

Epiphany-Tide.

Trembling before Thee we fall down to adore Thee,
Shamefaced and trembling we lift our eyes to Thee;
O First and with the last! annul our ruined past.
Rebuild as to Thy glory, Set us free
From sin and from sorrow to fall down and worship Thee.

Full of pity view us, stretch Thy sceptre to us,
Bid us live that we may give ourselves to Thee:
O faithful Lord and True! stand up for us and do,
Make us lovely, make us new, set us free—
Heart and soul and spirit—to bring all and worship Thee.

—C. Rosetti.

Leaves from Our Journal.

OCTOBER, 1905.—It was a disappointing Fall. Few of the trees showed even a touch of red, and the rain was so heavy that for many days we saw the world through a veil of gray moisture, dull and depressing; then about the middle of the month all this changed, we awoke one morning and the glory of perpetual sunlight seemed to rest upon the yellow leaves, the world was wrapt in a silent mystery of mist. It was a new world of blue, silver and gold; blue in the sky, blue over the earth, blue in the denseness of the mist clouds which thinned into silver as they rose, and everywhere the golden leaves—then one was glad to be alive, and life seemed full of beauty and promise.

Returning from an early morning stroll we met the children running down the garden path on their way to the School House. A small storm-porch in the front of the building opens on to the Primary room, where Miss Francis rules; a funny little plank walk constructed during the summer holidays by "John," our departed and much valued servitor, runs along the side of the house past the door of the Junior room, the scene of Miss Sait's labours, and up to the door of the Senior room, over which Miss Shibley presides. Into these several rooms the children disappeared; presently the tinkle of a bell called for silence and the voice of prayer rose softly on the air, then we, too, went in out of the loveliness and the sunshine to meet the duties of the day, to pursue dust in the corners, to count out clothes, to order the dinner, to write letters, to pay bills and to answer all the numerous calls of a large and growing 'family.'

This month is always enlivened by two special birthday parties, the honour of giving them being impartially divided between the two schools. Miss Shibley's birthday comes first in order of