

All Hallows in the West.

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NO. 2.

Hymn for St. Michael and All Angels' Day.

Christe sanctorum decus Angelorum.

CHRISt of the Holy Angels Light and Gladness,
Maker and Saviour of the human race,
O may we reach the world unknown to sadness,
And see Thy Face.

Angel of peace, may Michael to our dwelling
Down from high heaven in mighty calmness come,
Breathing all peace, and hideous war dispelling
To hell's dark gloom.

Angel of might, may Gabriel swift descending,
Far from our gates our ancient foe repel,
And, as of old o'er Zacharias bending,
In temples dwell.

Angel of health, may Raphael lighten o'er us,
To every sick bed speed his healing flight,
In deeds of doubt direct the way before us,
Guide us aright.

Mary, the harbinger of peace supernal,
Mother of God, with all the Angel train,
All Saints be with us, till the bliss Eternal
In Christ we gain.

Be this by Thy thrice Holy Godhead granted,
Father and Son, and Spirit ever blest,
Whose glory by the Angel Host is chanted,
By all confessed. AMEN.

"The Blessing of Peace."

We live in stirring times, and events follow each other in such rapid succession, that we are hardly able to realize the things that have been, before we find ourselves swept onward to share in a nation's heartfelt thanksgiving for the things that now are.

Only a few months ago—it seems like yesterday—our hearts were wrung with anxiety for our countrymen surrounded by the enemy in Ladysmith

and Mafeking. Thereafter came a day of mourning for the heroes slaughtered at Spion Kop.

General Buller's reverses at Tugela River, Lord Roberts' appointment to be Commander in Chief, and his subsequent management of the war, Cronje's surrender, Dewet's exploits, held us spell-bound for a little while. Now they are passing from our memories with other incidents connected with this struggle, to give place to joyful pride in the triumphant return to England of our great General, Lord Kitchener, after peace had been proclaimed