

content to pass into the night, after all the Star which has sunk will rise again; and there over the very heart of the Child you will see it, and rejoice in the joy of the Epiphany. Thank God for the light of it; though it came and went, it will lead you into life, into the Holy House; not into the cave, from whence you must come out and pass away again, but into the Eternal Home, where there is no need of the sun or of the stars to shine in it, for the Lamb is the light thereof.—From "The Flying Leaf Supplement," Guild of the Epiphany.

Leaves from Our Journal.

SEPTEMBER, 1904.—The schools were in session again, and summer holidays, with all their joys, had passed once more into the background of memory among the things of yesterday. For the first three weeks all were working so hard that no one thought of mentioning picnics or expeditions of any kind. Then the warm sunshine and the pleasant air suggested that a little week-end visit to Harrison Hot Springs might be beneficial to some of the staff. So early one Saturday morning a party of five, on pleasure intent, walked to the station. A lamentable check met them, the train was reported two hours late, so back they came to the school. It was not an easy matter to find occupation for those two hours, and just as they were leisurely collecting hats and gloves for another march stationwards, the shrill whistle of the incoming locomotive rent the air. A wild dash was made for the gates, which were reached just as the train sped past. The engineer, it was whispered, seeing the oncoming figures, feared another "hold-up," so he put on speed. Here I must digress to say that a "hold-up" actually occurred on our peaceful line this autumn, near Mission Station. Armed and black-masked men stopped the passenger train, gagged the officials, and carried off all the registered mail and a large quantity of gold dust, which was being conveyed to the coast.

At 4 o'clock a slow passenger train went through, and on this our pleasure-seekers arrived eventually at Agassiz. Afternoon tea at the "Bella Vista Hotel" refreshed them, and then a rig drawn by good horses speedily carried them over the five miles of road, through forests of spruce and fir and pine to Harrison Hot Springs, just in time for dinner. There were to be no services in the Parish Church at Yale on the following day, but they had ascertained that there would be Evensong in the Parish Church at Agassiz. So the morning hours were spent quietly in a boat far out on the waters of the beautiful lake, where all nature was fair and peaceful, and spoke more eloquently than any sermon of the love and goodness of God. In the afternoon they had tea on a rock, "Whip-poor-will" rock I think it was called, and then came back to the Springs for dinner, leaving early so as to get to Church in good time.