prophet in Israel." So Naaman went in his chariot, with all his retinue to the door of the prophet's house, and Elisha sent him a message by a servant telling him what to do. Naaman was affronted. He went away angry, and said: "Behold I thought" that such and such things would happen, and, instead only this message comes, and that, too, by the hands of a servant.

Naaman was evidently a good master. He treated his servants kindly, and they desired his recovery so much that they begged him to consider what an easy thing it was the prophet had told him to do, just "wash and be clean." So Naaman obeyed the message, and he went back and washed seven times, as he was told, in Jordan, and came back a different man within and without, for he stood at Elisha's door once more calling himself the prophet's servant, and confessing, "Behold, now I know there is no God in all the earth, but in Israel."

We all know this history. We have heard it many times, perhaps, but I want to draw your attention to those two little sentences: "Behold I thought" and "Behold, now I know."

Do you remember how, when Moses, the Man of God, was told that all the people in the wilderness were to have flesh to eat instead of manna for a whole month, he questioned "Shall the flocks and the herds be slain for them?" or "Shall all the fish of the sea be gathered together for them?" Again, when Samuel was sent to anoint one of Jesse's sons to be king over Israel, he looked on Eliab and thought "Surely the Lord's anointed was before him because of his fine countenance and the height of his stature; but God's ways are not man's ways and "the Lord seeth not as man seeth."

Even David, when he thought that it was not right for him "to dwell in a house of cedar and the ark of God within curtains" was mistaken, for though Nathan, the prophet, at first said to him to "Go,

and do all that is in thine heart," because the thought was a good one, yet he knew afterwards that it was not according to God's will. Good intentions, good resolutions are not enough. One needs to be taught of God, and when your heart is set on doing God's will, you may find that that will is very different from what you think.

At one of the colleges in Cambridge this anthem is yearly sung at the beginning of the Michaelmas year, "Where withal shall a young man cleanse his way, even by ruling himself after Thy Word." That is the keynote it would be well for us to have, ruling ourselves and the course of our lives according to God's will.

When did Naaman find a blessing? When he humbled himself; when he obeyed the voice of God's prophet and did as he was told.

God's blessing is there, but you will not find it unless you are in the path of obedience, for the goodness of God always leads man to repentance.

Naaman had thought this, and he had thought that. He was proud of his power, and disappointed because things did not happen as he expected.

We like to think we are right; yet, with all our knowledge, and all our desire to do right, who is there among us who can say he knows everything he ought to know? Who has no need for repentance? Ask yourself sometimes, "Where do I stand? Am I worse to-day than I was yesterday?"

There are some things we can never learn without perfect obedience. We may question why this or that will not do, but we will receive no answer. Nicodemus questioned our Lord when he came to see Him at night. "How can a man be born again?" The disciples questioned, "How can this Man give us His flesh to eat?" They received no answer, only the command, "Ye must be born of water and the Spirit." "Ye must eat this bread"—in other words, our Lord says, "You must obey." In seeking the explanation for yourself, you will find the answer in your own experience. As you obey, as you come to Him in baptism, in communion, God will give you the new birth, the true food.

Don't be in a hurry to change. We need to learn slowly step by step the will of God. All opportunities are given you to learn His Holy Will in the church, in the sheltering fold of this school, in His house. Set your heart then at the beginning of the new term to learn that will before everything else, for nothing else matters. Never neglect prayer—your daily private prayers, your family prayers, in chapel. Pray often; pray always.

"Teach me to do Thy will, O God, and put Thy law within my heart."

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## The Secret of the Saints.

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To play through life a perfect part,  
Unnoticed and unknown;  
To seek no rest in any heart,  
Save only God's alone.  
In little things to own no will,  
To have no share in great,  
To find the labour ready still,  
And for the crown to wait.

Upon the brow to bear no trace  
Of more than common care;  
To write no secret in the face  
For men to read it there.  
The daily cross to clasp and bless  
With such familiar zeal,  
As hides from all that not the less  
The daily weight you feel.

In toils that praise will never pay  
To see your life go past,  
To meet in every coming day,  
Twin sister of the last;  
To hear of high heroic deeds  
And yield them reverence due,  
But feel life's daily offerings  
Are far more fit for you.

To woo no secret soft disguise  
To which self-love is prone,  
Unnoticed by all other eyes,  
Unworthy in your own.  
To yield with such an happy art,  
That no one thinks you care,  
And say to your poor bleeding heart:  
"How little you can bear."

Oh! 'tis a pathway hard to choose,  
A struggle hard to share,  
For human pride would still refuse  
The nameless trials there.  
But since we know the gate is low  
That leads to heavenly bliss,  
What higher grace could God bestow  
Than such a life as this?

## Letters.

FROM A FRIEND LIVING FOR A YEAR IN PORTUGAL.

Casa do Arco,  
Rue da Assemblia,  
Cintra, Portugal.

My Dear Sister,—

You see, I give you yet another address, but this time to a house, and not a hotel, for our wanderings have come to a temporary cessation in this pretty village, which is built on a promontory jutting out from the steep and densely-wooded hill-side of the Rock of Cintra. On the very top—about an hour's walk from the village—is the King's palace, to which the Court comes every summer to escape the fierce heat of Lisbon, which, people tell us, is most trying. Every one who can comes away in the summer and many of the rich folk have delightful houses among the trees surrounding Cintra. These houses are empty the rest of the year, so, of course, the summer is the most cheerful and busy time. This year the Court came up on the 23rd of June, and we had a good view of the carriages as they passed our house. The Portuguese do not give their Royalties a very enthusiastic greeting—no cheers and scanty decorations! Only the other day I happened to see the Queen drive past, and the men standing about hardly turned their heads to look. They tell us that Lisbon went wild about our King when he was there in April; but it appears to me rather ill-mannered to cheer other people's kings and take no notice of your own, like being polite to strangers and neglecting your own family.

This house is a funny dilapidated building of three stories. It stands below the level of the main road or street, but immediately above a side street which runs violently off down the hill and which passes in a tunnel right underneath the house. Hence the name Casa do Arco. Cintra is all up and down like this. The hill-side is so steep that for every house and every odd-shaped scrap of garden the ground must be dug out and terraced up. The general effect is very pretty and quaint, and also has a very fatiguing effect upon the legs! Steep cobble-stoned lanes pitching down, long flights of steps climbing up. Our house has a small garden in two parts—the higher is on a level with the second storey windows, and has in it a cherry tree, two loquat trees, a great many flowers and a stone tank of water, in which reside several prodigiously fat gold fish. The lower part is on the ground floor, and is really a large verandah with a stone floor and walls and roof of lattice work grown over by a huge old vine with a trunk like that of a tree. It gives us a charming green roof to sit under; the perfect form and color of the leaves are exquisitely shown against the luminous blue sky. But the sky is by no means always blue, and sometimes the damp mists do not permit up to see out of our vine parlor. Cintra is a very damp place, and hot dry weather lasts for but a few days at a time. There is much

rain, many streams, and frequent mists. That, I suppose, is why plants and trees grow in such profusion and perfection so closely together, one really wonders where the roots can possibly find earth enough. I think this rain must be very supporting. Perhaps it is extra soft, and no doubt the earth is composed principally of dead leaves.

When we came in the first days of April the roses were in their glory. I have never seen roses grow and flourish as they do here. They are everywhere and of many varieties. They grow up high walls and hang down on the other side in thick and fragrant curtains and poke their pretty faces out between branches of heliotrope and swinging wreaths of white solanum. Sometimes they grow close to the root of a tree, twine round the trunk and blossom away finely up above your head in a sweet, cool nest. Naturally, you know, if you are a lovely creamy-pink rose, with a very delicate complexion, what more suitable or becoming home could you find than among the young green leaves of a sycamore? Sometimes a rose will even overwhelm the tree that has sheltered her and I have seen a blue gum, one of whose large boughs were almost dragged down by the heavy masses of a *Banksia* rose.

From our upper windows we get a good view over open country lying beneath Cintra and sloping away to the sea, and from the windows on the other side of the house we see the steep hill all covered with trees till near the top, where there are big grey rocks, and the remains of a Moorish castle. On a peak a little behind this is the King's palace. My window looks this way, and in the early morning I see the first light come and wake up the beautiful green foliage. I can also see and hear the first people going up and down the road. There is a party of men and boys carrying spades and hoes and mattocks who go out very early. They all wear caps like the "stocking" caps that our children sometimes wear, finished off with a big tassel which, it is evidently the correct thing, should bob forwards and not backwards. It is very funny to see great tall men, most of them rather severe looking and grim, with these night-cap tassels bobbing away in front. Then I see the market women coming in on their industrious patient little donkeys, sitting between enormous panniers, piled up with green stuff, or sometimes a boy walks along and his donkey follows him, and from the bags, bundles and baskets with which it is laden come craning out the heads of ducks and turkeys, their poor long necks wobbling about in a very jerky and uncomfortable fashion. There is one person that comes every morning with great regularity, a huge fat ox, fat and sleek and slow, and very wise-looking. He pulls a large red cart, one of the Cintra rubbish carts, and he wears a tinkling bell to tell people that he is coming, and expects to find boxes of rubbish put out for him at every door. Oxen are a good deal used, and seem much better fitted for heavy work on these cruel hills than the horses and mules. There is an odd fashion here of harnessing an enormous mule in the shafts of a work-cart, and hitching a tiny little donkey on outside. A great many

warts go about so, and I often wonder whether the big and little companions get fond of each other. The donkey is often so small that he can stand right under the shaft. In the middle of Cintra itself is another Royal palace, that of the Queen Dowager, so you see we are well off for grand people. The church stands a little back from the Plaza, and has an open space before the west door with a high stone cross in the middle of it, and stone seats all round.

In the Plaza itself is the prison, and the prisoners appear to have quite a lively time of it. Their windows look on to the busiest part of the village and though they are heavily barred the spaces are amply large enough for heads to be put through—rows of night-capped heads, all duly tasseled! I believe every tourist who comes photographs that scene, and the prisoners would be quite hurt in their feelings if they were not admired; they don't seem to be in the least bashful.

Sometimes there are crowds of tourists, chiefly English, and they all have Panama hats and cameras. I believe in the Winter no one comes, and we shall be left in peaceful and misty solitude. I like the solitude, but not the mist and the rain. And, oh dear me, there is no fireplace in the house. What do you think will become of us?

Ever yours affectionately,

E. K. D. S.

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FROM THE SON OF AN OLD SCHOOL FRIEND—LAND-SURVEYING IN BURMAH.

Canop via Tammu,

Chindwin, B. Burmah.

My Dear,—

Your last letter brought a breath of fresh air along with it into this unwholesome jungle. I am thankful we haven't got long to stop here.

It is only in the evenings, when the sun goes down and the moon rises over the hills that I begin to feel at peace with all mankind. When my soul yearns for the unattainable! Grasps the incomprehensible! Spans the illimitable! and plumbs the unfathomable! In short—it is not malaria, but just a moonlight effect. The moon always does affect me strangely. I've seen moonlight on the high seas; I've seen it on the snows, on river, and in forest, and it is always the same. I weep, I know not why.

As I sit on the verandah of my temporary dwelling, I look down the gorge below out to where the Chindwin lies—a silver streak—and beyond, stretching away, away to Katha, Bhamo, China perhaps, range on range of ghostly shadowy hills. There is not a sound to mar the solemn stillness of the night, save the occasional short bark of a gyi, or a frog's luxurious, languid croak. "A frog who sits in his moist mud-hole, and in music gives vent to the joy of his soul."

Surely, if a bullfrog may indulge in melody, even a shabby, lonely land-surveyor may be forgiven a bit of rhapsody on a night like this.

But it is getting chilly. There is a clammy mist rising up from the stream, a cloud has passed over the moon, and a mosquito has taken advantage of my gentle mood and, with a start which is not gentle. I am brought down to sordid earth again.

Captain M. came up to examine the work the other day. He is a very pleasant sort. When patrolling round a creeper caught him about the ankles and brought him on his nose; as he was rising the branch of a tree hit him over the head and floored him again. He picked himself up, put on his hat, adjusted his goggles, and just said "A———h!"

I was very glad to see M. because he owns a very good cook, and I had been going in for "plain living and high thinking" quite long enough. I ran out of stores somehow, everything and altogether; and rice and treacle for chota hazri, rice and curry for breakfast, rice and treacle for tea, and curry and rice for dinner is by no means sumptuous fare. My "boy" has improved in his cooking, but he is not a first-class chef as yet. He is a great experimentalist and I never discourage his culinary efforts on principle. He made me what he called a plum-cake the other day. There were no plums in it, but that was a matter of detail. I picked out a fly, an ant and a couple of pebbles though. I am thinking of buying him an illustrated cook-book and telling him to go ahead. He can't read but the pictures may suggest things and I am sure to have variety.

In less than a month from now we will have left this land of bosky dells and evil smells far astern; will have heard the shout of "land ahead," spied harbor lights and set foot once more on India's coral strand. Till then, au revoir. Yours, etc.,

S. F.

### Chapel Building Fund Account.

Ascensiontide, 1903, total in hand.. . . . .	\$1,180 87
May—Anonymous.. . . . .	4 85
"    Moksahm... . . . . .	50
"    Miss R. Moody . . . . .	2 00
September—J. D. Warren, Esq.. . . . .	14 50
"    "    Colonel Gordon Young . . . . .	4 55
"    "    Anonymous . . . . .	7 50
Total.. . . . .	\$1,215 97

### All Hallows' Indian School.

We begin with Ascensiontide music ringing in our ears, with flowers and gladness of growth and sunshine all round us, growth spiritual as well as material, for Ascension hymns and carols were still echoing through the chapel when other strains mingled with them. Earnest hearts and voices were raising again that ancient prayer to the Holy Spirit, "Veni Creator Spiritus," to ask His special

blessing on those now beginning their full Christian life. Katie, Maria, Emma and Beatrice were then confirmed, with three others from the Canadian School. Therese was confirmed at the Bishop's next visit as she was at this time bearing an attack of quinsy.

Very early next morning the Bishop celebrated for us in chapel, when the newly-confirmed received their first communion, with the others in the household—forty-six communicants in all.

Great was the contrast between the confirmation this year and that which took place last year in the yet unfinished chapel, hastily made ready and fitted up with all sorts and sizes of seats, before the building was out of the carpenters' hands.

How reverently in order it all looked this years, as the white-veiled children knelt amidst great sprays of starry "dog-lilies" and ferns in the simply but completely furnished sanctuary!

Towards the end of May and in the early June we were, if possible, even busier than usual. Examinations of all sorts disturbed our minds, even if we were not actually participating in all of them ourselves. Most exciting of all, to the children's minds, were the important preparations for the prize-giving in mid-June. Only mothers of very large families can realize how much energy it took to get 33 children provided each with a well-fitting pink frock, suitable foot-gear, and, crowning glory of all, with a pretty pink hair-ribbon.

We had all the roses last year for our prize-giving, so it was but fair that others should enjoy them this year, and we decorated instead with graceful sprays of spirea, trails of linnea and abundance of ferns.

When the great day had come and gone, everyone agreed that never before had there been such a thoroughly satisfactory closing, showing so much good work done in the course of the school year.

In amongst all other duties the garden claimed what attention one could give it. Many contented grateful little flowers amply repaid whatever amount of care could be bestowed upon them, while some more sensitive plants and seedlings keenly resented the systematic way in which our "human flowers" came first in our thoughts, and disappointed our hopes (founded on gaily colored catalogue pictures) by dying! However many other took their places, so that they were not so much missed after all.

As soon as school was over holidays began in good earnest in July. Long-deferred picnics came off and berry-picking was the order of the day, while many spare hours were spent by the small fry in zealously fishing at the brook in a manner which would have scandalized good old Izaak Walton, who, if memory serves, never himself tried to tame fishes in a tin!

It was generally agreed that fruit-picking was a much more agreeable occupation than the heavy house-cleaning which used to be necessary in former years before we had so much painting and kalso-mining done.

Hundreds of pounds of berries were gathered on the mountain sides and turned into jam for Winter's use. The fruit garden, as



usual, did its duty nobly and a great profusion of small fruit to some extent made up for the loss of our cherry crops, owing to the heavy rains.

Some nice interesting bales arrived at the beginning of the holidays, containing, amongst other things, all sorts of odds and ends, just suitable for "prizes" of various sorts.

So berry-picking prizes rewarded the sharpest eyes and most diligent fingers, and, when all the "growns-ups" were too busy or too tired to take the daily walk, there were organized instead some grand "athletic sports," in the preparation for which a great deal of energy was displayed.

For days previously some of our family disported themselves in sacks, convulsing spectators by their energetic efforts to make faster progress than their neighbors, while others performed some very creditable "high jumps," but the babies found practising for the three-legged race the most attractive, though, as the owners of the legs were not at all of one mind as to when they should start or in what direction they should proceed when they had started, they invariably promptly subsided into a little squealing heap on the bank!

As very few left school this year during the holidays, and as it is always a little trying to see everybody go away and be left behind oneself it was announced that "Holiday Prizes" would be given when term began to anyone who had earned them. I am sure everybody will be glad to hear that when the prize-giving occurred a most unprecedented announcement was made, namely, that everybody had gained a prize, and that Flossie and Lucy had also won conduct prizes.

We were glad to have the pleasure of a long visit from a school-daughter, Mrs. Clare, this month.

Now we are all settling down to work again with renewed vigour, and are hoping soon to welcome Sister Alice back from her visit to England.

We have already welcomed one addition to our staff, a sister whom I have hardly seen for twelve years, but who is now coming to take her part in the work for which we all so greatly care.

We realized that another school year had indeed begun as we gathered round the altar once more as a family to offer ourselves and the year's work before us to Him, "Whose we are and Whom we serve." To some it was their first communion among us, the taking up of a new and untried life. To one it was her last communion as a child with us, the close of that school-life which seems so long to all of us in passing, and so short when we look back upon it.

Mandy came to us quite a little girl, 11 years ago, shortly after that last great meeting of the Indians with Bishop Sillitoe, where tents were pitched round the church and services and instructions went on in many languages from early morning till the camp-fires burnt low at night. Now she is leaving the old school shelter to fill her place in the world, followed by many earnest prayers.

ALTHEA MOODY.

## The Indian School Prize Giving.

The writer was fulfilling a pleasing duty at All Hallows School on the 8th of June and following days by acting as Presiding Examiner for the Faculty of McGill University at the annual matriculation examination held at that local centre. At the close of the time, the Sister Superior asked the writer to stay over for the closing of the Indian School, and to this arrangement he readily agreed, as he had never been present at any of the periodical "break-ups."

The evening's programme provided was of such an excellent character that one could not help feeling much regret that there were not present those who only too readily under-rate the value of educational and evangelizing work carried on amongst the Indian section of the community.

The first part consisted of songs, recitations, etc:

1. Overture—"The Flying Horses" . . . . . Orchestra
2. Recitation—"The Cats' Tea-Party" . . . . . Infants
3. Song—"The Discontented Fish" . . . . . Junior Class
4. Recitation—"The Captain" (Tennyson) . . . . . Senior Class
5. Infants' musical drill.
6. Song—"Goodnight and Good Morning" (Buchanan) . . . . . Senior Class
7. Recitation—"Summertime" . . . . . Junior Class
8. Part Song—"Sweet and Low" (Barnby) . . . . . Senior Class
9. Recitation—"The Lady-birds" . . . . . Infants
10. Song—"Rock-a-by-Lady" . . . . . Senior Class
11. Recitation—"Spring's Opening Day" . . . . . Senior Class
12. Part Song—"Greeting" (Mendelssohn) . . . . . Senior Class
13. Musical Drill—"The Rose Maidens" . . . . . Senior Class
14. Song—"Cradle Song" (Mendelssohn) . . . . . Senior Class

All the different numbers were well performed, and if any additional merit be bestowed, mention should be made of the "Cat's Tea-Party," "The Captain" (Tennyson), Infants' Musical Drill (the incidental music being played by Muriel Underhill), "Good-night and Good Morning," "Summertime," "Sweet and Low," by Barnby, and the last four items. Too much praise cannot be accorded to Miss Moody and Miss Kelly for the happy result of their efforts in training the children to such a high pitch of excellence, enabling them, for instance, to sing Mendelssohn's songs with commendable credit. The audience fully appreciated the Musical Drill, the children showing to great advantage in this part of the programme. Each performer carried a basket of roses, which formed an attractive adjunct to her movements. The following is a list of the prizes which were then distributed:

Class Prize—I Standard . . . . .	Alice
" " II Standard . . . . .	Sara
" " III Standard . . . . .	Elsie
" " IV Standard . . . . .	Allie
" " V Standard . . . . .	Therese
Holy Scripture—Infants . . . . .	Nellie
" " III Standard . . . . .	Josephine
" " IV. and V. Standards . . . . .	Millie
Writing—Senior School . . . . .	Flossie

Writing—Junior School . . . . .	Toosha
Composition (open to all)— . . . . .	Lucy
Dictation (open to all) . . . . .	Millie
Church catechism (open to all)— . . . . .	Katie
General Improvement—Senior School . . . . .	Beatrice
General Improvement—Junior School . . . . .	Elizabeth
Needlework—Senior Class . . . . .	Allie
Needlework—Junior Class . . . . .	Toosha
Bread-making—Senior School . . . . .	Intis
Bread-making—Junior School . . . . .	Marla
Laundry—Junior School . . . . .	Intis
Homework (open to all) . . . . .	Katherine, Mandy, Lucy
Montress—Senior School . . . . .	Katherine
Montresses—Junior School . . . . .	Allie and Emma
Good Conduct (open to all)—Three names were put up for votes, viz., Mandy, Lucy and Intis. The prize was awarded to Intis by al- most unanimous votes.	

The several prizes given this year have been presented, respectively by Archdeacon Pentreath, the Provisional Chaplain, Rev. Harold Underhill, Miss Moody, Miss Kelley, Mrs. Coulson-Gardiner and the Sisters of the school. The good conduct prize (silver medal) was given by Mrs. Croucher. There were fourteen competitors for the Archdeacon's prize (a medal) for the most accurate knowledge of the Church Catechism. These were, however, gradually reduced to three, and the prize was finally adjudged to Katie, who answered every one of the questions without making a single mistake. A short address was then given by the writer to the children, emphasizing the need of embracing the true estimate of work, in the various departments of school-life, that all legitimate work of what kind soever is in a greater or less degree work for God; that it has its spiritual and religious aspect; that all service ranks the same with God, there is no last nor first. In closing this account of the entertainment the writer can but express the utmost satisfaction he feels at the prosperous condition of this institution. In the course of his travels, embracing three continents, he has seen the working of different schools, and although doubtless the same educational advantages were to be obtained in them, one important factor, viz., a powerful personal influence over the pupils, was not present to such an appreciable and marked degree as it exists at All Hallows. The Sister Superior is to be congratulated on the success of her system of governing the schools, which, for want of a better designation, may be termed a "beneficial despotism," or perhaps, using a milder form of interpretation, an admixture of love and firmness. In its practical working it has produced amongst the pupils of both schools a deep spirit of loyalty, equally toward their teachers and their Alma Mater.

A. ANSTEY DORRELL,

Vicar of St. Alban's, Ashcroft.

## Children's Corner.

### "How We Climbed Linkey."

Sister was so kind. She gave us a whole holiday yesterday, May 5th, 1903. We started at half-past ten. We followed the path up the mountain. It was very rocky, sometimes rocks came running down. It was very sunny and hot. Three of us had turns of the basket. We asked our companion below us to have a turn. She was very stout and fat, and had a stick to carry her up. She answered us and said: "I have got myself and a bottle of water to carry up." We all burst out laughing. We had a jolly time.

There was a stream running down the side of this mountain. We drank a nice cup of cold water. There were plenty of lilies about there, pink with oldness, and pretty yellow violets, and sunflowers in bud.

Five or more girls were at the top in an hour. They heard the chapel bell go from there. Some were by a nice little flat, and we were chuckling away about this basket. We thought all the girls were at the top. One was saying: "They will be waiting for us," but we found we were only the second little party.

We had our lunch at the little flat. After that we went to the top and wrote our names and stuck it into a bottle. Names were there since 1899.

Some years ago, I think it was nearly fifteen years ago, one of our old girls stuck her apron on a tiny tree. It is there yet, but the tree is a tall tree now.

It was fine up there. The house looked very small. When we saw people they were very tiny, and looked no bigger than a doll and the rails like two narrow lines shining on the ground. We saw Emory and Texas Lake from there. The place was very green, only one house at Emory and one tent.

The Fraser looked lovely and shined in the sun. We took off our scarlet skirts and waved them in the air. Sister Alice was so very proud that she got at the top; so were we.

Before we came down we went all round Linkey once more, and saw a tiny lake at the top of the second tunnel. We came down the face of Linkey.

BEATRICE (aged 13.)

### "The Prize-Giving."

The prize-giving was in the schoolroom as usual, and took place at 8 o'clock p.m. The room had been painted and kalsomined in dark and light green, so it looked ever so much better than last year, though the decorations were not so pretty. The roses were only in buds, only here and there they were out, and the few could not be

spared for decorating the room, as they were needed for our "rose drill." We picked all the wild flowers we could, especially the pretty white spraying spireas, and the long sprays of little pink bells, which are called linnea. The stage was prettily decorated with spirea and long soft ferns in bamboos, which were nailed to the wall in rows. It was a good thing to have used the bamboos, for if it had been anything bigger it would have taken up our room on the stage. The stage had been made bigger on purpose to give us more room the day before the prize-giving.

The first thing on the programme was an overture, "The Flying Horses." The Rev. A. Dorrell read out the things on the programme as they came, as he was here for our prize-giving. After the orchestra, which was very short, followed the recitations and songs, and then came the "rose drill," which was just before the prizes were given out.

The Rev. A. Dorrell gave a short address and made some remarks of our programme. They were good remarks, but it would not sound nice to tell what they were. When he had done speaking, two of the girls went down from the stage to bring forward the table on which the prizes were loaded. He said something to each girl as she came for her prize.

After the prizes were all given we stood as we were, but instantly sang that old Canadian song, "May God Preserve Thee, Canada," and as soon as we had sang the last chorus, we began to sing "God Save the King," which was joined by the whole congregation. We stayed in the school-room while the people were leaving, then we all dispersed to look at and admire each other's prizes, and after we had quite done that, and had had our cup of cocoa and some slices of cake, we went upstairs to bed, as it was near 11 o'clock.

MILLIE (aged 14).

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### Holidays from a Little Girl's Point of View.

In the Summer holidays we went for picnicks. We climbed up hills and picked berris. It was so steep, and some places we nearly fall down and spill our berris. Sometimes we do, when we come sliding down rather steep places. Sometimes we see snaks. Sometimes we step on them. Oh, they fel so nasty, roling under our feet.

We try to catch fishes, but we can't. Sometimes we catch little ones and put them in the brook. We can't catch the big ones because they are too swift and they hide in hard places.

When we are pickin huckleberris it is not hard because we can sit down at one bush and pick till it all gone. Some berris are very hard to pick, because they are not much on the bushes like the huckle-terris. Sometimes we go up the hill to pick nuts. We have hard time picking them because they do prick us so, but we don't mind as long as we got them.

JOSEPHINE (aged 10).

### Appendix to the "Complete Angler."

Our holidays were very long and we had a very nice time playing down the brook. We used to catch fishes with our hands in the brook and put them in tins and try to make them tame. We made a pond in the brook to put them in and we have more than sixty-three now.

When we were bathing we used to try and catch fishes in our bathing gowns and we used to get our bathing gowns full of water. There were trout, but the water was too deep to catch them. They were about 8 or 9 inches long.

ELSIE (aged 10).

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### How I Spent a Day at Spuzzum.

When I got home one day we went for a picnic underneath the iron bridge. The water was dark green, with lots of small fishes in it, and before we had our picnic we went up to get little fishes in a big dish about ten inches high and fourteen inches round. We got it quite full; some we caught with our hands, Emma and I. We did not have enough fish hooks, so we made a big fire and made little fish-hooks for ourselves out of needles.

We had our picnic and after that went higher up the lake and began swimming. We played hide and seek in the water with the dog. The dog got drowned twice for trying to run after us. Then we got dressed and went on the sand to play foot-tracks and making little sand houses. We would have turns sitting in it to make it smooth. When we were finished we made mud people to live in it, mud chairs, table and plates, and we put mud men on the roof fixing the chimneys, some going up on the ladder and some watching them. We went back with dirty clothes from the mud. We changed our clothes and then went feeding cows and horses on a hill. We chased the horses far away into the stable and gave them lots of hay to eat, and we went back to our house.

SUZANNE (aged 14).

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### The Seasons.

We all know the seasons, but some of the people have quite different climates because they live in different countries, and we don't know about other places. Now I am beginning my composition on the seasons.

Spring is one of the most nicest of the seasons. It is warm, breezy and rainy, the time for planting seeds and in a few weeks or days the little green things come peeping out of the ground. The blossoms on the trees are white and pink, and when the wind comes in the evening it makes all the scent be blown about and it

smells so sweet, the yellow and blue violets and the pure white lilies. We have the whole house filled with flowers and all the place smells so sweet. The lilies are always under old dead leaves, so we scratch off all the leaves and find the little flower.

Now Summer is very hot. It is not very pleasant when we have no cool place to sit in, but we nearly always do have one. In summer we have great fun. All the little fishes are in our brook and we are very fond of making a pond and putting them in to see how many we can get. The biggest we have seen is 11 or 12 inches long, and to catch them is very grand to us. All the berries come in the summer. Berries we always say is fixed in very good order. First the strawberries come, and when that is gone the blackberries come, and so it goes on. The gardens are full of all sweet flowers in the beginning of summer. We have a lovely plant of crawling roses, red and white. It was crawling right round the roof and covered our windows. We are allowed to pick them any time. We have all the trees green and fat like we are.

Now Autumn is very beautiful. The plums get ripe then and all the leaves are colored yellow and red and all shades, and all the flowers are gone except a few, and the hills look so lovely and the grass is so green.

Now we come to the last, and that is Winter. Everything is still and the wind blows; the trees are all white, and we get out our sleighs and some skates and we have a lovely time. We have scarves and gloves and overboots and coats, so we are not at all cold. The birds are always singing till Winter, when they and we all shiver. Now I must close my composition. We are all quite well and happy.

MARIA (aged 13).



## Gifts Received.

1903.

MAY.—Two parcels beautiful print dresses and white collars from Mrs. Moody, England. Sunbonnets, Miss Iris Moody, England. Bale of very useful clothing from W. A., of St. John the Evangelist, Montreal. Very nice large bale from C. W. A., of St. George's Cathedral, Kingston. Parcel of stockings from Mrs. Page, England. Barrel and box of most useful groceries, clothing, quilts, etc., from St. Peter's W. A., Charlottetown, P. E. I., enclosing nice parcels from Junior W. A. and the W. A. at Souris, P. E. I. Large bale of clothing and quilts with 14 yards beautiful rag carpet from W. A., Paris, Ont.

JUNE.—Church papers and much-appreciated second-hand copy of Smith's Dictionary of the Bible (in one volume), Rev. A. A. Dorrell. Ashcroft. Church papers, Mrs. Sillitoe, Seattle. Basket of roses for prize-giving, D. Creighton, Yale. One large box and one bale, "outfit for Indian child," with many other gifts, from W. A., Sherbrooke, Ont. Large supply S. S. papers and parcel very nice underclothing from St. Saviour's, Nelson, B. C. Fruit, Mrs. Dodd, Yale.

AUGUST.—Parcel of knitting from Mrs. and Miss Hornbrook, England. Stockings from Miss Page, England.

SEPTEMBER.—Large box of most useful clothing from Sewers' Band and Dorcas Society, of Lunenburg, N. S. Parcel table centres, 18 pink sunbonnets, Miss H. Grafton, England. Hand-worked altar kneeler, from Miss Dugdale, England. Gifts of markers, etc., for chapel, from Mrs. Mercier, England. Toys, from Mrs. C. Mackintosh. Clothing, Mrs. A. C. Galt. Parcel knitting, from G. F. S. Candidates, Kemerton, England. Parcel stockings from Mrs. Leveson, England.

Prizes for the Canadian School were presented by Dr. Underhill, Rev. H. Underhill, Dr. Hanington, Mrs. Hanington, Miss Shibley, Miss Moody, Miss Spark, H. Moody, Esq., (gold medal), Mrs. Croucher.

Prizes for the Indian School were presented by Mrs. Coulson-Gardiner, the Rev. H. Underhill, Archdeacon Pentreath, Miss Moody, Mr. H. Moody, silver medal, Mrs. Croucher.

## Wants.

Strong unbleached cotton sheets, 2 1-2 yards long and 1 1-4 yards wide.

Blankets for single beds.

Thirty plain strong Turkey twill counterpanes (unlined), 2 1-2 yards long and 1 3-4 yards wide, are very much needed for the Indian School dormitories. We should be specially grateful for these.



Boots, rubbers and overshoes of all sizes (especially 11 to 4).

Strong, thin Summer stockings.

Warm shawls (new or second-hand), for old Indian women at Christmas.

Dresses of blue serge, or any strong warm material for Winter; of stout flannelette for Spring, and of strong, pretty print, etc., for Summer are a constant necessity. Very poor material is hardly worth making into dresses as it wears out so soon; but we have only this year discarded the last of a set of Scotch dresses made over 12 years ago of strong material! The old-fashioned "linsey-woolsey" or "winsey" makes capital dresses for hard wear. For the older girls dark strong skirts, 25 inches long and upwards, to wear with blouses are much needed; for the younger girls the simpler the pattern of frock the better—either a closely-fitting body with gathered skirt, or a "Mother Hubbard," i.e., a yoke with full skirt gathered on and full sleeves. The measurements of sizes specially needed are given below:

Neck to Edge of Hem.	Inside Sleeve.	Neck.	Waist
48	18	13	28
39	17	13	27
36	15	12	27
33	13	11	27
30	11	11	25

Pinafores of all sorts and sizes, either full overall shape or plain sleeveless pinafores. The most satisfactory shape for the latter is made with a whole breadth in front, a half-breadth at each side of the back, a long slit left at each side seam for the armhole across the top of which a hemmed frill 3 or 4 inches wide is sewn, and the whole pinafore, frills and all, gathered into a neckband, about 22 inches long. They may be made in Turkey twill or any good washing print. It is better to avoid light colors as much as possible. Length from 27 inches upwards.

Unbleached cotton chemises and drawers of all sizes, in set of 3 if possible.

Flannelette chemises and drawers for the little girls.

Usters or long coats, new or second-hand, for the little girls.

Flannel (not flannelette) petticoats of women's size, and also for the very little girls 22 to 23 inches long in front. Plants, bulbs, or any contributions towards the garden. Strong knives and forks. Enamelled iron mugs and bowls. Buttons, tapes, mending and any needle-work materials. Stationery is always most useful.

#### NOTE.

Friends have been so kind in helping us that we have enough now of pillowcases, quilts, flannelette petticoats, flannelette underclothing of women's size, women's cloth jackets, hats.