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PAGE

MISSING

ALL HALLOWS IN THE WEST.

All Hallows' Canadian School.

YALE, B. C.

ESTABLISHED 1890.

Conducted by the Sisters of All Hallows.

VISITOR: - - THE LORD BISHOP OF NEW WESTMINSTER.

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

THE COURSE OF STUDY INCLUDES:

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

STAFF OF TEACHERS:

English Subjects and Latin,	Miss Shibley, B. A., Kingston University.	Miss Hart, B. A., Miss Kelly, B. A., Trinity University, Toronto.
French & German,	Miss Shibley, B. A. & Sister Alice, C. A. H.	
Music, Piano, - -	Miss Moody, Sister Alice, C. A. H.,	Miss Hart, B. A.
" Violin, - -	Miss Money, Cert. Assoc. Board.	Sr. Local Centre.
Drawing or Painting, -	Miss Moody.	

SCHOOL TERMS:

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

School Hours : 9 to 12, 1 to 3. - - - Study Hour : 7 to 8:30.

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

Pupils are prepared for the McGill University Entrance Examination, and for Matriculation.

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

Also for School Examinations of the Royal Drawing Society.

Entrance Fee \$5.00.

SCHOOL FEES: (In Advance.)

Board and Education, - - - - -	\$20.00 a month.
Music, Piano, - - - - -	\$5.00 a month.
" Violin, - - - - -	\$5.00 a month.

Application for further particulars to be made to:

THE SISTER SUPERIOR,

ALL HALLOWS' SCHOOL, YALE, B. C.

All Hallows in the West.

Work undertaken and carried on in 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,	- -	,, 1835.
Canadian Boarding School for girls, 40 pupils,	- -	,, 1890.

Staff of Workers :

Three Sisters,	Miss Moody,
Miss Shibley,	Mrs. Woodward,
Miss Ellis,	Miss H. Woodward.
	Miss Flewelling.

Chaplain: (Provisional appointment) Rev. H. Underhill, of
S. Paul's, Vancouver, B. C.

Prayer for the Children of the Schools:

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

V. Take this child and nurse it for Me.

R. And I will give thee thy reward.

Let us pray.

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

Commemoration of those who have gone out from the Schools:

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 in the West.

VOL. IV.

ASCENSION-TIDE, 1902.

NO. I.

Ascension Day.

"A cloud received Him out of their sight."

WHEN Christ went up to Heaven the Apostles stayed
Gazing at Heaven with souls and wills on fire,
Their hearts on flight along the track He made,
Winged by desire.

Their silence spake : "Lord, why not follow Thee?
Home is not home without Thy Blessed Face
Life is not life. Remember, Lord, and see,
Look back, embrace.

"Earth is one desert waste of banishment,
Life is one long-drawn anguish of decay.
Where Thou wert wont to go we also went :
Why not to-day?"

Nevertheless a cloud cut off their gaze :
They tarry to build up Jerusalem,
Watching for Him, while thro' the appointed days
He watches them.

They do His Will, and doing it rejoice,
Patiently glad to spend and to be spent ;
Still He speaks to them, still they hear His Voice
And are content.

For as a cloud received Him from their sight,
So with a cloud will He return ere long :
Therefore they stand on guard by day, by night
Strenuous and strong.

They do, they dare, they beyond seven times seven
Forgive, they cry God's Mighty Word aloud :
Yet sometimes haply lift tired eyes to Heaven—
"Is that His cloud?"

C. ROSETTI.

An Address to the Children of All Hallows.

OBEDIENCE, The Lesson of Life.

THE DIVINE MASTER went up
into a mountain, and calling
His disciples to Him, He sat
down in their midst and

taught them.

It was a long and a hard lesson
He put before them,—things necessary
for them to learn if their discipleship
were to be true, necessary for them to
practise if they hoped to enter the
Kingdom of Heaven.

He told them who were blessed.

the poor in spirit, the mourners, the meek, the hungry and thirsty, the merciful, the pure, the peace-makers, the martyrs. He taught them about prayer, fasting, almsgiving, charity, self-denial, but the central idea, the under-lying principle of all His teaching was Obedience.

From earliest years you have probably in some way or other been trying to learn that lesson. At home as little children you were first taught the meaning of the word. Here at School your lessons in obedience are deepened and developed. Your practice in the life of obedience is strengthened by your rules and by your training. At All Hallows you find yourselves, not important people whose wishes and whims every one must consider, but small members of a large Body, all under one Head, all having the same manner of life, work, rules, punishments, pleasures and privileges.

When you leave School you will enter upon another manner of life in the world, leaving your child-life, your school-life behind you. The world will be like the High School or College which you will enter for your further training and knowledge.

You will probably meet with great and deep joys, and you will surely meet with *some* sorrows, for sorrow belongs to all men, but you will not find freedom from the yoke of obedience. You will not be able to do as you like *then*, any more than you are allowed in all things to do as you like now. The will of others, the duties of station, the usages of society, the relations of life, and above and over all the law of God will claim from you obedience. The discipline of life will be there to teach you that for the feet

of man there is but one path, the path of obedience, if he would win happiness.

God is our Father, first by creation, now by adoption. Jesus Christ, His Only Son, our Lord, is our Elder Brother and our Master in the School of Obedience. We are called by His Name. As He sat on the mountain, teaching His disciples, long, long ages ago, so He gathers us to His Side still, on a mountain, on high ground, for there can be no low level for the Lord's disciples.

Those who in the Master's Name, are engaged in bringing up little children, in teaching young people, are the Master's Assistant Teachers. Theirs is a very high and holy calling, they bear a great responsibility, and you must hold them in great honour for their work's sake.

God our Father, is tender, loving and wise. He knows how to give good gifts to His children. He knows what to deny them. His gifts do not always seem to us good. Some sorrow, some trouble, some pain or loss may seem to us for a time grievous, but all these are *given* with a loving purpose.

It may be God saw our hearts were wandering away from Him, that while our lives were filled with certain pleasures, certain comforts, certain work and interests, certain friends we loved and who loved us, we were crowding Him out, we were becoming unmindful of His service.

Perhaps we had so much to do that we began neglecting the services of the Church, then in loving, tender compassion He took away that which we had, and He *gave* trouble, or sorrow, or sickness, or loss; it may be He caused us to know the pain of separation from

those whom we dearly loved, in order to bring us back into the way of loving obedience to Him.

In all this we learn something of the secrets and the mysteries of life. God is a wise Father, not like Eli who indulged his sons, denying them nothing until his indulgence led to their deaths and final destruction.

In the School of Christ, we have pre-eminently to learn to deny ourselves, we have to learn to obey a higher law than that of inclination. Scholar means disciple, one who follows, to learn.

Every School has its distinctive badge and colour. Every School leaves its distinctive mark on the character. "All Hallows", "All Holy" from its very name ought to leave a sanctifying mark upon all of you who are growing up under its influence and teaching, for it is a School which is dedicated in a peculiar manner to God's Glory and Service.

People who meet you in after life ought to be able to see in you the mark of your School, the mark of holiness, of righteousness. This mark can only be acquired by the practice of obedience.

You can never get rid of obedience. All through your earthly life it will be required of you, and in the life beyond the grave it will follow you.

Pride engendered rebellion and caused some of the Angels to lose their places in Heaven. Rebellion against God's command caused Adam to lose Paradise, and from

him, our first parent, we inherit sinful and rebellious natures.

The Son of God left His Glory and became Man for our sakes. He, the second Adam, lived as man, laboured as man, suffered as man, and died as man, one long life of perfect obedience to the Father; and this family, the family of God the Father "for which He was contented to be betrayed into the hands of wicked men and to suffer death upon the cross" receives from Him a new nature, an obedient nature, imperfect *now*, warring with the old nature of disobedience, but *after* the Resurrection we shall rise with His likeness, will be taken into His perfect nature, and then the life of joyful obedience, the life of Heaven will be ours for all eternity.

Without this change in our nature we could not find happiness even in Heaven. But the change has to begin here, for it to be perfected there. And there, where Christ our Master is, no sinful thing can enter, and all sin is disobedience in one form or another.

The pearly gates of the Golden City were opened wide by our Lord in His Ascension, opened to welcome all His true disciples, those who were willing to learn from Him the lesson of obedience on earth, those for whom He died, for whom He rose again, for whom He ascended, and for whom He now lives to make intercession at the Right Hand of God the Father, and of Whom He said "Where I am there shall also My servant be."



Elijah.

IT was the great Elijah in the chariot of heaven,
 With the horses of Jehovah, by a mighty angel driven,
 And the chariot wheels were rushing 'mid a mist of fiery spray,
 Through the glory of the night to higher glory of the day.

It was the great Elijah—but meek and still was he,
 For he trembled at the glory which his flesh was soon to see,
 Going, girdled in his sackcloth, as the prophets were arrayed,
 To the splendour of the Presence where the angels are dismayed.

Unwonted was the honour which his Master would accord
 To His true and faithful witness, bravest servant of the Lord;
 But better had he borne, I trow, the sad old human way
 Of entering by the gates of Death into eternal day.

Aye, better had he borne to turn his face unto the wall,
 With his kindred in their kindness gathered round him, one and all,
 And to lie down with his fathers in the dust for some brief space,
 For the death, he once had dreaded, now appeared a tender grace.

It was the great Elijah; and the form that would dilate
 In the presence of King Ahab, and his councillors of State,
 Now bowed its head in lowliness, as if it dared not cope
 With the terror of the glory and the wonder of the hope.

Away from earth they travelled; yet he somehow seemed to know
 The road, as if his weary steps had trod it long ago;
 And was not that the wilderness to which he once had fled?
 And that the lonely juniper where he had wished him dead?

And was not that the cave where he had sat in sullen mood,
 Until he heard the "still small voice" that touched his heart with good?
 And was not that the road by which from Carmel he had run
 Before the chariot of the king about the set of sun?

Yea, God was backward leading him to heaven along the path
 Which he erewhile had travelled o'er in fear of grief or wrath,
 That by its mingled memories his heart he might prepare
 For the grandeur of the glory and the crown he was to wear.

Now, as they drove, careering, with the fire-flakes round the wheels,
 And the sparks that rushed like shooting stars from the horses' flashing
 heels.

Lo! he was aware of a throng of men lay strewn along the road;
 And straight at them the angel drove the chariot of God.

"Stay, stay!" then cried Elijah, "rein up the fiery steeds;
 They will mangle those poor people lying there like bruised reeds;
 See, they stir not; they are sleeping; or their thoughts are far away,
 And they do not hear the wheels of God to Whom perchance they pray.

"Full oft have I been praying so, and chiding His delay,
And, lo! the work was done, or ere my lips had ceased to pray;
For our ears are dull of hearing; stay and put them not to proof
Beneath the grinding of the wheel, and trampling of the hoof."

"Nay, it boots not," said the angel, "they are but the ghosts, of those
Three hundred priests of Baalim who fell beneath thy blows
That glorious day on Carmel; let them perish, as they cry
To the gods that cannot help them when they live, or when they die.

"Drive on, ye horses of the Lord, across the weltering throng,
It is the great Elijah ye are bearing now along,
Let them see him once again in the triumph of his faith,
And hear the bitter mockery, and taste the bitter death."

It was the great Elijah, the prophet stern and grand,
Faithful only to Jehovah! he in all the faithless land;
Zealous even unto slaughter for the God of Israel
'Gainst Ahab and the minions of the Tyrian Jezebel.

But he answered, "Stay thy running, and let me here descend,
For the Lord has hither brought me surely for this very end;
Ah! this thing I had forgotten—day of glory and of dole—
And I wist not what did ail me, but its weight was on my soul."

Then he stepped down from the chariot, looking O so *meek* and *mild*,
For the burden of the glory made him humble as a child;
And he lifted up the prostrate head of one and then another,
For the burden of the greatness made him tender as a mother.

"Ye priests of ancient Sidon and of purple Tyre" he cried;
"I have heard a still small voice that hushed the storms of wrath and pride,
And God Who was not in the fire, and was not in the wind,
Was in the still small voice that spake to the unquiet mind.

"O worshippers of Ashtoroth, and priests of Baalim,
I thought to please Jehovah, and I only grievèd Him;
I flouted you, and mocked you, and I deemed that I did well
When I smote you in the name of Him, the God of Israel.

"But He hath no pleasure in the death of any man that dies,
He delighteth not in blood or smoke, of such a sacrifice;
Yea, not a worm is crushed, but the writhings of its pain
Touch a chord of His great pity, Who made nothing live in vain.

"He had patience with thee, Sidon, and patience I had none;
For the art of Tyre, perchance, He let the sin of Tyre alone,
Something He saw to stay His wrath, but I would nothing see;
Ye were the priests of Jezebel, and hateful unto me.

"I did not think how hard it is to find the way of truth;
I did not think how hard it is to shake the faith of youth;
Yet if I was walking in the light, the credit was not mine,
But God's, Who in His grace to me, had made the light to shine.

"If ye were walking in the dark, and I was in the light,
I should have brought its help to you, and plied you with its might.
But I made my heart a flaming fire, my tongue a bitter rod,
And I did not hear the still small voice which is the voice of God.

"I said ye might have right to live in Tyre beside the sea,
But not in high Samaria or fertile Galilee ;
And I smote you there on Carmel, as I thought, by His commands,
But I smote my own heart also when your blood was on my hands.

"For the strength departed from me as the pity in me died,
And in an unloved loneliness I nursed unhallowed pride ;
And I wist there was none faithful on the earth but only I,
And sat beneath the juniper and prayed that I might die.

"For Jezebel and Ahab did as they had done before,
And the idols were exalted, and idolaters were more ;
And the land was nothing better for the blood that had been shed,
And I sat beneath the juniper and wished that I were dead.

"Then it was I heard the still small voice, and bowed me to the ground,
Humbled by the gracious burden of the mercy I had found ;
But I may not enter into rest, or with the Lord abide,
Till ye humble with your pardon him that smote you in his pride."

Then, one by one, he bore them gently from the angel's way,
And, one by one, he laid them down, and kissed them where they lay ;
And he never was so human as in his meekness then,
And he never was so godlike till he was like other men.

And he said in yearning pity, "O ! that I might die for you,
Hapless souls that are in darkness, and who know not what they do !"
And the tearful eye was swimming, and he heaved a weary sigh ;
He was very near to glory with that great tear in his eye.

And the angel in his chariot sat, and watched him toiling long,
And the angel's face shone radiant, and he broke into a song ;
For the choicest songs of angels are the anthems that begin
With the sorrow of a contrite heart a-breaking for its sin.

And ever as the prophet wept, the angel sang more loud,
And his face was shining more, the more the prophet's head was bowed,
Until the task was ended, and the flesh was crucified,
When lo ! they were at the gate of heaven, and the door was opened wide.

Lo ! they were at the gate of heaven, and there a mighty throng,
Ten thousand times ten thousand, raised their shout and sang their song ;
But the Lord remembered he was flesh, and downcast for his sin,
And Enoch, who had walked with God, came forth to lead him in.

WALTER C. SMITH.

Leaves from Our Journal.

DECEMBER. We entered upon the last weeks of the old year with sad heart-aches in anticipation of "goodbyes" so soon to be spoken. "Goodbyes" are trials we undergo twice every year. They are uttered lovingly but lightly by those who are separating only for a short holiday of fun and frolic, but for those who are going from the old School "for good" the words are full of sad meaning, indicating severance from the hundred dear associations of daily life, the separation of school-fellows who have spent, perhaps, years together in close companionship, who have quarrelled and kissed, and very likely quarrelled again, played and studied, walked and talked, and spent the bright span of childhood's untroubled hours under the same fostering care and influence; for these the goodbye means the closing for ever of one page in a young life's history, and the beginning of another, full of bright hope and promise, but shadowed (as are all earthly things) by the present, very real pain of parting, a pain shared at All Hallows by Teachers and Sisters and Children alike.

The Teachers provided a small "Surprise Supper" on the evening of the 14th., in honour of Meda Hume, our last summer's gold medallist, who was leaving School at Christmas.

Very interesting secret preparations were made for this feast, and unwonted dainties were provided. Trifle and sandwiches, salted almonds, fruit cake and French coffee! If the "House-Mother" had been consulted, bread and butter, seed cake and milk is what *she* would have advised as being good and wholesome, but simple fare is

old-fashioned now.

The Study-girls on coming out of their drilling class at 8 o'clock one Saturday evening, found such good cheer provided for them in the Study, that they speedily forgot they were very tired, and the surprise so kindly planned by Miss Shibley, Miss Woodward and Miss Flewelling was as complete and delightful as heart could wish.

On the evening of the 18th., the usual "breaking-up party" took place, when the energetic members of the Amusement Club provided a pleasant programme, consisting of some funny recitations very little presented, and a charming little play called "The Dolls' Club."

The Amusement Club must not be confounded with the Recreation Club. The latter is a society composed of seniors and "grown ups", who do everything with great deliberation, and never launch into an entertainment until they have "called a meeting" to consider ways and means, then they proceed with commendable zeal to turn the house topsy-turvy before their costumes, parts and programme could possibly be got ready to place before a critical public.

This is not the way of the Amusement Club. With youthful audacity they "make" their own plays, at two hours notice they "get up" their costumes, issue invitations, and *even* provide refreshments. The scene of their operations is generally confined to the Play-Room. The most venerable member of the Club, (I believe she is President) is thirteen years old, the youngest has seen six summers.

We elders will have to present them with a testimonial some day, in acknowledgement of the alacrity with which they have come to our aid on various occasions, and the

hearty, wholesome laughter they have (sometimes quite unintentionally) afforded us.

To return to the events connected with our "breaking up" party. After the Dolls' Club play was duly applauded, drawings, and some very pretty pieces of needle-work were laid out for inspection; the Sister Superior then spoke a few words to the "family" so soon to be scattered throughout the Province—and farther. Half a dozen rewards were presented to those who in lessons, music, drawing or special charges had made the most marked improvement. Refreshments were handed round, and at this stage of the proceedings a general diversion was occasioned by the arrival of Carol Singers from the Indian School, who cloaked in red and carrying lighted candles made a most picturesque group on the garden path just under the Dining Hall windows, while their fresh young voices fell sweetly on the night air as they sang the dear familiar Christmas Songs.

As refreshments were not quite exhausted, large plates of cake were carried out to them, and then amid hearty cheerings both Schools dispersed.

The next day the Canadian School was left desolate, our dear children, Meda Hume, Grace Corbould, Ray Flewelling and Doris Stocken had said goodbye to its friendly walls for ever as school girls, we hope they will return to it at some future date as "visitors."

Christmas Eve saw our usual Indian guests arriving from the villages near Yale. Old men and maids, young men and little children, mothers and grandmothers, seventy dear souls in all.

From after Evensong until midnight we were busy taking down

names, classifying communicants, non-communicants, baptized, unbaptized etc.; and arranging a crèche on the floor in a warm corner of the School-room for the babies.

A quiet little Preparation Service was held for all in the School-room before they were permitted to enter the Chapel for the great mid-night Service.

Mr. Underhill celebrated, the service was fully choral, the Indians singing the Responses. Gloria in Excelsis, Sanctus, and Hymn *Adeste Fidelis* in the Yale tongue, and with great earnestness; an unusual note of pathos however ran through their service, because a small party of our oldest and most valued Yale Indian friends were for the first time in ten years absent from their places in the Stable-Chapel on this Christmas night.

They had been required to attend a mid-night Service held for the first time in the Parish Church, and with their usual child-like docility they had come to ask what they should do, and on being told, they had gone their way sorrowfully, for the "doing" caused them keen disappointment and the pain of separation from friends and kindred with whom they had worshipped for a whole decade in the School Chapel. Yet who can doubt, but that God both saw and felt with them in their sorrow and more than made up to them spiritually for all that they missed externally in their communion that night?

The congregation in the School Chapel heard a beautiful little address from Mr. Underhill through an Interpreter, and after the last solemn blessing was given and the deep-toned three-fold Amen had rolled out, they paused for a few moments to make their Thanksgiving together for God's unspcak-

able Gift, then all returned to the School-room to look for their babies, whom they found sleeping peacefully in warm nests made out of rugs and shawls on the floor. Hot tea with plenty of milk and sugar, bread and butter, and raisin bread was generously served round, about 2 o'clock in the morning our guests dispersed, and we were at liberty to seek a few hours rest.

On Christmas Day after an early Matins at 7 a. m., Mr. Underhill returned by train to his own flock in Vancouver.

At mid-day a beautiful dinner was prepared in the Dining Hall for the Indian School. Let no one who reads an account of that dinner accuse us of extravagance. The plum pudding and the potatoes *only* came out of our house-keeping. Turkey, oranges, nuts, crackers, candy and decorations were all gifts from dear friends who love little children.

On the 26th. the Indians had their great social gathering, when certain time-honoured customs were as usual observed, a Christmas Tree was reared, laden with gifts for old and young alike, speeches were made, good wishes expressed and much hand-shaking accomplished.

JANUARY. On New Year's Eve Archdeacon Pentreath arrived to minister to us in the Chapel. Evensong was sung at 7.30, when the Archdeacon had a most attentive and appreciative congregation of small people who came away intent upon writing notes of the interesting sermon they had heard about Santa Claus, and the Spanish legend of the old woman who was busy sweeping her house when the Wise Men went by searching for the Babino, but she hadn't time to join

in their search just then, she had, or thought she had, first to finish cleaning her house, when that was done she set out, but she had delayed so long the Wise Men had vanished, she had lost their trail, there was no star to guide her, and ever since at Christmas time she has gone out searching, searching with hands full of gifts which she bestows upon all the little children she meets on the way hoping that among them she will discover the Christ Child at last.

On New Year's morning, the Feast of the Circumcision, we had a Choral Celebration in the Chapel, the music being very sweetly and softly sung by the Indian children.

The communicants' dinner came off as usual at 2 o'clock. A Christmas Tree was not at all usual on that day, it was a special treat provided for the children by their good friend in India, Captain Bryson, of the Imperial Medical Service.

The first break we had in the weather after this, was on the 9th. of January, when a few pale wintry gleams of sunshine were hailed with delight, and a long-deferred village afternoon tea-party was held in the Study. Our guests only numbered fourteen, but they represented nearly all our neighbours from the village, not of course including husbands who were at work at that hour. It was an exclusively feminine gathering, tea and cake were partaken of in a friendly circle round the fire, enlivened by pleasant conversation and an inspection of "The Hundred Best Pictures" by great Masters, volumes of which had been kindly presented to us by Mr. H. Moody.

On the 20th. of January the Canadian School re-opened. The weather so far had been dull but

very mild, the mercury began to fall just after the family settled in. A week later there were 20 degrees of frost, this with a howling wind and lessons made life seem very sad and gloomy. A small amount of skating only served to brighten the prospect a little.

FEBRUARY. For nearly two weeks it snowed every night, and the morning light discovered crocuses and snowdrops tucked out of sight under a white mantle of snow, then in the afternoons, oh marvellous Columbian climate, the sun shone warmly and brightly, melting the snow, drying the light porous soil, and enabling the children to wander about garden and playing-field hatless and coatless, forgetful, almost, that winter was still peeping round the corner, and that down at the brook, above the waterfall icicles were to be found a foot long.

During Lent the Bishop kindly arranged a course of services and instructions for the Schools. Arch-deacon Pentreath, Mr. Underhill, Mr. Moore, and Mr. Bell came up, some once, some twice, during the holy Season to minister to us. The Bishop himself came for Holy Week and Easter.

MARCH. The Wednesday evening offertories in Lent were set apart for the Chapel Building Fund.

Daily during the sad days of Holy Week the family gathered round the Altar at early morning and at eventide, to hear the Story of the cruel trial, sufferings and death of God's Most Holy Son, and to worship in deep humility, Him Who was made sin for us, the Just for the unjust.

Good Friday dawned calm and still. In the solemn hush of the

early morning, and again at noon, we met to pray and meditate upon the Hours of the Passion, our thoughts, guided by the Bishop's addresses, centred on the Voice of the Divine Sufferer as "He spake His Seven Words of Love" from the Cross. At 6 o'clock Vespers was said and it was all over, a brief resting time had come for weary spirits worn out by prayer and watching. Such a blessed rest of soul—not of body yet—a fore-taste perhaps of that waiting time in Paradise between death and the General Resurrection.

On Easter Eve, Evensong was sung at 7. The Chapel was a blaze of lights, and the little Altar was a mass of white flowers: tall white Annunciation lilies stood around the Cross, hyacinths, lilies-of-the-valley and smilax filled the vases and sweetened the air with their delicate perfume: and chant and psalm, carol and anthem were raised in joyous strain by eighty thankful hearts and earnest voices.

Early on Easter morning the melody of prayer and praise again ascended from the Stable-Chapel to greet the Risen Master. It was a day of endless joys, and early though Easter fell, the sun shone warmly and the air was soft and springlike.

APRIL. Easter holidays at All Hallows legitimately only cover two whole days, but afternoons were purloined on more than one occasion, the fine weather proving an inducement to Teachers to let the children out of School at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, to ramble about at their own sweet will over the hillside and in the playing-fields. Tennis nets were put up, croquet hoops came into evidence, picnics became of frequent occur-

rence, and a general air of festivity prevailed over the place.

The week of rejoicing and holiday making was all too soon over. Examinations have begun, as usual at this season, to send out notes of warning like cuckoos; I think we might justly call them the "Harbingers of Spring" for us.

The gardens are claiming a great deal of attention, and many people small and great are busy digging, hoeing, raking, planting and watering. The borders round the playing-fields provide unlimited space and opportunity for amateur gardening.

How we love every hour of this warm new budding life of nature which April brings. Too brief, too quickly gone. Drummond has well expressed through the quaint dialect verses in his "Habitant," the mingled feelings of joy and regret with which one welcomes the fleeting season of Spring in Canada :

"But Spring's in beeg hurry, and don't
stay long wit' us,
An' firs t'ing we know, she go off till nex'
year,
Den bee commence hummin' for summer
is comin'
An purty soon corn's gettin' ripe on de
ear.

Dat's very nice tam to wake up on de
morning
An' lissen de rossignol sing ev'ry place,
Feel sout' win' a blowin' see clover a
growin'
An' all de worl' laughin' itself on de face."

The Yale Falls.

A RUMOUR ran through the School one day in Easter Week that Sister was arranging to let the Study girls go to the Yale Falls for a picnic. Now some of the "Play-roomers" are not so *very* little, and we are good walkers and climbers,

so we petitioned Sister to let the strongest of us go also. The Falls are about five miles from the School, back in the forest, and to reach them you have to go along a very steep, rough trail.

We woke up on the pic-nic day with our hearts jumping with excitement (Sister thinks it was our legs) for we expected to have a great deal of fun, and it is always nice to go scrambling about and doing things different from everyday.

As soon as the luncheon baskets were packed, after breakfast, we started off with our mugs tied round our necks for safety, and books and work tucked under our arms; at the village store we stopped to buy some biscuits, and then we called for Daisy, who is the only day-pupil in our School, and she is just like a boarder except that she does not sleep at the School. A quarter of a mile beyond the village we came to the foot of the hill we call "The Slide," because its side is cleared of all rocks and stumps, and the woodmen when they cut down trees for fuel, saw them into convenient lengths and roll them down this hill to the road below, so it is worn almost smooth on one side. We found it very dusty for climbing, however we took a short rest before starting to climb, and at the top we found a beautiful shady spot where we sat down to wait for those of our party who were late in starting, because they had to have their violin lessons first.

It must have been an hour that we spent at this spot, and then we were so refreshed that we got on very quickly and were soon at our "camping ground," where we built a fire and set out the lunch, which was very good, rolls, eggs, jelly, buns and lovely jam cakes, a

repast fit for a queen, but the good things soon disappeared when we sat down to them.

After lunch Sister Agatha, who was in charge of us, arranged us into different parties, one to climb down to the Falls, we could see them from where we were a long way below us, another to climb higher up the mountain, and a third party of "delicate ones" to stay and rest by the fire.

The Falls lay some 200 feet below so we had quite a steep descent before us, Sister went with this party herself. Long before we got to the bottom of the ravine we could hear the mighty roar of the water rushing over its rocky bed. Before this we were looking *down* on the Falls, from the ravine we looked *up* at them. It was very beautiful to see that foaming torrent of water clear as crystal falling over the cliffs into a deep emerald green pool below, which it lashed into a perfect fury of foam and spray, and then escaped into a narrow channel or creek winding away between the mountains, and emptying itself I suppose somewhere or other when it meets the Fraser. As we sat and watched the power and fury of that great body of water, then looked up at the dark silent mountains surrounding us, we felt a great awe at the wonderful works of God.

We did not try to do any fishing, although sometimes fine trout are to be caught in this creek, but we are not very lucky. In the brook near the School we sometimes used to try to fish, we cannot get drowned there, but we used to lose our shoes and wet our frocks, and if we did catch anything "he (always) nearly pulled us in before we pulled him out." So far from home it was better not to try.

It began to get very chilly as the afternoon wore on, because the rays of the sun did not penetrate to the bottom of the ravine where we were. It was hard work climbing up again, and we were all panting and puffing like steam engines when we got into the sunlight again, and then it seemed so warm we had to find a shady spot near a stream where we lay down to rest for half an hour.

We tramped down "the Slide" with long poles on our shoulders on which we slung our luncheon baskets, quite empty now; at the bottom we had to rest again, and then we took the road homeward.

We were very glad to get our dinners and go to bed, we had spent a *very* happy day, but we were aching and dreadfully tired, and bed seemed the best place for us at 8 o'clock that evening.

ELLA UNDERHILL.

Aged 12 years.

Parties and Plays.

*A little work, a little play
To keep us going, and so Good-day!*

GREAT excitement prevailed among the family one morning not long after Easter. It had been known for some days previously that a "masked ball" would take place "some time," but on this morning a notice was issued from the Sister Superior's room.

MASQUERADE BALL,

Wednesday 17th., at 7.30 p. m.

CONCERT FOR "THE FAMILY,"

Thursday 18th., at 7.30 p. m.

This left two days for preparation, and oh! what busy days they were; for the family had been given to understand that they were not to send away for, but to *design* and *make* their own costumes; and they

were exciting days as well, for, as far as possible, each was to keep her "character" a secret from the rest. So costumes had to be carried round in mysterious-looking paper bags, and large rocks in the garden and Playing-field had to be found behind which to sit and sew. Two members of the family were heard separately to say that they had "bagged the mound,"—i. e. the hill side whereon to ply their needles. When each discovered the other's intention, the exigencies of the case were such that it required a mutual friend to point out soothingly that "the mound" *was* big enough for two!

And oh! the long suffering elders! Evidently the family's point of view was that they had so little to do, and so few responsibilities that it would be quite a pleasant change for them to be kept busy, advising, cutting-out, fitting, lending play-clothes, suggesting and superintending-improvements, and generally assisting.

"Trying-on" was great fun, though there were some rueful faces when it was discovered that garments had been made a little tight, and dancing *might* not be quite safe unless they were "let out;" or that some important part of the attire had been lost. The clown, by the way (of course there was a clown) had made his costume very early and very well, but still he found it advisable to try it on very often when going to bed, and then, naturally, it became necessary, just for practice, to jig, clown-fashion, through the dormitories, until the firm voice of authority made itself heard, and the clown had to retire to *her* sheets, like an obedient little girl.

Time and tide wait for no man, masquerade or not, and *the* evening

came. And two little clouds overshadowed the family. It was feared that the Sister Superior had too bad a headache to appear, and the train, which was bringing us some visitors, was an hour late and might be delayed still further. But both clouds blew over—our visitors, Dr. Underhill and Mrs. Tunstall, with her golden-haired little daughter Ruthie, arrived in time for the small stranger to be dressed as a little Scotch boy, and join our, by this time, almost unrecognizable family; and the Sister Superior came in at one door of the dining-hall in time to see the family enter from the play-room for the Grand March.

Uncle Sam (Gwen Bell) and Britannia (Eileen Hoops) led the way, followed by Daffodil (Muriel Underhill) and Prince Charming (Eileen Marstrand), Spring (Dorrie Sweet) and Wild Rose (Winnie Bell), the King and Queen of Hearts (Susie Pearse and Alice Ladner), Butterfly (Florence Davis) and Bee (Zeta Clarke), one very correct Sailor Boy (Gladys Lord), with his Sailor Lass (Ethel Raymond), and another (Frances Paget) with a lady on each arm, a demure Red Cross Nurse (Louise Ferguson) and a piquante-looking Spanish Gypsy (Daisy Dodd). Sir Richard Carvel and Mistress Dorothy (Manners) (Muriel Shildrick and Mae Cook). Two fearsome Ghosts were there (Madge McCartney and Lorna Croasdaile), a sturdy Cow-boy (Kate Tunstall), and a comely Milk Maid (Alice Lee). Little Boy Blue (Ursula Johnson) and Little Bo-peep (Olive Day), a negro Mammy (Dorothy Day) and her piccaninny (Frances Rives), Old Year and New Year (Dorothy Eskrigge and Mollie Lang), An Arabian Donkey Boy (Maud Hamersley), and a tiny Red-

Ridinghood (Kathleen Lang) not to mention the shaggy Sandwich Man (Marjorie Armstrong) who preceded them, all marching past, and round, and in and out, producing the effect of a gorgeous and gigantic kaleidoscope, finally resolving themselves into a waltz; after which the word was given for unmasking, and the costumes, quaint and pretty were set off by the children's own bright faces, radiant with pleasure and excitement.

The evening went on merrily, as the masqueraders were now free to choose any partner. Very amusing and bizarre were some of the effects which ensued, until at length they were bidden to form a ring (and what a large ring it was!) inside which the elders stepped to survey the family with critical eyes, and to decide the momentous question of who deserved the prize.

Fortunately, elders and youngsters were of one mind. The prize for the best get-up costume, was, by unanimous consent, awarded to Uncle Sam, whose top hat, grey imperial (ingeniously made out of lichen and glued on) striped trousers, starry waistcoat, and last, not least, coat-tails be-beautiful to behold, had formed a source of amused admiration all the evening. The prize for the daintiest costume was unhesitatingly given to the Wild Rose, whose petals were as fresh and uncrushed at the end of the dance as when she first opened them. Uncle Sam and Wild Rose were cheered to the echo, and soon afterwards the party broke up with happy goodnights and merry laughter.

Next morning, strange to say, the family didn't like the rising bell quite as much as usual, perhaps because it rang an hour later

than on other mornings, but for many the new day brought with it the thought of a serious undertaking.

THURSDAY EVENING.

CONCERT FOR THE FAMILY.

THE THREE BEARS.

There had been much strange talk for some weeks previously of bears and cats, snowballs and imps, not to mention such minor personages as king and queen, or Merlin and Santa Claus. Expectation was raised to the highest pitch, nor was it doomed to disappointment. Although it could not come up to the last play "The Grapegatherers" in satisfying beauty of rich colouring and grace of movement, the Three Bears certainly surpassed anything acted lately in sheer, unadulterated fun. The familiar story was slightly altered. Goldilocks, daughter of the King and Queen of Man is enticed away from home on Xmas Eve by a Master Imp, with attendant implets. The King and Queen, who have already mysteriously lost three sons, and are further in distress through hearing of ravages committed by three brown bears, in despair seek advice from Merlin and his cats. Merlin, however, can help them but little, and refers them to Santa Claus. They lose their way in the wood, searching for the good genius of Christmastide, and when at last they meet him, do not recognize him! He excusing their want of courtesy, summons the three bears, into whose house Goldilocks has wandered, and turns them into three handsome princes, thus reuniting the happy family. All the acting was good, but that of the King and Queen was inimitable. Their parts were sung throughout with great ex-

pression. The Queen, a very new woman, "brought up" her old husband so well, that great sympathy was felt with him. The scene when Her Majesty on returning from a meeting, discovered Goldilocks lost, was very amusing. Between each agitated couplet in which she wailed and stormed forth her woes and fears, the King interposed with "Pray calm yourself" which naturally, had anything but a calming effect. And when the Queen wept, the audience wept too, tears of laughter. The scene in the wood, when the imp had misdirected them, was even more delightful. His lamentations and her reproaches formed a ludicrous duet, which reached its climax when she, having ordered him to go and find out where they were, on his starting to obey, flew up at him, and caught him by his regal robe (a purple dressing-gown,) saying it was "just like a man to leave his wife in danger." The only thing in which the Queen signally failed was in looking ugly, as she was supposed to do.

The three Bears, too, were very successful, their dance was most life-like and their clumsy repartee as bearish as could be desired. Baby Bear, who was always producing "bright ideas" and being sat upon by his brother, was very charming.

The visit of the King and Queen to Merlin was well acted. The wizard's malicious laughter when keeping them waiting outside in the snow was so infectious, that the whole audience joined in the joke, and the solemnity of his three black familiars, two of whom were, thanks to the bears, genuine tail-less Manx cats, the third being destined to lose his tail further on in the play, was an excellent foil

to his spiteful glee.

Perhaps the *prettiest* scene was that in which four of our tinies, all in soft fluffy white, with fluffy white shoes, and little coil-like caps played and pelted each other with fluffy white snowballs.

Nor must the orderly array of footmen and maids (designated by the irate Queen as "pickles in a jar") in the first scene be forgotten.

No one's interest could flag for a moment, and when in the last scene, the repentant Queen asked pardon of her lord and master, and they, the three ex-bears, and Goldilocks wound up with a dramatic family embrace, all felt regret that the performance of the 'Three Bears' was over.

Two beautifully rendered violin solos by Miss Money, and two songs by the Indian children, with harmonium and violin accompaniment, were much appreciated, and the concert ended with "God save the King."

Dr. Underhill spoke a few hearty words of thanks on behalf of the audience for a delightful evening, the result of much patient teaching and learning, and then the elders took possession of happy, tired little performers, and carried them off to supper and bed--thankful one and all for the

*"Little fun, to match the sorrow
Of each day's growing, and so
Good-morrow!"*

AN ELDER.

—o—
HOME CONCERT.

—
Programme.

- Piano Duet. - - -
OPERETTA "THE THREE BEARS."
Characters.
King of Man, - - - Ella Underhill.
Queen of Man, - - - Aline Day.

Goldilocks, - - -	Margaret Gravely.
Merlin, - - -	Mac Cook.
Jack Frost, - - -	Muriel Underhill.
Santa Claus, - - -	Gladys Lord.
THREE BEARS, {	- - - Cecily Galt,
	- - - Peggie Hunt,
	- - - Olive Day.
THREE CATS, {	- - - Elvie Raymond,
	- - - Ursula Johnson,
	- - - Dorothy Broad.
	- - - Ursula Johnson,
	- - - Olive Day,
SIX IMPS,	- - - Doris Eskrigge,
	- - - Vera Erickson,
	- - - Agnes Lambert,
	- - - Marjorie McCartney.
	- - - Kathleen Lang,
	- - - Molly Lang,
SNOW BALLS,	- - - Dorothy Westwood,
	- - - Beatrice Westwood.
	- - - Louise Ferguson,
FOOTMEN	- - - Susie Pearse,
	- - - Marjorie Tunstall,
AND	- - - Gwendoline Bell,
	- - - Eileen Hoops,
MAIDS.	- - - Alice Ladner.
VIOLIN SOLO, - - -	Miss Money.
SONGS, Children from Indian School.	
GOD SAVE THE KING.	

About Places we Know.

IT has been suggested that a series of Articles written about places we know, by different members of the Family, might prove both interesting and instructive.

The Editor has been required to contribute the first Article to this series, but she finds herself very limited as to choice, for there are only three places she really feels she *knows*, though there are many places she has visited in England, in America and in Southern Europe; she has recollections of Burmah, India and Egypt, but these recollections are all hazy, dimmed by lapse of time and long absence.

Of the lovely spots hidden away in Ditchingham (one of the aforesaid *three* places) another pen will perhaps have the better right to

write, of the delights to be found in Yale, by those who know where to look for them, "Emma" or "Lizzie" will no doubt deal ably bye and bye. There remains then but one place for the Editor to write about, a place which holds such a firm grasp both on memory and affection as years and absence are powerless to weaken. The theme of this first sketch then from the Editor's pen must be

- MALTA. -

In the XXVIII chapter of the Acts of the Apostles we read an interesting account of St. Paul's "perils by water," when as a prisoner he was put on board a ship sailing for Italy. A great tempest arose, and for fourteen days the vessel was tossed about in darkness, until all hope of being saved was gone, then St. Paul strengthened and cheered his companions by promises of rescue, and when it was day they discovered a certain creek with an unknown shore, and into this they were minded to "thrust in the ship," but here disaster again attended them, they fell into a place where two seas met, and ran their ship aground. For St. Paul's sake the Centurion who had charge of the prisoners, prevented the soldiers from killing them, and those who could swim cast themselves into the sea, and others on boards or broken pieces of the ship, all came safely to land, "then they knew that the island was called Melita, and the barbarous people shewed us no little kindness: for they kindled a fire, and received us every one, because of the present rain, and because of the cold." The Chief of the Island, Publius, lodged them courteously for three days, his father was very sick, and St. Paul prayed, laid his

hands upon the o'd man, and healed him; others hearing this brought their sick also to be miraculously healed by the stranger; for this the people honoured St. Paul and his companions, and when they departed they "laded them with such things as were necessary."

In this account the Maltese are shewn to us as a practical, kindly and hospitable people. Barbarous they seemed in their rude simplicity to the citizen of Rome. Heathen they were. Perhaps he spoke to them of the Divine Master for Whose Sake he was suffering bonds and imprisonment. It could hardly have been otherwise, as it was in that Master's Name he healed their sick, and the seed sown by the great Apostle took deep root bearing much fruit afterwards, which is testified to to this day in the peculiar reverence and devotional character of the natives of the Island.

The Maltese have a very mixed origin, in which Phœnician, Roman, Greek, Italian and Moor mingle. The language they speak has soft liquid tones not unlike Italian.

Malta, as you see it from the open sea, looks a rugged unapproachable rock, a turn near the coast discloses two narrow openings or creeks in the rock-bound, foam-lashed coast, and in the tongue of land which lies between these openings stands beautiful Valetta.

The island was probably a very desolate little place when the Knights of St. John took refuge in it in the Sixteenth Century, the Moors having forced them to leave Rhodes. Malta at that time belonged to the Kingdom of Naples, and was given for a possession to the Knights of St. John by the Emperor Charles. They were a semi-military, semi-religious body,

recruited from countries all over Europe. They made the best of their small State, built fortifications, palaces and many public buildings. According to their Nationalities they grouped themselves under their own leaders or Masters, each of whom possessed a beautiful Palace or Auberge. They called their chief town Valetta, after the Grand Master of their Order La Valette, who was treated as an independent sovereign, and lived in great state in a most beautiful Palace which is now occupied by the British Governor of the Island.

You will still find in Valetta the Auberges de Castile, de France, d'Italie, d'Aragon, and others, all more or less fine buildings, but the Palace of the Grand Master excels them all and is enriched by many works of Art. It has a quarter of a mile of lovely inlaid marble pavements, the walls of the corridors are hung with pictures of great historic interest; there are many portraits of the European Sovereigns of the Eighteenth Century to be found there, and the tapestries of the Council Chamber are very famous, they were worked by Flemish Artists and presented to the Grand Master by Louis XV. of France.

Instead of gardens the Palace buildings enclose two patios, or quadrangles, which are filled with lovely palms and flowers, surrounding graceful fountains.

From the balcony of the Palace you look down the two principal streets of Valetta, Strada Teatro, and Strada Reale. They are very narrow with high balconied houses on either side. In Strada Reale you will find all the best shops, where a wealth of pink, white and red coral ornaments, lava orna-

ments, beautifully carved cameos, Maltese silver filagree, work and Maltese lace can be bought for very little money. In Strado Teatro stands the principal English Church dedicated to St. Paul. It was built by Queen Adelaide and is a fine building, but it pales into insignificance beside the magnificence of St. John's Cathedral which was built by the Knights of St. John and dedicated to the Patron Saint of their Order.

The inlaid marble work in Malta is, I believe, everywhere considered unrivalled, and the pavement in the Cathedral is one of the finest specimens of such work, it looks like a beautiful carpet in a harmony of exquisite tints.

If my memory serves me right, the Lady Chapel of the Cathedral is approached through tall gates of wrought silver, another side Chapel is entered through brazen gates quite dazzling in their molten brightness.

While the sea views of Malta are very fine, and there is much of artistic beauty in the town, the country is undeniably ugly, long stretches of moor strewn with boulders and crossed in every direction by white stone walls enclosing patches of cultivated soil.

The villages of Comino and Gozo are picturesque, Isola and Floriano are not without interest, but the old town of Sliema with its ancient streets of stairs, and quaint old houses, is very fascinating.

The Maltese loves his goat as the Irishman loves his pig, and goat's milk is much used on the Island. Asses milk is considered a sovereign remedy for every form of delicacy, and the Maltese Medico rarely fails to prescribe it for his patients.

The faldette which the Maltese

women wear resembles a Sister's hood, and when a crowd of women pass down the street, they look very like a procession of nuns.

Among the places of interest generally visited by tourists in Civita Vecchia are St. Paul's Cave and the Monks. The former is approached through a labyrinth of catacombs in charge of a Roman Brotherhood whose Monastery is built above. The cave itself is small and semi-circular, in the centre stands a statue of the Apostle sculptured in white marble.

The monks are also to be found in the Catacombs. They are wondrously embalmed bodies of some ancient Religious Order, and stand in their rocky niches, with meekly bowed heads, holding Breviary, rosary, or crucifix in their pale hands. The habits in which they were clothed are, in many cases, crumbling to dust, but the bodies of the wearers stand erect in their places, and by virtue of "myrrh and spices" cunningly used for their preservation, there, I suppose they will stand defying decay and the hand of time, until the morning of the Resurrection.

Malta is now one of our most important naval stations. It remained in possession of the Knights of St. John until Napoleon cast a covetous eye upon it and boldly came and took possession of it on his way to Egypt. The French soldiers who were left to garrison the town treated the Maltese so badly that they revolted, and aided by the English, who joined forces with them, attacked Malta both by sea and land and wrested it from the encroaching Frenchman.

Ever since that time Malta has been, by the wish of the Maltese people, under British Sovereignty. Whether the Order of the Knights

of St. John is now extinct I cannot say, but on the Island, which they ruled and endowed so richly, the old order of things has altogether changed. For nearly a hundred years the British Standard has floated above the Palace of the Grand Master, and an Englishman has governed the Island in the name of our English Sovereign.

On account of the language question Malta has been very much "*en evidence*" in English politics lately, but our Government having conceded gracefully to the claim of the Islanders, they and their "sea-girt home" will now, no doubt fall back into happy obscurity.

Maltese girls are, as a rule, educated in convents, most of them can speak English. The upper classes are very exclusive, the lower classes are simple, kindly and practical, they have their faults, but of these we need not speak. The girls trained by the Sisters make good servants. I remember an elderly woman named Mariette and her two daughters Lisa and Marie, entering service in a family as cook, house, and parlour maid; in course of time Pedro, Mariette's husband was introduced to the "most kind and gracious Senora" and enrolled among her domestics. The Senora had some idea of putting him into a livery and causing him to be instructed in the duties of a footman. Pedro understanding that his everyday clothes did not meet with approval, presented himself the next day in a costume which no doubt did duty during the Carnival—dark green breeches, velvet jacket with gold braid, a gay sash, and I think leather gaiters. The gracious Senora recognized the fact that Pedro was not of the stuff of which footmen are made, so she delegated him to

work in the garden, to take charge of the boat, and to attend the young Senorina in her rambles through Sliema.

Mariette made beautiful lace, her pillow and bobbins were always at hand to fill up odd moments of time, and all the household linen was trimmed with lace of Mariette's making.

Lisa desired to be a Nun and saved all she earned so as not to go empty-handed to her Convent.

Marie was engaged to a certain picturesque Pierre, who supplied the household with fish. Marie took a simple view of life within the Convent walls. Speaking of an Aunt who was a Lay Sister, she said "She have no money, she buy no clothes, she say 'it is peace.'"

During the Carnival in Malta, your household becomes as disorganized as it does in British Columbia, during the Chinese New Year. Even gentle Lisa put on her modest flower-girl's dress, of black velvet, silver braid and white muslin, and with her little basket of confetti, joined the merry throng.

Holy Week and Easter-tide are kept there, as in all Roman Catholic countries, with great solemnity. On Good Friday the whole town seemed hushed with the hush of a great sorrow. On Holy Saturday a little more stir was apparent in the streets, but still, with that air of quiet repression. At earliest dawn, on Easter morning, the joyous peal of numberless Church bells woke the Island, sending forth their glorious message "Christ is Risen."

The Angelus bell was a sweet, familiar sound, and how natural it was to see your boatman lay down his oars and bow his head silently, for a few moments, while the Church called all the World to

commemorate, by a brief act of worship, the Incarnation of the Son of God.

I can write very little about wild flowers in Malta, but the gardens were fragrant with myrtle and orange blossoms, with great bushes of musk, heliotrope, plumbago and roses of every variety.

From Malta to Naples is a short and inexpensive trip, and it is equally easy to get to the French sea-ports of Toulon and Toulouse.

From Malta to London is a voyage of eight days and costs about £16.

Many years have passed since I last saw the brilliant skies and clear, blue waters of the Mediterranean, but there are some places one looks back to with unfading pleasure, thankful to have enjoyed their beauties, grateful for the memories they leave with us, and hopeful, that, perhaps, *some day*, if not in this life, yet, when God has made all things new, our feet may be permitted to tread their shores once more.

SCHOOL REGISTER.

EASTER, 1902.

Marjorie Armstrong,	Fort Steele.
Dorothy Broad,	New Westminster.
Gwendoline Bell,	Surrey Centre.
Winifred Bell,	" "
Zeta Clark,	Lytton.
Marie Cross,	Silverton.
Mae Cook,	Vancouver.
Marjorie Crossdale,	Nelson.
Florence Davis,	Vancouver.
Dorothy Day,	Victoria.
Olive Day,	" "
Daisy Dodd,	Yale.
Vera Erickson,	Cranbrook.
Dorothy Eskrigge,	Nelson.
Louise Ferguson,	Vancouver.
Margaret Gravely,	" "
Cecily Galt,	Rosslaud.

Peggie Hunt,	Vancouver.
Eileen Hoops,	" "
Maud Hamersley,	" "
Beatrice Inkman,	Agassiz.
Ursula Johnson,	Vancouver.
Agnes Lambert,	" "
Alice Lee,	" "
Alice Ladner,	Ladner.
Gladys Lord,	Vancouver.
Ellen Marstrand,	" "
Marjorie McCartney,	" "
Mollie Lang,	Moose-jaw, N.W.T.
Kathleen Lang,	" " "
Frances Paget,	Revelstoke.
Susie Pearse,	Kamloops.
Ethel Raymond,	Nanaimo.
Elvie Raymond,	" "
Frances Rives,	San Francisco.
Muriel Shildrick,	New Westminster.
Dorothy Sweet,	Ashcroft.
Ethel Thynne,	Nicola.
Janet Tunstall,	Vancouver.
Marjorie Tunstall,	" "
Muriel Underhill,	" "
Ella Underhill,	" "
Dorothy Westwood,	Grand Forks.
Beatrice Westwood,	" "

Names registered for future vacancies:—Grace Cross, Silverton; Phyllis Davis, Nanaimo; Elinor Hamington, Victoria; Olive de Wolf, Vancouver; Margaret Fisher, Corvallis, Oregon; Sybil Walker, Corvallis, Oregon; Lilian Pearse, Kamloops; Catherine Ross, Leonora Ross and Irene Ross, Vancouver; Laura Gertrude Nicols, Vancouver; Claire Corbould, New Westminster.

VISITORS' BOOK.

DEC. 24th., 1901.—Rev. H. Underhill, Vancouver.

DEC. 30th., Judge Bole, New Westminster.

JAN. 1st., 1902.—Archdeacon of Columbia, Vancouver.

JAN. 14th.—Bishop of New Westminster.

JAN. 20th.—Mrs. H. G. Croasdaile, Nelson. H. Lang, Esq., Moose-jaw.

JAN. 28th.—Rev. H. Underhill, Vancouver.

FEB. 11th.—Rev. D. Davis Moore, Vicar of All Saints, Mission City.

FEB. 25th.—Rev. H. Underhill, Rector of S. Paul's, Vancouver.

MARCH 2nd.—Mr. and Mrs. T. Lambert, Vancouver.

MARCH 4th.—Rev. W. Bell, Vicar of Christ Church, Surrey Centre.

MARCH 11th.—Rev. D. Moore, Mission.

MARCH 18th.—Archdeacon of Columbia, Vancouver.

MARCH 25th.—Bishop of New Westminster.

APRIL 5th.—Mrs. Anstey Dorrell, Ashcroft.

APRIL 7th.—Mrs. A. St. George Hamersley, Vancouver.

APRIL 8th.—Rev. H. Underhill, Vancouver.

APRIL 17th.—Dr. F. Underhill, Mrs. S. J. Tunstall and Ruth Tunstall, Vancouver.

APRIL 29th.—Dr. Gatewood, Vancouver.

MAY 1st.—Bishop of New Westminster; Rev. H. Underhill, Vancouver.

MAY 2nd.—Mrs. A. Dorrell, Ashcroft.

Moving Onward.

“THE silver is Mine, and the gold is Mine,” saith the Lord of Hosts, and we believe that in His own good time He will put it in the hearts of many to help us on in the work of building the new chapel we so sorely need; but in the meanwhile, as something had to be done for the temporary accommodation of our ever-increasing

numbers, our little chapel has had twelve feet in length added on, so that there is more reverent space by the Altar, and we were enabled to have the children's seats turned, that they might face towards the Sanctuary.

This extension was just finished by May 2nd., a day of great and solemn joy, when fourteen of our children, eleven from the Canadian, and three from the Indian School, came forward to renew their baptismal vows, and receive the gift of the Holy Spirit in the sacred rite of Confirmation.

In the afternoon of that day, when the shadows lengthened across the valley, and nature's nightly hush began to fall over all things, the service was held. First the hymn “Behold us, Lord, before Thee met” was sung, after which the Rev. H. Underhill, who, as Chaplain, presented the candidates, read the preface. The Bishop then addressed a few fatherly words of counsel to those about to take their places as grown-up children of the Church—their spiritual lives enlarged, their faces turned towards the Altar.

He spoke of the solemnity of what they were doing, yet reminding them it was no new responsibility they were taking upon themselves, only such an acknowledgment of their weakness, as would bring down upon them the Grace and the Strength of God, the sevenfold gift of the Holy Spirit, Who would be their Guide and Consoler to the end. They were to expect no violent change, yet, unless sin indulged in should hold them back, they might *know* that the prayer uttered as they knelt before the Bishop would be answered, and they would daily increase in the Holy Spirit more and more.

ALL HALLOWS IN THE WEST.

And not only were their own lives to be affected. In their homes, to their parents and all around them, it was their *duty* to be cheerful, loving, and diligent in obedience, their *duty* to guard their tongues, and never speak disloyally of friend or relation. When away from home for their education, wherever it might be, their duty was to uphold the moral standard of the school, in willing obedience to those, for the time being, in place of their parents: To be dilatory or disobedient in little matters is not to increase in the Grace of God.

The Bishop, then, having reminded them of the necessity of regular private prayer, and earnest preparation for each Communion, went on to say, that when they had left All Hallows, they might be scattered in far away districts—in the Klondyke or the North West, the Kootenay or Cariboo—it might be far away from any church, or the ministrations of any clergyman. Then when the Lord's Day came, what were they to do? Some might tell them to go to *any* place of worship, but as children of Christ's Church, loyalty would forbid their availing themselves of unauthorised ministrations, and putting themselves into danger of being blown about by various winds of erroneous doctrine. His advice to them was to take their Prayer-books, and follow the service carefully, to read the Psalms and Lessons, and so keep themselves in touch with the rest of the Church, and ready to join in her visible worship again when opportunity should present itself. Faithful to Christ's Church themselves, they would help others to be and grow

more faithful—it would be seen that their lives were ruled by principle, that they had a Guide, and others would be impelled to make Him their own.

The Bishop then asked "Do ye here, in the Presence of God, renew your vows?" and each low earnest voice made answer, "I do," and then

"the pure high-breathed lay
'Come Holy Ghost, our souls inspire'
Rose floating on its dove-like way."

and as each of Christ's young soldiers went forward to receive the unspeakable Gift by the Laying on of Hands, heartfelt silent prayer arose from all, that they might "bear, to the end, the Spirit's seal."

It was indeed a service of healing strength, in which all might know the power of the Holy Spirit, present with us, a ready guest, and all hearts were quickened and loyal love stirred to its depths as the last hymn was sung,

"O Jesus I have promised
To serve Thee to the end."

yet, knowing our weakness, earnest was the supplication

"O give me grace to follow,
My hope to follow duly
Is in Thy Strength alone."

And so we go forward, not fearing, nor dismayed, for we know Who is the Way, and that He is leading our children, as their spiritual lives expand in the Light of His Love, His Grace, His Sacraments; and though He bids us wait awhile for the House of Prayer that we long for and we need, we know that His blessing rests on our little Stable-Chapel, and we thank Him for enabling us to make it a little more worthy, with more room for his Altar Throne.

ALL HALLOWS IN THE WEST.

III.

**Names of Children Confirmed in
All Hallows' Chapel.
May 2nd., 1902.**

CANADIAN SCHOOL.

Ethel Thynne, Marjorie Armstrong,
Peggie Hunt, Dorrie Sweet,
Marie Cross, Frances Rives,
Alice Lee, Susie Pearse,
Zeta Clark, Gladys Lord,
Mae Cook.

INDIAN SCHOOL.

Flossie, Millie, Allie.

All Hallows' Chapel Building Fund.

RECEIPTS.

Dec. 1st. 1901. In hand.....	\$480 01
COLLECTING CARDS :	
Zeta Clark.....	11 00
Alice Lee.....	1 00
Cecily Galt.....	1 00
Muriel Shildrick.....	1 00
Ray Flewelling.....	1 00
Susie Pearse.....	1 00
Donation, Mrs. Galt.....	5 00
Through Sister Agatha, I. D. Warren, Esq.....	14 49
Through Sister Agatha.....	10 00
Jan. 1902, " " E.M.S. Sale of Work.....	96 60
Through Miss Wickstead, Epiphany Offering.....	10 00
Rev. A. Dorrell.....	5 00
Collecting Card, Dorrie Sweet	2 00
Mrs. Croasdaile.....	4 80
Offertory, All Hallows' Chapel (Christmas).....	2 00
Offertory, All Hallows' Chapel (Epiphany).....	27 50
St. Anne's Guild, £10. 10s....	2 35
Feb. 1902. Collected by Grace Cor- bould.....	50 40
Through Sister Alice, H. H. Child, Esq.....	6 00
Through Sister Agatha, Mrs. Bradley.....	24 20
Moksahm.....	6 00
March, 1902, Sister Fanny.....	24 20
Through M. Tunstall, T. Innes, Esq.....	7 30
Winifred Armstrong.....	1 00
Sister Fanny.....	10 00
Moksahm.....	7 31
Miss H. Grafton.....	14 49
V.H.M. and T.O.....	9 60
	2 40

Anon.....	1 00
Mrs. Dorrell.....	1 00
April, 1902, Offertories, All Hall- ows' Chapel, (Lent & Easter)	31 25
Mrs Tunstall.....	5 00
Col. Gordon Yonge.....	4 83
Miss Relton.....	14 49
S. Cuthbert's Men's Bible Class, Durham, Eng.....	2 21
S. Cuthbert's Girls' Sewing Class, Durham, Eng.....	1 01
Guild of the Holy Child, Seniors.....	10 34
Do. do., Juniors.....	2 00

May 1st. Total in hand — \$911 70

The following extract from S. P. C. K. Report, will be read with interest :

**Diocese of New Westminster.
Chapel for Girls' School at Yale.**

In October, 1900, the Society voted £80 towards the enlargement of the Girls' School, at Yale. It was now proposed to build a chapel at a cost of \$3000 (£600), to accommodate 150 people. It would be made of stone and wood, and the Sister Superior asked for a grant towards it. The Chapel services were attended by both the Canadian and Indian Schools. At present services were held in a small stable, altered and fitted up with care, but far too small for the numbers attending. The Bishop of New Westminster warmly supported the application.

The Standing Committee recommended a grant of £40, on the usual conditions, which was voted.

Heartsease.

"Where the King is, there the Court is."

IN the court of Herod, his servants, followers, and soldiers made sport round One on Whose Head they placed a crown of thorns, in Whose Hands they put a reed for a sceptre, before Whom they insultingly bowed the knee, saluting

Him in mockery "Hail! King of the Jews."

With a dignity that was truly kingly, with patience that was Divine, He endured all these gibes and insults. His Kingdom was not of this world, and the men of that earthly court, who belonged to this world, comprehended not the stupendous love of that meek, Heavenly King, Who endured the keen anguish of rejection, of cruel mockings and sufferings, for "the joy set before Him" of saving the human race, and drawing them up to a higher and holier life, even to the life of the Kingdom of Heaven, which He was thus purchasing for them.

When, at length, the awful price was paid, and, by His Resurrection, He had given assurance to them of the efficacy of that redeeming act, and of the power which had been committed to Him both in Heaven and Earth for the sure founding of an earthly counterpart of that Kingdom, He then ascended to His Courts above, to dwell for ever in the glorious Majesty of the Presence Chamber.

This Ascension was not accomplished in some secret way, but in full view of His earthly courtiers assembled on Mount Olivet, and with the grand acclaim of the Angelic beings, over whom He likewise reigned, who bore Him triumphantly "towards the Courts of Day," their glorious anthems pealing upwards through the "everlasting doors," the great cloud of witnesses of His earthly life proclaiming to all creation of the meek and lowly Saviour, Who was "content" to be betrayed, "content" to be given into the hands of wicked men, "content" to suffer death upon the Cross, that "He is the King of Glory." So the joyful

strain reiterates the glorious consummation of that "strength made perfect in weakness," "He is the Lord of Hosts," "He is the King of Glory."

This happened many hundreds of years ago, and the little band of courtiers who then paid the Saviour-King a timid, wondering homage, has increased in ever-widening numbers until, in name at least, millions own the rule of Him Who was once "despised and rejected of men."

All Christendom prays for the visible coming of that Kingdom upon earth.

But the courtiers of the Heavenly King are only exiles here below, "strangers and pilgrims upon earth," though by faith their share in the Ascension has already begun. As our Lord when upon earth called Himself "the Son of Man *Which is in Heaven*," so does the Father by His Mighty uplifting power cause our Lord's members even now, if they will, to "sit together in heavenly places with Christ."

"Heaven may not be looked upon as a circumscribed region somewhere in space, but as a *state of being*," and thus Heaven becomes ours as soon as the blessed Presence of the King, Who is ever in the midst of us, is realized; for "Where the King is, there the Court is."

The Church teaches us to pray on Ascension Day, that "like as we do believe our Lord Jesus Christ to have ascended into the heavens, so we may also in heart and mind thither ascend, and with Him continually dwell."

There are times when we feel this would not be altogether impossible for us,—moments when our whole being is exalted by heart-uplifting music, by soul-

stirring eloquence, or by tender sorrow. We have seen the lovely morning light upon the mountains, or the glory of the setting sun, or moonlight silvering all around with strange mystic beauty; or we have walked alone in the garden, and the simple loveliness of the flowers has touched and moved us, irresistibly turning our hearts God-wards.

Such moments are full of blessing—

“In contemplation of created things
By steps we may ascend to God.”

But such moments are also full of responsibility. We can make the most of them, or we can trifle them away.

And ah! how often we *do* trifle them away, by idle chatter, by petty occupations and trivial pursuits. Dear children, remember, we can never do so without irreparable loss to ourselves, for such moments *may* be to us real “Mounts of Ascension of the Spirit,” real “times of refreshing from the Presence of the Lord.”

If we could prolong such moments, till our whole soul, filled with new, Divinely-inbreathed life, felt its attraction to earth gradually lessened, and rose upwards, to live indeed in Heaven in the spirit, and down upon earth from that great spiritual height, how would the world look to us?

How short life would look! how near death would seem! How small earth's honours and ambitions! how slight our anxieties! how childish our self-complacencies! How surprising our quarrels!

How more than worthless our petty spite and jealousies!

Sin would stand out black and distinct; sorrow would fade away grey, misty and transitory.

Duty would stand out strong and clear, like some mighty landmark, and all our self-interest would become dwarfed and shrunken,—“We should see the higher order working where we had only dreamt of chaos, the leading Hand where all had seemed a trackless maze.”

Oh, after such a glimpse of earth *from Heaven*, should we not become calm, strong, patient, hopeful and humble? Should we not then realize more nearly *how our Lord saw us*, and would not that drive us to be earnest, as we never had been before, in our preparation for the great honour awaiting us in the Courts above? We should strive to learn the language and the manners of Heaven, to gain a heavenly temper and tone of thought, to be very much more reverent, humble and gentle within the earthly courts of the Lord, to be courteous, considerate and eagerly helpful to those around us,—our fellow courtiers, guided by the same “rule of life” as was given by a King in the xvth Psalm to those who asked him the same question 3000 years ago that we are asking to-day.

“Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord?

And who shall rise up in His Holy Place?

ASCENSION DAY. 1902.

Death and Life.

Her Majesty, the Queen, died January 22nd., 1901.

His Majesty, the King, to be Crowned June 26th., 1902.

“**H**IS Majesty the King.”

Brief words—but such
As first pronounced had startling force to send
A deeper thrill through England's heart than aught
That yet had met the eye or struck the ear.
All other tokens of our grievous loss—
Slow tolling bells, hushed Halls, or silent streets—
Had gathered round one central thought—recalled
One sole event— one name below'd alone.

But in these words—“His Majesty the King”
We heard the closing of the coffin-lid,
The sad “sic transit” of all earthly life.
Our thoughts, by sudden bound, were onward borne
To future years—another Sovereign reigns.
“Sic transit!”—even so, but all the more
Fix we our trust on that which passeth not,
The Providence Divine, o'er-ruling all.
O King of Kings! Be with our Ruler still;
Stern tasks and highest duties now are his.
Be Thou his Trust, his Counsellor, his Guide;
So he, with that sweet Consort at his side,
His people's love and reverence shall win,
And evermore from a vast Empire's heart
Shall rise the fervent prayer,
God Save The King!--*Church Times.*

Letters.

FROM A FRIEND TRAVELLING IN
THE WEST INDIES.

Windsor, Falmouth, Jamaica.

Dear Sister:

I have for some time owed you a long letter, and now that we have come to a few weeks' pause in our journeyings, I will pay my debt. One should, I suppose, begin at the beginning, so I will go back to our leaving California rather more than a year ago. First of all, we spent a good deal of time in Mexico, mostly in Cuernavaca, a small town which lies south of the City of Mexico. I think you would find it marked in any good atlas. It was in February that we went there; already it was hot,

and the heat increased all the time, until in June the early summer rains fell and cooled the air. I used to think of you in February and March when we were finding it too hot to go out except early in the morning and late in the afternoon, and were feeling the thinnest of frocks almost too heavy in our big, cool rooms, and I found it quite hard to realize that you, at Yale, were wearing all sorts of thick, warm clothes, and perhaps wrapping up the Indian babies in bunny skins, like so many Baby Buntings, and certainly taking very good care to keep the stoves alight.

You, too, would have been amused if you could have seen our Mexican neighbors. All the working men in Cuernavaca and in the villages round about wear white calico clothes, which are, of course, apt to become more or less brown during the week, but, as Mexican women are excellent and in-

dustrious laundresses, every man and boy appears on Sunday in a dazzlingly white suit, most beautifully starched and ironed. Can you picture to yourself how bright and gay the effect is in the hot brilliant sunshine, especially as many of them have blankets of gorgeous color? All of them have high pointed hats, some of which are adorned with the initials of the owner neatly painted on the side of the crown. As there is never any diversity of shape these hats fit one over another, and it is in this way that the travelling "hat man" carries his goods, all in one high stack upon his own head. There is one use to which the wide brims are often put, of which, I am sure, you would never think. Many a time I have seen a man come into the cathedral or one of the other churches, put his hat on the ground in front of him, and kneel on the brim to save his knees from the dusty floor.

The women were no hats at all, but every woman has her "rebogo," without which she never stirs a step outside her house. It is a long narrow shawl, with netted fringe ends, and is usually worn with one end thrown back over the shoulder. The "rebogo" worn by the poor women is made of blue cotton material, and even the tiniest little girl just able to walk has her tiny blue shawl to match. Of course, more expensive materials are used for richer people, and a Mexican young lady has a thousand and one ways of arranging her pretty silken "rebogo." Very often she folds it into a band, and wears it transversely like a sash. She rarely needs it as a protection from the weather, and it is only a sign or symbol that she is dressed to go out. To go into church, she unfolds it to its full size and puts it over her head.

The next place we went to was Jalapa, near Vera Cruz, (you must pronounce the 'J' like an 'H,' Halapa) and after a short stay there we went back to America, to San Antonio in Texas. It was a great change from the bright deep coloring of Mexico, the large trees with glossy green leaves, the masses of flowers, the strange and pretty fruits, the two mighty snow mountains in the distance, and nearer at hand steep, fantastically shaped purple hills—to the flat, far-stretching Texan plains, covered with pale greyish-green bushes, no mountains to look at, but sometimes far off where the land meets the sky, a long space of misty blue which, just for a moment, could make you think it was the sea. But it wasn't really, and the next time we

saw the sea was at New York in the first days of this year, and we had come all that long weary railway journey back into winter to take the steamer for Kingston. We happened to strike a spell of extraordinarily cold weather, aggravated by a bitter wind, so cold that even New York was astonished at it. The streets were slippery with ice, and the horses seemed afraid to move. We felt as if we should be cut in two before we could get safe on board, but at last we found ourselves in the saloon of the S. S. Athos, thankfully crouching over the hot steam pipes. Oh, how dirty and miserable everything looked outside; but when water freezes under your fingers it cannot be much use for cleaning purposes, can it? The boat sailed at noon, and during the rest of that day no one went out on to the slippery, icy deck, but by the next evening the edge of the cold was gone, and we all began to lay aside our heavy wraps. The next step was that they left off warming the ship, and took away the blankets from the berths, and next that all the gentlemen appeared in white clothes and the ladies in thin dresses. We stopped for a quarter of an hour at Fortune Island, a low sandy place with just a few houses and cocoanut palms, to take on about twenty extra men to handle cargo at the different ports to which the Athos was bound. This is always done, and the men are landed again on the return voyage. Usually the same gang come time after time, and the captain spoke highly of them as good workers, "not a lazy bone in their bodies." They are all black men, some more, some less, and many of them are tall and fine looking. The Athos stopped near the shore, and they came off to her in a little boat through the pale green, shimmering, sunshiny water, which reminded me of the sea at Lamorna Cove, in a dead calm, but resemblance stopped. Sand and cocoanuts are not like granite and furze bushes. On the fifth morning we came in sight of Jamaica, and all the rest of the day we gradually came nearer to the land, till we were steaming along parallel with and quite close to it, and could see plainly the trees and bushes growing thickly on the steep green hills which stand up straight out of the water. Just at dusk we anchored outside Kingston Harbor, and early in the starlight next morning, under the Southern Cross on one hand, and the Great Bear low down on the other, the cheerful, noisy bustle began, and soon the pilot came on board and took

us into the large, smooth, shining harbor, studded with small green islands. In spite of the heat and the pains, and the foreign, tropical look, and the black faces, and the white dresses, how English it was to us after our many years of America, and how much at home we felt. I had no idea, however, how incomprehensible we should find the speech of the negroes. As you go along the streets you would not take it to be English, but you might very well imagine yourself to be in a Spanish-speaking town. When you are directly addressed the difficulty increases. Their curious choice of words, and still more curious pronunciation, the stringing of the words together with but little construction of sentences, combined with an apparently amiable desire to say everything you might be supposed to wish, and at the same time explain nothing, makes it hard work to understand them. Kingston is a pretty place, not large, like a small country town, but it must be trying in the summer; already in January it was really hot. The thermometer does not run up anything like so high as it does in Southern California, but, as you know, the thermometer alone is an untrustworthy practical guide, whatever it may be theoretically. The Kingston heat is a damp heat, and that makes all the difference. We found lodgings two or three miles out of the town, and of course on higher ground, but we were glad when we were able to make the next move, fifteen miles away, to a place in the Blue Mountains called Mavis Bank, which is about 2,000 feet above sea level. I think it was the most wonderful journey I ever made, for within that short distance we found a complete change of climate, and the journey itself is divided into three distinct stages.

The first takes you by electric car to a place called Papine (about two hours and a half), near the entrance to the beautiful Hop gardens, which we had already visited. Then comes five miles by buggy on a good road up hill all the way to Gordon Town, rather bigger than Papine, but still a very small place. The excellence of the road was a delightful astonishment to us after California and Mexico. There was not a chuck-hole anywhere and there was a stone parapet around the more dangerous curves. The little, thin, hardworked horses, put their necks into the collars and trotted the five miles at a good pace, never but once slacking off, and that for only a short moment. The road is steep

enough, too, and it is very beautiful, and the sound of water comes up from far below. At Gordon Town, we had to leave the driving road, and take to the bridle path for Mavis Bank, five miles further on. Horses had been sent down for us, with mules to carry the luggage. Gordon Town lies close at the foot of the steep part of the hills, and the path at once starts sharply up through the dense cool shade of thick vegetation.

We came into fresh mountain air and mossy English woodland dells. With eyes shut we might have imagined primroses and anemones and blue-bells, while with eyes open we saw palms and orange trees and bananas. The precipice goes down very, very deep, and the path which winds round jutting headlands and deep, dark recesses is good and well kept. It is no place for a bad path. I thought to myself that if the mountain sides, instead of being crowded as they are with trees, and bushes, flowers and ferns and creeping vines, were of bare rock they would look terribly cruel. The bank, which rises on the right hand of the path is covered with many kinds of ferns, the gold and silver ferns in abundance, but chiefly, and above all, with maiden hair. You can never have seen such masses of maiden hair and I don't think that any description can shew them to you. Each separate leaf, when you pluck it out from the jungle of its own lovely green growth is light and delicate, but the layers upon layers of that growth are so dense that the general effect is rich and would be almost heavy were it not for the fairy green of the coloring. There are flowers, too, tall stemmed begonias with large groups of pale pink blossoms, pale yellow wild fuchsias, bushes of growing hibiscus, great white "Angel trumpets," and several creepers with mauve and lilac flowers. Creepers here are not slender, light things that need support, but strong, rampant growths which take possession of bushes and trees and cover them, hide them and sometimes choke them and bend them. There is water everywhere, at least so it seems to us who are used to living in a dry land. We find it very wonderful to watch the bright, rapid streams, rushing down their rocky beds. These steep mountains are by no means lonely, there are thatched native huts everywhere, hidden away among the greenery and perched in apparently inaccessible places. Mavis Bank is a village. It has a church and a Wesleyan chapel, a post office and a school, and two or three small, very local stores. There

is no space for the little huts and houses to stand grouped together, but they are tucked away and fitted into wee scraps of moderately level ground, on one side or other, up above or down below the bridle path, which is as a high road running through the place. There is nothing at all in the nature of a hotel, but we had been told of a nice, four-roomed cottage which might be rented, and in it we kept house for four weeks. We were fortunate in the weather, and did not get much rain, just enough at times to give us beautiful cloud and mist effects. The mountains deserve their name of "Blue." Any mountain can be blue in the distance, but these are blue when you are close to them and in among them. I can't think how they manage it and why it is so, but you may be near to them, so near that you see all their accidents and details; the trees, the patches of bare rock, with, perhaps, water coming down the coffee patches, the full green of banana plantations, the bright yellow dots which show the orange trees and still—do we look at all this through very blue air?—they are really the "Blue Mountains."

We stayed at Mavis' Bank for five weeks, and are now at the opposite end of the island on the north side, twenty-two miles from Montego Bay, which is the railway terminus. It is the funniest railway and train. The carriages are narrow gauge (extra narrow!) American cars, in charge of a quite full-sized, full width conductor, who collects his passengers after each stop in now imploring, now commanding tone, "Passengers, passengers, take your seats," and when the passengers have taken them the train goes on and in due course gets there. The island being rather small it can't help getting there. The entire journey occupies about seven hours and we were amused to find with what solemnity it was guarded. We were warned about it, counselled concerning it, pitied for having to undertake it, advised to carry brandy and told that we should be seasick. We really got quite alarmed, but comforted ourselves by reflecting that after all seven hours is not so bad as five or six days, and if Jamaicans think their trains are badly driven all I can do is to recommend them to try Western America. We are in a quite different country here, but I think I cannot tell you about it to-day, except just that we are on a farm (a "pen" as it is called in Jamaica) of 7,000 acres, with no house on it except the owners' so we are delightfully lonely and peaceful. It is a charming place. We take a great interest in all the ani-

mals and outdoor things. Outside our window is a grove of about 70 coconut palms, tall and lovely. The nuts are gathered and stored under the house and every evening a number of them are chopped up for the pigs. (Just think! fresh, sweet, juicy, white coconut meat! I can assure you the pigs look very happy and contented. When they have dined on coconut they take a dessert of bitter Seville oranges. It is comical to see a company of small black pigs trotting about with oranges in their mouths and squealing with excitement and delight between whiles.

If you were here you would be as much interested as I am in everything on "Windsor" (the name of the "pen") in the sheep and the horses, and the huge, sleek cattle, with long, spreading horns. You would be interested, too, in the four little daughters of the house, whom I sometimes overhear at their lessons in the morning. I was much amused yesterday at the ingenuity with which one of them solved—circumvented, I ought to say—an arithmetical problem. It was to "take 7 from 6," and her teacher was carefully explaining to her the beauties of the borrowing system. The child listened with polite attention, but presently propounded a simpler method of dealing with the difficulty. "Well, then," she said, "well—but—lets take 6 from 7!"

Now, really this is the end, though I would have liked to tell you about our visit to a neighboring sugar estate, but it must wait for another time.

Ever your affectionate

E. K. D. SHAW.

—♦♦♦—
From a little "old girl" now living in London.

Maida Vale,

London, Eng.

Jan. 15th., 1902.

MY DEAR SISTER.—I am writing to tell you where I have been since I left Canada. I have been to the Tower of London, and I have been to see Madame Tussards Wax-Works. I also went to the Crystal Palace, I liked it very much.

Did you go to the Tower of London, when you were in London? We went to the Abbey and saw the

whole place and stayed to Service, and we also went to St. Paul's Cathedral and looked all over it.

I hope you enjoyed yourself at Christmas, like I did.

I do not like England as much as Canada, I would come out if I had my own way.

Please, give my love to all the grown ups, and Mother sends her love to you, and Father sends his kind regards. With my best love to you.

Ever your loving child,

FREDA WIDDICOMBE.

From a girl friend studying music in Germany.

Elisen Strasse I.

Dresden.

MY DEAR A.—I want to begin a letter to you now, but I know it will not be finished for some time, there is so much to tell you.

Dresden seems to be a delightful place. I was not looking forward to being in a town, but it is nice and clean, with big broad streets and plenty of trees, and really very fine buildings. It must be very pretty in summer. The air is good and fresh, and there are but few odours! I am afraid I shall never get reconciled to the look of German men, with their horrible, squashy hats, stuck on the side of their heads, and their hideous moustaches; but the women are, on the whole, an improvement on the Hamburg variety. I have seen some quite pretty ones. I did not know that there were any before! and the children, really, are very nice, they look so quaint in their little, tight bonnets, with their stiff, wooden satchels of books on their backs, but I wish they talked English! also that I could draw. I have seen several nursery maids who looked as if they walked

straight out of "Near Home," with scarlet petticoats, big white aprons, and short black jackets, and very clean, white caps, which go up into a big square thing, over their heads, and fall over the back, they do look so nice!

We are very much in Saxony here. The King has a castle in the town, and a villa just outside. The castle is not very exciting from the outside, but is very jolly inside, a huge courtyard with the building all round it.

The Picture Gallery here is lovely, it is a huge place. I suppose you knew that the Sistine Madonna was here, I did not till I got here. I have come across a good many other old friends, which I know by sight, but did not know what they were. The tiresome thing is that they shut the place at 3, and as we have dinner at 1:30, it means going in the morning. I can't think why they do not light those places up.

There is a splendid Opera House here, and a different Opera every night. I am going to try and go once a week, if I can, it seems such a pity not to hear the things when they are there and I am here.

Lastly, but not at all least, there is a *very* nice English Church. It was such a comfort to find it, when I got here, it is a very nice building both inside and out, and we have three services every Sunday, and sometimes four or five, and Matins every day, though that does not do me much good, as I shall not be able to get there more often than on Wednesdays and Fridays. The majority of the girls I have met seem to think no more can be expected of them than to go to Church on Sunday evening, and only then if there does not happen to be a sermon!

There are six girls at this Pension besides myself, two about my own age, and the rest younger. I like them all in different ways, and they are nice to me in *their* own ways, but they are very different from anybody whom I have had to do with before, which is rather interesting.

The rest of the Community consists of Frau M., her sister and her little girl, Anna, who is eight years old, and their old Aunt. The three latter cannot talk English, and we talk German all the time at meals and in the evening, which are the only times when we are together. The rest of the day the two older ones and I study independently, the younger ones are looked after, to a certain extent. I have an hour's German lesson every day, and am going to begin music lessons to-morrow at the Conservatoire. I have entered for a year as "Vollschulerin," which means: violin, piano, harmony, orchestra, quartette playing, class-singing, and history of music; so I shall have my hands full.

With love to yourself and the Sisters,

Your affectionate,
R. M. M.

—♦♦♦—
From one who left the old School last year.

My Dear Miss Moody,

Thank you so much for the kind remembrance of Christmas time, and the good wishes for the New Year. I am so sorry not to have written to you before. It is very hard to send letters from here in the winter; the mails go out sometimes without warning, at other times you hear only an hour before the mail closes. We got a large mail in last night, and another is expected sometime to-day. Yesterday, the stage, with several passengers, started for White Horse at 7 in the

morning; they had only been gone two hours when they returned. The ice had broken on the river, the back part of the stage went through, and the horses taking fright, plunged and broke the sleigh; fortunately no one was hurt, they all came back and started out again about 12 o'clock. There is such excitement here when a mail does come in, the post office is crowded. I have known men wait three hours, in the hope of getting a letter at last.

I have had a lovely time ever since I came to Dawson. At first I was staying at Hunker Creek, about 30 miles from Dawson; it was on one of the claims. I used to love to see the miners clean the gold out of the "cradles," dry it, sift it, and stow it away, in two days they used to get sometimes as much as 69 ounces, this Hunker Creek gold is sold for \$16 an ounce; all gold is not the same price.

The few wild flowers I have seen are very pretty, the "Star of Bethlehem" grows wild here, and a pale blue flower like it. Lavender also grows around here, but it has not the strong perfume of our British Columbian lavender. Last summer mother had a garden in front of the cabin, and on the roof we had sweet peas, pansies and poppies, at the back we had lettuce, radishes, and turnips. The hills are covered with cranberries and blueberries. After I came down from the creek, mother bought me a pretty grey pony, so that I used to ride up along the Klondike River.

To-morrow Mr. Warren is going to give the children of the parish a little party at 4 p. m. He intends taking them for a sleigh ride first and we will have tea ready for them and play at games afterwards. He has asked me to help him because I am the Sunday school teacher. There are very few children, and only one class.

Could you please send me an Anthem for Easter? Not "Why Seek Ye the Living?": as we have that, it is the only one we have, and they sang it last year.

With much love to the Sisters and yourself from

Your affectionate

JESSIE.

Dawson, Y. T., January 22, 1902.

CHRISTMAS JOYS.

The tiny chapel was brilliant with light as the sweetest midnight of the year once again "breathed its blessing tender," many from the west with their child-like, pathetic faces silently passing into their places, young mothers with their tiny babes, so welcome on that night, when the little Child should set in our midst—and then the Presence—God with us—Emmanuel!

And again we met in the early morning light to raise our matin song of praise, Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, goodwill towards men. Ah, yes, goodwill towards all — and never existed more delightful opportunities of exercising goodwill than for us on Christmas Day. Of course, our older children know what Christmas means as well as we do, but there were one, two, three, four, five little mortals who had never kept Christmas before, and whose education in the matter had, therefore, to be begun. As we had the dining hall of the new Canadian wing free to use, we were able, for the first time, to invite the whole of the Indian school, babies and all, to a dinner party, and whether the babies enjoyed their dinner, or we the babies, most, it would be hard to say. The tables were beautifully decorated, by Miss Moody's tasteful fingers, gay with geraniums, crackers and little Chinese ornaments, and (crowning joys for the babies!) each child had a little cardboard house full of "candy," presented by a kind friend. "My—house—got—a—door!" joyfully exclaimed one of the smallest, popularly known as the "China baby." She proclaimed many things during that dinner. Each grown-up friend whom she espied at either of the long

tables was hailed with shrill and cheerful acclamations; and every little ornament was a source of fresh delight, especially a glass "ell-phant" bearing flowers on his back. He caused such ecstasy as nearly upset Nellie off her stool, and rendered a supporting arm from the nearest "grown up" necessary. It required great firmness on the part of the said grown-up to induce Nellie to dispose of her turkey, the wonders of "ell-funts" and crackers were too much for her. Plum-pudding vanished more quickly, and in a general pause of the conversation Nellie's shrill voice announced triumphantly "I—beat—you—ma'am," meaning that her plate was empty first. Candles and nuts were hastily bestowed upon her to keep her from attracting too much attention to herself, by one who for the moment was responsible for her conduct, and who was intent upon bringing her up "not wisely but too well." So the China baby subsided. Meanwhile, though more sedately, all were enjoying themselves quite as much. Great excitement prevailed over the pudding, as to who should be the lucky finders of ring, money and thimble; and when at last the family departed, wearing paper caps of gorgeous and varied hue, found in bon-bons, and bearing many treasures in the shape of cards, candies, diminutive umbrellas and fans—we all felt that it had been the most delightful and successful dinner party that we had had for many a long day.

Fresh joys, moreover, awaited our older children at the annual communicants' dinner on New Year's Day, and the whole family in the afternoon, when the children's Christmas Tree—delayed because "Santa Claus had lost his way"—glittered in fascinating array in the dining hall. An old friend of the children's had sent a generous gift, all the way from India, wherewith to provide "a tip-top tree" and all its charming presents; from the same source came the "fairly lamps"—worthy of their name—that reared their dainty rose-colored cups among as

dainty decorations of moss, ferns and white hyacinths, so that eating and drinking might really have seemed too altogether ordinary an occupation for such a dinner table, but that cruel Fate, just as dinner was ready for the older people, and the tree all decked for the afternoon, when young, younger and youngest were expected, decreed that tree and table should be photographed. The photographer had been sent for, but apparently he peacefully and sensibly finished his dinner, reckless of our feelings, so we had to wait, and a more solemn, hungry and forlorn collection of faces than eventually appeared in those photographs could not have been found anywhere. When we were at last released, eating did not seem at all too prosaic for that lovely table, and fairy lamps were certainly not surrounded by fairy appetites. And among all the pleasure of cheerful conversation and happy laughter, the absent were not forgotten. Many loving thoughts were wafted to those who had been at this dinner last year or in many former years. One who went out into the wide world from the school shelter only since last midsummer, had kept her Christmas gift for her loved "school-mother" for this day, and we knew that many of the "old girls" were with us in thought, even as our thoughts reached out to them.

Then came the crowning delight of the tree; surely never was tree more prolific of pleasure. There were such beautiful dolls on it, and such fearful tin objects that squeaked and ran at you, and ducks that followed a magnet, and books and paint boxes, and, admired of all beholders, a complete laundry equipment, table, washtub, wringer, board, etc. etc. Oh! it was

a beautiful tree, like other Christmas trees, but for those who watched the family for whom it was decked as they came filing in, singing a joyous Christmas carol, the tree was not the most interesting sight. Our dear big girls, beaming with happy merriment, the "old babies" keenly alive with excitement and expectation, the "new babies" rather solemn, but gradually breaking into smiles these afforded the "grown-ups" joy, a joy so deep it was almost akin to tears in its intense thankfulness, as the contrast of what was and what might have been if some of these little ones had not been sent by their Heavenly Father into loving Christian care, flashed across the mind. Then what an interesting scene followed—pleasure rising to its highest pitch as each child who received her own gifts cut down the next. On all sides the wish was expressed that the kind friend who had provided all these treasures, could have seen and so shared the delights of the day.

Christmas is Christmas all the world over, but perhaps those who are privileged to leave home and kindred to convey help to Christ's little ones in far-off lands, can enter best into the true spirit of Christmas tide, when, for us men, and for our salvation, God's Almighty Word leaped down from Heaven out of His royal throne, to find His delights among the children of men, teaching those who have so freely received, the blessedness of freely giving, taking our little gifts, and turning them into the wine of true and childlike joy, and then, in His wonderful love, graciously accepting them in His own person: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

INDIAN SCHOOL.

Children's Corner.

Confirmation.

A CONFIRMATION was held in our Chapel one day. A great many girls were confirmed. On the Altar we had beautiful white cherry blossoms. We always like to use fruit blossoms on the Altar on that day, because they are like our life. When we were babies, we were like the wee wee buds, and we were brought to the Church to be baptized. and then when God's Hand touched us (through His Priest) our souls opened and in His Light they blossomed, and the more fair and sweet the blossoms were the more they made gladness in the gardens where they were living.

Then in Confirmation, the souls or blossoms come to offer themselves to God again, and again to receive His Light, and God touches them now through the Bishop, who puts his hands on them and prays for them, and they come away with a new strong Spirit in their souls, and that day the blossoms of their souls are very beautiful because they have been in the Great Light. But that does not go on, they come out of the service, and God has given them something they must use, just like the gardener gives the tree foods and water, and the wind blows, and rain is very heavy, or the night is too cold and the flower petal drops, that's like all the cross words, naughty thoughts, and hard times in our lives, which takes away some of what was pretty in us perhaps,

and no one notices perhaps, except God Who sees everything, the little green fruit that is beginning to come, becoming bigger and bigger in the warm bright Light, then at last that fruit is perfect and it drops, or some one gathers it, it has made the garden very glad, and other fruits may come I hope in other years, but this one's work is done, it belongs to God.

The Confirmation girls are like the blossoms now in the Church's garden, afterwards when we grow big we must try to be God's fruit.

EMMA CHUTATLEM, Aged 13.

Easter Day and What Happened Then.

EASTER is the gladdest time of all the year, because our Lord Jesus Christ rose from the grave on Easter Day and destroyed the power of death.

He stayed on earth, in His Glorified Body, for forty days, and during that time He appeared ten times to His chosen witnesses.

Very nice things happened here at Easter. The Right Rev. Bishop of New Westminster came here in Holy Week to take Services in our little Chapel, it was often crowded, but still no one wanted to stay out so we sat *quite close* together to make room, and had lovely Services.

The Indians from Spuzzum came up on Maundy Thursday and stayed till Easter Tuesday. Such a number of them !

On Holy Saturday the Chapel was decorated, and in the evening we began Easter times. We sang Evensong.

Next morning, when we came down stairs, we found little books, "Helps to Worship," in pretty red colours, as presents, for some of us, from Miss Moody.

We had to be very quick with our house work, because we were going to Celebration, in Chapel, at 8. It was all singing and we all joined as nice as we could. At breakfast table we found nice flowers on the clean, white cloths, and an Easter card at every one's place; all down the table, in nests of green moss, were coloured Easter eggs for us all, not toy eggs, but eggs to eat, we sent a pretty card and "thank you" to the hen who laid those pretty eggs, they told us she would be found in the kitchen sometimes.

Next morning we had a Celebration in Indian, for the Indian people only; we went to it, and afterwards we gave the people tea and bread and butter and Easter cards.

Two little babies were baptized, and then we had a sale in the School-room of all kinds of clothing, some were new and so nice and warm, and some were thin and cool; there were babies' clothes, and children's clothes and big people's clothes, the old men were so particular, wanting to try on their coats and waistcoats. At one Sale, one time, an old man was so funny, it was very cold and he wanted something to keep him warm, so he and his wife chose a large ladies' ulster, Sister thought it was for the wife, but the man got into it and buttoned it up and went off with the hood hanging down his back, looking so funny.

On Easter Tuesday we had a picnic, we went a long way into the woods, where we played about and had lunch and tea and picked such pretty flowers. It was a lovely day and we were all very happy children indeed.

Aged 13.

THERESE.

A Gypsy Party.

APRIL 14 was a lovely day, we were invited to a Gypsy tea with Sister Superior in honour of her birthday. At morning all our presents were put into her room, and such a great lot of flowers, some one said we ought to have got a wheelbarrow to put them all in. We gave her two cushions made of spruce, it took us a long time to strip off all the fine leaves from the stalks, we used to get leave to go up the mountain when we came out of school, if we had been good, to gather the spruce boughs. Sister loves the smell of the woods, but she is not strong and cannot go out far, so we thought if she had spruce pillows she could put her head down and smell the woods in her room.

At 3 o'clock we made our hands and faces clean, and put on our Sunday dresses and our hairs tidy, and all the little ones wore their new sun bonnets, and we all went through the gate into the Playing fields, where Sister was holding her party. The young ladies, from the Canadian School, were already there, sitting on the grass, there were two Gypsy fires, one at each end of the field, and two girls from each School were boiling water and making tea there. In the middle of the croquet ground, was a table with two large cakes, and on each cake were a lot of candles stuck all round and round, they were all burning. Sister told us to come and count the candles and find out how old she was, but the flames were blowing this way and that in the wind and in the middle the flames seemed to blow all together, we could not count, we were all trying. Someone thought there were ninety-eight candles, and

someone else said she was sure there were one hundred and three, no one could agree about the number, but they looked so pretty, all different colours, red, yellow, blue, green, purple and white. We all had tea and cake, sitting on the grass, and then, when our eating-party was over, our playing-party began. We went up into the shade, under the trees, and played games, and the Canadian School went to the tennis courts.

KATIE AND SOPHIE.

Aged 13 and 12.

About Money.

I AM writing a compershon about Money. When we get money we want to spend it right away, and we often eat our money and don't spend it on useful things.

There are two kinds of money, silver and gold, and there is too, paper money, dollar bills and checks. In other countries they use copper money, but we never do in British Columbia. I think it is in England they use the gold money. We can earn money in School, so much every week. I can earn twenty-five cents a week for washing up dinner things in our own School, the little girls can all earn a little every week by doing things, and the big girls earn more for they do hard things. We never often get money given us by our peoples, but Sister lets us try to earn and then we have some to shop with, we like shopping. Sometimes us little ones bye something, and we get proud of it, and we think we can keep it a long time. If we find money any time and cannot find who it belongs to, we put it in the frety (Offertory). Us little ones look at our money

hard, and see it is round and there is a head on it, and how much it is, and we should not eat it by buying candies all times, but we should spend it on useful things, like a stove or other frinture (furniture.)

LIZZIE. Aged 12.

(Very backward on account of ill-health and bad eye-sight).

"The Eternal Spring."

The invisible things of Him from the Creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made. ROMANS, I., 20.

ALL around us, on the hillside, a wealth of richest, tenderest verdure breaks out into rapturous life, at the gentle, penetrating call of Spring.

Miraculous seems the change a few short weeks have brought to pass, and where all was dead and bare, where hardly a sign of life could be discovered, now, every little woodland pathway is strewn with flowers.

Some plants that we know well, that were with us only a short time ago, we gladly hail again in their new and glorious beauty.

Some roots, seeds and bulbs which we ourselves helped to plant, dull and unattractive in the "body of their humiliation" to others, but of keenest interest to the gardener's prophetic eye, which sees every living thing with a view to its future capacities for beauty or usefulness, now vindicate the gardener's choice, and amply reward the "long patience" of those who planted, for the imprisoned flower-souls are set free at last, and gladden all the earth with their fresh and radiant loveliness.

Some plants, curious and beautiful, too, are coming to light at last

which we have never seen before. Their places were filled by the overgrowth of other things long before the autumn, and no apparent void or place for them seemed to be left in God's earth.

Now that the showier plants appear again in chastened, timid, beauty, lovelier, through their new humility, than in their garish pride, their tender buds clinging more closely to the Central Stem, there is abundant room for these older, shyer flowers to share alike in the glorious sunshine and soft, sweet air, and to bring their tiny offering of beauty to the Great Creator.

Enclosed in the midst of this luxuriant, untrained loveliness lie the gardens of All Hallows'.

In those gardens, so remarkable for their beauty of soft, emerald grass, set with jewel-like flower beds, there are gathered the productions of cultivation from many distant lands, as well as clusters of lovely flowers transplanted from the country nearer at hand.

The flowers blossom with greater security from danger there than on the wild hill-side, while careful cultivation, judicious pruning and training, preserve and increase their natural attractions of form and colour.

Near the little Chapel the air is sweetest, most heavily laden with flower-incense, from plants small and great, as well as from myriads of snowy fruit-blossoms, as if the flowers themselves realized their nearness to His Presence, Who first "planted a garden," Who was pleased to walk there "in the cool of the day," and Who, on that first Easter Day, was taken for a gardener by the first human eyes that saw Him, as He appeared among the flowers after His Resur-

rection, and Who now works amidst the souls of His children gathered here, that He may fit them to appear as flowers of Paradise, in answer to His gentle, awakening call, on the Resurrection Morning.

Each of the All Hallows' Schools has a chosen flower as its emblem, one, the violet, a type of modest humility, shedding fragrance all around, itself unseen; the other, a daisy, the symbol of purity and cheerful lowliness, flourishing contentedly wherever it may be planted.

God grant that these children may grow up as tender plants, under the great Gardener's care!

ALTHEA MOODY.

Violets and Daisies.

Who hath despised the day of small things?

As violets so be I recluse and sweet,
Cheerful as daisies unaccounted rare,
Still sunward-gazing from a lowly seat,
Still sweetening wintry air.

While half-awakened Spring lags incomplete,
While lofty forest trees tower bleak and bare,
Daisies and violets own remotest heat
And bloom and make them fair.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

Appeal for Indian School.

IT is proposed to enlarge this School at once by building on an additional 17 feet at the Chapel end.

It is hoped that this will give three or four small bedrooms upstairs; work-room, reception-room, etc., downstairs.

By this means we shall be able to accommodate several more children who have been waiting some time for admission.

The chiefs from Spuzzum came at

Easter to petition us to take in some more little girls, but we had to refuse them then for lack of room.

Donations towards furnishing this new wing will be most gratefully received.

Gifts Received.

BALE of beautiful quilts, clothing etc., Adolphustown W. A.

4 Barrels from Toronto, containing:—Parcel of clothing, work-bags, 7 prayerbooks, etc., from Girls' Mission Band, All Saints', Toronto.

—Tea, nuts, clothing, and many pretty and useful things, from St. Thomas' Girls' Auxiliary, Toronto.

—Bale of groceries and clothing, including much-needed scarlet aprons, from Deer Park W. A.

—1 Box of dressed dolls, Jocelyn Clarke.

—Bags of fruit for puddings, from Father Davenport.

A very large quantity (about 2½ barrels) of clothing, tea and other groceries, sheets, serge and all sorts of useful things, from the W. A., St. Thomas', Toronto.

Two Barrels of quilts, clothing, groceries, Christmas cakes, and puddings, most acceptable boots and shoes, from the St. Peter's W. A., Charlottetown, P. E. I.

One Barrel quilts and clothing from branches of the W. A. at Georgetown and Souris, P. E. I.

Clothing for little Indian child, from St. Peter's Junior W. A., Charlottetown, P. E. I.

14 Sunbonnets, Miss H. Grafton, Woolhope, Hereford.

Bale of quilts, clothing, red cloaks and Sunbonnets, from W. A., Kingston, Ont.

Cards for Easter, St. Thomas' Girls' Auxiliary, Toronto.

Graphic, (weekly) Miss Bourne, England.

Punch, (weekly) H. Moody Esq. England.

Church Bells, (2 months) Miss Bramston, Winchester.

Beautiful basket of fancywork and clothing, Miss Spark, Eng.

Box of new-laid eggs, from Mrs. Munro, Nicola.

Wild ducks, Dr. Hoops.

Rose bushes, masks for the play, 3 books for library, and magazines, from Rev. H. Underhill.

Cake for Indian School, Mrs. Underhill.

Candy and oranges, from Mr. Underhill.

Crackers and toys, J. Knowler Esq.

Box of Christmas nicknacks, Mr. H. Morey, New Westminster.

Oranges, bucket of candy, from Mr. D. Creighton.

WANTS.

6 New iron beds, and bedding for extra rooms in Indian School, (or contributions towards this.)

Scarlet cloaks, very warm, for winter, and tam-o'shanter to match, for Sunday wear.

Turkey twill pinafores to fit girls from 12 to 16.

Turkey twill aprons for older girls.

Serge frocks for ages 4 to 18. It is specially wished to make up a set for Sunday, winter wear.

Print dresses and overall pinafores of all sizes, are very much needed, pretty, bright colours are especially liked.

More sun-bonnets, pink for weekdays, and white for Sundays, (those so kindly sent made everybody long for more!)

Strong, thin, summer stockings.