

Topics of the Day

AT HOME.

UNDER THE SEA.

Now, children, find your atlas. Spread it open at the map of our own country. Look towards the east and you will find Prince Edward Island snugly sheltered behind Nova Scotia, and surrounded by the deep blue sea. It is a lovely island, with one of the most delightful climates in the world, and has rich and beautiful farms.

Now turn over to the map of New Brunswick, and on the point of land nearest to Prince Edward Island you will find a Cape marked Tormentine. You see the channel there is not very wide, but we can't step over it. In summer we have steamers that take us over when we want, and on a fine day the sail is most delightful. But in winter—well, I need hardly tell you—it is not always delightful. Indeed, sometimes the steamer cannot cross, and we must go in an open boat or stay at home. When we have our farm produce to take over we have hard times, and sometimes we cannot get it across at all, and so we cannot sell it. For the whole of the winter months we are in this condition, cut off from our Sister Provinces of the Dominion, and we feel it very much.

We have been very patient, however. We have been complaining, it is true, for a long time, but we have not said a great deal that we cannot be excused for, and we think we have some reason to grumble. When all the Provinces were united into one Dominion, there was a bargain made between us that the Province of Prince Edward Island should get a regular and reliable means of communication with the mainland all the year round. Nature gives it to us in the summer, but what are we to do in winter? What we propose is to build a tunnel under the sea. It is a tremendous undertaking, and a costly one. But we reason in this way about it. At present we cross by steamer when we can, or by open boat when we cannot. This costs every year the enormous sum of \$200,000, and it is not efficient. Well, we want to take that money, and by adding some to it build our tunnel across. Years ago the land and the sea have been measured by the Government engineers. Maps have been made of the currents of the tides. Everything has been ready except the money, and for that we have been waiting, and waiting, until our hearts are sick.

Now, don't you think it fair and right that we should get it? We were promised. Boys and girls know what a promise is, and they know what they think of people that do not keep their promises. Our good Senator has been fighting for us for a long time, but he has not got it yet.

If you turn once more your atlas to the island you will see a Cape marked Traversc. That is where we propose to start the tunnel, across Northumberland Straits, and you will see that we have chosen the shortest road and the best. Now ask your father and mother what they think of it.

ISLANDER.

BUT ONE.

BY MATTHEW RICHEY KNIGHT.

Benton, New Brunswick.

They say the world is full of flowers :
I see but one, the rose ;
Fed by earth's dew and heaven's showers,
To me none other grows.

They say the sky is strewn with stars :
I see but one, its height
Blindeth me to all else and bars
Heaven's myriads from my sight.

I'm growing old, they tell me : yet
My heart recalls one day
Only, and still my eyes are wet
Since it hath passed away.

They say eternity is long :
In all its awful vast
One day alone moves me to song,
That which brings back the past.

TO THE HEIGHTS.

FIDELIS.

Sic itur ad astra.

As fair to the Hebrew leader
O'er the desert pathway dun,
The distant shadowy mountains
Loomed—soft in the morning sun,

Although on their radiant summits
His feet might never stand,
And, but from the Mount of Vision,
He might view the Promised Land !

So fair on our inner vision,
As on through life we go,
Loom the shadowy hills of promise,
Soft in the morning glow :

How long is the way to reach them,
But little we heed or care ;
How hard and weary the climbing
To the summits so bright and rare !

Yet still they recede before us,
And ever their promise sweet,
Like a spell they have woven o'er us,
Lures on our wandering feet :

And though we may reach them never,
Till the cold dark stream is past,
For us they shall keep their promise,
And the heights shall be ours *at last* !