

advantages to us I need not dilate on. For one thing, we dread the two periods annually of complete isolation, when the ice is forming and when it is breaking up." Any one who has spent a winter in Prince Edward Island will sympathize with that feeling. How "the" Island would rejoice if its isolation were only for a month, and what would it not give for a bridge or a tunnel!



Thus I have tried to tell how Jason from Maine came to Colchis or Algoma to capture the Golden Fleece. Such enterprises always cost. In this case \$5,000,000 have been spent and \$15,000,000 more are in sight and will be needed. That is the least part of the cost. More difficult to find than the money are the high intellectual and moral qualities which have been freely expended for years; sweat of brain; patience, industry, cheerfulness, indomitable faith, well-disciplined skill

and scientific knowledge applied to definite ends. The continent and the world benefit by such quests.

On this continent there are barbarous alien labour laws and hostile tariffs between kindred peoples, but so far these do not extend to free interchanges of brain, heart and capital. Canada has sent to the States shipbuilders like Mackay, scientific men like Simon Newcomb and James Douglas, university presidents like Schurman, railway men like Hill, organizers like Francis E. Clarke, the father of the Christian Endeavour movement; clergymen, doctors, lawyers, editors, nurses, business men by the gross; and mechanics and farmers by the thousand. It is a fair exchange when they send to us Whitneys, Booths, Bronsons, Folgers, Rathbuns, and Clergues. No one grudges them their success, and certainly every one welcomes the capture of the Golden Fleece of Algoma by one to whom Mother Church has given the name of Faith, Hope, and Charity.

THE LONELY LAKE.

HOW beautifully calm amid a scene
 So savage in its grandeur! You might think
 The spirit of eternal peace hath been
 Forever brooding round this calm lake's brink.

Look higher than the lonely eagle soars:
 How tempest-torn those mountains' grisly forms!
 How eloquent of mighty strife! The shores
 Are strewn with ruins of a thousand storms!

Ah, ever since those giant heights were hurl'd
 By God's word, up from chaos, here to keep
 Eternal watch above the lake below,
 Some life hath liv'd apart from all the world,
 Some immemorial secret, hidden deep
 Within those hills, which we can never know.

J. C. M. Duncan.