

feature, and where a knowledge of its variability according to situation would be of practical value, the injury done by such neglect becomes very apparent. In this way I might proceed to indicate the many and varied respects in which British Columbia has not received the recognition which she deserved.

These things, however, are rather the result of circumstances, the principal of which is our isolated position, than pre-meditation. I have used the past tense in speaking of our grievances. I might have used the present, but the government cannot be charged with wilful neglect of any part of Canada, and of late there have been evidences of a strong desire on the part of Government to meet our wishes. I speak mainly of the past, when I say that our isolated position has made us the victims of political ignorance of our affairs. It is true, we have not been badly off, but that is an accident of our position and internal resources

rather than of paternal nursing. When Canada gave us the C. P. R., it seemed to have settled down to the pleasant state of mind, that it had discharged its duty towards us for all time to come. But the important fact has been developed, that in the hands of men like Mr. Van Horne and the directors of the C. P. R., that road has done more for Canada than for any of its individual parts, so much so that the *New York Sun's* reference to it as the "Dominion on wheels," is becoming yearly more manifest, and, therefore Fate has unburdened us of that debt. It was a national necessity. If British Columbia has benefitted, so has all of Canada, and for that benefit we are paying a substantial *quid pro quo*.

This Province demands that fair and just measure of attention to which her population, her natural resources and position in the Federation entitles her, and which has been denied in the past.

MY LIFE LIVES IN THINE.

BY NORA LAUGHER.

Mine was a song unsung, a life unliv'd :
 I did not live ! Nay, nay, it was not life,
 Nor was it death, for tho' my heart was cold,
 I felt within me that I had no soul,
 Unloving, calm and passionless ; but yet
 I knew that there did lie, beneath its depths,
 An unknown world.

And then the sun arose,
 For thou didst come to set my spirit free :
 The morn of joy dawned on me from the night :
 The harp-strings of my heart were sweetly tuned,
 Responding to thine own, in harmony.
 Deep, deep within the ocean of my soul
 Thine own soul dived, in search for happiness,
 Returning laden with thy golden net
 O'erflowing with the priceless pearls of love,
 Seeds sown by God's own hand. This new found world
 Brought forth the fruits of faith, and hope, and peace :
 All death and darkness rolled away in space.
 Now, now I live, for I have found thy life,
 And my life lives in thine.

TORONTO.