

something the matter with her. When you say, "How are you Mary," she always says. "Ah, me heep sore, me tired, lots work, washee cloe outside, all time wet, outside rain, me copp, copp, copp. Interpreted this means "I am very sore and tired; I have been washing clothes outside and got caught in the rain and my cough is troublesome."

Poor old Mary once had a family of three grandchildren with her, but the two eldest, a boy and girl, died when they were about twelve or fourteen years old. The youngest girl came to school here, now she is grown up and has gone out to work.

Mary has lived in Yale for ever so many years; perhaps she knows no place, further than Spuzzum or North Bend. She talks in a tiny high-pitched voice; people who came to Yale forty years ago say that Mary was already an old woman then, and she used to be always climbing the mountains alone. Even now she goes out herrying in the summer time, and stops out alone all night in the loneliest places. Mary is very fond of the School; she comes to the class in chapel every Sunday.

THERESE.

LIFE.

We heard a sermon to-day about life. All people, animals and plants have life. Now what is life? It is a very great mystery. No one can explain it. It comes from God, it goes to God.

If we picked up a stone, we might see that it has undergone many changes in the years, but in itself it is a thing without life. Look at sand through a microscope; it is full of beautiful sparkling crystals, but they are without life. Look at other sand and the microscope would show that once it was composed of tiny shells once the home of living creatures. That sand is dead now, but once it held life.

The mountains are covered with snow in the winter; they are very beautiful then, but lifeless. In spring they are covered with green growing things full of life; no one knows when they will stop growing, for everything that has life expands or develops.

There are four stages of life. We may compare them to night, starlight, dawn and light.

Night is the darkest, the lowest kind of life. It represents thousands of people in our great cities, poor, miserable, without food or clothing sufficient for daily need, without pleasures but of the lowest kind, without hope, without knowledge—this is the life like night.

Starlight is a grade higher. We have many such in Canada. They live comfortable homely lives, work hard to provide these