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All Hallows in the West.

VOL. II.

MICHAELMAS-TIDE, 1900.

NO. 2.

Servire Deo Sapere.

The Angels Of GOD.

“ANGEL of Pain! I think thy face
Will be, in all the Heavenly Place,
The sweetest face that I shall see,
The swiftest face to smile on me,
All other Angels faint and tire,—
Joy wearies, and forsakes desire;
Hope falters face to face with fate,
And dies, because it cannot wait;
And Love cuts short each loving day,
Because fond hearts cannot obey
The subtlest law which measures bliss
By what it is content to miss.
But thou, O loving, faithful Pain,—
Hated, reproached, rejected, slain.—
Dost only closer cling and bless
In sweeter, stronger steadfastness.
Dear, patient Angel, to thine own
Thou comest, and art never known
Till late, in some lone twilight place,
The light of thy transfigured Face
Sudden shines out, and, speechless, they
Know they have walked with Christ all
day.” *Saxe Holm.*

BUT all God's angels come to us disguised,
Sorrow and sickness, poverty and death,
One after other lift their frowning masks,
And we behold the seraph's face beneath,
All radiant with the glory and the calm
Of having looked upon the Front of God.”
Lowell.

*Thy Will be done on earth, as it
is in Heaven.*

The Son of God places this petition in the very heart of the prayer He taught His earthly friends, so that it always demands our most reverent attention, and Michaelmas seems a peculiarly appropriate time for dwelling upon that one special petition, for with the Festival of the Angels our thoughts naturally turn to Heaven.

With the name “Heaven” we associate all those visions of glory and beauty which are beyond the power of man to realize, but which are described to us in God's Revelation—the Sea of glass like

unto crystal, the Gates of pearl, the Walls of jasper, with their foundations of all manner of precious stone, the streets of pure gold, and, the Centre of that City, the Throne of God Himself, with the deeply glowing Rainbow round about it “like unto an emerald.” There the Angelic hosts, created spirits of strength and beauty and “living life” throng in ordered ranks offering ceaseless homage and worship to Almighty God, the Source of all their joy. To this Heaven of love and gladness, our Lord directs our thoughts when he bids us pray that the Father's Will may be done by us in earth, “as it is in Heaven.”

Why then do we always associate “submission to the Will of God” with patient, suffering, resignation, instead of with joy and eager happiness “As it is in Heaven?” You believe that God's Will makes the perfect bliss, and satisfying rest of heaven. You know that the life of countless myriads is filled with unending joy by the very fact of their capacity for doing God's Will—“Whom to serve is to reign.” Live then, up to this faith. Train yourself in all things first to seek to know His Will, and then, honestly, gladly, thankfully, to strive to do it, and not to mind outer trials any more than you do the small discomforts of a short journey to your earthly home. Whatever we steadfastly fix our eyes upon has a tendency to become more important to us than anything else. So it is in our life. We can magnify tiny trials till we become martyrs in our own eyes, and intolerable bores to those

who have the misfortune to live with us. God allows trials, and sometimes He crosses our will altogether with His more perfect Will, to see if we trust Him fully or not, and to shew us that His Will is best. We would know and own it was best if we unreservedly gave ourselves up to fulfil it, and did not render it only a grudging, obedience, with one hand still holding firmly on to our own miserable, little, stunted, blind, perverted will, to follow which—God knows, would lead us to endless misery and unrest. No, God gives us daily materials for sacrifice in our lives, and what so precious to Him as that, which is also very dear to us, the sacrifice of our own wills? Then, having yielded ourselves a living (albeit, at the time, a quivering) sacrifice to Him, let us resolutely turn our eyes from all thought of self, all thought for self, and gaze so steadfastly upon the bright side, our Lord's Love, the blessedness of heaven, that our lives may be animated by a strength, and a power of joy, which no trials or troubles can overcome or dim. We are expressly told that this is the way our Lord lived His earthly Life, first, His voluntary acceptance of that which crossed His own Will—"Not My Will but Thine be done," and *then* enduring even His bitter Cross and Passion—"for the joy that was set before Him." The Love, and Joy, and Peace of God are the only powers sufficiently strong to enable us to do God's Will "as it is in Heaven," in spite of all the trials and difficulties that beset our life "on earth."

So—doing God's Will in gladness, may we show ourselves to be true members of His Kingdom on earth, the Church, which is a type of His glorious Kingdom above,

the object and end of whose existence is to fulfil God's purpose in the world,—that Church which we entered at Baptism, and into the fuller privileges of which we were admitted by Confirmation. So shall He, "the King of men and Angels" own us as proved, tried and loyal subjects of His eternal Kingdom, when He "Who is in the midst of us, yet infinitely above us, the King most blessed, vouchsafes in the Day of Judgement to number us among His Saints."

Christ of the Holy Angels Light and gladness,
 Maker and Saviour of the human race,
 O may we reach the world unknown to sadness,
 That blessed country where men see Thy Face.

Leaves from our Journal.

MAY—We recovered from our April attack of Influenza bravely, and the much dreaded "after effects," so carefully guarded against, seemed to be passing safely away when, in spite of all precautions, one girl in the Indian School, by throwing herself on the grass when tired and heated, brought on a severe attack of pneumonia and lay for several weeks in a precarious state. Dr. Underhill most kindly came up several times to attend her, and his skill, together with good nursing, under God, restored to health and strength one who, at one time, stood very near the "Valley of the Shadow of Death."

Another case of illness following Influenza also appeared in the Indian School, but as soon as the first symptoms of pleurisy were recognized, the C. P. R. authorities were solicited to stop the "Local" at the gate of the School House, and Nettie was removed, under Miss Moody's care, to the Kamloops

Hospital, from whence she was sent home as well as her naturally delicate constitution made possible.

JUNE—Roses bloomed around us by thousands this year, and as the fragrant "June blossoms" clustered over the roof, peeped in at windows, and festooned the verandah in their sweet luxuriance we were reminded that summer in all its fleeting glory of sunshine and birds and flowers was truly with us once more.

Mr Shildrick exchanged duty with Mr. Croucher for a few weeks and came to serve our village Church. He also undertook the position of Deputy Examiner to the McGill University for the pupils from here who were trying for the Entrance Examination.

This ordeal was scarcely over for them before Prof. MacPherson arrived to conduct the Musical Examination. All this time the usual yearly School Examinations were in progress, and by the end of the month a very tired but radiant bevy of girls, not unlike our June roses in their beauty of youth and innocence, set to work to rehearse parts, try songs, study elocution, decorate the stage and pack their trunks, with vigour and good will.

Closing Day was a brilliant success. Mrs. Baker from Cranbrook and Mrs. Underhill and little Sybil were visitors at the School at this time.

On the 30th., the "Imperial Limited," with a puff and a snort and a scream, carried one gay party of children westward; on the evening of the same day another party went eastward, and the old School House was left to its annual condition of disorder and desolation for a few days.

JULY—Painting, papering, staining and repairs generally kept up

confusion and discomfort for a little while and then those of us who had to remain on duty, or who were obliged to return early were able to enjoy the freshness and restful beauty of our home among the British Columbian Mountains.

The Indian School closed early in July with the usual amount of pleasurable excitement and flutter, and with a delightful little programme of Songs, Recitations and Drill. One only regretted that the deserted state of Yale, just then, made the audience very small, although it was a delightfully appreciative one. Those of the Indian children who were able to go for their holidays, set off without delay, three of them obtaining holiday engagements with Mrs. Underhill, Mrs. Widdicombe and Mrs. Marsh, an arrangement which, besides affording them change, gave them a glimpse of our large towns and a preliminary taste of domestic service.

Mrs. Gardiner, President of the W. A. in Prince Edward Island, stayed at the School one night, and gave the Indian children a most delightful feeling that she was not only a passing guest but their own particular friend and "the loveliest lady" they had ever seen. Thus the Love of God, shining forth in the life and conversation of one of His members, drew the hearts of His children into the joy of its warmth and brightness, truly the best method of "doing Mission Work."

A small "At Home" was held at the School when the Acacia trees on the lawn made a most grateful shade from the rays of the July sun, and the *Lilium Auratum* bloomed in stately magnificence in the garden. A summer storm, however, changed the face of nature and our pre-arranged programme, so that

guests from the village, who had accepted our invitations, enjoyed a little mild and unexpected excitement. They were delayed an hour beyond the limits of orthodox etiquette, and finally departed arrayed in borrowed waterproofs, "rubbers" and umbrellas.

The last Saturday afternoon of the holidays was given up to the children of the Sunday School, who, at Mrs. Croucher's kind invitation, assembled in the useful, if somewhat dilapidated, Fire Hall, and enjoyed a delightful tea with all manner of games and fun.

SEPTEMBER—The School staff reassembled a week before School opened, each teacher being most anxious to set her department in order. From California, from Saskatchewan, from New Brunswick, from Washington and Vancouver they came, tired by their journey, brightened by their holidays, gladdened by the warm loving welcomes that awaited them and ready to devote the best of their time and talents to the service of Almighty God, Whom "to serve is to be wise."

The children returned in detachments because Labour Day and the Sunday immediately preceding it made connections with steamers, stages and trains somewhat difficult. However, by the 6th., all "the family" were settled in and school work had begun in sober earnest.

We bid good bye to seven old pupils and welcomed in eight new ones, two of whom are kindly being boarded by Mrs. Dodd, until that long desired new wing becomes a *fait accompli*.

A Trip to Skagway.

⓪ UR holidays began in July, but I did not take any trip or have

any holiday fun until the next month. Early in August I went to Victoria and spent a week in seeing what I could of the town, I had never been there before so it was all q. ite interesting to me.

One part of the town surrounds James' Bay, and if we wished to go to the other part we very seldom took the car or walked, but went in a launch over the water. It is a very pretty place, and you can see there the loveliest sunsets imaginable. One of the grandest sights one could witness is the view of Victoria from the ocean on a summer's evening, with Mount Baker rising in the background, and the beautiful pink sky reflecting its tints over everything.

The following week I left for Skagway, travelling on one of the oldest and strongest boats on the Pacific Coast,—the "Princess Louise." As there were very few passengers beside our own party going up, we did exactly as we liked, doing many things which were strictly against the rules, such as ringing the fog-bell, and blowing the whistle at any time of the day.

We stopped at all the canneries, and nearly all the ports on the coast, it was late in the fishing season, and most of the canneries had finished their work. We had a tin of salmon bestowed upon us at nearly all of them, so by the time we got home we had quite a collection ; I noticed that one cannery on the Skeena River labelled its tins "Fraser River Salmon" : they say that the fish in the Fraser is supposed to be better than any other on the coast. There is such a contrast between the Fraser and the Skeena—the former is so muddy, while the Skeena is beautifully clear and the scenery along it is simply magnificent.

At the different canneries on River's Inlet, we took on a great number of Indians who had been there during the fishing season, and were returning to their homes farther north for the winter. One of the Indian men was taking the corpse of his son to be buried in his native place; they landed one night about nine o'clock at Naas Harbor, and as we were leaving the wharf, we saw the father get on top of the coffin, with a large stick in his hand, and then over thirty Indians, men, women and children, gathered round the coffin, and set up the most terrible wailing and crying one could imagine. The father was beating the coffin with his stick, and shouting with the rest; the noise they made can only be described as *terrible*. That night I could hardly go to sleep and kept thinking about ghosts.

The next stop we made before we got to Skagway was at Ketchikan, the first town in American waters; it is just a small mining place which has sprung up in the last twelve months, but as it is the port of entry, every boat has to call there to be inspected by the U. S. Custom Officer.

The next day we passed several glaciers and beautiful snow-topped mountains; the largest glacier is the Patterson, on Clarence Straits, and is indeed a sight worth seeing.

We also passed numbers of small icebergs, the first I had ever seen.

The following morning, Tuesday, we landed at Skagway, just in time to catch the train to Bennett. The White Pass and Yukon Railway is a narrow gauge railway, and the cars were so small and shook from side to side in such a way that I felt very nervous.

The train climbs a steep grade up the mountains until the summit

is reached; the railway winds around different cliffs, and in some places is just cut out of the side and one can look down 3000 feet.

After leaving the Summit, we passed a chain of beautiful lakes, reaching Bennett shortly before twelve o'clock.

We were directed to what is considered the best restaurant in the place, but we could not eat any of the food. I am sure I do not know how the people up there exist if they cannot get anything better to eat than what was offered to us.

We spent an hour in looking around the place. It is almost deserted now, everybody is moving to White Horse. One thing that struck me was that the buildings which one would expect to be the finest appearing ones in the town, were generally built of logs; the the church and two banks are of logs, the church had a tower, but the banks looked like little log cabins with iron bars across the windows; they are, of course, well furnished inside, which the greater part of the other buildings are certainly not.

We left for Skagway about half past one, arriving there after four o'clock. I forgot to mention that going up we had two engines all the time, taking on another as we got to the summit, while coming back we had only one. I cannot understand how that railway was ever built over such ground, but as it has proved possible to build one there, it is possible to build one anywhere. Though it is so dangerous, they have yet to have their first accident. We did not see much of Skagway, as it was so windy we could not stay out; we left there early on Wednesday morning, and arrived in Victoria the Thursday morning of the next week.

It just happened that the part of the scenery which we had passed during the night in going up, we saw in daylight on our return trip.

Before I left Victoria I went over the Parliament Buildings, Museum, etc., and it just happened that the House prorogued while I was there, so I did not fail to attend it.

But holidays like all good things, do not last for long, and I am now back at School, with pleasant memories to look back upon and delightful anticipations of what next year's holiday might possibly bring.

DAISY DODD.

PRIZE DAY.

All Hallows, Yale.

THE week preceding the breaking up of the school for holidays is always a busy week, and All Hallows School was no exception to this rule.

It was a great pleasure to the writer to be present at the distribution of prizes, after the long laborious examination had decided who were the successful candidates on June 28th.

In the afternoon the Report of the School authorities was read, and a programme, comprising Songs, Recitations and Music, was very excellently rendered.

The Chaplain, the Rev. C. Croucher, before reading the Report, spoke a few kindly and helpful words to the pupils, enforcing upon them the fact that school days are the days when the foundation of life principles should be well and firmly laid, and upon which foundation, the whole after-life should be spent in building a worthy edifice.

The Report showed that thorough, honest work had been ac-

complished, and although it was not backward in pointing out deficiencies, it was certainly, on the whole, one which was eminently satisfactory, and the pupils must have felt pleased to think their efforts had merited such high commendation.

The term's work, as sketched out, was, from a visitor's point of view, all that could be desired, and the test, as provided by the Examinations, no less so.

It must be a source of great delight, to the teachers, to realize, amidst many discouragements, that their labours have proved so successful in all departments, and especially I think must it have been so in reference to the Musical Examination conducted by Prof. McPherson, on behalf of the R. A. M. and R. C. M., of England, when *all* the twelve pupils presented passed satisfactorily, four of them with distinction.

Certain it is all the teachers deserve a well earned holiday, which it is hoped they will all thoroughly enjoy.

At the request of the Chaplain, I addressed a few words to the pupils expressing my pleasure at being present on this occasion, and also complimenting the children on the work they had done, especially in that branch which I had had the privilege of examining them in.

In the evening a very lengthy programme of Songs, Music, Recitations and tableaux was exceedingly well rendered, but perhaps the most attractive part of the programme was the presentation of several scenes from the "Merchant of Venice." Difficult as we all recognize such a task to be, it is not too much to say that the rendition of this was admirable. Those taking part seem to have thrown

themselves into their work with zeal, and strove to reproduce faithfully the characters they impersonated. The part of Portia was well taken. The young lady to whom was assigned this difficult task, seemed to have grasped the great dramatist's idea, in a very marked manner, and accordingly it was exceedingly realistic and well done. This is not meant as detracting from the merit of the others, for they all did well, and not only brought credit on themselves, but especially on those who had the training of them.

The Tableaux were well produced and faithfully presented and the Songs were particularly pleasing to listen to.

We were especially pleased at the recitations. The enunciation was clear and left the impression on one's mind that the children were not merely talking machines, but were intelligent beings who were fully conscious of the meaning of the words they were uttering. The pronunciation too was pleasing; the "twang" which too often spoils a recitation or a reading was entirely lacking, all tending to show that great care and pains had been bestowed on their culture.

It was delightful too to hear the children manifesting their loyalty by singing those patriotic songs which have of late been in such demand, and it made one feel that loyalty knows no bounds and cannot be shut out by distance. Here in the far west of Her Majesty's domains, I believe, in the School of All Hallows, every heart beat with as true a loyalty to our noble Queen, and felt as great an interest in our great nation's welfare, as could have been felt in the heart of the great metropolis itself, and when the National Anthem closed

the proceedings, one felt that the heart stirring words came from the lips of those whose hearts beat in unison to the sentiment expressed. We trust it may be our good fortune to be present at another such happy gathering.

A. SHILDRICK.

ALL HALLOWS' SCHOOL.

Prize Day, June 28th., 1900.

AFTERNOON PROGRAMME.

1. Chorus, "Canadian Boat Song."
2. Piano Solo, "Gipsy Gavotte,"
Daisy Dodd.
3. Recitation, "The Child and the Swallow," Freda Widdicombe and Beatrice Annandale.
4. Piano Solo, "Twentieth Century Waltz," Una McIntosh.
5. Recitation, "Who likes the Rain,"
Dorothy Broad.
6. Piano Solo, "Abendlied,"
Ella Underhill.
7. Chorus, "Stars trembling o'er us."
8. Piano Solo, "Intermezzo Valse,"
Lilian Wehrfritz.
9. Recitation, "The Sugar-Plum Tree,"
Ella Underhill.
10. Piano Solo, "Elegie in E Flat," *Gurhill*,
Winifred Armstrong.
11. School Song, "Twilight."
12. Recitation, "Scenes from L'Avare,"
Winifred Armstrong, Rachel Flewelling.
13. Piano Solo, "Prelude and Andante,"
Bertini, Ethel Raymond.
14. Rounds, "Be you to others kind and true," "Come follow, follow, follow," and "When the rosy morn appearing."
15. Piano Solo, "Harvest Home," *MacKenzie*,
Rachel Flewelling.

SCARF DRILL.

Chorus, "The Maple Leaf for ever."

PRIZE GIVING.

Prize List.

PRIZES were presented to the Canadian School by the Rev. A. Shildrick, the Rev. C. Croucher, Dr. Underhill, H. Moody, Esq., Mrs. Brymner, The Sisters and

Mrs. Croucher, who gave the beautiful gold medal for Conduct.

General Proficiency :

Form ii.	Louie Chantrell.
.. iii.	Dorothy Sweet.
.. iv.	Gwendoline Bell.
.. v. This prize was withdrawn because no one in the class did a <i>uniformly</i> good set of papers.	
.. vi.	Daisy Dodd.
History, Sr. Division, Mildred Pentreath,	
.. Jr. ..	Winifred Bell.
French, Sr. ..	Mabel Mallory.
.. Jr. ..	Dorothy Sweet.
Scripture, Sr. ..	Winifred Armstrong.
.. Jr. ..	Kathleen Bentley.
Drawing, ..	Rachel Flewelling.
Latin and Map Drawing, ..	Jessie Jones.
Literature, ..	Winifred Armstrong.
Second in Merit, General Proficiency, ..	Muriel Shildrick.
Needlework, Kindergarten, Freda Widdicombe.	
Monitress' Prizes: Mildred Pentreath and Edith Yates.	
Conduct Prize: Gold Medal, Edith Yates.	

MUSIC,

R.A.M. & R.C.M. School
Examinations.

Maximum Marks: 99.

Elementary Division.

1. Mela Hume, Passed,	80
2. Dorothy Bindley, ..	79
3. Gwendoline Bell, ..	70
4. Ella Underhill, .. Distinction,	84
5. Una McIntosh,	86
6. Ethel Raymond,	89
LOWER DIVISION.	
7. Ethel Brynner, Passed,	66
8. Muriel Shildrick, ..	80
9. Mabel Mallory, ..	76
10. Jessie Jones, ..	73
11. Alice Teague, ..	75
12. Ray Flewelling, .. Distinction,	86

DEAR SISTER SUPERIOR: I must congratulate you on the excellent results of the Musical Examination. Prof. MacPherson is *very* pleased with Yale. I am sending the Cer-

tificates, also particulars of the marks obtained.

Yours very sincerely,

Harold Underhill,

Hon. Local Representative,
Associated Board,

R. A. M. & R. C. M.

DEAR SISTER SUPERIOR: I enclose herewith the Report of the Examination in the Catechism. I am really very pleased with the work of this Division. I think they have all done very well. I would especially draw attention to Kathleen Bentley, Winifred Bell, Dorothy Sweet and Ella Underhill. The papers of these little ones do them great credit, and also show how careful has been the teaching. I should like very much to take them to a *viva voce* Examination. I hope at some future time this pleasure will be allowed me.

It has been a great pleasure to me to look over their papers and I should like the little girls to know this.

Yours sincerely,

A. Shildrick.

A few words must be said here of the Scarf Drill which was one of the prettiest exhibitions of colour and motion. The scarves were of art muslin in graduated shades from palest, pinky mauve to deepest violet. The girls were all in white dresses, ornamented with sprays of violet and white flowers, and they wore their School colours fastened by a silver maple leaf brooch, engraved across with the words "All Hallows." The music was adopted from a pretty lively German Opera in which the closing chords of one movement resolved themselves into the opening chords of another; thus no words of command were required throughout the entire drill.

Music, motion and colour blended into one lovely, harmonious whole, so that in the gratification of sight and hearing, one almost lost sight of the persevering, painstaking practice which must have been necessary to produce such pleasing results. This Scarf Drill was aptly called a "Symphony in Violet," by one "who was there."

16. Duet, "Military March"
Ethel Brymner and Mabel Mallory.
17. Recitation, "The Photographin'
Craze." Kathleen Bentley.
18. Solo, "Beloved Star"
Ethel Brymner.
19. "Betsy Prig's visit to Sairey Gamp."
Betsy.....Ethel Raymond
Sairey..... Jessie Jones
20. School Song & Chorus, "Her Majesty."
GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

↔ ↔ ↔ ↔ ↔

School Register.

Michaelmas Term, 1900.

- EVENING PROGRAMME.
1. Duet, "Palermo Quadrilles"
Daisy Dodd and Rachel Flewelling.
 2. Recitation, "The Grey Swan"
Dorothy Bindley and Doris Stocken.
 3. Piano Solo, 'Melody Poétique' Moore.
Muriel Underhill.
 4. Merchant of Venice. The Casket Scene
Portia.....Jessie Jones
Jessica.....Mabel Mallory
Nerissa.....Rachel Flewelling
Bassanio.....Winifred Armstrong
Gratiano.....Muriel Shildrick
Lorenza.....Meda Hume.
 6. Merchant of Venice. Scene II.
"Antonio's Appeal."
Antonio.....Daisy Dodd
Duke of Venice.....Lillian Wehrfritz
Shylock.....Ethel Brymner
 7. Merchant of Venice. Scene III.
"The Trial."
 8. Solo, "O Promise me"
Ethel Brymner.
 9. Recitation, "Curfew shall not ring"
Dorrie Sweet.
 10. Chorus and Tableau, "June Roses."
 11. Recitation, "One, two, three"
Marie Cross.
 12. Chorus, "Tenting to-night"
 13. Tableau, "Gipsy Camp"
Lillian Wehrfritz, Meda Hume, Una
McIntosh, Marjorie Armstrong.
 14. Solo, "Wiegenlied"
Winifred Armstrong.
 15. Tableaux, Cinderella.
Scene I. Preparing for the Ball.
" II. Left Alone.
" III. Coming of Fairy Godmother.
" IV. Transformation.
" V. The Ball Room.
" VI. The Midnight Hour.
" VII. Trying on the Slipper.
" VIII. The Wedding.
Cinderella.....Muriel Underhill
Fairy.....Marjorie Armstrong
Prince.....Ethel Raymond
Proud Sisters } Rachel Flewelling,
 } Mabel Mallory.

- | | | |
|---------------------|---|------------------|
| Winifred Armstrong, | - | Golden. |
| Marjorie Armstrong, | - | " |
| Dorothy Bindley, | - | Vancouver. |
| Edith Bindley, | - | " |
| Dorothy Broad, | - | New Westminster. |
| Gwendoline Bell, | - | Surrey Centre. |
| Winifred Bell, | - | " |
| Kathleen Bentley, | - | Slocan. |
| Louie Chantrell, | - | Blaine, Wash. |
| Marie Cross, | - | Silverton. |
| Edith Clyne, | - | Vancouver. |
| Florence Davis, | - | " |
| Daisy Dodd | - | Yale. |
| Rachael Flewelling | - | Kamloops. |
| Eva Earl | - | Lytton. |
| Medora Hume | - | Firlands. |
| Peggie Hunt | - | Vancouver. |
| Beatrice Inkman, | - | Agassiz. |
| Jessie Jones, | - | Pierce Co. Wash. |
| Alice Lee, | - | Vancouver. |
| Una McIntosh, | - | Kamloops. |
| Clara McDonald | - | Eburne. |
| Fernie McDonald | - | " |
| Frances Paget | - | Revelstoke. |
| Mildred Pentreath, | - | Vancouver. |
| Ethel Raymond, | - | Nanaimo. |
| Elvie Raymond, | - | " |
| Frances Rives, | - | Lillooet. |
| Muriel Shildrick | - | New Westminster |
| Dorothy Stocken, | - | Gleichen, Alta. |
| Dorothy Sweet, | - | Ashcroft. |
| Muriel Underhill, | - | Vancouver. |
| Ella Underhill, | - | " |
| Evelyn Widdicombe | - | " |
| Freda Widdicombe, | - | " |

Names of pupils entered for fu-

ture vacancies : Susie Pearse, Kamloops ; Ethel Thynne, Nicola ; Beatrice Libernon, New Westminster ; Margaret Graveley, Vancouver ; Louise Ferguson, Vancouver ; Joey Dalton, Vancouver ; Grace Corbould, New Westminster. Grace Cross, Silverton, B. C.

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VISITORS' BOOK.

May 8th., Bishop of New Westminster, New Westminster ; May 23rd., Mr. W. Vowell, Victoria ; Mr. F. Devlin, Indian Agent, New Westminster ; Archdeacon Penreath, Dr. Underhill, Vancouver ;

W. Caddle, Leonard Bentley, Agassiz ; June 2nd., Dr. Underhill, Vancouver ; June 8th., Miss Webb, London, England ; Mr. Bow, North Bend ; Mrs. Dodd, Yale ; Mrs. Baker, Cranbrook ; Rev. A. Shildrick, Mrs. Shildrick, New Westminster ; June 25th., Mrs. Underhill, Sybil Underhill, Vancouver ; Aug. 8th., Dr. Proctor, Kamloops ; Aug. 15th Mrs. Dickinson, Eng. Mrs. Revsbeck, Mrs. Teague, Mrs. Croucher, Mrs. Cotterell, Miss A. Teague, Miss N. Teague, Yale ; Mrs. Gardner, Charlottetown P. E. I. Dr. Elliott, Agassiz ; Sep. 4th., Mrs. Clyne, Mrs. Mills, Vancouver ; Mrs. Earl, Lytton.

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Building Fund Account.

May 1900	Cash in hand.....	\$2146.37
„ „	Loving Service.....	9.00
„ „	Mrs. Baker.....	15.00
„ „	Thro' Rev. H. Underhill.....	96.00
July „	Miss May Hoskin.....	4.00
„ „	Mrs. Webster, Women's Auxiliary, Toronto.....	2.00
„ „	T. Skinner, Esq.....	20.00
„ „	Mr. Dingwall.....	4.80
„ „	Rev. J. R. Hill.....	10.50
„ „	H. Jenner Esq.....	5.00
Aug. „	Collected by Sister Alice.....	34.00
„ „	Thro' Mrs. Slamm, Womens' Auxiliary, Seattle...	17.00
„ „	„ Miss Moody.....	17.00
„ „	Miss E. Bourne.....	2.50
„ „	Thro' Sister Lenora.....	10.00
Sept. 1:th	Miss B. Rolfe.....	9.75
		<u>\$2402.92</u>

Yale Chaplaincy Fund.

RECEIVED.		PAID OUT		
May	Cash in hand	\$ 52.90	Aug. 4 Rev. C. Croucher	\$ 96.00
Aug. 3	Thro' Mrs. Pelly	96.00	Sep. 11 Balance	52.90
		<u>\$148.90</u>		<u>\$148.90</u>

EDUCATIONAL.

WINIFRED Armstrong and Mabel Mallory entered in June for the Preliminary Matriculation Examination for the McGill University. We are glad to say that they were both successful, the former obtaining 81 3-5 per cent of the total marks and the latter 72 1-5 per cent.

35 per cent in each subject is required for a pass.

LETTERS.

DEAR SISTER :—I have just come from seeing the girls off on the boat for Arrowhead, the river is so high that the steamer was able to make connection with the train here, so that will be one less change for them. As that is the last instalment of our party disposed of, I am hastening to tell you of our journey so far, as I know you will be anxious to hear.

We arranged quite satisfactorily about the berths and tickets, and I put down the price of the former on each ticket envelope, as you desired. Meda and Doris had a berth in the other car, but the whole party were allowed to stay in our Pullman till bedtime, in fact we had the whole car to ourselves, and the children enjoyed themselves thoroughly. The porter was most affable and obliging, and had evidently received instructions from headquarters to show us special attention.

Annie Stevenson came down to see the girls, and told us she intended going to Vancouver this morning, so that will be one more in the All Hallows' party. We left Dorrie in her mother's charge, and soon after the little ones retired. I gave Doris full instructions about the rest of her journey,

and Meda promised to put her into the conductor's charge at Golden, so I hope she will reach home in safety. They both promised to write to you of their safe arrival.

Mr Flewelling and his daughters were awaiting us at Kamloops, and were greatly excited and delighted at the news of Ray's success in the music examination. Stella said very plaintively, that she did not exactly wish to be back at school, but she *should* like to get some more prizes. A full and particular account of all the last week's events was given in the few minutes we stopped there, so you can guess how the tongues wagged.

We were aroused at an early hour this morning, and after a hasty scramble we collected our various bundles, got the tickets changed, and proceeded to the boat, in a perfect deluge of rain, it seems to have done nothing else but rain here for weeks. The remains of the lunch were left with this party. You will be surprised (or no doubt you will *not* be) to learn that the remains were very small. The cherries were greatly appreciated.

You must all be completely tired out to-day. I have been thinking about you, and wondering if you have managed to keep up till the last child departed. This last week especially must have been a great strain, and I do trust you will be none the worse, and will be able to leave in comfort for your own little trip. With love for yourself and best wishes for a very peaceful and happy holiday, and thanking you very much for all your kindness and thoughtfulness for all of us.

Yours affectionately

L. S.

Revelstoke.

June 1900.

DEAR MA'AM, :—I was very de-

lighted to get your nice letter, I am very sorry I didn't write to you right away. Mr. Small is with us now, teaching Willie the Lord's Prayer. Mr. Small is very good to us all, he gave me a nice prayer book which I love very much. This morning Miss Buie sent me over to the Mission House with something; when I got there Mr. Small was working, I said I will do that for you, he was very pleased. Miss Buie said Lizzie and I were very good girls, we never got to any trouble yet. I am feeling much stronger now, and Lizzie is getting very fat. Anne has gone out to get some yellow-bells. Last week the weather was very fine, and I go ride and stay out till dinner time and I also go after dinner. Willie is always talking about Emma and Katie. The wind and the rain is keeping me in this afternoon. I am so glad my copy-book is the tidiest. Last night Lizzie had a good bath, I wish very much to have my little things sent to me, my cards, doll and the large picture which Sister gave me. Maggie knows about my things, I told Sophie to tell Maggie to look after my things. Emily's mother had a big washing to do yesterday here, and to-morrow she is coming to scrub. I have nothing to do in the afternoons, I get so tired sitting down sometimes, I wish I was down there doing some needlework. Miss Buie has no needlework for me to do. Now I will close, give my love to the Sisters. From

SARAH.

P. S. Mr. Small told me to put my letter into Emma's, he said, "you can keep your stamp to white another time."

Indian Hospital, Lytton. May.

—o—

DEAR SISTER SUPERIOR :—Now

I am going to tell you from beginning to end of my journey. We had very bad weather from the time we left Victoria till we got to Honolulu. We left Vancouver Friday morning, 3 a. m. and got to Victoria 1.30 p. m. and left at mid-night. When we got to Honolulu we were not allowed to go ashore on account of the plague; there were fourteen children on board, two got off at Honolulu, I was the eldest of all of them. Since we left Honolulu it was very calm sea, but very hot weather. I will try to tell you how we spent our time: we got up about 6.30 a. m. we got breakfast 7.30 and after breakfast saw mother bath and dress our little baby, she just loves her bath. Her neck and arms are so fat, her arms are all dimples and big double chin. After baby has her bath we go on deck and play. At twelve o'clock we go down and have dinner, the stewardess took all the children at one table. At 1 p. m. the grown up people's bell rang to have dinner. I generally used to wheel baby about while mother and Dada got their dinner, then we have a rest till 4 p. m., it takes about a quarter of an hour to get Hilda and Harold to lie down, and yet as soon as they are settled we all fall fast asleep. One day the four of us were lying on deck asleep, all the passengers were very much amused at Harold, he had his gun over his shoulder, they said he was the sentinel on watch. We sleep for about two hours or more, and then I get up and go down and practise on the piano, while I am practising, the others are on deck. One day a little girl put a rug over her head and it came down to her feet, and she came round to her father and told him she was "Sister Superior,"

but her mother said she did not think Sister walked like that, you can guess who the little girl was, can't you? Every evening the stewards sing and play on a violin and a banjo, it is very nice, and some of them sing very well, they have such nice voices. There was a lady on board, she could play and sing very well, she used sometimes to sing and play for me, and she had some nice music.

We got to Brisbane, North Queensland, Monday April 2nd., and anchored at day-break. The doctors came and inspected us, to see if every one was in good health. The trains left every half hour, so about 11 a. m. father, mother, Hilda, Harold and I went off and after about 40 minutes ride we got to the city, we had dinner at 12.30 p. m., and as Dada had some business people to call upon, mother took us to the General Hospital, for at one time mother was a nurse there. Miss Marks, the head nurse took mother all over the new buildings and wards, and to see the many alterations and improvements. After we had been all about, we had such a pleasant time, and the flowers and gardens pleased us so much, we had a nice tea, and went back by train. All the passengers from U. S. and Canada thought Brisbane was a delightful place, and a clean city too. We met some people that we knew. We went back to the boat at 6 p. m. and were very tired after the long day.

The next day and half passed very quickly, and Wednesday, April 4th. we got to Sydney. We were all wondering and watching, for the plague had been bad in Sydney, and no one knew if we would be allowed to land, but the doctor gave our boat a clean bill of health, and we landed at 4 p. m.

and we landed in the harbour at 1 p. m. First thing Dada did was to take us all out of Sydney to a suburb, to the Grand Hotel, Waverly, we stayed there for two days, and then Dada and mother went house hunting, we got a nice stone house within five minutes walk from the beach, and a most lovely view, so we packed up again and came to a home. Mother made us go the day after we landed to see our school, the Kilburn Sisters. The head, Sister Hilda, remembered us and asked if we were coming to school again, so we went for a day or two, and on April 23rd. we are all going back, even Harold, so I will write to tell you how we are doing when I get a letter from you. The school is having a nice Bazaar the 28th., most of the sewing is done by the school children. We are having eleven days holiday for our Easter holidays. Baby is growing prettier but crosser every day. Please Sister give heaps of love to everybody.

I remain,

Your loving child,

STENING EDGECOMBE.

P. S. I will write to Miss Moody next time I write. I have lots more to tell you when I hear from you, but I have written such a long letter.

—o—

DEAR SISTER :—Just to let you know that I was not very well since I come down here, but I hope I will get better soon, and I hope you are the same. We came down here on the 14th of July from O'hamil. I think we going up end of this week to Agassiz, to hop-picking. The people down here are very poor, no fish. Isaac just got three hundreds all together, four days now they have not going fishing, but I think they going out

fishing this evening. Mr. Wilson came down on Friday to see Isaac about the hop-picking, and we went to see Isaac's sister last month, she want me to go see her again before we go back, and I am very sorry because I did not write to you as soon. We see the show the other night, but it was not very good. My brother was up here to-day, but he is going back to-day, his little baby very fat. I think I must close my short letter, from Friend, Mrs. Isaac. I send my best love to Miss Moody and Miss Ellis and to all the girls, and Isaac sends his love to you.

New Westminster Backing Co.

August, 1900.

—o—
 DEAR SISTER:—We are very busy here, as the sick and wounded are being constantly sent down. I have met several Canadians and we have a Canadian Chaplain as well, perhaps you know him, Mr. Cox. Every day the news is less encouraging and seems to point to the continuance of war.

We have a large Hospital here, and, including our convalescent camp, have over 1000 patients. Personally I have only a ward of 32 beds of medical cases. We have had a fearful amount of enteric, but just now this is lessening, the cold weather having stopped it. I only hope it will not begin again when the hot weather returns.

Yours very sincerely,

M. PENROSE.

Imperial Yeomanry Hospital,
 Deelfontein, S. Africa. July 16.

—♦♦♦—
Heartsease.

—
 "SERVIRE DEO SAPERE"—
 "TO SERVE GOD IS TO BE WISE."

—
 Our School Motto is the Angelic

Motto. "To serve God" is the end and aim of the Angels' being, whether serving Him in direct adoration before His Throne, or when, "in adoring submission to the Will of God," they are sent forth to minister to Him in the person of those who shall be heirs of salvation. The principal difference between their service and ours is that they, being already pure in heart, have the blessing now of "Seeing God." Not only do they, even when they are at work on earth, "See the Face of the Father," but, being pure, they "See God," trace the very faintest likeness to Him in even the most distorted of our human lives. The devils see the wrong in us, the Angels see and nourish, and cherish the good in us. They think no office too lowly for them to fill, no duty too humble to perform, for, seeing God always before them, they instinctively know that even the tiniest thing they do for us is done to serve Him, "Servire Deo," and that is "Sapere," to be wise.

We often do the humble, lowly parts of our Angel-work badly, and sometimes we never do it at all, just because we did not know it was Angel-work. At Michaelmas we have very beautiful Services, and we sing lovely hymns about the Angels. Then the winter comes, with cold days, and plenty of work. There are fires to light, and fires to keep up, many meals to prepare, very often trouble with the water, then grown up people grow very tired, so there are many messages to be taken to save them, and then there is illness, and people have to be waited upon, and sometimes, perhaps, we are apt to think it all very tiresome, and that it would be much nicer to be in Heaven singing with the Angels.

But we have colds and sore throats and so, we think, it is not much use our trying to sing anything in the Services on this cold earth—which is a pity.

Perhaps, if we thought more about the work the Angels did, as God the Holy Ghost tells us about it in the Bible, we should realize how much He cares about the smallest, most humdrum duties, and then it would be much easier to do them well.

After that marvellous scene on Mount Carmel, when Elijah, God's Prophet, stood up alone for God against the hosts of Baal's worshippers, and when all his nerves were shattered by that tremendous strain, and he broke down in the reaction that followed it, God sent him down to the wilderness to rest, and made him fall asleep. Elijah had left his own servant behind, but God sent an Angel there, not to sing hymns to him, not to open Heaven for him, not yet to take him up to Heaven, but to light a fire, fetch him water, and make bread for him. With what different feelings will we light our fires this winter! Nice, clear, bright clean fires, ready before other people are even awake in the morning; good bread; careful attention to water; providing thoughtfully for the wants of people who are tired and ill. This was once not only Angel's work, but the Resurrection work of the Lord of Angels, when He warmed and fed His tired, cold, hungry Disciples, in that Early Morning by the Sea of Galilee, when "Jesus stood on the shore," waiting to welcome His friends.

Then again "Angel" means "Messenger"—God's Messenger. Good Angels give God's Messages very carefully, just the words He tells them to say. Bad Angels

(the devils were Angels once) are always turning and twisting God's words, and making them sound as if they meant something quite different, even if the words are nearly the same. We must all be very careful, in the messages we carry, that we take them very quickly, and that we always make them sound just as kind as they were meant to be. Often people are quite hurt by receiving a message which sounds rude, though they feel sure there must be a mistake in it. When we take messages and make them sound wrong that is not doing Angel's work, but the work of some one quite different, and we hardly want to do *that!*

Sometimes it may seem to us that we have very little work given us to do, and we would be glad to have more, but there is an old proverb which says: "If we get the spindle and distaff ready, God will send the flax."

..... "God doth not need
Either man's work or His own gifts;
who best
Bear His mild yoke, they serve Him
best; His state
Is Kingly; thousands at His bidding
speed
And post o'er land and ocean without
rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait."

Good News.

ON a busy day last June, in the midst of a long school morning, the household was startled by hearing loud and repeated cheers arising from the usually decorously quiet and attentive classes in the Indian School. As even Mafeking had been relieved, there seemed no apparent reason for this great burst of enthusiasm, but curiosity had to be curbed till lunch time, when the family were as unfeignedly glad

and congratulatory as heart could wish, even though they restrained the expression of their feelings somewhat more than the children had done!

The cause of all this joy was a very ordinary looking little yellow envelope which arrived that morning. We are quite accustomed to receiving them in shoals; sometimes they tell us interesting facts about meat, or coals on delayed freight trains, or they ask us to send some small child to meet some relation passing through on a train at some very awkward hour, so that we do not love these yellow missives at all! This one was a noble exception to the rule, however, being no less than a cable from Mr. Moody, which informed us of the delightful and unexpected fact that the "New England Society," one of the very oldest missionary societies in England, had made us a grant of £350 (nearly \$1700) to enlarge All Hallows Indian School at Yale!

Do you not think we had reason to be glad? Mr. Moody is one of the Trustees for the Schools, and we feel that it is largely owing to his kind efforts that this grant was obtained for us.

As we have embarked on one building already, we think that we must finish the new wing for the Canadian School first, for we can hardly manage two new buildings in one winter; but we hope, if all is well, to begin our new, and much needed addition to the Indian School next Spring.

This will contain a new dormitory, workroom, and a dining hall, rendered necessary by our ever-increasing household. We also hope for a large roomy verandah, where the children can play in wet weather. It is possible that one

slight addition, long contemplated, may be achieved this autumn, and that is the erection of a sunny balcony, leading from the Infirmary, where delicate little children may enjoy the fresh air and sunshine, from which they have been so often debarred, in times of illness, by their being unequal to the exertion of moving down stairs.

Those who know the Schools will like to hear that we contemplate building the balcony over the "long passage" leading to the Indian School. As the roof there is decidedly in need of repairs, especially shewn during the rainy season, this will kill the proverbial two birds with the equally proverbial one stone, which is always so satisfactory from an economical point of view!

"The Story of a Short Life."

On the 30th. November, 1894, a little Indian boy, of two and a half years old, was brought to the Indian Hospital at Lytton, suffering from an affection of the spine. It was thought, at first, that a few months of care and treatment might effect a cure, but, as time went on and abscess after abscess formed, it became very apparent that God had other things in store for little Willie, and he would never know health and strength on earth.

The little iron bedstead he occupied in a corner of the ward soon came to be very well known, and Willie loved to have it drawn in front of a window which overlooked the Mission House grounds, so that his bonnie little brown face, with its baby smile, was always the first thing to greet any one approaching the Hospital in the day time.

There were so few incidents

in his little life, and the only change being from more pain to less pain, that visitors to his bedside were warmly welcomed, and his memory for names and faces was wonderful. Happening once to mention the name of a visitor, I turned to Willie and said, "You remember her, don't you?" "Oh yes," Willie replied promptly, "that was the lady who was here one day all afternoon and never came to see me." This was a little neglect he always remembered though he did not resent it.

During the first year or two of his life, at the Hospital, he always smiled brightly but seldom spoke; but after Gina, a little girl from the Yale School, came in as a patient he learned to talk rapidly and became such a merry child. During the last year of his life, as his body grew more frail, his spirit seemed to become more gladsome and bouyant and he loved to have little children about to prattle with him. Only when very tired he used to turn round saying he liked being left "best alone with Nurse."

Thirteen different Nurses took care of him, during his term of six years in the Hospital, and he remembered nearly every one of them, often cherefully saying he liked them all "because they all liked him."

Who, that has had to do with sick people, does not know how pleasantly exciting the most trivial changes are, and new beads to thread, new pictures to look at, a few sweets, a little toy, or even a new night dress, were events sufficient to make Willie radiantly happy; while tea in the kitchen, or in "Nurse's room," was an event of tremendous importance, eagerly anticipated and long remembered. The *very* few occasions he left the

Hospital, for an airing in the village, were always talked of as "the days he had such a good time."

He was taken to his home on the Reserve for two weeks last spring, while the Hospital was renovated with fresh paint, etc., at first Willie thought the change delightful, but very soon he wished for "Nurse's" care and Hospital comforts and sent word that "he wanted to come back quickly."

Every one was most kind to him; many were the dainty little dinners, or plates of dessert, that found their way to Willie's bedside, and he was such a grateful little chap.

A few days of greater suffering (for all Willie's life was pain, more or less) and then the end came, and his place on earth knew him no more. I was absent from the Hospital at the time, and I could not help grieving that other hands than mine tended his last hours, but he grew very much attached, in his grateful little way, to those who took care of him in my absence, and I felt that it was "well with the child" at last.

"Willie has gone to play with the Angels," a little girl said, "Gina nearly went too, once, but she got well and now she is at Yale School." If this assertion is not quite orthodox, who will reprove it? for we are sure that *somewhere* in God's Paradise above, Willie's soul is safe and well now, while his body, all wounded and marred by suffering and disease, rests in the grave, waiting for "a sure and joyful Resurrection."

AGNES BUIE.

"The Eastern Question,"
As Presented Practically to Western
Workers.

HEARING of the horrors of war,

one finds it difficult to believe that the dreaded "Boxers" are of the same nation as those kindly, silent, blue-garbed Celestials who pass our door so frequently; who work for us with such patient unwearying faithfulness; whose oblique eyes light up with quite as much kindness as the rounder orbs of their neighbours; who bring us beautiful, great bulbs of their sacred lily, during the winter, steadying them with snowy white pebbles in a pretty bowl and all ready to start into blossom; who fill our house with parcels and our children's hearts with joy, as the time of their Chinese New Year comes round, and large bags of Chinese "nuts" and "candy" (which latter is like crystallized fruit in a dream, sweetish and very insipid) prevade every place, and the air is thick with the smell of fire-crackers, while the gardener's eyes resolutely abstain from turning towards the flower beds bordering the verandah, which are sown thickly with little shreds of the mortal remains of the said fire-crackers.

If, as the Chaplain-General asserts, "Men and women are what you expect them to be," our expectations, as regards these neighbours of ours, must certainly have been pleasant ones!

The fidelity of the Chinese to what they consider to be duty, their scrupulous performance of what they think your directions to them have been, with, in many cases, their almost utter ignorance of the English language, so that you are in a chronic state of pleasing uncertainty as to the impression you have succeeded in conveying, even after the most energetic "dumb crambo," all these combine to render this department of one's work a most fascinating and truly

exciting performance! But then what else could you expect when the Sister Superior was solemnly told that "One lady, she want hullabaloo." Incredulous denial was of no avail, the assertion was reiterated until permission was given to procure the "hullabaloo," which turned out to be a common or garden wheelbarrow!

On one occasion, having gone on one's hands and knees by a parsnip bed and made sure that old "John" would "savey parsnip" next time, the only apparent result was that the next time he was told to take a "parcel" to the station, he was quite bewildered by the similarity of sound, "hey? hey? parsnip?"

We call him "John" for convenience, as the correct pronunciation of "Ah Wah," his real name, was rather beyond us!

One sad day "John" planned out all his work entirely to his own satisfaction, but unfortunately, our ideas did not run parallel to his! So, in an unwonted fit of anger, he took up his coat and walked off to Chinatown, from whence he was promptly brought back to us—a very shame-faced old man—by the "Boss Chinaman," who, understanding a good deal of English, undertook volubly to explain the situation to us. "You see, I say to him, 'You go Sister's house, that not all same as other house, you no go do what you like, you go door, you take off hat, you go Sister, you say 'What you want me do?' You no do what *you* want, all same government law stop there!'"

In the spring, when all nature stirs and awakens a restless longing to be up and doing, it is a constant case of "Go and see what John is doing and tell him not to!"

His zeal and intense love for a garden quite outrun his discretion and knowledge, and digging and planting go on at an alarming rate. Sometimes the results of his labours are more entertaining than profitable. Once, having planted some dwarf peas and put in small sticks for them, "John," with kindly pity for one's feeble attempts, gallantly brought a large stack of bean poles and behold, in one's absence, a strong palisade grew up! The little peas struggled hard to do their duty by the poles, but it was very difficult to break through the stockade to get them picked!

Then again, later on, the tomatoe plants were a dense growth of leaves, so it was explained, by emphatic signs, how to "all same cut him leaves," and let the sun through. We wondered that John should reply "Not much time," in a preoccupied and rather worried manner when told next day to pick some fruit, as he is usually the embodiment of obliging placidity. Everything was explained, however, when one was proudly shown the tomatoe bed, which had been absolutely bereft of foliage, and consisted solely of stalks, sadly supporting a little unripe fruit!

It is difficult, not to say impossible, to attempt anything in the way of religious instruction, when one sees how ludicrously one fails to make tangible every-day matters understood. The few words we have in common are so hopelessly inappropriate and inadequate to express even the most rudimentary spiritual ideas. But Sister always says she thinks the influence of so many Christian lives and the atmosphere of prayer cannot fail to work unconsciously for good; and He, "Who is the Saviour of all men," will surely not forget or re-

ject the touching eagerness and faithfulness with which "One from the land of Sinim," will perform any little duties for the Church. He invariably gives that work the first place; we may say, (particularly wanting something done) "John, I think him very good, do it to-day," but the unhesitating reply comes back "To-day go Churchee house. I think him very good Monday," and there is no appeal from that decision!

Some people do not like Chinamen, but this part of the world would get on very slowly without them. To make this country prosperous requires an immense amount of the steady drudgery of hard work. Chinamen, thanks to their inheritance of thousands of years of training, can do this to perfection, their thrifty ways and their marvellous powers of application and perseverance accomplish more than an ordinary white man, and certainly much more, as a rule, than an untrained Indian, though the latter can do good work by fits and starts.

An Indian man has little or no appreciation of the dignity of labour, which, if rightly understood, would not only so greatly benefit him in this world, but would prevent his being such a valuable tool for that personage, who is as much on the lookout still for "idle hands" (and "idle minds") as he was in Dr. Watts' days!

It is not the fault of the Indians that they have not learnt better, but rather our fault who have withheld that training from them, to the need of which they are slowly becoming sensible.

At present the perception of Order, "Heaven's first law," is entirely unawakened. Diligence has arrived at the stage when fits of spasmodic energy are largely leav-

ened by intervals of contemplation. Perseverance is a minus quantity. As for such trifles as a clean and tidy back yard (for instance) or neat garden paths, they are regarded solely as the profitless fancies of "the maddest of all mankind," which madness reaches its culminating height in dreaming that grass needs cutting once a week, (and such an exertion!) instead of, as formerly, once a year, when it really was long enough to be worth something!

In the Indian character there is splendid material, but it needs to be developed and trained. It is very probable that the results, of the first efforts in this direction, may not meet with marked success, but "Rome was not built in a day," and no work that is worth doing in this world succeeds all at once. Many other things beside "a corn of wheat" must, apparently, "die" before they "bring forth much fruit."

Still it is obvious that a thing has no chance of success until it is at least *begun*! So let us hope and pray that it may not be very long before a beginning is made and the untutored minds of our Western brethren may reap advantages which Eastern minds have enjoyed for so many centuries.

Let us not forget, either, to ask for both races, now living and working side by side, such a portion of higher teaching and deeper training that our Lord's words may be fulfilled in them "Many shall come from the East and from the West."

ALTHEA MOODY.

PRIZE DAY.

All Hallow's Indian School. July, 1900.

THE performance this year showed a pleasing departure from the usual rule followed on these occasions. The various items on the programme being written on the blackboard beforehand, there were no announcements made, no awkward pauses, no hesitation on the children's part, as they, having been carefully drilled, performed a miniature marching exercise to exceedingly lively music each time they took their places on the platform for Song or Recitation.

Prizes were kindly presented to the Indian School by H. Moody Esq., Miss Wallace, Miss Moody, Mali, the Chaplain and the Sisters. A beautiful silver medal, engraved with "All Hallow's" and the date, was presented by Mrs. Croucher for Good Conduct.

PROGRAMME.

School Song.	"May God preserve thee Canada."
Recitation.	"Over in the meadow."
Marching and Kindergarten Action Song	"The Peasant"
Recitation.	"White or Grey."
Action Song.	"The Fishes."
Recitation.	"Three little kittens."
Action Song.	"The Clappers."
Recitation.	"The Duel."
Action Song.	"The Windmill."
Recitation.	"Who killed Kruger?"
Action Song.	"The Pigeons."
Marching.	
School Song.	"Summer."
Recitation.	"What became of them."
Song.	"In the woods."
Recitation.	"The Singing Lesson."
Song.	"The Swallows' Return."
Recitation.	"The Owl Critic."
Song.	"The Butterflies."
Recitation.	"The Ill-natured Briar."
Drill.	"Red, White and Blue."
Song.	"Sad is the parting."

PRIZE LIST.

General Proficiency :

Standard IElsie.
..	IIEmma.

Standard	IV	Katherine.
"	VI	Dora.
Scripture,		Infants.	Lisa.
"		Junior Div.	Emma.
"		Senior,	{ Katherine. 93 Marks.
			{ Annie. 92 "
			{ Lucy. 92 "
Writing,			Annie.
			Dora.
Bread-making			Annie.
House work			Lucy.
"			Clara.
"			Emily.
"			Intis.
Monitresses			Katherine.
"			Dora.
General Improvement			Lizzie.
"			Gina.
"			Katie.
Conduct,		Silver Medal,	Clara.

(As the Family read it.)

THE Editor of ALL HALLOWS IN THE WEST cordially invites promiscuous visits from her Family to-day, and will gladly welcome as many oral communications as possible on subjects not having the remotest connection with the Magazine. If writing on the verandah, a continuous "March past" will enliven, and greatly relieve the monotonous strain of her trivial work.

Building Operations.

As we go to press workmen are busily constructing a roadway through the garden, over which we soon hope to see the welcome sight of lumber being carried for the "new wing" of the Canadian School. The contract is actually signed, binding the contractor to finish the building by Dec. 31st., 1900.

To get the building erected at all, we have had to omit all plumbing, the furnace, and the entire third story. Even then the amount required will exceed \$3000., the last instalment of which, must be paid by March 31st., 1901. Any contributions toward the balance of this sum, will be most gratefully received. As will be seen by the Building Fund Account, we have now \$2,400 in hand.

Prizes for Laundry-work and Needlework were withdrawn, because the girls who really deserved them had been absent too long to be able to enter into a final contest, and though several others had done fairly well in these departments, they had not yet earned the Prizes.

It has been gratifying to hear such good accounts of the girls who have gone out from the School. Seven invitations were received during the summer from various ladies for All Hallows' girls to go to them for holiday engagements. Three girls were able to avail themselves of these invitations, and each returned at the end of her month, with a most pleasing report from her mistress, and a kindly expressed wish to have her again "next year."

Journalism under Difficulties.

(As the Editor wrote the Notice.)

THE Editor of ALL HALLOWS IN THE WEST begs everyone to respect her solitude to-day, and not to make unnecessary interruptions in a work of such great importance.

NOTICE !

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

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

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

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

Gifts Received Since May, 1900.

Six pairs stockings, Mrs. Leveson's Stocking Guild; bale of clothing, quilts, sheets etc., St. Peter's Branch W. A., Charlotte-town, P. E. I.

Small parcel clothing, St. Alban's

Branch, W. A. Souris, P. E. I.

Pictures, etc., Miss Hellen Grafton.

One bale serge frocks and other clothing, Edinburgh Diocesan Work Party.

Seven flannel petticoats, Work Party, Holy Trinity, Haddington.

Lace and silk for Church work, Miss Townsend, London, Eng.

Outfit for Indian girl, thro' Mrs. Lenox Smith, Quebec.

Fancy work, thro' Mrs. S. Mac Masters, S. Andrew's, N. B.

Two baskets plums, Mrs. Mac Quarrie, Yale.

Alms bag and lace chalice veil, Miss Dugdale, Eng.

—WANTED—

Unbleached cotton sheets for Indian School, to fit beds 2 ft. 6 x 5 ft. 6 in. Quilts or blankets. Three dozen scarlet or crimson woolen Tam-o-Shanters, for Indian children.

Blue serge dresses, all sizes.



All Hallows in the West.

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

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

Staff of Workers :

Three Sisters,	Miss Moody, (absent for 6 months.)
Miss Shibley,	Mrs. Woodward,
Miss Ellis.	Miss H. Woodward.

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

Prayer for the Children of the Schools :

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

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

Let us pray.

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

Commemoration of those who have gone out from the Schools :

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

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

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 building is most comfortable, and is surrounded by lawns and a pretty garden.

THE COURSE OF STUDY INCLUDES :

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

STAFF OF TEACHERS:

English Subjects, - - -	Miss Shibley, B. A.
French, - - - - -	Miss Shibley, B. A. & Sister Alice, C. A. H.
Music, - - - - -	Sister Alice, C. A. H. and Miss Ellis.
Drawing or Painting, -	Miss Moody.
Correspondence Lessons superintended by the Sister Superior.	

SCHOOL TERMS :

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

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

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

Entrance Fee \$5.00.

SCHOOL FEES : (In Advance.)

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

Special reduction for sisters.

Application for further particulars to be made to :

THE SISTER SUPERIOR,

ALL HALLOWS' SCHOOL, YALE, B. C.