

operation, affording facilities for trade and commerce not exceeded by any country in the world. One of these railways, the Canadian Pacific, which reaches from Quebec to Vancouver, on the Pacific Ocean, is the most remarkable illustration of railway enterprise ever shown by any country; certainly without a parallel for rapidity of construction, even in the United States, with all its wealth, population, and commercial energy. These railways represent an investment of nearly \$1,000,000,000 in the shape of capital stock, municipal and government bonuses. The interprovincial trade—a direct result of the federation—is at least \$120,000,000 dollars a year.

These are some of the most remarkable evidences of material development which Canada has exhibited within fifty years. All those

who wish to pursue the subject further need only refer to the official publications of the Government to see that the fisheries, the timber trade, and the agricultural products of Canada have all increased in the same ratio, notwithstanding commercial crises, bad harvests, and depression produced in certain branches of industry by the policy pursued by the United States for some years towards the Canadian Dominion. When we consider that the United States has received the great bulk of immigration for half a century, and that it is only quite recently that a deep interest has been taken in the development of the Dominion by the people of Europe, it is remarkable that in every branch of trade and industry so steady a progress has been made during the reign.

OUR STAY IN DEATH.

When on my day of life the night is falling,
And in the winds from unsummed spaces blown,
I hear far voices from out of darkness calling
My feet to paths unknown,

Thou who hast made my home of life so pleasant,
Leave not its tenant when its walls decay;
O Love Divine, O Helper ever present,
Be Thou my strength and stay!

Be near me when all else is from me drifting:
Earth, sky, home's pictures, days of shade and shine,
And kindly faces to my own uplifting
The love which answers mine.

I have but Thee, my Father! Let Thy Spirit
Be with me then to comfort and uphold;
No gate of pearl, no branch of palm I merit,
Nor street of shining gold.

Suffice it if—my good and ill unreckoned,
And both forgiven through Thy abounding grace—
I find myself by hands familiar beckoned
Unto my fitting place.

Some humble door among Thy many mansions,
Some sheltering shade where sin and striving cease,
And flows forever through heaven's green expansions
The river of Thy peace.

There, from the music round about me stealing,
I fain would learn the new and holy song,
And find at last, beneath Thy trees of healing,
The life for which I long.

—*John Greenleaf Whittier.*