

tion of a form of government which should never have been imposed on a free people.

Upper and Lower Canada, three or four years after the rebellion of 1837-8, were persuaded to unite, but the union was not a success. Little comfort or peace came from that ill-assorted combination.

The Dominion, in which we now rejoice, was non-existent. The *disjecta membra* of provinces and territories, out of which it was ultimately formed, were scattered over the northern part of our continent, with almost no intercourse between them.

Now, for forty years these provinces and territories have been knit into one dominion. At one period it seemed that the divergent elements in this confederation would scarcely cohere. But now every year seems to make the consciousness of our unity, as a people, stronger, so that nothing short of a political earthquake could separate what God has so manifestly joined together.

We think of our Dominion as now complete. In one sense it is, and in another it is not. In the strict sense it can never be regarded as complete until Newfoundland and its coast line extending so far to the north, take their place as the natural eastern frontier of our great Dominion. It is to be hoped that no petty parish politics will long prevent this consummation.