

beautiful Pacific slope, while many were gone from us for ever, reminding me that :

Some day the silver cord shall break,  
And I no more as now shall sing,  
But oh ! the joy when I awake  
Within the presence of the King ;  
And I shall see Him face to face,  
And tell the story saved by Grace,

FLORA J. McLAUHLIN ADAIR.

VANCOUVER,  
BRITISH COLUMBIA.

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*Written expressly for myself (on Canadian Pacific Railway train) or anyone who chooses to take time to read it—November 4th, 1909.*