

Wait but a little while
 In uncomplaining love,
 His own most gracious smile
 Shall welcome us above.

NEATHERD'S CAROL.

What shall we bring fit for a King,
 A feeble King and small,
 Whose mother's gown is homespun brown,
 Whose cradle is a stall?
 The cattle stand on either hand,
 His pillow is of hay,
 We're church mouse poor who pass the door
 And see the King today.

What shall we find for herd and hind
 To bring their little King?
 Oh, hearts made clean with love, I ween,
 And knees bent worshipping.
 The Kings are late, but He keeps state
 Today, as once of old
 The skies are dark, but one star's spark
 Turns all the night to gold.

With fleece and hide we heap the wide
 Brown manger, where He lies,
 Rosy and warm in mother's arms—
 No saint in Paradise
 Was ever yet so safely set
 Aside from hurt and harm.
 His rest is pent by innocent
 Dumb beasts of field and farm.

Hedgerow and tree stand white to see,
 Made beautiful with snow,
 For this sweet birth that makes the earth
 The heart of Heaven to know.
 Country and town, deep glen and down,
 His bells of welcome hear;
 But we who keep the neat and sheep
 His very Self are near.

Letters.

Lytton, B.C., June 25th, 1907.

(About our little Lena, gone to Paradise.)

Dear Sister Superior,—

I have sad tidings to communicate. Your little girl passed away yesterday evening about 5 o'clock.