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# All Hallows in the West

*"SERVIRE DEO SAPERE"*



Eastertide  
1909

Published at  
All Hallows' School, Vale, B.C.

## Contents

PROSPECTUS	I.
Work	II.
School Prayers	II.
Easter (Poetry)	3
“I have Risen”	3
God’s Scholar (Poetry)	5
Leaves from Our Journal	5
In Memoriam	8
All Hallows in the Future	9
Editors’ Notice	11
Royal Drawing Society	12
A Highly Valued Friend	12
Six Days of a Puppy’s Life	13
A Glimpse of All Hallows	14
School Register	15
Names Entered for Future Vacancies	16
Visitors’ Book	17
All Hallows Chapel Funds	17
Heartsease	18
All Hallows’ Indian School	19
Indian School Register	20
Christmas	21
“Right Dear in the Sight of the Lord is the Death of His Saints”	23
<b>CHILDREN’S CORNER—</b>	
Sundays at All Hallows	24
Habit	25
Making Baskets	25
Christmas Stockings	26
What Happened in the Holidays	27
Gifts Acknowledged	28
Wants	29
Notice	Cover

# All Hallows' Canadian School,

YALE, B. C.

ESTABLISHED 1890

For Girls of the Church of England Only.

Conducted by the Sisters of All Hallows.

VISITOR - - - THE LORD BISHOP OF NEW WESTMINSTER

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

Games Mistress - - Miss Protheroe

### The Course of Study includes :

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

### Staff of Teachers:

Primary Class	-	Mrs. Dickson.
Junior and Senior Classes, English Subjects, Latin, Mathematics, French and Musical Drills.	}	Miss Protheroe, Mrs. Shaw, Certificate of British Columbia.
		Miss Harris, 1st Class Certificates of British Columbia and Prince of Wales' College and Normal School, Charlottetown, P.E.I.
Music, Violin and Harmony	}	Miss Poore, Certificate from Leipzig Conservatorium, Germany. Certificated Pianist of Trinity College, London, England.
Music, Piano		Miss Poore, Mrs. Dickson.
German	- - -	Miss Poore.
Drawing	- - -	A Sister.

### School Terms:

Winter Term - - - 1st Sept. to 21st Dec.  
Summer Term - - - 1st Feb. to 25th June.

School Hours : 9 to 12, 1 to 3 Study Hours . 7 to 8.30

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

Pupils are prepared for the McGill University Matriculation Examination.

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

Also for School Examinations of the Royal Drawing Society.

### Entrance fee \$5

### School Fees (in Advance)

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

Application for further particulars to be made to :

**THE SISTER SUPERIOR**

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

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

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

**Staff of Workers:**

Four Sisters	Mrs. Dickson
Miss Harris	Mrs. Hamilton
Miss Protheroe	Mrs. Shaw
Miss Poore	

**Chaplain:**

Rev. H. Underhill

**Prayer for the Children of the Schools:**

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

V. Take this child and nurse it for Me.

R. And I will give thee thy reward.

*Let us pray.*

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

**Commemoration of Those who have Gone Out from the Schools:**

*Antiphon*--They will go from strength to strength:

V. And unto the God of gods.

R. Appareth every one of them in Sion.

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

# All Hallows in the West.

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VOL. IX.

EASTERTIDE, 1909

No. 13

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## Poetry

### EASTER.

Thow knowest He died not for Himself, nor for Himself arose;  
Millions of souls were in His Heart, and thee for one He chose,  
Upon the palms of His pierc'd Hands engraven was thy name,  
He for thy cleansing had prepared His water and His flame.

Sure thou with Him art risen; and now with Him thou must go  
forth,

And He will lend thy sick soul health, thy strivings might and  
worth.

Early with Him thou forth must fare, and ready make the way  
For the descending Paraclete, the third hour of the day.

—John Keble.

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### "I HAVE RISEN."

The proverb, "Out of sight, out of mind," describes the nature of a friendship which depends wholly on local presence, on common occupations, on mutual external service. But there is another and a deeper kind of love, which is not only independent to a great extent of such external conditions, but which almost grieves at times over physical nearness, as though it interfered with true soul-intimacy. We feel the inadequacy of our words to express our feelings, and not only their inadequacy but their very deceptiveness. We know that the common actions of our everyday life are the expression, not of our deepest self, but of our passing wants and impressions. We could wish to take off our shoes before entering the sanctuary of our friendship, but we are cast together at all hours and moments, and the network of material exigencies throws a veil over our spiritual intercourse.

Do we not find the highest exemplification of this truth in that unique friendship which is described in the Gospel story, that love between Christ and His disciples which, in the union of Christ with His Church, was to be perpetuated throughout all ages?

He must needs go or the Paraclete would not come. He must needs go, not only for their sake but also for His own.

To Him, as to us, and infinitely more than to us, was death a release from captivity and blindness, an entering into the conscious possession of His hidden inheritance.

Now could He speak to His Father, and now could He speak to His brethren; nearer to their weakness in His Glory and His Strength than when He was closer in His infirmities. For though they were still hemmed in by the wall of an earthly body, there was no corresponding barrier on His side, and the Glorified Christ passed through the closed doors of their flesh and met their spirit face to face. The barrier was now on their side only, not on His.

In this revelation then, this shining forth to the disciples of a soul, no longer shrouded in the mortality of death, but translucent in its body of glory—was the true secret of the Resurrection.

In what manner, in what degree, it is not given us to know, but the disciples, with a throb of astounded joy, came singly and collectively to the knowledge that He was still there, in the very midst of them all; and, oh! far more! in the very centre of each one—speaking soul to soul, heart to heart—"closer than breathing and nearer than hands and feet."

And, hard on the sense of His yet living presence, came the breathless hope and apprehension of their own essential deathlessness. "Where I am there shall you be also;" this was the word that echoed in their ears and hearts. New and unfathomable experiences were striving within them, new possibilities were dimly suggesting themselves, and, in all, the figure of Christ stood out, of Christ the personal and human friend, so infinitely greater than themselves, and yet now, as before, one with them. His rights were their rights, and His glory was their glory.

The gropings of those last few days, in which He walked and spoke, and ate with them, are now explained by the issue to which they have been conducted. Promises and assurances are no longer needed, for His continued life and intimate presence are a sufficient pledge.

What they dreaded was to be left orphans, to be abandoned in mid-career, when they had started on a journey which they would never have undertaken in their own strength.

But now they know that even death cannot remove Him from their midst, and while He remains they are safe. If they do not know everything at once they know enough to prosecute their journey, and He will guide them step by step.

To us it may seem a matter of envy to have been of those "who saw and touched and handled Him" in the wanderings through Galilee; but to them Easter Day was the dawn of a higher

and holier union and comprehension, the past was swallowed up in a more glorious present.

As to the immediate future, they are still blind and human; the secrets of time and space are hidden from their sight. But "He has risen, and is yet with them," and into His hands they commend their spirits; He has the keys of the Kingdom, and the Kingdom is at hand.

—From "The Soul's Orbit"

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### GOD'S SCHOLAR.

Be taught of God; He is deep wisdom's well,  
 He is of love the eternal fountain-head,  
 The truth with which the highest thought is wed;  
 With Him pure faith and hope must ever dwell.

He is the infinite beauty whose sweet spell,  
 Gives charm and life to what is seeming dead,—  
 He is the balm when the sore heart has bled,  
 And the sole hope when tolls death's fatal knell.

Be taught of Him if thou would'st truly know,  
 Love Him, if thou would love the perfect best,  
 Seek Him if thou would'st see fair beauty glow,  
 Him follow if thou hopest to find rest;  
 To Him bear all the burthen of thy woe,  
 And ask, through good and ill, to be His guest.

—J. L. Spalding, Bishop of Peoria.

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## Leaves from Our Journal

**November.**—The Archdeacon came up for the All Saints' Festival, which is, perhaps, by All Hallows' children, the most beloved festival week in the year. It falls in the middle of the winter term, when we have left the warm, bright sunshine behind, and the frequent rains and bare trees are not always exhilarating to the natural spirit. Moreover, from a school point of view, Christmas seems yet far distant, and so we hail this bright, cheering week with delight, and make the most of it. We missed some of the "old trained voices in the choir," but the new members did their best to make the services bright and hearty, and all the familiar special tunes and hymns are what everyone loves to hear again. There is something so sympathetic and soul-cheering in this Dedication Festival, and East and West are united in the same joy.

One evening the study girls gave a select "card party." The tables were very prettily arranged, and the fortunate guests invited thoroughly enjoyed the pleasant and quiet evening.



Then, another night, the dining hall was the scene of a grand ball, many of the dancers appearing in quaint costumes, representing books and other mysterious incognitoes.

**November 15th.**—A most important event occurred last night. Silently, unknown to mortal man, unseen by any one of fifty pairs of eyes so accustomed to watch its every movement, the dredge, becoming loosened from her cable, floated away down the river in the dark, early hours of the morning, and when daylight revealed the outer world everyone asked, "Where has the dredge gone?" and there was no answer. Whither had it gone? Time only revealed the answer. It was found about seven miles down the river, turned upside down. Report says one day it will return.

**December 6th.**—The Canadian children's premature "Christmas," "Santa Claus" Day. After school hours there was one prevailing anxiety to obtain sufficient presents for the occasion. We held a small sale in the community room, rapidly getting rid of our stock of suitable things, candles, etc., but not enough for the demand, and anyone passing through the dormitories and elsewhere between the hours of 8 and 9.30 would have seen stockings of every shape and size, some near to bursting, hanging up in various places. Among the juniors even wearing apparel was temporarily requisitioned for the occasion, and I am sure everyone received many most unexpected treasures—at least those who had sufficient faith in "Santa Claus" to hang out their stockings.

**December 12th.**—The Bishop came up for the Confirmation, which had been postponed on account of his absence from the diocese. We were very glad to welcome him after his long visit to England. Nine Canadian and three Indian children were presented for confirmation. The service was at 6.30 p.m., and the Bishop gave one earnest address to those young soldiers of Christ who had come to be strengthened and equipped for their future work in life's warfare. The nine made their first communion the next morning, as that was the only opportunity of a last celebration in the school before they would be separated, and for a few it might even be difficult to get a communion on Christmas Day.

School broke up between the 17th and 20th, and by Monday noon a silence most unusual had settled on the Canadian School.

**December 25th.**—The Bishop came up for the festival, but left us on Christmas morning, after taking the midnight celebration. When our little band of old Indians and children, the three newly-confirmed making their first communion, once again gathered at His altar to rejoice and give thanks, with "angels and archangels" for that marvellous gift to men—the Holy Babe of Bethlehem, "who for our salvation came down from Heaven."

The Christmas dinner and the delightful Christmas tree will be described by another pen this year, so I need only say that the happy and blessed week sped away with its usual swiftness, hardly leaving us time to ponder over its deep and yet simple lessons.

**January 1st.**—On returning from church we all exclaimed, "Oh, what a bitter day it is!" To be out for half an hour is quite exhausting, walking over the uneven, frozen track, but then we forgot our miseries in looking at a cheerful big fire, and we thought the cold will not last very long and we must expect it. But, alas! day by day it grew colder and colder, and fires no longer kept us warm indoors. It was zero a few feet away from a large fire, and the wind did not abate, and the snow was piled higher and higher on the verandah roof till we feared it would collapse altogether. So the days passed, nearly each one fraught with some new calamity—frozen pipes everywhere, coal all consumed, coal oil running short as we were using it in such great quantities. Our friends in town lent us these commodities till we could procure other supplies, but these were long in coming, as the train service was most irregular. About the middle of the month it got a little milder, and we were thankful when the thermometer registered zero, but our troubles were by no means over. Then the real damage was made manifest, as various bursts occurred in different places and streams appeared where it ought to have been dry land. We were most fortunate, and amidst our manifold difficulties, very thankful to be able to secure workmen on the spot, who came to our aid, and, after impressing two tramps who wanted work, with very great difficulty they succeeded in restoring things to their normal condition by the last day of the month.

**February 1st.**—Saw the return of the Canadian School, with sundry misgivings on our part, as to what further calamities might be impending, which the presence of the school would indeed render serious, but we settled in peacefully, and for a fortnight all went well. After an interval of unexpected calm, illness appeared in the shape of measles, which has not left us yet, and very few of the school have escaped, though some have had it very slightly indeed, but even a mild attack needs care, and leaves its victim feeling rather "washed out."

**February 27th.**—To-day witnessed the departure from our midst of Miss Harmer, who will be missed by all who knew her. Her unselfish brightness and sense of fun has smoothed over many a rough corner, and her place as "stage manager" can never be filled by one more gifted and qualified for such a post. When the closing day arrives its glory will wane before the memories of last year's success. But we are not purposing to climb higher

than we can, our chickens are young and their wings only half grown.

**March.**—A month in which very little has happened, and it is right to be so, for we have been passing through the Lenten season, when quietness and work take the uppermost place, and our minds and thoughts are turned to those solemn and necessary lessons which, if faithfully studied and made part of our daily lives, lead us into the sunshine of true Easter joy.

**April 3rd.**—We have had to-day a very quiet but very successful missionary sale, the proceeds amounting to \$53.75. The Camera Club have contributed largely to its success, and as long as there is a school at Yale photos will never lack buyers. So we hope the club will continue its work as a help to the Chapel Fund.

**Easter Day.**—A beautiful bright day. Sunshine flooding everywhere and everything. The trilliums are out and help to adorn our little chapel, and the altar looks very fair and simple with its white flowers and ferns, gifts from the children. The singing has been good, the music at the Choral Celebration being "Monk," a new one for our choir here. This one beautiful day stands out by itself, for the rest of the month has been rather cold and wet, and our usual Easter picnic has to be put off until Ascension Week. We are expecting the Bishop for another confirmation next month, and hope he will be able to come on the 26th, as nine more children are preparing for this holy rite, and hope to make their first communion on Whitsunday.

Before closing we must say how glad we are that a resident chaplain is at last a reality, and that he has a house to live in near the school, so that we have the privilege of more and more regular services.

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## In Memoriam

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It has pleased God to take from our midst one of the most faithful and staunchest friends of the school. Mrs. William Dodd entered into rest on April 17th, in the hospital at Vancouver, and was laid in the cemetery at New Westminster on the 19th. We regretted much that none of her Yale friends were able to be there. She has known the school from its earliest days, and has always been ready with open-hearted generosity and sympathy to do anything in her power to help on its interests. Many will miss the sight of her accustomed face and the hospitality she was ever ready to show to any friends of the school. No one will take her place, and her memory will ever remain in the hearts of all who have known her with sincere and affectionate gratitude. May she

rest in peace until the Great Easter Morn, when all will be again united in loving fellowship and all shadows shall flee away.

## All Hallows in the Future

Our friends often say to us, "When are you going to build the Chapel?" and after we have told them "We must wait till there is some prospect of building new Canadian Schools," they, like the bells of old still go on with their questions—"When will that be?"

"Ah, when indeed!" That is the question our hearts re-echo sometimes a little sadly, but sometimes hopefully, for "Hurry is of the devil," and we see some of the reasons now for the long delays that tried our patience before.

It used to seem such a simple, easy matter in the olden days when there was a large Indian School, and a smaller Canadian School, that the new Chapel should be attached, like the present one, to the former school.

So a site was chosen in the orchard, fruit trees cleared away, with small reference to their feelings, money collected, plans made—a little delay would come, but "next year" would surely see the new Chapel begun and perhaps finished as well, but more delay came till "next year" began to seem like the "to-morrow" which will never come.

Then the reason, or one of the reasons for the delay, began to dawn upon us, as the Canadian School grew and grew. First there was room for twelve children in it, then more wanted to come whom it was hard to refuse, so finally a cottage was taken for an overflow house, and long-cherished dreams were realised when the Canadian School numbered twenty!

How proud we were of our long line of children, and how we all stood and watched them as they led down to meals and the line reached as far as we could see from the Refectory door quite to the top of the stairs.

How we wished Bishop Sillitoe had lived to see that day!

But after a while even that large number was exceeded, and additions to the school had to be made.

There were not wanting many who counselled prudence; "It was too far from the Coast for it ever to grow to be a large School." "It might succeed for a time, but when schools were opened elsewhere people would not want to send their children so far as Yale, and what should we do with large empty buildings then?" Or, when the Crow's Nest line was begun, "Very soon Yale will not be on the main line; then nobody will come here."

Partly out of deference to these gloomy forebodings, and partly also from want of funds, there has never been any launching out into building a really suitable school house. Additions were tentatively made from time to time, barely enough to meet pressing needs, and only such as could be paid for with ready money. The old "Onderdonk" house formed the nucleus round which the other buildings clustered. In the rejoicing of having extra accommodation any inconveniences were hardly considered.

But of late years the School has grown so large that these inconvenient arrangements are becoming more serious all the time. The dearth of passages occasions dormitories, dining hall, etc., being used as thoroughfares continually, while the absence of suitable storerooms tries our patience sorely.

Many of the rooms must serve a double purpose. Thus the elder girls' sitting room, or "study," also has to do duty as a dining room for the staff, which is most trying to everyone, especially in the winter; while the sitting room for the staff must be used as a music room, though teachers and pupils alike sometimes have to vacate the room hurriedly when a visitor arrives, as there is no other reception room.

Perhaps after the recital of these really serious difficulties there may not be much pity left to spare for the woes of the poor little "playroomers," when "those study girls will leave the doors open" after they have just succeeded in getting their playroom warm in winter.

It is perhaps unnecessary to say that we have no sort of infirmary, and this is very trying at times, for sickness does sometimes visit even such a spot in healthy Yale. Especially is this so in winter, for little girls and "study girls" alike have a way of mislaying rubbers and coats just as the school bell rings, and this sometimes costs them a bad cold, for their schoolrooms are at the cottage by the gate.

A glance at the list of those who are waiting for vacancies will show how urgent is still the demand for "more room."

There is no possibility of making suitable additions to the present building. It is too crowded in with the mountain rising abruptly at the back, and the brook at the side.

We do, however, possess an excellent site in the playing fields, with plenty of space all round, plenty of water, a good slope for drainage, and a splendid view.

Here it is proposed to build an entirely new Canadian school-house, adapted to all modern requirements, with accommodation for about 60 pupils (the present building will really only accom-

modate 45). Classrooms and everything else would all then be under one roof.

It is estimated that, roughly speaking, the cost of these buildings would be between \$20,000 and \$30,000, and it is for this that we wish to appeal.

For many years this was the only Church School for girls west of Toronto, nearly 3,000 miles away, and still the nearest is about 800 miles away from us, though parents send their children to us from as great a distance, or, in some instances, even greater.

It seems hardly necessary to urge the great importance of the work, in laying the foundations of Church life in the future homes of this province. It is work which has been specially given to the Sisters to do, notwithstanding their hesitation in first undertaking it, and it has been signally blessed.

Who will help in strengthening this far Western outpost of the Church's work?

Once given the means to begin building the Canadian School, the Chapel could then also be begun, and would be built between the two schools, so as to be used by both, as is the present little stable Chapel, whose walls re-echo with children's voices united in the worship of Him, Who once cradled in a manger, is now ceaselessly adored by Angels in the Courts of Heaven

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### EDITOR'S NOTICE.

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"In the good old days" when printing used to be much cheaper, our magazine not so bulky, and we had a goodly list of subscribers, the rate of 10c. a copy very nearly (though never quite) covered expenses.

Nowadays the conditions are reversed. Printing costs us about 25c. for each magazine, and the long list now consists of the names of those who receive free copies, while only a faithful few send in subscriptions.

Our friends are so generous in helping us in every way that we are only too glad to be able to send them some accounts of the School doings and happenings, but this is beginning to be rather a serious drain on our resources.

So we shall be very grateful to receive the names and subscriptions of new subscribers, or any small sum towards magazine expenses.

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### ROYAL DRAWING SOCIETY

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There is always a sort of reluctance to launch out into new and untried paths, and so, though we have for many years known about the Annual Exhibition of this Society, yet we never summoned up courage to make any entries.

Last winter, however, Lillian Arnould sent some pretty sketches which one of the Sisters at Ditchingham kindly mounted and forwarded for us, and we have just been delighted to see in the Report that they have been awarded a Bronze Star of the R. D. S.

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### A HIGHLY VALUED FRIEND.

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Anyone living on the banks of the great Fraser River cannot help enumerating it in their list of acquaintances. Irresponsive is this friend, but, in its mere presence there is a feeling towards it akin to friendship. The "chosen music" of the waters is to the tired soul a comfort in trouble or sorrow. In the night it is like the sympathy of a friend to awaken and hear the sound of the waters.

Then again the presence of the flowing river gives one another thought, and that is as the waters roll past every day so the trials of this life are only transitory. The water carries down to the sea rocks, earth, debris and mineral, so the days carry away our difficulties to the sea of time, whither they are lost in the multitude of other troubles.

But how shall I portray this friend to others? Seven hundred and fifty miles it flows down the Pacific slope to the Gulf of Georgia. Its source is far east of the Rockies, whence it flows north and south-west through the Cascade Mountains to the coast. It bounds with terrific speed over rocks, through canyons and down falls. In these spots it seems all hurry; but in the level basin it flows along with the utmost ease and tranquillity. There is not the least bit of monotony in its course, as each bend, each curve, brings before the eye some fresh scenery.

Notwithstanding this the Fraser music has discords in its composition, rapids, whirlpools and under currents. To those who admire music in a minor key the dangerous passages or treacherous depths may appeal, but to others they are repulsive, especially when they bear in mind the dire calamities witnessed along its banks. In the gold rush of the sixties, hundreds of men perished in their haste to reach the gold fields at Yale. Every day, in the summer, there is some fresh tale of an accident from the mouth of the river. The extensive fisheries employ many men, who ignorantly and carelessly meet with a great deal of misfortune.

But one does not dwell on the pessimistic side of the great spirit's character, who, according to tradition of the Indians, lives

in the river. Every year it used to overflow its banks, to flood the Delta during the spring freshets. Nowadays this generous offer is gently but firmly refused by the dykes which protect the rich lands they enclose.

Besides giving us delightful scenery, compassionate comfort, the Fraser is a waterway of great commercial value; its fish is exported to all parts of the world, and its gold enriches thousands of people.

Edith Rich.

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### SIX DAYS OF A PUPPY'S LIFE.

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July 4th.—Was awakened early this morning by horrid noises, like the time my mother wagged her tail so hard it knocked down a chair, only this was louder. Went down stairs at seven-thirty with my boy; at about half-past nine they tied a red and green thing to my tail, it jumped about, and made a horrid noise, and bit me once or twice. I spent the rest of the morning under the shed. Came out at twelve and the neighbor's cat called me names; was going to fight, but the boys chased me again; spent the rest of the day under the shed.

July 5th.—Got up early and went under the shed, but there were not any more noises, so I went and dug up the bone I buried the day before yesterday. A bigger dog came and took it. In the afternoon I went into the mistress's room. There were some lovely soft shoes on the floor. I chewed them up, got spanked and was shut in my kennel the rest of the day.

July 6th.—The boy let me out early this morning. I chased Jones' cat up a tree, but another cat came along, bigger than I was, and scratched my face. I went into the house and saw a rat and chased it into the master's room. It went up on to his table, so I jumped after it and got my feet all black in something in a little bottle that upset. There were white things there with marks on them. I ran over them, and got spanked again, stayed under the shed all night.

July 7th.—Felt sore and stiff this morning, a man came down with a piece of biscuit, he called me a 'nice little doggie' and got me to go to him after a little while. He put a rope around my neck, and dragged me away to a horrid little house and tied me up. I was hungry, so I chewed the rope; it tasted like fish, so I chewed it till it came apart, then I jumped on to the table and ate every thing I could find. I heard the man coming just then, so I jumped out of the window and got home about dark.

July 8th.—The boy was out early this morning and he shouted and danced when he saw me. He took off the rope and carried



me into the house, when after giving me a bath they gave me some good things to eat. Slept most of the rest of the day.

July 9th.—The boys went bathing to-day and I went with them. One of the boys waded out into the deep water and shouted. I thought he was getting hurt so I went to help him, he hit me and held me under the water for a long time (I think it was about half an hour but Smith's big dog says it couldn't have been half a minute) and then I went back to the shore. I took a fish out of a shop on my way home, and a funny man shouted at me and chased me ever so far, but I got it home safely. (Mem. buried it by the big wood pile.) I fought Jones' cat again, with Toby to help me. Went to my kennel early, very sore from my fight. (Toby says it is not fair to say that I fought with him to help me, because he did most of the fighting and I did most of the barking but I really bit the cat two or three times.)

Berta Shaw.

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### A GLIMPSE OF ALL HALLOWS

All Hallows' is a school for girls situated on the Fraser River. The school is very pretty, on one side is the railway track, and, on the other side of the track is the Fraser. It is about half-a-mile from Yale, and the girls very often go into Yale for their walks. Yale is a very healthy place and has mountains all around. It is in the Cascade Range. Trains pass through Yale twice a day in winter and four times in summer.

In the Playing Fields there are two tennis courts; a croquet court. The girls play cricket, tennis, basketball, and various other sports. There is also a garden which is apart from the playing field. There are many beautiful trees and flowers which are just beginning to bloom. There is a very pretty little Chapel at the East End and the Indian School leads off from the Chapel. There is the Canadian School which has three dormitories; a study, sitting room, dining hall and play room and other rooms. Then there is a little two story building at the back of the house, and it serves as a club-room and shop, the latter being opened once a week for the children to buy candies and sweet biscuits. Every Saturday evening the girls dance and for four nights they have preparation in the evening but on Friday night there is choir-practice.

There are about fifty girls at "All Hallows." Four sisters are in charge of the school. All Hallows is a branch of the All Hallows in Ditchingham, England. Piano and violin are taught by mistresses; and an examiner comes from England every year to hear the girls play. There is a very pretty little Church at the village where the girls go every Sunday morning but have evening service in the Chapel conducted by the chaplain, Rev. H. Underhill.

The days course is as follows: The girls rise at seven a. m. Service in Chapel at 8.45. School from nine to twelve. Luncheon, school again from one to three. Walk from half past three to half past four, then get dressed for dinner. Dinner at five fifteen, Chapel at six thirty, then preparation.

Very happy days are spent by the All Hallows girls at Yale.

RUTH CLINTON.

## School Register

EASTER, 1909.

1. Phyllis Barnes ..... Edmonton, Alta.
2. Gwendoline Barnes ..... Edmonton, Alta.
3. Marjorie Burmyeat ..... Vernon, B. C.
4. Dorothy Burmyeat ..... Vernon, B. C.
5. Dorothy Bell ..... Ladners, B. C.
6. June Blackwell ..... Seattle, Wash.
7. Ruth Clinton ..... Cumberland, B. C.
8. Hilda Coote..... Chilliwack, B. C.
9. Janet Coote ..... Chilliwack, B. C.
10. Gladys Coulthard ..... Princeton, B. C.
11. Alma Cropley ..... Vancouver, B. C.
12. Marjorie Denison ..... Vernon, B. C.
13. Grace Denison ..... Vernon, B. C.
14. Katherine Dempster ..... Dewdney, B. C.
15. Willa Estabrook ..... Pentiction, B. C.
16. Florence Edwards ..... Nakusp, B. C.
17. Ethel Gibbs ..... Lillooet, B. C.
18. Mabel Green ..... Kelowna, B. C.
19. Freda Harvey ..... Qu'Appelle, Sask.
20. Beth Harvey ..... Qu'Appelle, Sask.
21. Hilda Hogbin ..... Calgary, Alta.
22. Rosabel Homfray ..... Grand Prairie, B. C.
23. Madaline Hall ..... Winnipeg, Man.
24. Norah Halpin ..... Whonnoek, B. C.
25. Muriel Hooper ..... Langley, B. C.
26. Janet Hamilton ..... Vancouver, B. C.
27. Jean Jephson ..... Calgary, Alta.
28. Marjorie Johnston ..... Vancouver, B. C.
29. Dorothy Lucas ..... Sardis, B. C.
30. Winifred Mathias ..... Pentiction, B. C.
31. Alice McMynn ..... Greenwood, B. C.
32. Gwendoline Pearson ..... Vancouver, B. C.
33. Helen Parsons ..... Golden, B. C.
34. Sybil Parke ..... Ashcroft, B. C.
35. Vivian Peele ..... New Westminster, B. C.

- |     |                  |                    |
|-----|------------------|--------------------|
| 36. | Kathleen Powell  | Vancouver, B. C.   |
| 37. | Edith Rich       | Ladner, B. C.      |
| 38. | Lettie Schofield | Trail, B. C.       |
| 39. | Huberta Shaw     | Greenwood, B. C.   |
| 40. | Marjorie Stuart  | Hope, B. C.        |
| 41. | Jean Smith       | Vernon, B. C.      |
| 42. | Marjorie Saegert | Edmonton, Alta.    |
| 43. | Elvie Temple     | Vancouver, B. C.   |
| 44. | Vilma Williams   | Vernon, B. C.      |
| 45. | Doris Young      | Fort William, Ont. |

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#### DAY SCHOLARS.

Dorothy Shaw  
 Neville Shaw  
 Keith Shaw

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### Names Registered for Future Vacancies.

- |                         |                      |
|-------------------------|----------------------|
| Helena Astley           | Banff, Alta.         |
| Constance Astley        | Banff, Alta.         |
| Gertrude Winch          | Vernon, B. C.        |
| Dorothy Jackson         | Vancouver, B. C.     |
| Mildred Irvine          | Nelson, B. C.        |
| Madeline Griffin        | Blaine, Wash.        |
| Mary Agatha Holt        | Port Haney, B. C.    |
| Wenonah Mackenzie       | Surrey Centre, B. C. |
| Marjorie Lucas          | Sardis, B. C.        |
| Margaret Hein           | Epworth, B. C.       |
| E. Bagshaw              | Vancouver, B. C.     |
| Helen Gill              | Vancouver, B. C.     |
| Ruth Wynn Johnson       | Vancouver, B. C.     |
| Betty Johnson           | Vancouver, B. C.     |
| Lilian Granville        | Dubuc, Sask.         |
| Dadie Hope              | Vancouver, B. C.     |
| Helen Ruth Spicer       | Vancouver, B. C.     |
| Charlotte Eileen Spicer | Vancouver, B. C.     |
| Dorothy Carew           | Vernon, B. C.        |
| Gwendoline Penger       | Vancouver, B. C.     |
| Valencia Nichols        | Seattle, Wash.       |
| Eleanor Driscoll        | Edmonton, Alta.      |
| Helen Clarke            | Calgary, Alta.       |
| Gwyneth Stephenson      | Victoria, B. C.      |
| Winnifred Throughton    | Vernon, B. C.        |
| Margaret Laura Mathews  | Ashcroft, B. C.      |
| Gertrude Rich           | Ladner, B. C.        |

## Visitors' Book.

**November**—Ven. Archdeacon Pentreath; Mrs. Bell, Ladner, B. C.; Mrs. Powell, Vancouver; Mr. Grant Hall, Winnipeg; Mr. G. W. Clinton, Cumberland, B.C.

**December**—The Bishop of New Westminster; Mrs. Grogan, Mt. Tolmie, B.C.

**January**—Rev. C. Croucher, Yale, B.C.

**February**—Mr. Schofield, Trail, B.C.

**March**—Mr. Rich, Ladner, B.C.; Mrs. Young, Fort William, Ontario; Ven. Archdeacon Pentreath.

**April**—Mrs. Stuart, Hope, B.C.; Mr. Schofield, M.P., Trail, B. C.; Ven. Archdeacon Small, Lytton; Rev. E. Pugh, Lytton, B.C.

## All Hallows' Chapel Building Funds.

All Saints' 1909—In hand .....	\$3842 51
The Bishop of Dorking .....	9 60
Epiphany Offering (Ottawa) .....	5 00
An Invalid Friend (England) .....	4 87
Mrs. Pearse .....	1 00
	<hr/>
	\$3862 98

### ALL HALLOWS' CHAPEL FURNISHING FUND.

All Saints', 1909—In hand .....	\$338 80
An Invalid Friend (England) .....	9 74
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	\$348 54

### ALTAR FUND.

In hand .....	\$14 45
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### BELL FUND.

All Saints', 1909—In hand .....	\$1 70
Nurse Murray .....	60
Through an Invalid Friend .....	9 14
	<hr/>
	\$11 44

### ORGAN FUND.

All Saints', 1909—In hand .....	\$30 00
All Hallows' Camera Club .....	7 25
A Friend .....	10 00
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	\$47 25

## Heartsease.

"Touch Me not for I am not yet Ascended."

Not touch Thee! Are they over then for ever,  
 Those human ministries so sweet of old?  
 Further than starry distances can sever,  
 Severed by these Thy words, so starlike cold.  
 Thy "Touch Me not; I am not yet ascended."

Once, owned and welcomed 'mid the scoffs and scorning,  
 The tears and kisses fell upon Thy feet;  
 Now, on Thy rapturous Resurrection Morning,  
 May no adoring touch Thy triumph greet?  
 Nay, "Touch Me not; I am not yet ascended."

Thy lips the old familiar name have spoken,  
 Are the old needs of earth forever fled?  
 Is the last vase of alabaster broken?  
 Were the last balms outpoured upon Thee dead?  
 Yet "Touch Me not; I am not yet ascended."

Not touch Thee now, while earth may still detain Thee,  
 Thy feet still linger by the well-known ways?  
 How, when the heaven of heavens cannot contain Thee,  
 High o'er the narrow light of our dim days,  
 Still "Touch Me not; I am not yet ascended."

Yet, on her heart that Easter joy first tasting,  
 Those grave words struck no discord of surprise;  
 Glad from Thy Presence on Thine errands hastening,  
 What strange sweet secret read she in Thine eyes,  
 Solving Thy "Touch Me not; not yet ascended."

Ascended to My Father and your Father,  
 The highest heavens, the lowly heart to fill;  
 Earth's "Blest" transfiguring to Heaven's "Blest rather;"—  
 She touched Thee when she left to do Thy will:  
 We touch Thee ever; for Thou art ascended.

"My and your Father," "brother, sister, mother,"  
 "Ye did it unto Me in these My least;"  
 Henceforth we touch Thee, serve Thee in each other,  
 Receive, adoring in each Eucharist;  
 We touch Thee ever; for Thou art ascended.

We touch Thee when the Gospel of Thy pardons  
 Heals and revives the heart from sin to cease;  
 Melting the doubt that chills, the fear that hardens,  
 In the great calm and sunshine of Thy peace:  
 We touch Thee ever; for Thou art ascended.

We touch Thee in each service we can render,  
 Feel in each sacrifice Thine "Unto Me;"  
 Thy heavens to us are no dim far-off splendour;  
 Thy heavens enfold us, centering in Thee,  
 Who fillest all, high over all ascended.

Embracing earth, because to Heaven ascended;  
 Death of our death, since we with Thee have died;  
 Life of our life, spirit with spirit blended,  
 Thy spirit breathing ever through Thy Bride,  
 Thy works she works, because Thou art ascended.

Still stretching out through Thee, pierced hands of healing,  
 Filled with the fulness of the Incarnate Son;  
 From age to age Thee through the night revealing,  
 Until the day reveals that we are one,  
 And from the heavens the Spotless Bride descendeth.  
 Mrs. Charles.

### All Hallows' Indian School.

If it is really true that "Happy is the nation that has no history," we must very nearly have reached happiness during the last six months!

Apart from Christmas joys, and winter woes, there is really very little left to record, but it has been a time of quiet, steady progress in many ways.

"Industries," of various sorts, flourished gaily even during the severest weather, and though our first baskets were not so even as we hope our later ones may be, and though seams were not always quite straight in our sewing, or the stitches quite faultless in lace work, yet we hope to do good work some day.

One great event did happen, just after the cold weather. The water was turned on in our new water system, which the Government had just put in for us.

With the new fire hose a good stream of water can easily be sent over the highest roof, though needless to say streams of water were sent very plentifully over all of us at our first real "fire drill."

It is a great relief to feel that there is such an abundant supply of water, and we hope the garden may profit by it, too.

Our two children from the hospital, Agnes and Hilda Makwatko, came down for Christmas, but have both had to go away again, as their cure was not quite complete. Betty has also had to go away for her health.

Gina, after twelve years of school life, has at last gone out into the world on her own account, and we hope she may do as well as Bee has done.

We have just lost two good friends of the school very suddenly. Mrs. Dodd, who was always thinking of things she could do for us, and now Archdeacon Small has gone. It was only a few days before his death that he came down to speak of a little child who wanted to come to the school, and none of us thought it would be the last time we should ever see him in this world. Many of the children in the school came to us through him, and he never seemed to forget any of the children afterwards.

Amongst several letters from very "old" girls lately received was one from one of our very first girls, and in it she mentions how Archdeacon Small always sent her a card for Christmas, even when other people seemed to have forgotten her.

We are glad to think we may have the Bishop amongst us again for a confirmation just before Whitsuntide, when we hope four of our children may be confirmed.

Our friends in both Eastern and Western Canada have been very good to us in the matter of nice bales of clothing; and we have also received great and unexpected help from the W. A. in the shape of \$67.50 for new mattresses for the dormitory, which were very much needed.

We are most grateful for all their kindness.

## Indian School Register.

1. Maria O'aimoole-nack .....	Chilcoten
2. Lisa Mah-ah-then .....	Lytton
3. Elizabeth Mah-ah-ches-cut .....	Nicola
4. Josephine Ska-mie .....	Chilliwack
5. Nellie Ska-ka-mie .....	Chilliwack
6. Grace Oleson .....	Lillooet
7. Elsie Kooshin .....	Cariboo
8. Ada Ender .....	Lytton
9. Jennie Newhinko .....	Lytton
10. Elsie Histko .....	Lytton
11. Theresa Canada .....	Lytton
12. Frances .....	Lillooet
13. Cecilia .....	Lillooet
14. Eva Lovelett .....	Shuswap
15. Adeia Joseph .....	Chehalis
16. Susan Joseph .....	Chehalis
17. Margaret Copeland .....	North Bend

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18.	Rosie Isaac .....	Ruby Creek
19.	Alice Smith .....	Salmon Arm
20.	May Smith .....	Salmon Arm
21.	Edith Smith .....	Salmon Arm
22.	Rena Stephenson .....	Ashcroft
23.	Hazel Stephenson .....	Ashcroft
24.	Janet McLinden .....	Yale
25.	Alice Oshamaist .....	Lytton
26.	Ellen Sushell .....	Nicola

ABSENT—

Hilda Mo-kawat-ko .....	Lytton
Betty Ho-peat-ko .....	Cisco
Nancy Oshamaist .....	Lytton
Agnes .....	Spuzzum

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## Christmas.

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The end of the term passed very pleasantly. The weather was clear and bright. The trains—most unusual circumstance for this time of the year, were on time. Two merry, happy parties, one east bound, one with bright faces set towards the west, left the little platform, with waving handkerchiefs and cheerful cries of farewell—for once anything but a sad word.

Those who remained behind were equally happy. The mornings were variously spent by the various members of the busy family, but always in some form of preparation. In the kitchen, mince pies and plum pudding claimed attention. In the house, decorating and "spring cleaning." The pleasant afternoons were spent in long walks, with masses of Oregon grape leaves as object and reward.

On Christmas Eve the weather changed. Snow fell, the wind blew. But there was no diminution of the sunshine in the house.

The Bishop arrived in the morning, a very welcome guest. And, as the day wore on, a slight hush, solemn, yet most joyous, fell over the house. It was indeed Christmas-tide. Every one rested quietly from eight o'clock on, and midnight saw us all in the little Chapel, fragrant with white flowers, green with beautiful leaves, and full of the peace and joy that came into the world with Him Whose Advent we here celebrated.

Many Indians came for the Celebration. They filled all the rear rows of one side, and overflowed on to the other. They must have looked with pride on the children, in their dark blue frocks and little red caps, all longing for the moment of the services, so full of beauty and meaning. The music was sweet, the fresh



young voices soft and tuneful. And then, when all faces were turned towards the stately altar, the Bishop came out from the vestry, and every soul was filled with prayer and praise.

A supper, for the grown-ups, in the study, for the children and the Indian guests in the other house, followed. Then came welcome sleep, who needed no wooing, at two a.m.

The morning silence was broken by sweet carols, sung by the children at every door. The Bishop had to leave early, alas! and the walk, in the deep, soft snow, under a pelting rain, must have tried him much more sorely than he would admit. Eva and Jennie carried his bags, and were of untold value at "cow-holes." But the train was again on time, and a note, received from him the next day, told of a safe return to his home and Mrs. Dart. We were so thankful for that note.

The rest of Christmas Day was delightful within. Without, snow and rain continued to fall. Gifts were exchanged, and here we record our thanks to those who so kindly remembered the children individually. Miss Mabel Kelley, Miss Beatrice Francis, Miss Rose Moody each sent presents for each child, with her own name upon packet or envelope.

After Matins came dinner. This feast was held in the Canadian dining hall, beautifully decorated for the occasion. The tables were arranged in three sides of a square, with Sister Constance in the centre of the central one, Miss Poore at her right, Mrs. Hamilton at her left hand. Sister Marian and Sister Louisa took the centres of the other tables. Sister Althea and Miss Harmer had the ends and carved turkeys. The board was gay with colored crackers, bright hued leaves and Japanese table napkins, which some of the children folded carefully up and took away as souvenirs. Much amusement was caused by some firework crackers, and the mottoes caused laughter whenever they were read. Turkey, cranberry sauce, potatoes and other vegetables, apples, oranges, nuts, candies and a magnificent plum pudding, with many admirable mince pies, made up a bill of fare that in quality, quantity and variety left nothing to be desired. It was a great joy to have Betty with us, on a brief visit from the hospital at Lytton. She had been among the recently confirmed, and had made her first Communion at the Midnight Celebration.

After dinner, everybody rested. Evening brought a simple, but dainty and sufficient repast, followed by Vespers. And everybody went to bed early.

The next day was Saturday. The morning was tense with expectation and brim full of work. Miss Poore stood vallantly by the sewing machine, making bags for candy. Later on these were filled by many hands. And, though they did it far too slowly for

many of the younger children, the hours did go on and bring thirty—the hour of the Christmas tree.

The weather was still most inclement. We had many fears for our guests from the village. But they came, in a body, on a hand-car. Only Mr. and Mrs. Croucher were unable to be present, to everyone's regret.

The tree was a thing of beauty, and a joy for quite a long time. Again one must commend those donors who sent individual gifts, already ticketed, and able to be put on the tree at once. Mrs. Hamilton, Mrs. Harvey, Miss Poore and Miss Harmer receive honorable mention in this connection.

If any pleasure-sated worldling wishes again to see joy—pure, primitive, fresh, bewildered joy, let such ask to be allowed the privilege of assisting at the distribution of the All Hallows' Christmas tree. Let such watch the faces of the recipients of gift after gift, till arms are full and hearts overflowing with happiness. Merely to see it is to be young again.

After the tree, empty of its golden fruit, but still beautiful, had been removed, refreshments were dispensed and the guests departed. One little girl had received her first doll, and she hardly knew how to take or hold it. Then someone put her arms round the tiny mimicry, and the maternal instinct kept them there. It was strange to see the wonder, amounting to awe, with which the child looked at the little face, with its unchanging smile, gazing up into her own.

And then the great event of the year was over, and tired, but incredibly happy, the children, after some games and tea, were sobered by Vespers into the quiet that should precede sleep.

Christmas was over. But another was to come, and life held great promise, as well as a glorious memory.

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**“Right Dear in the Sight of the Lord is the Death of His Saints.”**

It has pleased God to call away another of His servants, whose death will be lamented not only by the School, but throughout the Diocese. The Venerable Archdeacon Small fell asleep on April 29th in St. Luke's Home in Vancouver, and on May 3rd was laid to rest at Lytton.

The simple and quiet dignity of the service held in the Indian Church, where his body rested in front of the Altar: the Church filled with the members of his flock whom for so many years he had shepherded in life, and the silent reverence as they approached after the service from time to time, to take their last

look at the face of their loved Pastor and friend, now stamped in death with the peace of God, made an impressive scene. They truly loved him, and everyone present on that occasion felt united in a silent bond of sympathy, mourning his loss, yet sustained by a living hope of a future meeting when death shall for ever flee away from the face of Him Who is the Resurrection and the Life.

Very pathetic sounded the music of the Indian hymns as they bore his body from the Church and placed it on the simple cart to convey it to the last resting place. The bright sun shone on the unique procession, headed by an Indian carrying a handsome Cross which in the distance glittered like gold. A small band of clergy robed in white immediately preceded the coffin, which itself was covered only with a rich purple pall. Behind followed many Indians, some of them carrying wreaths and crosses sent by loving friends who were unable to be present.

Through the village, and up the steep winding road, went the silent procession to the cemetery, which lies about a mile from the Church, and here on the spot where once stood the Altar of a former Indian Church, he was laid to rest.

Hymns were sung, both in Indian and in English, while all the clergy present and many Indians took a turn in filling up the grave, and the final Collects and Blessing were said by the Reverend Father Clinton.

In this quiet spot we left him, guarded by the silent mountains, near to the homes of those who shared his labors and watched the ever deepening growth of that saintly life. Nor will that heroic life of unselfish devotion ever be forgotten; the seed is sown in many hearts and will bear fruit in due time, and we know that at that Great Day he will see the reward of his labours and receive the crown of one of those of whom it is said: "They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever and ever."

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## Children's Corner.

### Sundays at All Hallows.

This term our Sundays are a great deal different from other terms.

Every Sunday morning at 8 o'clock we have Celebration in our little Chapel. Other years we never used to.

But some times one of the Sisters used to take some of the big girls to Church.

At 11 o'clock we used to go to Church every other Sunday, as Mr. Croucher had to take services in places where they have no priests, but this year we can go every Sunday, as Mr. Underhill is here too.

In the afternoon at half-past three we have Evensong in our Chapel, instead of in the evening. We like it very much, as we have all the evening to write our letters or read books.

In the evening Sister takes charge of us, and we teach the little girls something to say, either hymns or psalms, and when Sister comes in she hears them and they get a little card.

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### **Habit.**

Habit really means an outer garment. There are many things that we do which keep us from God, not things which are so awfully wicked, but common, every-day habits, such as idleness. Idleness is the root of all evil.

Making excuses for ourselves is another bad habit. Making excuses when we have been found out in doing something naughty. We know of people to be making excuses ever since the beginning of the world, when Adam said it was Eve that made him eat of the forbidden fruit, and when God asked Eve, Eve said it was the serpent who beguiled her to eat of it.

Wandering thoughts is also another. We may think it is impossible to keep our thoughts from wandering, especially in Chapel; we need self-control for that. It is not wrong if our thoughts wander, but it is if we don't try to check them.

Grumbling is another bad habit. We should not grumble, but it may be natural to some people; if it is so they should try to get themselves out of the way of it.

Using slang and telling fibs are pretty bad habits to get into.

Finding fault with other people may be another. We should always try to look at the best side of things. If one looks upon the bright side it is sure to be the right side. At least that is how we ought to find it as we journey through each day.

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### **Making Baskets.**

When we want to make a basket we find a cedar tree, then we dig for the roots. We don't dig the roots from the very bottom of the tree, because they are very tough, but we go quite far from the tree and then start to dig, and the roots will be nice and soft.

Then we go down to the brook and put them in water, then we scrape the skin off, and split them in half. We make some wide pieces and some skinny ones.

When we get the stuff to make the patterns on our baskets we get it off the wild choke cherry tree. We cut it around and around the branch, and we pull it off, and scrape it with a knife, and then it is red and shiny, and if we want it black we put them in tea leaves, or some times we get an old rusty tin and put it in, and it gets black. Then we go into the field and get some dry grass, and they are green at the first, and you hang it up to get dry, and when it gets dry it gets white.

Then we get a bone out of the deer's leg, and we sharpen it with an axe for a while, then we take a sharp knife and sharpen it sharp at the end.

When you start your basket you must soak the roots before you start, because if you don't they will break. First thing you must do is to gather lots of the skinny roots, and put them together, and then get a little wider one and twist it round them, and you make the holes to put the wide one through with the bone.

And the old women make some round baskets, and some square. They call the round basket "Water Cap," and some women make larger baskets to wash their clothes, as big as clothes baskets, and some of them make cradles for babies.

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### Christmas Stockings

On Christmas Eve we had Choral Evensong. The Bishop was up here to take the services, and after the service everyone was sent to bed, the older girls because they were to be up for Midnight Celebration in the little Chapel, and the little girls (as they thought) so that Santa Claus would come quick.

It was well that they were sent to bed so early, for next morning, about half-past three, one little girl who slept in the corner woke her neighbor, telling her to get her stocking and feel it, and gradually the whole dormitory, I suppose by the sound of it, were feeling their stockings too.

At last we thought they would never lie down and sleep if they did not each see what the other had, so we lit the lamp, and then the racket began. Our ventilator was open, and we thought, as Sister had no stocking, we had better shut it and keep as much of the noise to ourselves as possible. So we asked the little girl nearest the door to shut it, which she did with a great bang, in her haste to get back to her stocking, and next morning Sister told us the big bang of the ventilator was the thing that woke her.

After four o'clock some time we managed to get the little girls to go back to bed again and sleep for the remaining three hours, for they all declared they'd all be up sharp at seven to sing our early Christmas carols, and so they were.

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### What Has Happened in the Holidays.

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I shall try and tell, as best I can, all we did during our Christmas holidays—our woes and joys.

On Christmas Eve we were busy with our usual Christmas decorations; then there was the Midnight Celebration.

Our Christmas breakfast table was, of course, piled with presents, as all parcels and letters were kept till Christmas morning, and there was great excitement. So excited was everybody no one wanted to touch any breakfast.

During the night it must have snowed very heavily, for it was indeed quite deep.

At half-past one we had our usual Christmas dinner, at which everyone in the house was present.

Saturday we had our beautiful tree, but I must not stop to tell all about it and the lovely presents we got.

After that Saturday it got very cold, and each day was colder than the last. During the first three weeks after Christmas we got some lovely sleigh-riding, and took much pains in freezing our rink. Those were our perfect days; we were outside from the time we finished our various bits of work till tea time, and when there was good moonlight we stayed out till nine.

But, alas! the weather got colder and colder. We had never before known what a really cold winter was, so of course were not prepared for such weather. Even our sleigh-riding had to stop, as no one felt inclined to try going outside after once running down a cold passage.

In the pantry our milk, bread, etc., all froze, but our first water trials began in the play-room.

One morning when I came down to do the play-room I lit a big fire and never thought anything would happen. The pipes in the stove got red hot, and so I turned on the tap that empties the boiler just behind the stove, and steam began to come out and there was a funny noise going on inside the boiler, and then a little piece of the boiler flew off and water came squirting out as fast as it possibly could. So I put some of the stuff the little girls made models with, and ran off to tell Sister, but I met Maria, and she helped me to put the fire out, and we had to get oil stoves

and try and get the room warm for breakfast, but that was impossible.

While I was having my breakfast Maria made fires in basins under the pipes along the tubs and sink, for they were frozen tight and bursting under our very eyes, and when I was finished Maria went to her breakfast and I looked after the fires. Maria got the tips of her fingers frozen while she was thawing the pipes.

After that the pipes froze nearly everywhere, and we had hard work thawing them out. Some we could not thaw, and when the warm weather came they burst, and someone was always telling us there was a flood, and to come quick and clear it up.

Near the end of the holidays Sister told us some startling news. she said that Mr. Greene was coming the next day to inspect the school.

We were all very excited, because here was Mr. Greene coming. and Miss Harris was down in Vancouver, spending her holidays with some of her friends.

We had done no lessons in the holidays, so we got together our sewing, and showed the blouses, or dresses, or other things we had made. Some of the girls had some little baskets, and one or two had made some lace.

Mr. Greene did not ask us to read, but the little ones sang some songs Miss Harmer and Miss Poore had taught them in the holidays.

After that we played "Pigeons" and sang another song.

Then Mr. Greene looked at our things, but he did not poke his fingers into every little hole.

After he went we were none the worse for it, at least we gained a picnic. We are all waiting for April, when we can have Mr. Greene's promised holiday.

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#### GIFTS ACKNOWLEDGED.

Large parcel men's socks, Miss Spark, England.

Christmas gifts for the children, Miss Harris, Miss Harmer, Mrs. Hamilton, Mrs. Harvey.

Box beautiful dolls, books, etc., St. Saviour's W. A., Nelson.

Candy, nuts, and oranges, Hudson's Bay Co., Vancouver.

Oranges, toys and books, Mr. H. Morey, New Westminster.

Cards and pictures, Mrs. Cotton, P. E. I., Mrs. Lowe, England; Miss Grafton, England.

Books, Mrs. C. Gardiner, Los Angeles, Miss Halson, Toronto.

Beautifully dressed dolls and coruncopias, "The Quebec City Juniors."

For the Christmas Tree—Rev. H. Underhill, \$2.00; Infant Class, St. Alban's Cathedral, Toronto, \$5.00; Tams and \$2.00 for children, Miss Bullock, Toronto; Chapel caps, Mrs. Woodward, Burnaby.

Blouses, dresses, pinafores and books, G. F. S., St. Andrews, Fulham, England, through Miss E. L. Bourne.

Barrel and box containing clothing, toys, stationery, books, and groceries, from St. Peters' W. A., Charlottetown, P. E. I.

Clothing and bedding from St. Peters', Alberton, and quilt from St. John's Crapaud.

Nice outfit for Indian child, St. Saviour's, Nelson, B. C.

Children's dresses, Mrs. Underhill, Vancouver.

Two dozen black straw hats and ribbon, St. Thomas' W. A., and St. Simon's G. A., Toronto.

Books, Rev. H. Jephson, England.

Complete set of "Line Upon Line," series.

The Graphic, Miss Bourne, England.

Magazines for the children, Mrs. Holland Lomas, England.

Mimeograph and table complete, Rev. H. Underhill.

Magazines, Mrs. Sillitoe, England.

Church Times, Sister Fanny S. J. D., England.

Bale very useful clothing, Ascension W. A., Hamilton, Ont.

Special donations for mattresses—St. Thomas' W. A., Toronto, \$4.50; W. A., Quebec, \$27.00; W. A., Charlottetown, P. E. I., \$13.50; St. James' Y. W., Toronto, \$18.00; W. A. Mission Church, St. John, N. B., \$4.50; total, \$67.50.

From Children of St. George's Church, Enderby, B. C., \$7.85.

## Wants.

BLANKETS for single beds.

Boots, rubbers and overshoes of all sizes (especially from 12 to 2).

Strong thin summer stockings, especially smaller sizes, girls from 6 to 14.

Strong woollen stockings for winter (not too thick).

Summer and winter coats, all sizes.

Dresses of blue serge or any strong material, for winter; of stout flannelette for spring, and of strong navy blue print, etc., for



summer, are a constant necessity. Very poor material is hardly worth making into dresses, as it wears out so soon. The simpler the pattern the better—either a body with gathered skirt, or a "Mother-Hubbard." The measurements of sizes especially needed are given below:

Neck, to edge of hem.	Inside Sleeve.	Neck.	Waist.
42	18	13	28
39	17	13	27
36	15	12	27
33	13	11	27
30	11	11	26

Pinafores of all sizes. The most satisfactory shape is made with a whole breadth in front, a half-breadth at each back, a long slit left at each side seam for the armhole, and the whole pinafore, frills and all, gathered into a neckband; good washing print. It is better to avoid light colors as much as possible. Lengths, 27 inches and upwards to 36 inches.

Materials for blouses for older girls.

Unbleached cotton chemises and drawers in small sizes, in sets of three if possible.

Flannelette chemises and drawers, small sizes.

Unbleached cotton night gowns.

Thick flannel petticoats, red or gray, all sizes.

Stationery is always most useful.

Buttons, tape, cotton, needles, hooks and eyes, black Andalusian wool for mending, any needlework materials will be very thankfully received.

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### SPECIALLY WANTED.

Flannelette chemises, small sizes.

Winter vests and stockings for girls from 6 to 12.

Dark warm dresses, especially blue serge (not trimmed).  
Length 30 inches to 36 inches.

Summer and winter coats for little girls from 6 to 12.

Underwaists for girls from 10 to 17.

Buttons, in large quantities, especially strong, white, bone buttons for underclothes. Black hooks and eyes.

Stationery, writing paper, and many envelopes.

Boots.

Rubbers.

Turkey twill pinafores with square yoke or plain neck band, and frills over armholes, but no sleeves.

Strong Turkey twill counterpanes; size 3 yards by 2 1-2 yards.

Warm shawls, scarves and bed jackets, for old Indians at Christmas.

White sewing cotton, 30, 40 and 50.



## Notice

This Magazine will be published three times a year. All the pupils in the School will be encouraged to write for it. Copies will be sent to parents and charged for at the rate of 20c. a copy, in the quarterly stationery accounts.

More subscribers to the Magazine will be gladly welcomed. The subscription is 40c. a year (1s. 8d. English Money); 2c. or 1d. stamps will be accepted.

The Canadian School Summer Term will close D.V., June 25. The Winter Term will begin, D.V., September 1st, 1909.

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