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All Hallows in the West

"SERVIRE DEO SAPERE"



Midsummer

1910.

PUBLISHED AT
All Hallows' School, Yale, B.C.

Contents.

Prospectus	1
Work	11
School Prayers	11
The Light (Poetry)	1
Psalm 119	1
The King is dead ! Long live the King !	4
Leaves from our Journal	5
"Your Sorrow shall be turned into Joy"	10
Spring	12
The Lamentation of Eaton's Catalogue	12
About Pat	13
The Life of a Cowboy	14
A Thousand Pearls	14
The Hen	15
School Register	15
Names Registered for future vacancies	17
News of " Old Girls "	17
Short Rules	17
" He must increase " (Poetry)	18
Letter from India	19
Notice	on Cover

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

ESTABLISHED 1890.

For Girls of the Church of England only.

(Conducted by the Sisters of All Hallows.)

VISITOR - THE LORD BISHOP OF NEW WESTMINSTER.

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

Games Mistress - - - Miss McLeod.

THE COURSE OF STUDY INCLUDES:

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

STAFF OF TEACHERS:

Primary Class - Mrs. Dickson.

Junior and Senior Classes, English Subjects, Latin, Mathematics French and Musical Drills.	(Miss McLeod, M. A. and Honour Diploma, (Mod. Languages) Acadia University, N. S. Academic Certificate, B. C. Mrs. Shaw, Certificate of British Columbia. Miss Harris, 1st. class Certificates of British Columbia and Prince of Wales' College and Normal School, Charlottetown, P.E.I. Miss Poore, Certificate from Leipzig Con- servatorium, Germany. Certificated Pianist of Trinity College, London, England.
Music, Piano - - -	Miss Poore, Mrs. Dickson.
German - - -	Miss Poore.
Drawing - - -	A Sister.

SCHOOL TERMS.

Winter Term - - - 1st Sept. to 17th Dec.

Summer Term - - - 1st Feb. to 25th June.

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 Matriculation Examination.

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

Also for School Examinations of the Royal Drawing Society.

ENTRANCE FEE \$5

SCHOOL FEES (IN ADVANCE)

Board and Education - - - - -	\$ 30.00 a month
Music, Piano - - - - -	5.00 a month
Violin - - - - -	5.00 a month
Painting - - - - -	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.**

Parochial Mission Work among the Indians - Begun	1884
Indian Mission School for Girls, 35 pupils - „	1886
Canadian Boarding School for Girls, 50 pupils „	1890

Staff of Workers :

Four Sisters	Mrs Dickson
Miss Harris	Mrs Shaw
Miss McLeod	Miss Officer
Miss Poore	Miss Flower

Chaplain :

Rev. H. Underhill.

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.

MIDSUMMER, 1910.

No. 13.

“ *SERVIRE DEO SAPERE* ”

The Light.

O Love Divine ! Whose constant beam
Shines on the eyes that will not see,
And waits to bless us, while we dream
Thou leavest us because we turn from Thee !
All Souls that struggle and aspire,
All hearts of prayer by Thee are lit,
And dim or clear, Thy tongues of fire
On dusky tribes and twilight centuries sit.
Nor bounds, nor clime, nor creed Thou know'st
Wide as our need Thy favours fall ;
The white wings of the Holy Ghost
Stoop seen or unseen o'er the heads of all.
* * * * *

Shine, light of GOD, make broad Thy scope
To all who sin and suffer ; more
And better than we dare to hope
With Heav'n's Compassion make our longing poor.

Whittier.

Psalm 119.

Best of all the Psalms I love the 119th : yet as a child, what a weary thing I thought it ! It was long, it was monotonous, it dwelt with tiresome persistency, I used to think, upon dull things—laws, commandments, statutes.

Now that I am older, it seems to me the most human of all documents. It is tender, pensive, personal : other psalms are that, but psalm CXIX is *intimé* and autobiographical. One is brought very close to a human spirit ; one hears his prayers, his sighs, the dropping of his tears.

Then, too, in spite of its sadness, there is a deep hopefulness and faithfulness about it, a firm belief in the ultimate triumph of

what is good and true, a certainty that what is pure and beautiful is worth holding on to, whatever may happen ; a nearness to GOD, a quiet confidence in Him.

It is all in a subdued minor key, but swelling up at intervals into a chord of ravishing sweetness.

There is never the least note of loudness, none of that terrible patriotism which defaces many of the psalms, the patriotism which makes men believe that GOD is the friend of the chosen race, and the foe of all other races, the ugly self-sufficiency that contemplates with delight, not the salvation and inclusion of the heathen, but their discomforture and destruction.

The worst side of the Puritan found delight in those cruel and militant psalms, revelling in the thought that GOD would rain upon the ungodly fire and brimstone, storm and tempest, and exulting in the breath of His displeasure. Could anything be more alien to the Spirit of Christ than all that ?

But here, in this melancholy psalm, there breaths a spirit naturally Christian, loving peace and contemplation, very weary of strife.

I have said it is autobiographical ; but it must be remembered that it was a fruitful literary device in those days to cast one's own thought in the mould of some well-known literary character.

In this psalm I have sometimes thought that the writer had Daniel in mind--the surroundings of the psalm suit the circumstances of Daniel with singular exactness. But, even so, it was the work of a man, I think, who had suffered the sorrow of which he wrote.

Let me try and disentangle what manner of man he was.

He was young and humble ; he was rich, or had opportunities of becoming so ; he was an exile, or lived in uncongenial society ; he was the member of a court where he was derided, disliked, slandered, plotted against, and even persecuted.

We can clearly discern his own character. He was timid, yet ambitious ; he was tempted to use deceit, and hypocrisy, to acquiesce in the tone about him, he was inclined to be covetous ; he had sinned, and had learnt something of holiness from his fall ; he was given to solitude and prayer. He was sensitive, and his sorrows had affected his health ; he was sleepless, and had lost the bloom of his youth.

All this and more, we can read of him, but what is the saddest touch of all is the isolation in which he lived. There is not a

word to show that he met with any sympathy : indeed the misunderstanding, whatever it was, that overshadowed him, had driven acquaintances, friends, and lovers away from him ; yet his tender confidence in GOD never fails : he feels that in his passionate worship of virtue and truth, his intense love of purity and justice, he has got a treasure which is more to him than riches or honour, or even than human love.

He speaks as though this passion for holiness had been the very thing that had cost him so dear, and that had exposed him to derision and dislike. Perhaps he had refused to fall in with some customary form of evil, and his resistance to temptation had led him to be regarded as a *précisian* and a saint. I have little doubt myself that this was so. He speaks as one might speak who had been so smitten with the desire for purity and rightness of life that he could no longer even seem to condone the opposite. And yet he was evidently not one who dared to withstand and to rebuke evil : the most he could do was to abstain from it : and the result was that he saw the careless and evil minded people about him prosperous, happy, and light-hearted, while he was himself, by his own act, plunged in solitude and tears.

And then, how strange to see this beautiful and delicate confession put into so narrow and constrained a shape ! It is the most artificial, by far, of all the psalms.

The writer has chosen deliberately one of the most cramping and confining forms that could be devised. Each of the eight verses that form the separate stanzas begins with the same letter of the alphabet, and each of the letters is chosen in turn. Think of attempting to do the same in English !—it could not be done at all.

And then every single verse, except in one, where *the word has probably disappeared in translation, by a mistake, there is a mention of the Law of GOD.*

Infinite pains must have gone to the slow building of this curious structure—stone by stone must have been carved and lifted to its place. And yet the art is so great that I know of no composition of the same length that has so perfect a unity of mood and atmosphere.

There is never a false or alien note struck. It is never jubilant or contentious or assertive—and, best of all, it is wholly free from any touch of the complacency which is the shadow of virtue. The writer never takes any credit to himself for his firm adherence to truth ; he writes, rather, as one who has had a gift of immeasur-

able value entrusted to unworthy hands, who hardly dares to believe that it has been granted him, and who still speaks as though he might at any time prove unfaithful, as though his weakness might suddenly betray him, and who therefore has little temptation to exult in the possession of anything which his own frail nature might at any time forfeit.

And thus, from its humility, its sense of weakness and weariness, its consciousness of sin and failure combined with its deep apprehension of the stainless beauty of the moral law, this lyric has found its way into the hearts of all who find the world and temptation and fear too strong, all who through repeated failure have learned that they cannot even be true to what they so pathetically desire and admire : who would be brave and vigourous if they could, but, as it is, can only hope to be just led step by step, helped over the immediate difficulty, past the dreaded moment : whose heart often fails them, and who have little of the joy of GOD : who can only trust that, if they go astray, the Mercy of GOD will yet go out to seek them ; who cannot even hope to run in the way of GOD'S Commandments till He has set their heart at liberty.

The King is dead ! Long live the King !

It is only a few years since the whole Nation and Empire was mourning the death of the great and good Queen Victoria, after her long reign of sixty-three years. And now we again sorrow that GOD has been pleased to take to Himself our gracious sovereign, King Edward, whose brief reign of eight years has yet given us ample time to recognise, as all countries have recognised, his wisdom and strength as a great Peace-maker. We mourn his loss, and we join in the universal sympathy that is extended to Queen Alexandra and all the Royal Family.

But while we lament King Edward, and pay our tribute to his memory, we give our hearty welcome and homage to King George and Queen Mary ; and perhaps we give it all the more heartily because they are no strangers to Yale and to All Hallows' Schools. Some of us can well remember the bright day in October 1901, when the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York paid their memorable visit to the Schools ; and received such a loving and loyal welcome, that one of the Royal Party afterwards described it

as "the pleasantest function they had had in Canada." Our School Patriotic Song was written by one of the Sisters as a Song of Welcome for that occasion; and the wording has only been slightly altered since to make it appropriate for other times; and as then we sang:—

" We offer allegiance to Son and to Sire
With homage we bow to Victoria's line."

So we repeat the words now, for they are still and always the expression of our feelings of loyalty to the throne of England; and there is not one of us who is not prepared to sing with heart and voice—

GOD SAVE THE KING.

Leaves from our Journal.

We closed our last number with the All Saints' Festival week, and now open our pages once again at

NOVEMBER, 7th.—To-day we had some new lights installed in the School, *viz*: four gasoline burners, two taking the place of six coal oil lamps in the Dining Hall. We find the double light in the study a great improvement on the single lamp with its fitful, and very variable capacity for giving a good light. We are writing now after an experience of five months, and find ourselves quite content with the change, although at first it was by no means all peaceful sailing. We were not at all sure of safety from some sudden explosion, though assured to the contrary, and it needed both courage and faith to persevere with them, Sister Marian stuck valiantly to the post of danger, and now thinks nothing of the various alarms which agitate other people. We have now put in several more lights, another being added in the Chapel. They save a great deal both of time and expense.

NOVEMBER, 17th.—St. Hugh brought us the first snow this year, which was quite deep by Sunday, but the downfall was followed by a deluge of rain, lasting through the week.

Looking back from the time of writing (May) there is no doubt that "the weather" that always prolific topic, entirely put out everything else from our minds, and its effects are by no means yet obliterated. By Saturday that week the two brooks near the school, had become mountain torrents of rushing, foaming, muddy

water, causing great anxiety to the section men, who watched night and day, vainly endeavouring to make an escape for the water. On Sunday morning, very early, part of the embankment was carried away, leaving the rails and sleepers suspended in mid-air, and the water triumphed.

The unexpected calamity caused great excitement among our young people, whose imaginations at once conceived the possibility of being starved, and hindered from getting away for Christmas. As many other mountains of trouble turn out to be only mole-hills, so these magnified calamities melted away. A large gang of workmen soon restored order, and in four days, a procession of delayed passenger trains, passed safely over the scene of disaster.

Yale Creek was a magnificent sight after the rains, the bridge rocked with the force of the water, as it rushed over the huge boulders, its waves crested with foam and spray, like a tempest-tossed ocean; how quickly the forces of nature rise into a grandeur that inspires man with awe.

DECEMBER.—Tired of reading of the weather? Well, never mind, it is not often that the weather gives us so much to think of, and in this country everything is on such a grand scale, that one must notice it. We began this month with severe frost, the mercury falling to zero. We shivered a little, but outside there was much to admire. To those who climbed up behind the house, up slippery banks of ice, the reward was great, it was like fairy-land. The masses of water, with white, fleecy spray, rushing down the fall, between high walls of ice, the trees bending under the weight of ice-crystals, and beneath and all around, ice, in lovely patterns of every description, pendants, and fringes of lace. Some of it was so very thin and delicate, and in the sunshine it was perfect. Looking at it, we forgot all the damage this beautiful sight meant to us, viz, that the water supply was frozen, from one source anyhow. Until the holidays, we anxiously watched pipes and taps!

DECEMBER, 6th.—St. Nicholas provided us with the usual fun, and a visit from Santa Claus, who will always find All Hallows School ready to relieve him of some of his onerous Christmas duties, it is better to be too early than too late, when it is a matter of giving and receiving presents.

CHRISTMAS.—This happy and beautiful Festival was spent much in the same way as other years, but we had a visitor from Japan, who was glad to rest and keep this holy season with us, on

her way back to the East, and we hope one day that she will come again. We had the usual Midnight Celebration at which a few Indians were present, and though the story of Bethlehem is old, yet it is likewise always new, as each year we grow older, we learn new lessons, and a new joy comes into our hearts, and new hopes rise within us, as we strive year by year, to grow more like the little Child, upon Whose Face we love to gaze and ponder.

We had our Christmas Tree and games; our feast of "many good things" sent us by kind friends, and altogether we spent a very happy Christmas, as I am sure our children did also, in their various homes. Quickly the Christmas week sped away, and we wondered what was waiting for us in the New Year, would it be like last year? we hoped not, at any rate we had been through some of our winter troubles early in the month.

JANUARY.—That bitter wind again, our old enemy! so we began last year, but after all we had quite a different diversion for 1910. Last year we were frozen, inside chiefly, but we had provided against this in our new stoves, and they have been the greatest comfort. No, we were not too cold, we were sometimes too hot, but our trials came from another direction, we were to be flooded outside, until the garden and the road outside became a pavement of ice. There were sheets of ice in every direction, as the flume froze and overflowed. We gazed with anxiety and apprehension at the fruit trees surrounded with ice, and no snow. It was not until the 7th. that the welcome sight of falling snow greeted our eyes, but we feared it was too late to keep the roots and bulbs warm and safe. Before the end of the month the water in the tank was also frozen, and every drop of water had to be fetched from the brook. Our neighbours in town were in just the same plight, no one had water. Owing to this calamity, and being unable to get water on to the house in time, we were obliged to postpone the opening of School for a week, so that the household did not assemble till,

FEBRUARY, 8th.—The children returned to find the school ground deep in snow as usual, but we had a great deal more later on in the month, several very heavy falls; on the level it was between three and four feet deep, and the drifts in some places were quite five feet. We had the verandah cleared several times, fearing some accident, but each time it was quickly piled up again. Outside it looked as though it meant to snow for ever! This month we passed through a very trying time of sickness in both schools, in the form of influenza, and many of our young people

spent a few days in bed.

FEBRUARY, 21st.—Twenty-seven degrees of frost, the coldest day this year as yet.

FEBRUARY, 23rd.—Archdeacon Pentreath came to the School to preach his usual Missionary sermon, so much looked forward to by the children. His visits are necessarily less frequent now, owing to the fact of our having a chaplain of our own, so it was a great pleasure to the school to welcome him again, after nearly a years absence.

MARCH.—Alas! influenza still goes on. The case of one child gave us much anxiety, but owing to the skilled care of two trained nurses, she made a rapid recovery after a severe fortnight's illness, and is now, we are thankful to say, as well as ever. Many vacant places at table and in school was the programme all through the month, but in time, the places were refilled, and things returned to their normal course. We have had a few bright days of warm sunshine, and the snow is rapidly melting. Somehow winter months always seem very long, because we are always expecting and hoping that "this year" they will soon come to end!

MARCH, 27th.—Easter Day was bright and cold. We had a very plentiful supply of lovely flowers to decorate the little chapel, and the rooms in the house, and many boxes of flowers were sent by friends.

Easter Monday and Tuesday both being fairly fine days, were spent out of doors, enjoying a kind of picnic walk; the air was just lovely for walking, and the way through the tunnels was voted the favourite route.

On Thursday we had our Missionary Sale in the evening, and all the articles most quickly disappeared, as is the way here. We cleared just over \$50.00 and felt quite satisfied. The mystery of "where the money comes from" is never fathomed, but the money itself was actually a reality, and not a myth.

The next day Archdeacon Pentreath came up from Vancouver, on purpose to open the Missionary boxes, and we all gathered in the study in breathless anticipation of the results. The Indian School contributed the noble sum of \$26.80, so that when the whole was counted, the total amount came to \$120.00.

APRIL.—A very uneventful month of school news, which considering all the interruptions of last month, is perhaps a good thing, as "work" was the order of the day.

APRIL, 11th.—To-day we had the sad news that the bishop is very ill, and there is little hope of his recovery. We shall all miss him very much, and we had been looking forward to his coming up soon for a Confirmation.

APRIL, 16th.—A telegram informing us of the Bishop's death arrived this evening, he passed away yesterday afternoon—of the funeral we will write elsewhere.

The lovely spring sunshine has come now, and we had quite summer weather until the 25th. The flowers and trees are just rushing out this year, as if they were tired of being buried under the ground; one would think a magic wand had been passed over them.

APRIL, 30th.—The children have all gone to a garden party at the Vicarage, where they will revel in candies and ice-cream, and other things dear to their hearts. Our own shop is closed in consequence, as the proceeds of the sale will go towards the debt on the Church, for repairs and a new coat of paint, which looks very nice.

Twice this month we have had the exciting pleasure of two entertainments given by the "play-roomers," and the study girls respectively, a few scenes of private theatricals, which were both well got up and carried through, the "play-roomers" performance was most original, and gave much amusement. A little diversion of this kind relieves the monotony of school work, and fills up spare time on Saturdays, but now we must begin to "play" in earnest in preparation for the "closing," as this will be not only a pleasure, but a necessary duty, and often means a good deal of work for the performers, and above all for the Teachers, as everything must be done as perfectly as possible.

MAY.— Beautiful are the heralds
That stand at Nature's door,
Crying, "O traveller, enter in
And taste the Master's store!"
One or the other always crying,
In the Voice of the summer hours,
In the thunder of the winter's storm,
Or the song of fresh spring flowers.

How glad we are to welcome May, to assure us with its fresh green dress, its uncurling leaves and flowers, that the winter is indeed behind us. May-day falling this year on a Sunday, we had

to forego our dance round the May-pole. On Saturday we were otherwise engaged, and it was not possible to steal an hour from Monday's lessons to celebrate the event, no one can spare time now, when examinations are facing us, to give more than one day to a real holiday.

Ascension Day this year was all that we could desire. A misty morning turned out into a perfect, and cloudless day, and we made the most of it. After Mattins at ten-thirty we packed up the good things provided, and started out for a picnic into the woods, and did not return until four-thirty. One large party kept together, as no one showed any ambition for mountain climbing, perhaps the mysterious and terrible sounds heard on Jew's Nose last year are not yet forgotten, anyhow this was a quiet "resting" Picnic. Some worked, and the young ones wandered about, climbed trees, and gathered armfuls of beautiful fresh maiden-hair ferns, making garlands for their hats. Tea was very refreshing in our shady retreat, as it was quite a hot day, and though we had no exciting adventures to relate, everyone declared that they had enjoyed themselves very much. After Evensong we finished up the day with a short dance in the Dining Hall,

The little Chapel looks very festive, decorated with the dog-wood and sweet scented apple blossom. With abundant sunshine, and nature all around, so lovely in her first, fresh, tender green, and opening flowers, while the Church lifts up her Voice in repeated "Alleluias," shall not our hearts be drawn nearer to Him, our Heavenly King, Who has gone before to prepare a place for His children, bidding us seek those things which are above, Where He ever sitteth on the Right Hand of GOD.

"All faith, all hope, all love, all thought,
All high imaginings of mind
By which the deeper truth is taught,
Are in the unseen world enshrined."

" Your sorrow shall be turned into joy."

Surely no words of sweeter consolation could be found than these of the Gospel which fell on the ears of the congregation gathered in the Cathedral of New Westminster on the morning of the 18th of April, to take part in the Funeral Service of the Bishop of the Diocese.

Lying there, in majestic stillness before the Altar, we felt how slight was the separation between the dead and the living, and that He who had given the Peace of Rest to His servant was speaking words of consolation to those who mourned his loss, in His own words of gracious promise "Your sorrow shall be turned into joy."

The Cathedral was well filled at 2-30 for the final service, the opening sentences being read by Bishop Perrin of Victoria. Archdeacon Pentreath read the lesson, and two of the Bishop's favourite hymns were sung, *viz*, "Praise to the Holiest in the Height," and "The King of Love my Shepherd is."

Six of the clergy then carried out the coffin and placed it on the carriage waiting to receive it.

A large crowd gathered at the Cemetery where the final prayers were said by Bishop Perrin and Bishop Keator of Olympia, and two more hymns with the Blessing closed the service.

Thus the second Bishop of the Diocese was laid to rest, near Bishop Sillitoe, both having been called away in the midst of their work, bearing the burden to the end.

We at Yale shall miss the Bishop very much, for he loved to come here, and see the children, never forgetting the names of anyone whose parents he had seen when visiting in the Diocese, and it was a pretty sight to see him sitting down with a group of young faces round him.

During this happy Easter-tide it has pleased GOD to call away two others dear to us, one of our Sisters in the Old Country, every moment of whose busy life was given to her Master's service ; and also one of our little Indian children, who had just apparently recovered from a long period of illness, but whom the Good Shepherd gathered into His Paradise above.

Separations and partings come to all in time, but to those whose faith in Christ is sure and stedfast come the cheering words of strong consolation "Your sorrow shall be turned into joy."

"So man if he would truly live, must die,
Descending through the grave that he may rise
To higher worlds, and dwell in purer sky,
Making of seeming life the sacrifice
To share the perfect life with GOD on high,
Where Love Divine is the infinite prize."

Spring.

Spring came once on Summer wing,
With a wreath of snowdrops on her brow,
She brought a smile, and the birds did sing,
As she opened the leaves on the bough.
She painted the dandelions with gold,
And settled the birds on their nest,
Then away she ran with Winter bold,
And said she had gone to rest.

Lizzie Rorison.

“ The Lamentation of Eaton’s Catalogue.”

“ Well this is hard luck ! ” Here am I “ Eaton’s famous catalogue, ” thrown in the waste-basket ; as though I had never been of any use in my life. All my past service is forgotten, and I am treated as a useless servant.

Although I am only about seven months old, how much has happened to me in that time ! When just an infant I was sent to the girls of All Hallows School. What a reception I had ! What joyful shouts of “ Eaton’s Catalogue ” went up ; and now I am forgotten and left to die.

For about a week after my welcomed arrival I was the object of much curiosity. I was always closely watched, and even early in the morning I was awakened to show my dresses or shoes to the curious girls.

How I was flattered ! I became really proud of myself, and who could help being so if she were told her dresses were “ beautiful, ” shoes “ just perfect, ” and ribbons “ wonderful. ”

But alas ! “ pride always comes before a fall. ” One day I saw the triumph which I had met with repeated, with even more “ vim. ” I wondered what new mystery had unfolded itself to my school friends when I beheld—my greatest rival—Simpson’s Catalogue usurping my place in the heart of every girl and receiving even a greater welcome than I had had.

What humiliation I suffered ! I was compared with the new arrival, “ what horrid hats I had, not fit to be compared with the ones of the smart, well-dressed Toronto girl. ” I was thrown down, trodden under foot, and torn, then left to die a death of shame.

And now my end is near, but I am thankful, I have been granted time to write my autobiography, for it may prepare the way for my successors and they may be better treated than I was; and find life easier than their poor friend "Eaton's Catalogue for 1910" did.

Irene Mounce.

"ABOUT PAT."

This is a story of a dog called Pat, he was an Irish Setter.

A man in Calgary gave Pat to me. Pat was only three months old and very pretty. He had large brown eyes, and long reddish brown hair. For the first three months I had him he used to follow me everywhere, then I thought it was time he was taught something.

First I taught him to pull me in my express wagon, and then to go and get my pony, Billy, which was always in the Pasture.

One hot summers day, when we were all out riding or driving, Pat followed us, but disappeared for a long time. At last he returned however but all foaming.

I thought there was something the matter, but by the time I could reach my father, who was ahead, Pat was out of sight. As it was a quarter to three and we must be at the Church at three we could not turn back, we decided not to wait but to look on our way home.

When we came to the place on our return we hunted for him but were unsuccessful. Then we thought he had rested and gone home. So all our way home we looked for him, but in vain. On arriving home we heard he had not been there.

The next day my friend and I rode out to an Indian Reserve, where Pat often used to go. He was not there though, and as we could find no trace of him we were forced to give up the hunt at last.

Some weeks later a shooting party came upon the body of poor Pat near the place I had last seen him. The poor fellow had been unfortunate enough to eat poison set out for coyotes, and it had sealed his fate.

He was missed by everyone especially by myself as he went everywhere with me. No dog can take the place in my heart which Pat filled, who had been so faithful, gentle, and intelligent.

Even till his death which overtook him as he was faithfully trying to follow us, which he had been taught was his duty.

Hilda Hogbin.

THE LIFE OF A COWBOY.

The life of a cowboy is a life a good many boys delight in, not every boy is fitted for the life ; for certainly the boy aspiring to the title of cowboy needs to have stern stuff in him. He must be equal to the rude conditions of the life, or he is generally forced from the society of his partners. A cowboy, in one way or another, holds his rank among his fellowmen. He needs to be an excellent rider, which he generally is, or else he soon becomes one. We would find it impossible to get along without men of this calling, for there would be little cattle raising, or dealing with cattle carried on.

If we visited Texas or Arizona, we should see large cattle ranches, with hundreds of cowboys living on them, sometimes nearly a hundred on one ranch, where a good many heads of cattle are kept. At the head of the cowboys there is one of their men, who is called " Captain," who takes charge of them and gives them their directions for the day. It is impossible, sometimes, for them when they are out in search of the cattle, to get back to the ranch, and so most of the time they are sleeping in the open. That is one of the nice things of their life, and they enjoy the open air.

The work of the cowboy is to raise cattle and look after them. These cattle are in great demand, and are shipped away to companies in almost all parts of the world. The life of the cowboy is one of the freest and most enjoyable for those who delight in it.

Elvie Temple.

A THOUSAND PEARLS.

Once upon a time there lived a woman who had a beautiful daughter.

But this women was very poor, she could hardly buy food for herself and her daughter.

One day when the girl was gathering sticks, she met an old

woman who asked her if she had lost her way, and she said, "Yes, and I want to go home again."

The women said, "I am your Aunty, I will take you home." She was not her Aunty, but she was a witch, and she took her to a palace in the forest, and said to her, "If you can gather a thousand pearls, you shall marry a prince, and if you cannot you shall be turned into a stone."

The girl set to work as hard as she could, and tried all day, but she only got a few pearls.

Then some ants said "We will help you." So they set to work and soon gathered a thousand pearls.

And when they had finished, she showed them to the witch. The ants said "Do not forget to ask us to the wedding." She had the power to change the ants into people of her court.

So she married the prince, and they all lived happily ever afterwards.

Helen Spicer, (aged eleven.)

THE HEN.

The hen eats corn and oats. She scratches worms and insects out of the ground with her feet. She eats small stones to grind her food. She puts her beak in the water to drink, and raises her head to swallow the water. Her down feathers are next to her skin to keep her warm. The quill feathers are on her tail and wings. She cleans her feathers with her beak and feet. Her feathers are waterproof. Her feet are not web like duck's feet. She can hear very quickly. She can smell very quickly, she sees very quickly. Her language is "cluck cluck." Her nest is made of hay. Her egg is oval. When she is alive she lays eggs and when she is dead we cook her for food and eat her.

Nevil Shaw, (aged nine.)

School Register. MIDSUMMER, 1910.

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|------------------|-----------|-------------------|
| 1. Louisa Bickle | | Cumberland, B. C. |
| 2. Dorothy Bell | | Ladner, B. C. |

3. Myrtle Bryce	Seattle, Wash.
4. Alma Cropley	Vancouver, B. C.
5. Ruth Clinton	Cumberland, B. C.
6. Isabel Clark	Victoria, B. C.
7. Janet Coote	Chilliwack, B. C.
8. Grace Denison	Vernon, B. C.
9. Lena Dale	Port Hammond, B. C.
10. Frances Ferguson	Vancouver, B. C.
11. Lilian Granville	Dubec, Sask.
12. Kathleen Hall	Vancouver, B. C.
13. Dadie Hope	Vancouver, B. C.
14. Rosabel Homfray	Kamloops, B. C.
15. Hilda Hogbin	Banff Alta.
16. Beth Harvey	Qu' Appelle, Sask.
17. Muriel Hooper	Langley, B. C.
18. Irene Inkman	Agassiz, B. C.
19. Gladys Inkman	Agassiz, B. C.
20. Katie Lloyd Jones	Kelowna, B. C.
21. Laurada Jones	Vancouver, B. C.
22. Dorothy Lucas	Sardis, B. C.
23. Irene Mounce	Cumberland, B. C.
24. Eileen Morton	Victoria, B. C.
25. Winnifred Mathias	Penticton, B. C.
26. Audrey Mildmay	Vancouver, B. C.
27. Helen Mc.Daniel	Carstairs, Alta.
28. Edytha Mc.Mynn	Lulu Island, B. C.
29. Vera Mc.Mynn	Lulu Island, B. C.
30. Sybil Parke	Ashcroft, B. C.
31. Vivian Peele	New Westminster, B. C.
32. Gwendoline Pearson	Vancouver, B. C.
33. Nellie Parsons	Golden, B. C.
34. Marion Ross	Vancouver, B. C.
35. Elizabeth Rorison	Elburne, B. C.
36. Letitia Schofield	Trail, B. C.
37. Helen Spicer	Vancouver, B. C.
38. Charlotte Spicer	Vancouver, B. C.
39. Molly Spinks	Vernon, B. C.
40. Elvie Temple	Vancouver, B. C.
41. Doris Young	Fort William, Ont.
Huberta Shaw	}	withdrawn temporarily on account of illness.
Freda Miller		
Madaline Hall		

DAY SCHOLARS—

Kathleen Davis, Doris Shaw, Nevil Shaw, Keith Shaw.

Names Registered for Future Vacancies.

Helena Astley	Banff, Alta.
Constance Astley	Banff, Alta.
Dorothy Jackson	Vancouver, B. C.
Marjorie Lucas	Sardis, B. C.
Gertrude Rich	Ladner, B. C.
Doris Edwards	Nakrusp, B. C.
Joan Findlay	Sussex, England.
Catherine S. Pearson	Vancouver, B. C.
Mabel M. Pearson	Vancouver, B. C.
Dulcie Power	Thrums, B. C.
Violet May Plumm	Ducks, B. C.
Ivy Madeline Plumm	Ducks, B. C.

News of "Old Girls."

We hope in future numbers of the Magazine to keep a special page for news of "Old Girls," and hope for plenty of contributions towards it!

Just as we go to press we hear that there have been thirteen engagements or weddings amongst "Old Girls" during the past year.

Eva Holmes is now Mrs. Studd.

Floss Findley is Mrs. Frazer.

Rita Findley is Mrs. Stewart.

Mary Brannick is Mrs. Hickson.

We cannot delay the Magazine long enough to hear of the others, but even the "little girls" of not so many years ago all seem to be married and settled down now!

Short Rules for Long Comfort at Home.

Put self last.

Be prompt at every meal.

Take little annoyances out of the way.

When any good happens to anyone, rejoice.

When anyone suffers, drop a word of sympathy.

Tell of your own faults rather than those of others.
 Have a place for everything and everything in its place.
 Hide your own troubles, but watch to help others out of theirs.
 Never interrupt any conversation, but wait patiently your turn to
 speak.

Look for beauty in everything, and take a cheerful view of every
 event.

Always speak kindly and politely to servants.
 When inclined to give an angry answer, press your lips together,
 and say the alphabet.

When pained by an unkind word or deed, ask yourself. Have I
 never done as ill and desired forgiveness ?

He must increase, but I must decrease.

(**JUNE 24.** **DECEMBER 25.**)

Stern rugged Saint, thine own impending doom
 Thyself pronoucest, yielding place to One
 The World's true Radiance. Scarce the tarrying sun,
 Lately in triumph to his solstice come,
 Sign of less power shows. Still far off loom
 The short dark days of winter, when at last,
 As with the year our hopes are ebbing fast,
 The heavenly Dayspring rises on our gloom.

'He must increase.' Bravely the words ring out
 Bravely thou meetest e'en the murderer's sword,
 Thy life-work finished. Yet in th'eternal Now,

Blinded no longer by the mists of doubt,
 His servants wait in presence of their Lord,
 Unworthy all, but least unworthy thou.

I. E. M.

Festival St. John Baptist, 1907.

A Letter from India.

THE HOUSE OF THE EPIPHANY,
BARISAL,
E. BENGAL.

Dec : 3rd. 1910.

My dear Miss Harris :

Thank you so much for that pretty *cold* little picture of Yale which reached me just at Christmas time. It was very nice to have a little bit of Yale coming to me then, but it makes me quite cold to look at it and does a good deal towards reconciling me to not being there. Perhaps that sounds rather ungrateful but there are many times when I long to look in at you and see you all and the beautiful place again. I am glad this place is as different as it is—it is also very beautiful in its way—but there is not a hill or a sign of one within hundreds of miles and the beauty is of wide stretches of country—rice fields, graceful palms and bamboos, picturesque huts and people, beautiful wide calm rivers everywhere, and lovely sunrises and sunsets.

I expect Sister Althea will have told you something of my life at Barisal, so I will try and tell you something about the very interesting Christmas I spent.

For three weeks before Xmas I was out in the district with one of the other Sisters—that means going round to the different villages in the rice fields and getting our people ready for Christmas. One of the Oxford Mission Brothers would be working in the same villages. Then we have what we can in the way of Christmas Services in each place.

In some places the water is not off the rice fields yet, and you have to go about from house to house in little boats very much like dugouts—that is a very nice way of doing things—the difficulty comes when there is not quite enough water for the dinghy—then there is nothing for it but wading which is exciting work because it may be just mud or you may get a stretch of water up to your knees or more : On such occasions you take a boy to carry your books and you yourself are armed with a long thick bamboo, with which you can tackle most things.

There are a great many primitive kinds of canals all over the place and over them if they are deep you have bamboo bridges

for which you need a steady head—most of them have a single bamboo to walk on, and a more or less shaky one about on a level with your shoulder, by way of a handrail. So you see life is not dull out in the district!

But I was going to tell you about Christmas. We were at a little place about fifty miles from Barisal, where we had never been for Christmas before—the water had almost entirely gone there, so it was pretty easy getting about—there were only occasional patches of mud.

Of course I do not know enough of the language to be any good for teaching yet but I had learnt the Xmas hymns, while Sister Mary was giving lessons in one house, I had the people at another for singing.

It often made me think of the midnight Service at Yale when I was singing, "O come all ye faithful" in another different language—though the circumstances were somewhat different.

The people are not so unmusical as I expected them to be, but if you get three out of perhaps ten who get somewhere near the tune, you think you have had a splendid practice. They all manage the words somehow, but to various tunes of their own—the effect is very hearty—not so trying as it sounds!

The people all live on "baris" artificial islands built up to be above the water level in the rains.

On Christmas Eve we had a most lovely procession to all the Christian baris—it was one of the most striking things I have ever seen though it had its funny side!

Just at dusk we all collected on the Bengali Reader's bari—the Cross-bearer—Mr. Conway—in his cope,—two acolytes in red cassocks carrying lights—another man with incense—besides these a good number of men and a few women with Sister Mary and myself. Of course the women do not as a rule go about at all.

We began there with a "Litany for our country," for all the different people in India, and then began the form of Service we had on every bari. Mr. Conway recited in a loud voice in Bengali the words, "Fear not for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all people, for unto you is born this day in the City of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord," and we all responded, "Come and let us now go even unto Bethlehem and see this thing which is to come to pass which the Lord hath made

known unto us, then a short prayer—one of the Christmas hymns and the words "Peace be to this house and all that dwell in it," and the procession started for another bari singing Christmas hymns and Litanies.

Of course it was not possible to keep much of a line going straight across country with people who had never seen a procession before, and the singing was shaky when different parts of the procession got to different places *e.g.* getting down the side of a bari, there is nothing for it but to run: but it was a thrilling feeling to be following that Shining Cross singing the familiar Christmas hymns in the language of India, through that country which had never seen anything of the kind before with groups of Hindus, Mussulman, watching from their baris or hanging about on the outskirts of our people to see what it was all about.

In that way we visited all the Christmas baris within reach—it was a striking scene on the baris—the group lit up by the lights carried in the procession and the background of dusky figures and the low thatched roofs of the bamboo houses. We were processing for just upon two hours, singing hard all the time and finished up with a short service at the Church, but it was too interesting to be tiring and when we got back to the house-boat in which we were living we had to have "While Shepherds watched" in English for ourselves.

A Midnight Celebration is not possible out in the district—people have to come such long distances, but we have one at Barisal and all sorts of beautiful processions I believe. I daresay I shall be here another year, but I would not have missed the Xmas at Koligran for a good deal.

I am enclosing some children's letters in this.

I hope that you had a very happy Christmas at Yale—Yale Christmases are some of the happiest I have known. With love to the children and yourself,

Yours affectionately,

ROSE MOODY.

(now "Sister Rose" of the Oxford Mission,
Sisterhood of the Epiphany.)

Notice.

This Magazine will be published three times a year. All the pupils in the School will be encouraged to write for it. Copies will be sent to parents and charged for at the rate of 25c. a copy, in the quarterly stationery accounts.

More Subscribers to the Magazine will be gladly welcomed. The subscription is 50c. a year (2s. 6d. English Money); 2c. or 1d. stamps will be accepted.

The Canadian School Summer Term will close D.V., June 29. The Winter Term will begin D.V. September 1st, 1910.

Parents wishing to withdraw their children from the Canadian School are requested to notify the Sister in Charge to that effect not later than August 1st.
