

in art, in philosophy, its works rival those of the foremost nations of Europe. Education spread everywhere, equalises classes, establishes fraternity, and from individual unity forms general unity: Philanthropy is there grand in simplicity and wisdom—its homes are its schools, its dwellings are workshops, where poverty, mother of the passions, is driven off by toil. It is this people which is Canada's neighbour.

What are we to conclude from this situation, foreseen and arranged by infinite wisdom? Is it because the one is great and the other small, that the former must absorb the latter? Is it because the first is powerful, that the latter cannot become so?

All bodies, however powerful, however beautiful, however well developed they may be, are condemned to die. This is an every day experience, as well as one confirmed by history. That is the end of every nation, as well as of every individual.

The nation of the United States is a MIRACLE. That of Canada is a MYSTERY.

The "new law" begun the new era by a miracle. The new world has begun in this manner.

The mystery at the beginning of this era was long in a state of infancy; it was only after three to four centuries that his existence was officially recognized. The mystery in the "New World," which is to succeed to the miracle is still in infancy; its existence is placed in doubt. The foundation exists, and should the crowning work not exist?

Canada is bound to the United States like the flesh to the bones. Is not the flesh the mystery proceeding out of the rib?

Miracles attend its destiny; its astounding works charm the eye, thunder in every ear, and find everywhere tongues to proclaim them. The mystery itself believes! but few believe in it.

Is it not the image which the pencil of thought traces on the canvas of reality?

The sphere of facts palpitates under the breath of the atmosphere *idea*. Notwithstanding the heat of the one, the cold of the other, falling or rising, make it undergo every possible degree of existence. That is a mystery which science sees and recognises in the letter, but not in the spirit or in the truth.

The God of the moment is great in science, great in deeds, great in miracles, and he grows by the incense which he receives; through this transparent cloud, from far or near, he is seen great, and growing greater, as if his proportions were about to take the world by storm. It is a miracle, which strikes every sense, and which is only believed because it is a *fact*.

Oh! narrow minds, must there be always a miracle for you; do you still need strange gods on your country's altar to attract to it