

All radiant with the sun,
Stands as if in benediction
On the new day just begun.

The woods are sad and silent,
The song of birds is stilled,
For Autumn's gusty cold winds
The face of Nature chilled.
The petals scattered round about,
Our fleeting joys recall,
Till eyes are raised in hope to greet
The red glory of the Fall.

Dark wintry days are coming,
No more with golden light
The sun will shed his radiance
O'er vale and mountain height.
White frosts with glittering splendour
Lend beauty to the land,
And all around we feel the power
Of the Father's Mighty Hand.

—Elinor and The Editor.

All Hallows' in the West, Yale, B. C.

Letters.

FROM A FRIEND WHO SPENT LAST CHRISTMAS IN THE
HOLY LAND.

Charlottetown, P. E. I., October 15th, 1902.

My Dear Sister Superior:—

So often, while travelling in the Holy Land last spring, I thought of you and your work in the Valley of Yale, and trust All Hallows continues to prosper under your kindly rule.

While in Jerusalem I saw one of our Church Missions, near the Jaffa Gate. It is quite large and flourishing, with separate classrooms for boys and girls. One of the native missionaries acted as our dragoman and guide, and he gave me a great deal of information re missions of our Church in that land, and I was more than sorry that my time did not admit of my seeing as well as hearing more about them.

How full of interest that land is to us who even call ourselves by the name of the dear Christ who once lived there as man; but, alas! almost every shrine has become a means of revenue to some religious body—a fact which continually brought to my mind our Lord's indignation in the Temple, when He scattered the tables of the money-changers and drove out those who made a market of the sacred place.

At least, it was impossible for any to stand and beg or barter on the shores of the beautiful sea of Galilee; and as certain we are