

their interests, the query arises, has this noble life been sufficiently known and appreciated by the people she has specially served, and among whom her life has been spent?

Mrs. Yule now lives in Brantford. She has come to grey hairs and feebleness. Her great sorrow is still the companion of her loneliness. She is not unmindful of the obligation of the gift that is within her, however, and in the obscurity of her home the busy pen works on. God send that the comfort and joy which many another has known through her ministry may be given full measured into her own soul.

E. W. DADSON.

THE ANNUNCIATION.

Along Judea's hills the light is beaming—
The soft, pure light of early risen day ;
Down her green vales the radiance is streaming,
Kissing the palm-trees and the olives grey,
And kindling up, with oft-repeated glory,
Yet wondrous ever, beautiful and new,
Bright flashing rills, dark rocks, and mountains hoary,
And lowly flow'rets gemmed with morning dew.

And humble Naz'reth smiles in the calm beauty
Of this auspicious morn ! The winds breathe low
Along the hills ; and now, to toil and duty,
Man goeth forth as he is wont to go,
Not dreaming that an angel's feet are pressing
The dusty paths his own are wont to tread—
An angel's hand, uplifted high in blessing,
That moment stretched above his humble shed.