



GOLD HILL MINE AND MILL.

From a photograph by Dr. George M. Dawson.

eating his children in the schools in his own tongue. He could depend on getting fair treatment and the security of all the rights of citizenship if he came to New Ontario instead, and he might find there scope for all his energies.

Rat Portage, at the outlet of the Lake of the Woods, has grown to be a busy lumbering town. The water power here is capable of running enormous flour and saw mills, and arrangements are being made for transmitting this almost exhaustless power

to Winnipeg, a distance of 125 miles, for furnishing electric light and power.

The Sultana mine is on an island in the Lake of the Woods, and is undoubtedly the richest mine in the Rainy River district. It was first discovered by F. W. Moore, a prospector, who kept it for a time, and not being able to develop it, sold the mine for \$100.

It is stated by the press that an offer of a million dollars has been made the present owner of the mine for his interest therein, but that he demands a million and a half for the property.

#### YEAR UNTO YEAR.

As year unto year is added  
 God's promises seem more fair ;  
 The glory of life eternal,  
 The rest that remaineth there ;  
 The peace like a broad, deep river  
 That never will cease to flow,  
 The perfect, divine completeness  
 That the finite never know.

As year unto year is added,  
 God's purposes seem more plain ;  
 We follow a thread in fancy,  
 Then catch and lose it again,  
 But we see far on in the future  
 A rounded, perfected bliss,  
 And what are the wayside shadows  
 If the way but lead to this ?

As year unto year is added  
 And the twilight of life shall fall,  
 May we grow to be more like Jesus,  
 More tender and true to all ;  
 More patient in trial, more loving,  
 More eager His truth to know,  
 In the daily path of His choosing,  
 More willing in faith to go.

#### THE NEW LIFE.

Old sorrows that sat at the heart's sealed  
 gate,  
 Like sentinels grim and sad,  
 While out in the night-damp, weary and  
 late,  
 The King, with a gift divinely great,  
 Waited to make me glad.

Old fears that hung like a changing cloud,  
 Over a sunless day,  
 Old burdens that kept the spirit bowed,  
 Old wrongs that rankled or clamoured loud,  
 They have passed like a dream away.

In the world without and the world within,  
 He maketh the old things new ;  
 The touch of sorrow, the stain of sin,  
 Have fled from the gate where the King  
 came in,  
 From the chill night's damp and dew.

Anew in the heavens the sweet stars shine,  
 On earth new blossoms spring,  
 The old life lost in the life divine,  
 My will is Thine, Thy will be mine.  
 The song which the new hearts sing.