

make this Western Empire the wonderland, not alone of the globe, as it is to-day, but of all the ages; we have uncovered the graves of the geologic races of animals, and described the monsters of the ages before there were any measurements of time; and we have searched the leaves of unwritten history to learn something of the races who reared, ages ago, the temples and shrines, the fortresses and towers, which are now without record or inhabitant.

And not content with this, but looking forward to that not distant future, when this continent, from the Arctic sea to the Mexican gulf, and from Atlantic's surf-beat to the pulsating waves of the Pacific, shall all be part and parcel of the mightiest and grandest of empires; we have briefly sketched the provinces of the Frozen Zone, and the western portion of that Dominion to the north of us, to whom we stretch forth the hand of welcome; and yet more briefly, have noticed the advantages which still attract immigrants to our Atlantic States.

The efforts of the railroad companies, State boards and emigration societies to picture each State and Territory with which they were connected as an earthly paradise, and the unwarrantable depreciation of the lands of other organizations, in which they and others have indulged, have been alike foreign to our purpose; and having nothing but the truth to utter, we have sought to "nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice."

That this fair land may develop far more rapidly than it has done in the past, in wealth, intelligence and virtue, is our most earnest wish and prayer; and then shall we rejoice to realize the truth of the just uttered prediction of the genial and witty Holmes:

"I see the living tide roll on;  
It crowns with flaming towers  
The icy cape of Labrador,  
The Spaniard's land of flowers.  
It streams beyond the splintered ridge  
That parts the Northern showers;  
From Eastern rock to sunset wave,  
The continent is ours!"

THE END.