Life is a vapour vanishing in haste;
Life is a day whose sun grows pale to set;
Life is a stint and sorrow,
One day and not the morrow;
Precious, while yet
It runs to waste.

Lord, strengthen us; lest fainting by the way
We come not to Thee, we who come from far;
Lord, bring us to that morrow
Which makes an end of sorrow,
Where all Saints are
On holyday.

Where all the Saints rest who have heard Thy Call,
Have risen and striven and now rejoice in rest:
Call us too home from sorrow
To rest in Thee tomorrow;
In Thee our Best,

In Thee our All.

-C. Rosetti.

## A Bird of Passage.

I arrived at the little station at Yale at 10 o'clock on Sunday evening, the 1st October.

The rain was streaming down in torrents and the night was very dark. My guide was provided with a lantern, but there were no "struggling moonbeams misty light" to guide us on our way. I would have felt afraid if I had known that we were walking on the banks of the terrible Fraser River Canyon. I did, indeed, hear the roar of the water and made some feeble jests about falling into it, but thinking it was a long way off did not feel any anxiety about it. My guide did not inform me to the contrary, nor let me know that in the darkness, danger to the unwary was lurking near. She was right, for "where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise." we reached All Hallows', the Sister Superior was at the door to meet us with outstretched hands and a very kind greeting. A cheerful wood fire in an open chimney, hot tea and refreshments were very acceptable to the weary travellers. The visitors' room is very comfortable, with its adjoining bath-room, dainty bed, cosy chair, writing materials and little library.

At half-past seven next morning the bell rang for prayers in the Chapel. The Canadian children with short white veils on their heads, sat on one side of the building, the Indian girls in red caps and aprons sat opposite. The Sister in low, sweet tones, conducted the service, the teachers and girls heartily joining in the responses.