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All Hallows in the West.

VOL. III.

ASCENSION-TIDE, 1901.

No. 1.

Ascension-tide, 1901.

Our Master.

BEcometh not a king to reign; the world's long hope is dim;
The weary centuries watch in vain the clouds of Heaven for Him.
Death comes, life goes; the asking eye and ear are answerless;
The grave is dumb, the hollow sky is sad with silentness.
The letter fails, and systems fall, and every symbol wanes;
The Spirit overbrooding all, Eternal Love remains.
And not for signs in Heaven above or Earth below, they look,
Who know, with John, His Smile of love, with Peter, His rebuke.
In joy of inward peace, or sense of sorrow over sin,
He is His own best evidence, His witness is within.
No fable old, nor mythic lore, nor dream of bards and seers,
No dead fact stranded on the shore of the oblivious years;
But warm, sweet, tender, even yet a present help is He;
And faith has still its Olivet, and love its Galilee.
The healing of His Seamless robe is by our beds of pain;
We touch Him in life's throng and press, and we are whole again.
Through Him, the first fond prayers are said our lips of childhood frame,
The last low whispers of our dead are burdened with His Name.

* * * * *

O Love! O Life! our faith and sight Thy presence maketh one;
As through transfigured clouds of white we trace the noonday sun,
So to our mortal eyes subdued, flesh-veiled, but not concealed,
We know in Thee the Fatherhood and Heart of God revealed!
We faintly hear, we dimly see, in differing phrase we pray;
But dim or clear, we own in Thee the Light, the Truth, the Way!

Whittier.

—o—

*I am He that liveth, and was dead;
and behold, I am alive for evermore.*

WHEN Job entreated God for favour because of the shortness of life and the certainty of death, we find him asking "If a man die, shall he live again?" and it is a question of tremendous importance, well worth the asking.

Does life close with the parting of the breath, and are we severed from all created things with the

closing of the grave? Does death end all? or is this life the mere forecast and entrance hall of an eternal life? and is death only the crossing of the threshold which separates the life that now is from a life which is to come?

These are in no sense trifling questions. And we may ask them once again in another form. Shall we and those who are dearer to us than even this earthly life, shall we and they meet again after life has closed for us here? shall we

know and love each other in some future life?

Are the stupendous thoughts of eternity, immortality, God, are these but vain imaginings and uncertain speculations? Or are they as real and certain as our being with its unquenchable yearnings?

Christianity makes answer for us of all these questions of such dreadful import.

Makes answer, not by chance metaphysical balancings of probabilities--not by unsatisfactory promises, but by a visible provable fact.

Until the dawn of Christianity, death had held an undisputed sway. No sleeper had by his own power risen from any of earth's multitudinous graves. Then Christ came. And as a matter of belief, because it is a fact of history, He lived and died, "He was crucified, dead, and buried. And the third day He rose again from the dead."

His rising again is a fact of history, a fact not only mentioned in that revelation which we name the Bible, but a fact corroborated by what is being brought to our notice in every day life.

Think of the observance of the first day of the week as the Lord's Day. Why so called, except that it was the day on which He rose from the dead. Week by week therefore, as also annually we have this day as a commemoration of the fact of the Resurrection. From that first Easter when the Risen Saviour appeared to His startled disciples, down to the present time, nineteen hundred years, this Queen of Festivals has been observed in the Christian Church.

Today in almost the whole world, there is the same rejoicing among true-hearted Christians in the com-

memoration of this most important and far-reaching fact of earthly history. And the fact of the constantly recurring commemoration is in itself proof of that which it commemorates.

Year by year, throughout probably most of our lives, it has been the custom to observe the 24th. of May as a national holiday. But what does that observance stand for? Does it not stand for and establish the fact of the birth of our late lamented and most gracious Queen.

Just in the same way the observance of the 1st. of July in this Dominion is a commemoration of the fact--the historic fact--of the Confederation of the Canadian Colonies.

In like manner is Easter the perpetual memorial, *and the proof* of the Resurrection, of which event it has been the annual commemoration. And *not Easter* alone, but *the observance of the first day of each week* for all these hundreds of years, since the dawn of Christianity, is commemorative of the great fact of the Resurrection. As such, it has been observed from the Apostles' times down to this day.

And just as truly is the Christian Church a proof of Christ's Resurrection, for upon the reality of that fact it was built.

The existence of the Church of Christ can be accounted for in no other way.

Its unbroken continuity is proof of the great event on which it rests for its sure foundation.

Again it is interesting to see what abundant proof of the Resurrection we find in the history of the Cross, as shown not in literary records simply, but on monuments of Christian art, and also in the ideas connected with it.

Such a transformation, such a total revolution in men's ideas and associations as occurred in relation to the Cross, never occurred in connection with any other object before or since in the world's history.

The Cross was once an object of execration and infamy. It was connected with the most dreadful and degrading associations.

It was a symbol of meanness, a token of disgrace, a subject of reproach, having a meaning but half comprehended in our opprobrium of the gallows.

And yet before the Canon of the New Testament was closed, indeed almost immediately after the scene of the Crucifixion, this treatment of contempt was changed and the Cross became the symbol of joy and triumph.

To-day its offence has ceased. It is placed on the spires of thousands of churches, it finds a place above the Church's Altar, and it is worn with reverence by tens of thousands of those who profess and call themselves Christians.

Once it was the symbol and representation of *death*; now it stands as the symbol of *life*, of *imperishable existence*.

Consider also the testimony we have in the Blessed Sacrament of the Body and Blood of Christ, of which all who have been confirmed should with proper preparation partake on Easter Day.

This Blessed Memorial owes its existence to a Saviour Who was dead but is alive for evermore.

The world-wide observance of the Lord's Day and of Easter Day. The unbroken continuity of the Church. The lasting change in opinion and idea, and in feeling concerning an ignominious instrument of torture. The Memorial rite to which we are called, a rite

observed with deathless interest and enthusiasm for these many centuries. All these add a wonderful and convincing force to the Scriptural statement that Christ rose from the dead.

We must then let this glorious fact sink deeply into our hearts and mould our lives. We must let the Lord's Day be precious to us, and Easter Day doubly dear to us. We must let the Church be the home and the refreshment place of our souls, and the symbol of the Cross must become to us a token of salvation and as such to be hallowed.

With St. Paul we must strive to learn to pray "God forbid that I should glory save in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."

And we must let our Blessed Lord's dying request—His authoritative command "Do this in remembrance of Me" be ever lovingly and reverently obeyed.

The cry of our human nature is "O let my soul live." And we have the answer to our yearnings in the Resurrection of Jesus Christ and the promises pledged to us thereby.

Jesus rose from the dead. It is a truth of revelation. It is a fact of history. It is corroborated by many startling transformations of thought and feeling and association.

Bound up with His Rising is our own Resurrection. He was dead, but He is alive for evermore. And He Who is the Truth has given us His pledge that we shall live again. "Because I live, ye shall live also."

It is this fact that makes Easter the most glorious of all our Christian Festivals.

The bright Spring air is full of sweet promises of returning life. The darkness and the gloom of Lent has passed. From East to

West, and from West to East there is the echoing and re-echoing of the disciples' cry of joy "He is risen," "He is risen, as He said. Alleluia."

With Him may we rise and ascend even in our daily life, rise from self and selfishness, rise and ascend "like the Christ

Unto purer heights of glory
Through the pangs of Sacrifice."

The sting of death is gone, the dying Christian can now murmur a peaceful *Nunc Dimittis*. And in sure and certain hope of the Resurrection to eternal life we can commit our dear ones to God's keeping for we know "that our Redeemer liveth."

We accept His words of comfort and of cheer, "I am He that liveth and was dead, and behold I am alive for evermore." and "because I live ye shall live also."

Sermon preached at St. Paul's Church, Kamloops. Easter, 1901.

Leaves From Our Journal.

DECEMBER, 1900.—On the evening of the 1st., the Recreation Club invited the "family" to a farewell party in the old Schoolroom, which was very prettily decorated for the occasion.

A charming programme, consisting of recitations, music, songs and tableaux, was provided by the "Club" for the amusement of the guests, this was followed by refreshments.

The evening closed with the presentation of a handsome silver cream jug and an address to the Sister Superior. The jug was engraved with the letters, C. A. H., (*her* initials, as the children carefully explained,) and was intended to match a beautiful silver sugar

bowl, of Indian workmanship, which had been sent to the "family" from Burmah a few months previously. The address was quite a work of art, being nicely illuminated in gold and violet, and having violet blossoms in water colours scattered with lavish profusion over it. The Sister Superior, after thanking the "Club" for their successful little "surprise party" and their loving expression of loyalty to herself, which of course meant loyalty to All Hallows' School, spoke with warm commendation of the brave cheerful spirit with which the "family" had borne many discomforts that term, owing to the presence of the workmen, and the draughts, dust and confusion connected with the erection of the new building.

She thanked the Monitresses especially, for the help they had rendered the Sisters in keeping up the right tone in the School, and order in the dormitories. In conclusion, she proposed a vote of thanks to the members of the Recreation Club for the many pleasant entertainments they had provided the household. This proposal met with unanimous approval, and enthusiastic cheers rang out *first* for the Sisters and then for the "Club."

The Canadian School closed on the 20th., after that the Sisters were able to devote themselves to preparations for the Indian Christmas festivities.

The weather on Christmas Day was surprisingly mild. The usual devout crowd of Indians assembled at mid-night for their celebration in the Chapel, and on the following day for various classes of Instruction, and in the evening for their Christmas Tree party.

JANUARY, 1901.—"The reward of work, is more work." When

the New Year dawned, "All Hallows" in the West reaped this reward in a bountiful degree. Hard incessant toil was necessary to render the new wing clean, orderly and habitable. Such packing and unpacking, arranging and re-arranging, scrubbing, polishing, hammering and sawing, had to be done to get the School ready for the children by the 1st. of February.

Again the Sisters felt most deeply how much they owed to their fellow-workers and the dear big girls of the Indian School for their loyal coöperation and cheerful activity.

The weather, at this time, was very snowy and cold; two or three feet of snow and only a few degrees above zero, the "slides" were "lovely!" Many a pleasant diversion was given to the day's hard work by a run into the garden for an exhilarating ride on a well steered sleigh, all down the path and across the road, to be brought up safely and gently against the railroad fence. Hard, white and glistening, that path was truly *le passage périlleux* to foot passengers, but for anything on runners it was perfect. No one was "too old" or "too staid" to resist the children's invitation to try "just one slide."

When the moon was bright, after Vespers was the witching hour for sleighing, and warmly cloaked and hooded, on many a night a merry party turned out to frolic in the snow.

FEBRUARY.—There was wild excitement among the Canadian children on the first evening of their return to School. Everybody was anxious to inspect the improvements, to visit old haunts and to see the new dormitories. We seemed to be playing at "Puss in the corner" on rather a large scale

at the beginning of the term, and it was several days before the "family" settled down to accept comfortably the new order of things.

Then lessons began with grim silent force, and nothing of special interest occurred to mark the passing weeks.

MARCH.—The trilliums were in bud on the hill side, and violets and snowdrops were beginning to blossom in the garden, when the Bishop came to hold a Confirmation in our village church. Francis Paget, Florence Davis, Gwendoline Bell and Winifred Bell were presented for the holy rite. White-robed and white-veiled with a few sweet violets on their breasts, they seemed, outwardly at least, true types of the Blessed Virgin, whose Festival we were keeping. Una McIntosh received her preparation at the same time but went to Kamloops to be presented there by Mr. Flewelling for his Confirmation.

We hoped to have had the Benediction Service of the new wing on the same day as the Confirmation, but it could not be arranged. However, the Bishop came to luncheon with the children in the new dining-hall, in honour of so great an occasion, the tables were decorated with ferns and trilliums. Every one put on her best white frock with a breast knot of trilliums and contrived to look very festive. As it was Lent there was not so *very much* to eat, but in spite of that fact the "lily" or "trillium lunch" was very much enjoyed. Now we have to look forward to the annual "rose lunch," in June, when strawberries will be ripe, and roses will deck the tables and the room, and garland the guests, when children, who have not grumbled at lessons, at the weather, or at any of the minor ills of life during the winter,

will be crowned with roses and made Queens of the Feast by their companions.

APRIL.—A few grey days of quiet routine succeeded the dissipation of the 25th., and then on the 1st. of April, softly and silently during the night the snow came down, and the morning light showed a blanket of white covering everything.

The birds were so astonished. They assembled on the lawn in noisy groups—tiny snow birds, red-breasted robins—black-hooded swallows and blue jays, and talked the matter over seriously, they separated after a while, perhaps to attend to some domestic duties, and then re-assembled. The afternoon assembly was less noisy and cheerful than their matinee had been, possibly because they were cold and hungry, presently the door of the Indian School House opened and a little red-cloaked figure emerged carrying a plate of bread crumbs, which she scattered with a generous hand on the path. Then there was a wild swish of wings, jubilant chirrups, and the "snow lunch" seemed indeed a feast of "thankfulness and praise" to our little feathered guests.

The sun shone out on Easter Day and both Schools enjoyed their picnics that week. Real country picnics these were, involving good long tramps, picking flowers on the way, making wonderful botanical, or ornithological discoveries, calculated to astonish B. C. some day, but at present only astonishing the School and resulting in torn frocks and muddy boots, then sitting by some quiet stream to rest and eat a much needed luncheon.

Evelyn and Freda Widdicombe left School at the end of the Win-

ter Term to prepare for a long visit to England.

Geneviève Dickinson, a pupil here ten years ago, was married in Easter week and passed through with her husband *en route* for Winnipeg.

Adela and Stella Flewelling, and Annie Stevenson came to pay the old School a visit and to assist the Recreation Club in getting up a "benefit night" concert for that entertaining, and hard working body.

MAY.—Examinations of various kinds make the children take life very seriously this month. Eleven names have gone in for the Music Examination in June, and the McGill University Examination will claim the names of its victims very shortly.

Our School record, this term, exhibits a due share of work and play, shadow, (sore throats and grippe) and sunshine (concerts and picnics.) With thankful hearts we trace, in all that befalls this "family of God" the loving Wisdom and guiding Hand of our Father in Heaven, Who "Changes not," "nor is weary," "The same yesterday, today and for ever."

My Garden.

BEFORE I came to School I had a garden of my own. It was twelve feet long and three feet wide, and was against a fence at the back of the house. Mother would never let me have my garden at the front of the house, because she said I never kept it tidy enough. Every Spring I used to take all the stones out, weed and rake it over, and then I used to sow my seeds; I used to sow sweet peas along the fence so they could climb up it.

Along the front I sowed pansies,

and along the two edges I sowed mignonette, and in the centre I had white and red daisies in my initials, then I had forget-me-nots, cowslips, and dahlias round and about the initials.

When my flowers began to come up I never used to weed my garden for fear of pulling up the flowers, and I used to water it every evening after the sun went down.

In the summer when I went out to work in my garden I always had to put a big hat on so as to keep the sun out of my eyes and to prevent sun-burn, and an apron on so as not to get my dress dirty.

I picked my flowers every Saturday night before I watered them, and gave them to my mother.

She always wore them if I had not been naughty about my garden, when she wore them I knew she was pleased with me.

I always had to do a lot of weeding after it rained, for the rain makes the weeds grow.

In Autumn I used always to cover my dahlia bulbs up well, so that they should not freeze.

Mother always gave me seeds for the next year if I kept my garden tidy.

One year I kept my garden very tidy and did not bother her about it, and she gave me a Christmas rose. I kept the rose in the house in a pot, so I had something to look after in the winter.

One year just after I had sown my seeds I had to leave home and come to school. I had a garden one year at school but I have never been able to have one since then, to make up for it my mother always lets me attend to her flowers, when I am at home for the holidays.

WINIFRED BELL.

(Aged 13 years.)

Friendship.

THE dictionary explains to us that "friendship is an intimacy based on mutual esteem."

There is hardly anyone so lonely, but who can have the comfort of a friend, even though it may be only a dumb but faithful four-footed one.

It has been proved, from many instances in life, that the bravest and truest friends man has are the horse and the dog. When well trained, they are most loving and faithful, and their beautiful and expressive eyes tell with what loving fidelity they watch and follow the movements of the master whom they love.

An ideal friend should be both true and brave, able and willing not only to share all one's joys, but all one's sorrow too.

The test of a true friendship is in times of sickness and sorrow. It is then that the ministering hand, the cheerful word, the quiet sympathy, and above all, the loving forbearance with our varying moods proves the value of a friend.

Who does not know what a great comfort it is when one is in trouble to open the heart to a friend, often when one does this the trouble seems to grow smaller because we have shared it with someone else, and because we feel we have someone's love and counsel to help us.

Of course friendship must be reciprocal. We must be ready to give and do for our friend, quite as much as we expect to receive from her. The central point of friendship is a big, strong love. Nobody would care for the companionship of one whom she did not love as well as esteem and trust.

Every one is happier for having a true friend, but dear and good as

many earthly friendships are, they are but faint shadows of that One, Great, Divine Friend, Who calls to Him all "who are weary and heavy laden," all "who hunger and thirst," that He may rest them and satisfy them, and Who taught us the depth and height and breadth of Love from the Cross, and Who testified Himself. "Greater love hath no man than this that a man lay down His life for His friends."

FLORENCE DAVIS.

(Aged 15 years.)

My Grandfather.

THIS may seem rather a funny subject to choose for a composition, but I can assure you that there is nothing funny about my grandfather.

He was always very kind to me, and I have got into the habit of talking a great deal about him, and telling the girls long stories about him, and I am afraid I have sometimes made little jokes about him too, so this is the reason they rather tease me on the subject. Somehow it does not seem quite right to speak of one's grandfather as a "subject," even to avoid tautology, but I do not mean any disrespect. You see I have no very old and interesting aunts or uncles, such as you read of in books, at least some that I know, and I cannot talk about people I do not know, so my grandfather has to make up for all.

I used to be rather frightened of my grandfather, when I was a very little girl and used to go to stay with him in Esquimalt, but now he is safe far across the ocean, I only think of all his kindness and of all the pleasure of those days.

My grandfather used to be very particular about my holding myself very straight and not swinging my arms about. I don't know why, when we are young, we want to stoop and swing our arms. Grown up people don't seem to want to do it, perhaps, when we grow up, we shall leave off "just naturally like." Sister says she does not think so, the grown up people, who sit upright and walk gracefully, had to be told and to obey and to practise and learn these things, just as much as they had to learn to read and write and play the piano.

There are a great many things to learn in life, are there not? They are like the hills in the Canyon, you climb one because you want to see beyond, and when you get to the top you find another hill taller than the first, and you have to begin to climb again to find another hill, and yet another, and so on. Sister sometimes says she wishes my grandfather was here now to make me remember to stand straight, but I feel a little differently on that matter.

I wrote to my grandfather the other day and asked him how his rheumatism was, because I thought old gentlemen always suffered from rheumatism, but I remembered afterwards that he was very strong and hearty and up-right, and therefore I suppose he cannot have rheumatism. I hope he will not mind.

He used to love flowers and had a lovely garden of which I have talked a great deal, but when I come to think of it I am not *quite* sure that he had all the flowers of "varied hues" which I have tried to describe to the girls. Perhaps that is the reason Sister is making me write this article, because in an "article" you must keep to plain

facts, and not let imagination and memory get mixed up.

My grandfather's house in Esquimalt was made of bricks and had a large garden and tennis courts. One side of the house was covered with honey-suckle vines, and white roses climbed up the opposite side. In front of the house just within the large entrance gates were my grandfather's offices, quaint green building also covered with honey-suckle. To the east lay the old Esquimalt Road leading in to Victoria, and to the west, just in front of the old house, lay the beautiful harbour, full of vessels and British men of war. Then there was a delicious sandy beach where I spent most of my time. I used to love Sunday mornings in the little Esquimalt church, when the marines and the sailors used to file up the aisle, and the singing used to be so hearty.

On moonlight nights we used to row round the harbour and sometimes visit the war ships, but I did not enjoy these visits, I was always so afraid the cannons would go off by mistake (of course I was only a very little girl at this time.)

My grandfather had a big St. Bernard dog called "Garrie," and a pug called "Julie," and an old horse called "Garnet;" all these are dead now I am afraid, and the house occupied by strangers. Some day I hope I may go across the Atlantic to visit again in his home in the "old country" my dear old grandfather.

MURIEL SHILDRICK.

(Aged 14 years.)

"The Country Cousins"

DARK and mysterious preparations went on in the Play room one day, and no "study

girls" were admitted there under any pretext whatever. In the afternoon when curiosity had reached its highest pitch, an invitation was sent to the "big girls" to attend a party given by the little girls" who are all members of a secret fraternity known as the Amusement Club.

We went with one accord, and enjoyed a most delightful hour. The entertainment opened with a piano solo, then came a very pretty tableau "Red Riding Hood," in which Edie Bindley made a most ferocious wolf, in a borrowed coyote skin, and Marjorie Armstrong a too smiling Red Riding Hood.

"The Sick Baby" was a capital dialogue; "baby" was so life like, and "Mama" so anxious, and the "doctor" so absent as he consumed all baby's cake, and then in a grave and professional manner represented how bad cake was for babies.

The most laughable thing on the programme was a pantomime "The Country Cousins," where three dear rustics called upon their city cousin, a most dignified dame, (Dorothy Bindley) who with the aid of her parlour maid (Marie Cross) was dispensing afternoon tea to two fashionable callers, (Edith Clyne and Marjorie Armstrong.) "Mr. Country Cousin" (Ella Underhill) bounced in followed by his wife (Dorothy Stocken) and their daughter (Louie Chantrell) greeted their hostess with unconventional warmth, shook hands effusively with her guests, and settled down comfortably to their tea, showing naive curiosity over the sugar tongs and the cups, betraying undisguised astonishment at the city lady's lognette. Finally *she* placed her elbows on the table, the child sucked her thumb and swung her legs, and *he*, oh

horrors, produced his pipe, the curtain descended upon vanishing city ladies and painfully embarrassed hostess.

All this was presented in silent grave pantomime, with an effect so delightfully ludicrous that we laughed until we cried and cheered until we were hoarse.

Two tiny recitations "The Reason Why" and "Spelling in the Nursery" were very clearly rendered, and then a charming tableau "Tom coming down the wrong Chimney" closed as well arranged a little entertainment as any I have ever been invited to.

WINNIFRED ARMSTRONG.

The Old School.

AFTER an absence of five years I have at last got back to our dear old School. I wanted to come and yet—I was almost afraid to return—I thought improvements, enlargements and developments would also mean change, and the old "homy" feeling would be destroyed, and the "family" disappear to be replaced by "boarders." But how little even I understood the spirit of All Hallows in the West.

It is true that in place of the small handful of girls in the Canadian School, there are this term over forty, the old refectory is a study for the big girls, and a nice dining-hall capable of seating sixty is now in use, spacious dormitories, and a delightful play-room for the little ones have changed things on the surface, but in spite of all this increase in size and numbers All Hallows is more the happy family than ever it was before. The present generation see just as much of the dear Sisters as we used to do, and there is not the least bit of

the stiffness and grandeur which seems to mark other large girls' schools—simple, home-like, healthy and dearer than ever I find this old School, and I advise all the "old girls" to come back as soon as they can, and experience for themselves the fact that in spite of the lapse of years, All Hallows is not only a memory of the past, but a living reality in the present.

The Cottage at the gate has been enlarged until it makes a delightful School house, and every morning at 10 o'clock, Sister sends her "family" with school bags strapped over their shoulders down the garden path to school; such a long line of merry and chattering girls, and then everything is quiet in the "big" house itself for the space of a few hours.

The manner in which Mr. Warner has utilised the water power within the grounds, to level and lay out terraces all round the new wing and down to the brook is certainly exceedingly clever; by the end of the summer the garden will be lovely—at present of course all this new part is unfinished, and nothing is growing out there yet.

"Olway's field" is now the playing field for the School, and men are busy laying out two tennis courts, two croquet grounds, and a court for "rounders" or archery; there are a few tempting fruit trees in that field, and nice level paths to walk or cycle on between the courts.

I went to visit my own particular nook in the old dormitory at the top of the house, which is still in use, and I felt quite wickedly jealous of the "new" girl who occupied my old bed.

One thing remains absolutely unchanged and that is the old Chapel "once a stable." On Sunday

morning when nearly all the "family" numbering perhaps some seventy-five souls were there, finding room for their bodies was a problem which no one but Sister with her excellent management could solve. Still we need a new chapel body, and I hope we shall have it very soon; Miss Dugdale and the "old St. Anne's girls" are collecting something for it I believe. When a spacious Chapel completes this group of buildings I shall wish even more than I do now that I was "a child again."

ADELA.

The Recreation Club.

THIS Society having grown up and to a certain extent flourished in obscurity, has so far escaped alike the voice of praise and the tongue of blame.

Now however the time has come when it must emerge from shade and meet the light of friendly criticism.

Throughout the winter the Recreation Club did a great deal to brighten the long evenings at school by getting up pleasant little parties for the "family," by giving teas and impromptu entertainments. It is in their larger enterprises that they fall short of excellence by leaving a great deal too much of the work and all the responsibility to their vice-president and stage-manager. The unqualified success of the concert given on the 22nd of April was almost entirely due to the "Vice's" untiring energy and patience and to Miss Stella Flewelling, whose charming readiness to sing all her pretty songs as often as she was called upon to do so left no weary intervals of waiting between the scenes. Miss Flewelling played the accompaniments and

filled up the gap with a sweet ripple of music in a manner which, especially to the initiated, afforded real pleasure.

PROGRAMME:

Chorus. "The Fisherman."

Play. "The Mouse Trap."

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ: Jessie Jones, Win. Armstrong, Francis Paget, Grace Corbould, Mariel Underhill, Florence Davis, Louise Ferguson.

Song, "The Swallows," Miss S. Flewelling.

Tableaux: "Scenes from the life of Mary Queen of Scots." I. The Convent; II. The French Court; III. The Farewell to France; IV. The Murder of Rizzio; V. Mary and Elizabeth of England; VI. The Execution.

Songs (between scenes): "Finiculi," "Sea-girt land of my home," "Crossing the Bar," - Miss S. Flewelling.

Dialogue, "The Peach Pie," Win. Armstrong and Ella Underhill.

Song and Chorus: "Soldiers in the Park," Miss S. Flewelling.

Tableaux: "Scenes from The Lady of The Lake." Scene I. The meeting of Fitz-James and Ella; II. The departure of Fitz-James; III. Quarrel between Malcolm and Rhoderick Dhu; IV. Meeting of Fitz-James and Rhoderick; V. The Combat; VI. The prison at Sterling; VII. All's well that ends well.

Songs (between scenes): "I've something sweet to tell you," Miss Stevenson; "The flight of ages," Jessie Jones; "May Morning," Miss S. Flewelling.

Recitation: "The Reason Why," Doris Stocken.

Tableau: "The chimney sweep comes down the wrong chimney," (Water-babies.)

Chorus: "Fatherland."

Tableau: "The Dancing Lesson."

Dance in Costume: "The eight-hand reel."

Chorus: "Lullaby."

Song: "My Dream," Miss S. Flewelling.

GOD SAVE THE KING.

The most important item on the foregoing programme was "The Mouse-trap," an amusing little play, which was very well presented. The leading parts in it were taken by Winifred Armstrong and

Jessie Jones, who spoke in clear and nicely modulated voices and with great expression. The rest of the performers unfortunately, in their endeavour to speak loud enough, pitched their tones too high and as a consequence were rather shrill, but they *looked* charming, and they squealed in a delightfully natural manner in all the right places, and they did *not* require any prompting.

The tableau, "The Convent Garden," was very lovely. Four rosy little Marias, Una McIntosh, Muriel Underhill, Florence Davis and Edith Clyne, all robed in white, sat around their young Queen, Louise Ferguson, in a bower of flowers, looking, in their childish innocence, as yet "unspotted from the world," while guarding them with gentle dignity stood a French nun, Susie Pearse, whose pensive face and black robes formed a striking contrast to the bright group before her.

"The Dancing Lesson," was also a tableau which justly excited warm enthusiasm. The pose of the player, Muriel Underhill, the attention expressed in the face and attitude of the Master, (Winifred Armstrong) and the pretty grace of the dancers (Florence Davis and Margaret Gravely) enhanced by their quaint costumes, all contributed to present a most charming picture.

In most of the scenes in the "Lady of the Lake," the figure of Ellen (Una McIntosh) gave a pretty touch of colour and brightness to tableaux that would otherwise have been too gloomy and tragic.

Old Allan-bane (Grace Corbould) displayed little besides a nose, a woolly white beard and a harp, and though "dark lightning flashed from Roderick's eye," Roderick's (Meda Hume) arms were rather less muscular than one looked

for in a warrior who derided a "carpet knight."

Taking them as a whole however, these scenes and the readings which accompanied them were exceedingly good.

The "right-hand reel" was nicely danced and received a well-deserved encore.

The programme was altogether perhaps rather long, and the little performers were very tired before the end of the evening.

This concert will be the last the "Club" will give until the Autumn for now the summer is coming, and the playing-field is being laid out in tennis courts, croquet and baseball grounds, we hope the members of the R. C. will at once turn their attention to out-door games, and arrange with the zest and enjoyment proper to healthy and happy girls, some well-contested matches, and even aim at holding a tennis tournament before the end of June. This in the summer, is a laudable ambition for the Recreation Club, and will meet with the cordial approval and encouragement of

THE PRESIDENT.

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School Register.

May, 1901.

Winifred Armstrong,	Golden.
Marjorie Armstrong,	" "
Dorothy Bindley,	Vancouver.
Edith Bindley,	" "
Dorothy Broad,	New Westminster.
Gwendoline Bell,	Surrey Centre.
Winifred Bell,	" "
Kathleen Bentley,	Slocan.
Zeta Clark,	Lytton.
Louie Chantrell,	Blaine, Wash.
Marie Cross,	Silverton.
Edith Clyne,	Vancouver.
Grace Corbould,	New Westminster.
Florence Davis,	Vancouver.

Daisy Dodd,	-	-	Yale.
Vera Erickson,	-	-	Cranbrook.
Rachael Flewelling,	-	-	Kamloops.
Louise Ferguson,	-	-	Vancouver.
Mabel Gibbs,	-	-	New Denver.
Margaret Gravely,	-	-	Vancouver.
Medora Hume,	-	-	Firlands.
Peggie Hunt,	-	-	Vancouver.
Beatrice Inkman,	-	-	Agassiz.
Jessie Jones,	Pierce	Co.,	Wash.
Alice Lee,	-	-	Vancouver.
Una McIntosh,	-	-	Kamloops.
Clara McDonald,	-	-	Eburne.
Ferneda McDonald,	-	-	"
Marjorie McCartney,	-	-	Kamloops.
Francis Paget,	-	-	Revelstoke.
Mildred Pentreath,	-	-	Vancouver.
Susie Pearse,	-	-	Kamloops.
Ethel Raymond,	-	-	Nanaimo.
Elvie Raymond,	-	-	"
Francis Rives,	-	-	Lillooet.
Muriel Shildrick,	-	-	New Westmin'r.
Dorothy Stocken,	-	-	Gleichen, Alta.
Dorothy Sweet,	-	-	Ashcroft.
Marion Shaw,	-	-	Vancouver.
Bessie Shaw,	-	-	"
Ethel Thynne,	-	-	Nicola.
Muriel Underhill,	-	-	Vancouver.
Ella Underhill,	-	-	"

Names of pupils entered for vacancies in September: Dorothy Westwood, Grand Forks; Beatrice Westwood, Grand Forks; Ursula Johnson, Vancouver; Josephine Torery, Vancouver; Grace Cross, Silvertown; Cecily Galt, Rossland; Aline Day and Olive Day, Victoria; Katie Snyder, Edmonton, Alberta.

Visitors' Book.

DECEMBER—Miss Wardle, Hope; Rev. C. Croucher and Mrs. Croucher, Yale; Archdeacon Pentreath, Vancouver; Mrs. Dorrell, Ashcroft.

JANUARY—Rev. E. Flewelling, Kamloops.

FEBRUARY—Mrs. Ferguson, Vancouver; Mrs. McCartney,

Kamloops; Mr. F. J. Hart, New Westminster; Mr. Eveleigh, Vancouver; Dr. Elliot, Harrison.

MARCH—Mrs. Widdicombe, Vancouver; Bishop of New Westminster, New Westminster; Archdeacon Small, Lytton; Mrs. L. Chet hem and Mrs. Dickinson, Yale.

APRIL—Mrs. Shaw, Vancouver; Rev. E. Flewelling, Miss Flewelling, Miss Stella Flewelling, Kamloops; Miss Stevenson, Lytton; Richmond Flewelling, Kamloops; Mrs. Bentley and Eleanor Bentley, Slocan.

HEARTSEASE.

THE LEGEND OF ST. CHRISTOPHER.



SWEETEST of all legends
That down the centuries come,
The story of St. Christopher
Amid the tempest's gloom,
The dark and stormy mid-night,
The tempest raging wild,
Yet safely bearing in his arms
The little wandering child.

He holds him high above the flood,
With an arm that never fails;
Yet now the giant strength grows weak
The giant courage quails.
Around him and above him
The watery blackness whirled,
"Meseems, fair child, I bear in thee
The weight of all the world."

Yet for the sake of Christ the Lord
He struggles bravely on;
At last he staggers to the bank,
The perilous journey done.
Before his glad adoring eyes
The child for a changed and glowed
Till he knew the Master of his love,
The risen Christ of God.

"O brothers, sisters, ye whose task
From toilsome day to day,
Is still to guide the little ones
Across the dangerous way;
The work of brave St. Christopher
Ye carry forward still,
Worthy the proudest strength of man
And woman's finest skill.

What marvel if your spirits quail
At the perils of the road;
What marvel if ye sometimes faint
Beneath the heavy load.

It is the weight of all the world,
 Ye bear mid gathering gloom ;
 The burden of the darkening years
 Hope of the age to come.

Although for you no childish form
 May ever change or shine
 With white celestial splendor,
 With majesty divine ;
 Yet clearly echoes down the years,
 A voice from Galilee :
 "As ye do it to the least of these,
 Ye do it unto Me."

E. MURRAY.

LETTERS.

DEAR CHILDREN :- Thank you so much for your kind letters. It was so nice being at home again for Christmas with my own people.

We went up to London for two months, which was very interesting as we had opportunities then for seeing and hearing all manner of things. Our rooms overlooked the British Museum, but I am sorry to say we were too busy to go there very often, though we did go several times. The Egyptian and Assyrian carvings, architectural remains etc. were wonderfully interesting, so were the mummies.

You will be amused to hear that I have been having music lessons from Prof. Grahame Moore at the Royal Academy, also lessons in teaching Class singing. Drawing too I have been finding out about, and I think you will all enjoy working upon the new system, which seems in every way delightful and the results are wonderful.

We have made arrangements for sending some of your work next year, if all is well, to an exhibition in London, and also for entering the School for an English examination in drawing, for which certificates will be given to those who pass or gain honours.

We were just planning my re-

maining time at home, when one morning I found a letter from Algiers for me, containing a most exciting invitation from my cousin (the Miss Cornwall Leigh who writes so many books) for me to join her in the south of France for a month. Was not that very delightful?

I left London about 9.50 p. m. and travelled down to Southampton in the boat train. We had a very smooth crossing and landed at Havre, which seemed a very quaint place, though one was perhaps almost more forcibly impressed by the cobble stones we rattled over on our way to the station than by anything else!

At Rouen we stopped for a few minutes, and I tried to get some tea, but it was so very funny! the people were so much excited when I asked for it, as everyone takes coffee here, but one woman seized a large teapot and rushed off with it out of sight, then another woman rushed about with it, then a man came and joined in the excitement, finally they brought the teapot in great triumph with a large bowl of sugar, and set it down before me. Then the woman poured out some, but only *water* came out! I asked her for some milk, and when her back was turned I stirred the tea up well, so that eventually it became a pale straw colour! then the woman returned and brought a large jug of frothing boiling milk! By this time the train was thinking of going, so when I pursued my journey next day I tried coffee instead of tea! I stayed one day in Paris but it rained and one could not see very much. The country to the south of Paris was not very interesting being more like the flat parts of Ontario than anything else, but it was very pret-

ty about Fontainebleau, sandy soil with heather and pines.

A little before 5 a. m. we reached Marseilles. A most perfect blue-grey sky, with a beautiful moon shining calmly and the dawn just beginning to creep over the sky.

All the country had completely changed its character now, and we came to the region of picturesque solidly-built houses with red tiled roofs, and with cypresses, palms, olives and mimosa all about them. We changed at Toulon, and reached Hyères a little before 8 a. m.

Costebelle, where we stayed, is a mile or two out of Hyères. Such a lovely drive it was, glimpses of the town, and of fortified castles on hills, and palms and all sorts of new and wonderful plants.

You would so very much have enjoyed the fields of violets. They grow them here for the English market. I never saw such enormous violets, or smelt anything like the scent from them. Women were picking them for market as we passed.

The pension where we stayed was so very prettily situated, on the side of a hill, overlooking the Mediterranean but some little distance from it, and surrounded by palms, eucalyptus, orange trees and mimosa, the latter in full flower

We stayed there a week making expeditions from there, and then came on to Le Lavandon, a quaint and primitive little fishing village on the coast. It is the most charming place. The Hotel is almost on the beach, and the views from it are lovely. I thought I had never seen anything so beautiful as it looked the night we arrived. The sea was an intense deep blue, the hills a very soft heliotrope, and the sky softly shading from blue to a

clear bright pink; while tall waving reeds and the sandy beach were in the foreground.

One day I went to investigate a grassy bit of land which had a curious creamy tint all over it, and found it was covered with wild polyanthus and narcissus, acres and acres of them! The blossom is almost exactly like our "China lilies," but the stalks are shorter.

COWES, April 13th. :—We came on here for the Easter Services, and arrived on Easter Eve. We travelled by the little "Sud de France" Railway, which is like a toy railway, such very small rails, such tiny cars, and such an infantile engine! But it went through the most exquisite country as it follows the coast line till it is very near Cowes.

We came through many cork forests. The trees had such a curious look, as they are only allowed to take a third of the bark off each year, or they would kill the tree. The stems are a bright crimson, when the bark is first taken off, but it turns brown afterwards.

Cannes is the most fascinating place; the old town is so quaint, built on a hill, with strong fortifications and crowned by a very old church, with a picturesque church tower. They do not ring the bells here on Good Friday or Easter Eve, but have curious old wooden rattles and clappers to summon people to church. At Le Lavandon the little choir boys went around the village before each service, making such a noise with their clappers.

We need not have been afraid of not waking in time on Easter morning, for we are near a great many bells, and they began at 4:30 a. m., and kept on almost incessantly until it nearly was time

to get up. They were such quaint bells! Two of them played a sort of joyful accompaniment while the larger bells rang more solemnly and deliberately.

There are such very nice English Churches here; we went to St. Paul's last Sunday. I do wish you could have seen the flowers. Such masses and masses of them and so very beautiful.

The flowers here are something marvelous, geraniums and roses grow up to the tops of the houses, and the banksia roses are trained up over the trees in many places.

The gardens are a blaze of colour, softened by the beautiful green turf. The lovely palms, linarias, primulus and cyclamen, are quite usual flowers in a garden, and they have some of our flowers too, but all so large and full of blossom.

One day we went to a pottery, it was so very interesting. There was a long shed, where the different sorts of clay are prepared, for the potter's use. Then there is another long shed, where the different potters work at their wheels. The "wheel" is a flat, round piece of board, joined by an iron rod to a much larger round board, which the man puts his feet on and turns round as far as he likes. This makes the small "wheel," at the top, move very quickly. Then the man took a lump of red clay and put it on his wheel and as it turned round quickly, he put his fingers first outside and then inside, and by degrees we saw a beautiful sort of vase growing up, then he finished it and cut it off quickly with a wire, and began to make a sort of bowl. He made three things with one small lump of clay.

Then we saw the great ovens where they bake the clay things to

make them hard, and we saw some women grinding the colours to put on them. There were some pots standing in one place which I thought looked very ugly. They were a dull, dirty brown colour, and they had very stupid, pinkish, white spots dabbed on all over the top of them. I could not think how any body could make such ugly things, but a man, who was standing near, showed us some very pretty pots of a lovely shining green and dark brown colour, and he said when the ugly pots are finished, that was the kind they would be.

Then we saw some men painting flowers and leaves etc. on some of the pottery, and they were doing it so beautifully. We asked the men who gave them the copies or patterns, but he said they did not have any, they just invented the pattern as they painted it. Some of the things they had painted were very lovely, but they were so expensive. My cousin asked how much a very small vase cost, which she admired very much, and it was about nine dollars.

There are some Islands in front of the town, and the "Man in the Iron Mask" is said to have lived on one of them. The prison is still there, and it is used as a prison still.

Napoleon landed close by here in 1815, and there are some trees still shewn under which he had his breakfast as he marched to Grasse. I hope we shall go to Grasse one day. They make perfumes there, and crystallised flowers, and I am sure you would be interested to know all about them.....

With very much love,

Ever your affectionate friend,

ALTHEA MOODY.

Le Lavandon, Var. France.

March 27th., 1901.

MY DEAR CHILDREN:—Sister writes to tell me you liked my last letter to you very much. As you have been so kind as to say so there is only one thing I can do now and that is to send you another letter.

Before beginning to write I had to thaw out the ink which was frozen solid. For the last few weeks we have had very severe frosts. The sea is covered with solid ice as far as one can see. One afternoon four of us went for a walk on it a distance of 400 yards or more. We might have gone much further but thought it wiser not to do so in case of accidents. A few days ago two officers attempted to walk ashore from their boat which was frozen in at Ching Wang Tso, a place seven miles up the coast. They got on to an ice floe which broke away from the other ice. They spent twenty-five hours on it and were eventually blown to shore by a breeze, which, luckily for them, was landwards.

Now I must try and give you a short description of our International Parade before Field Marshal Count Von Waldersee. Personally I began the day very uncomfortably. It was very cold. My horse had not been out of the stable for a week and was just jumping out of his skin with excitement. My long blue overcoat and cold steel scabbard dangling against his flanks did not tend to soothe him very much, so that I had a fairly lively time of it.

First the troops were massed together for Waldersee's inspection, and when this was over they marched past in companies while he stood at the saluting base and returned all the salutes with his baton. The Germans marched past first, as a compliment to him, and the other nations followed in alphabetical order.

For soldierly appearance and proficiency in drill the Russians and our Sepoys were easily first. The Germans were very funny. They march with a very high step ending in a vigorous stamp, rather a laboured performance altogether. The Japs were even more funny, for they tried to copy the high kick of the Germans, and being small men and moving much more slowly, the effect they produced was ludicrous.

The Italians and Austrians had a few sailors each and were out of it, in a military show. The French Zouaves, usually so picturesque in their pretty uniforms, rather spoilt things by appearing with a huge bundle of kit on their backs, surmounted by tin drinking cups.

The Field Marshal himself is a dear old man with a kind, handsome face.

I must try and tell you, too, of the Funeral Service of our late much beloved Queen.

The salutes were fired with Chinese guns. The Chaplain of the gun-boat could not land so the General read the service. The scene was a most impressive one. Our troops formed three sides of a square and the officers closed up the fourth. The allies each sent a representative contingent. While the service was going on the guns solemnly boomed away in the distance at minute intervals, and we began at last actually to realize that our Sovereign Lady, whom each one of us had sworn to serve by land or by sea, in peace or in war, to whom we were bound even to the death, had fought her good fight and passed away to her rest. After this service the Union Jack was again seen flying full mast, and on Proclamation Day His Majesty issued a royal mandate that we who were in Her service should continue in his.

We are wondering how much longer we are going to be out here. In most countries the usual thing is that there are plenty of people who want to rule but cannot find a kingdom. In China we have a kingdom but we cannot induce the Emperor to come and sit on his throne.

I am going to Pekin shortly to see the dragon throne and the forbidden palace. I will try and bring away some trophy from these for you.

I must now say goodbye. God's blessing on you all through the New Year.

Your old friend,
R. B.

Fort iv. Shan Hai Kwan.

Feb. 8th., 1901.

DEAR SISTER:—I am here safely at my father's mine, and I am very happy with him. He met me at Lillooet on Saturday evening and brought me out to the mine, nine miles distant, on Sunday morning.

I cannot say I enjoyed my journey, from Yale, very much, the train was detained at Spuzzum three hours, owing to a land-slide, so I did not reach Lytton until midnight. I had to take the stage very early the next morning, so I did not get much sleep. The distance to Lillooet is 47 miles. I sat on the front seat by the driver and another man, we were the only passengers.

My father's mine and mill are

closed down to-day of course, but to-morrow they will open up for work. It is very interesting work I think.

The ore is blasted out from the hard ledge by dynamite; it is then carried down to the mill, a mile lower down, in iron baskets suspended on a great moving wire cable, which is called an aerial tramway. The mine is 1900 feet above the mill. The ore is emptied out of the buckets and dumped into the mill. After passing through a large revolving dryer, heated very hot, the ore is crushed to great fineness between great iron rollers, and then the crushed matter is run into large vats and a solution of cyanide of potassium is poured over it, which has the effect of extracting and dissolving the gold in the ore. The solution is then run over zinc shavings upon which the gold precipitates in the form of very fine black powder, which in its turn is taken up and dried over a very hot fire and then put into melting pots. When so heated the powder turns into bright yellow gold, which is run out into moulds, and there we have the gold-brick.

I shall be very sorry to leave my father, but I am looking forward to this next term at school with a great deal of pleasure.

I am, dear Sister,
Your sincere little friend,
FRANCIS RIVES.

Ample Mill, near Lillooet.

Christmas Day, 1900.

BUILDING FUND ACCOUNT.

Nov. 1900. Cash in hand	\$2451 12
Collected through H. Moody Esq	85 00
" Daisy Doidl.....	7 50
" Miss Shibley..	13 00
" Mrs. Gardiner	7 00
" All Hallows' Sisters, England...	48 00
" Frances Rives..	20 00
" Marie Cross.....	8 00
" Louie Chantrell	3 00
" Alice Lee.....	5 00
" Ethel Raymond	11 00
" Dorothy Broad...	7 30
" Katie Adams	27 00
" Peggie Hunt.....	2 70
" Ev. Widdicombe	10 00
" Win. Armstrong	12 00
" Edith Clyne.....	4 00
" Fern. McDonald	5 00
Donation : Mrs. Sillitoe.....	5 00
" Dorothy Sweet	50
" G. F. Society, Ottawa	5 00
" Kathleen Bentley.....	50
" Rev. C. Croucher	13 82

\$2746 44

All Hallows' Indian School.

IN the Wednesday in Holy Week, two little girls arrived for the Indian School. All unexpected and unknown they came amongst us. They had travelled far and were cold, tired and very silent. Clean clothing and warm food revived them a little, and then they opened their lips to tell us that their names were Elizabeth and "Luchsia."

In course of time a telegram came to explain the children's arrival, and it was followed a little later by a letter, signed "Anna Malchesant," which ran thus :

"I sent my little girl to you because I am dying. Dake care of her, make her to pe goot."

How swiftly this pathetic message carried my thoughts back to the early days, when the Indian School was struggling for existence, when arrivals were anxiously desired but maintenance was a grim problem,

and I saw again, in fancy, a buxom young woman riding to School on horseback, carrying all her wardrobe on her person. I forget exactly how many skirts, blouses, silk handkerchiefs, jackets and mocassins she had on, but when divested of these, we found her less portly, than she appeared at first. Anna lived with us for four years; learning in that space of time to speak English, to read and write, to sew and cook, but she never learned to distinguish *b* from *v*, or *d* from *t*. We did not see her again after she left School. She got married and went to live in the Nicola District. Now it appears that consumption is threatening her life, and she sends her little girl to "the old School" to "be made goot."

Mary and her husband, Isaac, came here for Easter, and a few of the Spuzzum Indians, but as the weather was very stormy we had to send word to all the old people and to those also who were not strong, not to take that fourteen mile tramp through the snow. Influenza has been very prevalent in the ranche this Spring, and from want of the most ordinary comforts and nourishment, a good many have suffered greatly.

Mary's little baby-girl was born about two weeks ago, circumstances obliged her to have it baptized privately in the house last Tuesday, but we hope she will be able to bring it to be received into the Church by Whitsuntide. Our increasing wealth in "grandchildren" is something to be truly proud of. If the pioneer Sisters of All Hallows are observed to be giving themselves "airs" or otherwise behaving without their usual simplicity, you must trace the source of their pride to these delightful, fat healthy brown babies, whose

mothers are All Hallows old girls."

See that little trio of grandchildren playing on the doorstep. Lisa, Suzanne's daughter, is a strikingly prosperous looking little mortal, very fat and stumpy, with strong white teeth, and strong black hair, every strand of which stands uncompromisingly upright. She knows the Lord's Prayer, and can answer the first questions in the Church Catechism, she has laboured through the Second Primer and can write a tidy largehand copy. She is only six years old, but she can knit and she can hem neatly. Can any ordinary little English girl of that age do more?

Grace, Adah's orphan daughter, is a loving soft dumpling of a baby, too young to go into the School-room yet. Her father, who was working in the Lillooet mines under Colonel Rives, was killed by an accidental explosion of dynamite last January. Anna's little daughter, Luchsia is a very pale thin child, with an old care-worn face, and no capacity for play at present, but we hope to change all that shortly.

Two of the "old girls" Nettie and Agnes were "called to rest" early in the year. At Christmas-tide we were feeling very sad and anxious about Agnes, (whose name will perhaps be familiar to many who read this) because she was very ill with typhoid fever at Ladners; then tidings of a more reassuring nature came and just as we began to let ourselves hope that all would yet be well with her, Nancy wrote to say that Agnes was slowly but surely sinking. Fourteen years ago Agnes came to the Indian School a tiny child of five, and grew up under the sheltering care of All Hallows, to be a healthy,

happy, loving, loveable girl, with a voice like a bird's and with a bird's glad instinct for singing. It is not quite two years since she left school. It seems that during the last few days of her life, the old school-life with all its simple incidents of happy childhood came back to her with a strong flood of fragrant memories. The familiar Church hymns and old school songs were recalled and sung one after the other, at first in feeble and dying tones, but the last Sunday she spent on earth, her voice returned to her, strong and full, and carol and hymn were sung loud and clear, filling the house with music. From time to time she paused to listen as she sang, because she thought she heard a voice calling her, "Agnes, Agnes;" then she laid down to die, and the sweet voice so often raised to sing God's praises was hushed for evermore on earth, to waken, who can doubt it, to new strength and melody in Paradise.

Among Our Indians.

THE CHRISTMAS PARTY.

Time. The evening of St. Stephen's Day, 1900.

Place. The large School-room of All Hallows.

Dramatis Personæ. A handful of white people; three sisters and their devoted fellow workers; some thirty children of All Hallows Indian School; and tens upon tens of dignified silent Indian visitors, men, women and children, even babes—for was not six-weeks-old Shwaspenak (*Anglice* Sunbeam) among them, who only that morning had been enrolled as Christ's faithful soldier and servant, on the festival of the first soldier privileged to lay down his life in the campaign of Christ?

FIRST on this evening came the Christmas tree, which needs no description, for who has not witnessed the enjoyment it always gives to children of all ages and all classes. Then, that cleared away, the children sang, danced and drilled—would there were time to describe this last—it has not fallen to the lot of all to see that saucy drill when, to gay music, one half of the drillers mix, stir, taste their imaginary concoction, and give their partners "a taste," all as they march. And our older friends looked on in smiling content; their children have taught them how to smile.

Next refreshments were handed round *and* round. The children love waiting on their people, and it was cold, hungry weather. And then,—silent did we call them? Let their farewell words show how their silence can resolve itself into speech. Although no feeble translation can give the melody of that eloquent outpouring—in the case of old Tom, a poem to eye and ear alike, as the blind chief stood in the midst of us, with his beautiful white face and long white hair, and beautified expression of love, love to his God, to his "Sisters three" to his friends, to the children of his people—his love a rich gift—his gratitude princely.

What more words of ours are needed? The chiefs are speaking for themselves and their "families."

SAM'S ADDRESS.

(Interpreted by Isaac.)

LISTEN my friends, to what I am going to speak for you to our Sisters. Many years ago as you know, when the Yale chief died, they helped me to be made chief, to my people, which was my right, but which others would have

taken from me. I have tried to be a good chief, but my faults are many. To our sisters we all want to do right, as they do by us.

When they say "Come" we all come, and we sing and pray and listen to good words, when they say "Go" we all go back to our homes and to our work. The words of the Sisters are good. We are glad to be all down here tonight, keeping Christmas with our friends from Spuzzum and other places, to see the children of our people in this School. This is something to make us happy, to be here, to have the Sisters here, to have them to look after us and our children, to make one family of us all in this place which they have built to the praise of the Great God."

BLIND TOM'S ADDRESS.

(Interpreted by Mali.)

MY FRIENDS:—This is a great night for us and for our Sisters. They are ours, they came from a great distance a great many years ago, years when I could see their faces as well as hear their voices, to live amongst us, to teach us, to help us to bring up our children, and to make good music for us in our hearts and with our tongues. They left their own land and their own people, and though our land is good with its swift rivers and its great mountains, what is the land without the people? (kindred) but our Sisters never looked back, they came to us and with us they stayed.

This Christmas we were sad my friends, because one whom we all know (Miss Moody) had gone away, and we thought without her who could play for our Church Service, who could learn the words of our language and sing with us on

Christmas night. The Sisters told us "Come and do your best to sing and we will find one to play for you." So we came and then we found that out of the White School which the Sisters have here, near this School for our children, was one girl who could play and could sing the words of our Service, and so our Christmas Service was just as good as ever, and we were surprised and glad. We know it was God the Holy Spirit Who helped this young girl, Who taught her the music and the words, and Who put it into her heart to do this. The Sisters are working for the white people because their children want help as much as our children, they are growing up together here in these great homes, the children of the white people on one side, and the children of our people on the other, and we must be thankful to God for all He is doing for us. We are not going away empty any of us, we are going with the Sisters' little gifts in our hands, and with God's great Gift from the Altar in our hearts, if we came in the right way to receive God's Gift. He gave us a great one, if we came without care then the Gift was small for us because we did not know how to receive it.

Let us thank God, and live better lives, we and our Sisters three."

SISTER AGATHA.

—♦♦♦—
 "From Miss Susan Wallace,
 Carshalton, England."

SOR several years we have received a parcel for our Mission, bearing this inscription. And we feel now that we should like our readers to know what unwearied pains this good friend takes in the preparation of this parcel. Each winter she

gathers round her a party of girls, and having provided the very best and prettiest materials, she superintends personally the making up of the most charming garments for our children and old Indians. Soft, warm scarfs, hoods and petticoats, crossovers also and knee-caps—so comforting in our cold winters; beautiful scarlet cloaks for our girls, so that we "need not be afraid of the snow for our household," and, almost more valuable than all else, jackets for our old women, of the softest, warmest material, daintily finished and ornamented, by loving hands. These jackets, though intended for warmth in sickness and cold, are sacredly kept to wear on the occasions when their owners come to church to make their Communion, with something of the same feeling which animated King David, when he poured out the so dearly purchased cold water before the Lord.

All these beautiful gifts have been the greatest comfort to our people, and we wish to offer our most sincere thanks to Miss Wallace, and the girls of her sewing and knitting classes, in far, distant England.

—♦♦♦—
The Queen's Last Ride.

FEB. 4TH., 1901.

THE Queen is taking a drive to-day,
 They have hung with purple the carriage way,
 They have dressed with purple the Royal track,
 Where the Queen goes forth and never comes back.

Let no man labor as she goes by
 On her last appearance to mortal eye,
 With heads uncovered let all men wait,
 For the Queen to pass in her Royal state.
 Army and Navy shall lead the way
 For that wonderful coach of the Queen's
 to-day,
 Kings and Princes and lords of the land

Shall ride behind her—a humble band,
And over the city and over the world
Shall flags of all nations be half-mast
furled.

For the silent lady of royal birth
Who is riding away from the courts of
earth :

Riding away from the world's unrest,
To a mystical goal on a secret quest.

Though in regal splendour she drives
through town,

Her robes are simple, she wears no crown,
And yet she wears one, for widowed no
more.

She is crowned with the love that has
gone before

And crowned with the love she has left
behind

In the deepest depths of each thinking
mind.

Uncover your heads—lift your hearts on
high—

The Queen in silence is driving by.

E. WHEELER WILCOX.

SINCE the last number of our
Magazine appeared, our
well-beloved Queen has pass-
ed to her rest, and almost
the longest known reign in Christ-
endom has come to an end.

The great wave of grief which
swept through the land, and the
wide-spread expressions of genuine
sorrow and sympathy from other
nations are fitting tributes to the
memory of the best and greatest of
our Sovereigns. But in many
hearts there is a sense of personal
loss, a throb of tender regret for
the Ruler who has won warm af-
fection and universal admiration,
not only as a Queen, but as a wo-
man.

Of her it may be said that she
reigned over all lands by right of
her royal nature. Her subjects
are to be found wherever there are
hearts that can respond to true wo-
manly goodness, and it is this phase
of her character that is of most im-
portance to us.

Churchmen and statesmen have

eulogized in fitting terms her un-
ceasing devotion to the safety,
honor and welfare of her realm,
have dwelt on her remarkable tact
and powers of diplomacy in dealing
with political questions, and her
conscientious adherence to a high
standard of Christian duty.

Press and pulpit have united in
a brilliant portrayal of the incidents
of her long and eventful reign.
What a record it has been! Sixty-
three years under "the fierce light
which beats upon a throne," and
yet she has borne this close scruti-
ny of her public and private life
in a manner to endear her to all
her subjects, and to win reverence
even from her enemies.

What was the secret of that in-
fluence which is felt even more
strongly now than during her life-
time?—for "clearer and more dis-
tinct grow the lineaments of a
character when the outward form
has departed."

The key-note of our Queen's
character seems to have been a
striving to do right. Beginning
her reign with a deep sense of re-
sponsibility, and an earnest desire
to fulfil all the duties of her position,
she ever kept in view the good of
her people, and by her ready sym-
pathy and instinctive knowledge of
what the people of England would
approve, she gained their entire
confidence and veneration, and ele-
vated them by the force of her own
noble qualities.

To every movement for purity
and truth she gave her unqualified
encouragement and support. One
has only to compare the tone of
Court life and of social circles sixty
years ago, with that of the present
régime, to understand something
of her influence in this respect
alone.

Her sincerity, her love of nature

and of simple pleasures, her devotion to her family and to her Church are qualities that all women might emulate—indeed a close study of her life must result in a-rousing and deepening all that is best in our nature.

One thought is particularly impressive, and that is that the beautiful character of our Queen was not only the development of her innate goodness, but was largely due, under God's blessing, to her early training and environment.

The watchful care and religious training which surrounded her girl-ish years, bore fruit in a full and perfect womanhood. How truly has been fulfilled the Duke of Kent's prayer for his infant daughter—"I pray that God's blessing may rest on her, that it may overshadow her, and that in all her coming years she may be guided and guarded by God."

She has been taken from us, but her works still live.

Her Court was pure, her life serene ;
God gave her peace, her land reposed ;
A thousand claims to reverence closed
In her as Mother, Wife and Queen.

Henceforth, for every ruler, an example is set of the conditions which make sovereignty a blessing to those who are ruled. To her successors, she has left a priceless inheritance, whose value he fully realizes, for he has assured his subjects that it will be his endeavour to follow in her footsteps.

L. SHIBLEY.

Gifts Received Since January, 1901.

1 Parcel toys, etc., from H. Morey & Co., New Westminster.

6 quilts for Indian Dormitory.

1 bale clothing, groceries, etc., from St. Thomas' Branch, W. A., Toronto.

1 bale clothing, groceries, etc., from Charlottetown, P. E. I., W. A., through Mrs. Jardine.

14 pairs stockings, from Mrs. Leveton's Stocking Guild, Eng.

1 parcel woollies and fancy articles through Mrs Jerome Mercier.

1 bale clothing, Prescott Branch W. A., Ontario.

1 yellow, silk table cloth, trophy, from Pekin, also 1 parcel Chinese curiosities, from Capt. R. Bryson, I. M. S., China.

1 bale clothing and groceries, from Christ Church Branch, W. A., Deer Park, Toronto.

WANTED.

Unbleached cotton sheets for Indian School, to fit beds, $2\frac{1}{2} \times 6\frac{1}{2}$ ft. Pillow cases, towels, calico under-clothing, large size skirts and dark serge dresses.

NOTICE.

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

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

THE Canadian School Spring Term will close on June 29th., (D. I.) The Winter Term will begin Sept. 2nd., (D. I.) Pupils are expected to arrive on that day.

Parents wishing to withdraw their children from the Canadian School, are requested to notify the Sister Superior to that effect, not later than August 2nd.