

of sticks is as applicable to states as to families. If we would enjoy the full advantages of our situation, we must desist from obstructing each other whilst endeavouring to turn those advantages to account. If one pull down as fast as another builds up, how can the structure ascend to the skies, or become the abiding home of the thousands who would press into it for rest? These obstructives will justly be condemned to the toils of Sisyphus in the infernal regions. They have caused others years of tantalizing disappointment, and they must expiate their offence by ages of ever-rolling labour and pain. In a small community like ours, this division and strife are most injurious. Our strength at best is but feeble, and yet it is divided into parts, each striving to overcome the other, instead of joining their forces against the common foe, and for a common benefit. If a tenth of the energy that has been expended in thwarting each other, had been employed in mutual help, what a different scene Canada would have presented. "Man was made to mourn," says the poet. In good truth men have made each other mourn, but they were intended for better things. Why should the whole community be disturbed by the ravings of a few unquiet spirits? Why should the country's onward march be delayed by the antics of a fool, the wailings of a defeated partizan, or the muttered threats of a selfish clan, pilloried for their offences? Nobler objects are before us; nobler pleasures and rewards await us. From every lake and river, from every plain and forest, from every field and cottage, from Ontario's ceaseless murmur, and Niagara's eternal roar, ascends the loud impressive demand for peace and unity, and a thousand trumpet-voices rejoice in the prospect of harmony and repose for the country. Shall this joyous prospect be blasted? Shall ruinous disorder go forth like the spirit of the storm, strewing his path with the wrecks of a people's peace and power, that he may erect his hateful throne in desolate solitudes, haunted by the spectres of departed joys, and cursed with an utter abandonment of peace and wealth for the future? Must party strife eternally rage, and the fiend's watchword continue to be—"Divide and Destroy?"

But what union can there be among such discordant materials? and what hope of peace when the most inflammable elements of contention lie scattered around? Can rocks be

united on their craggy points, or gunpowder lie quiescent under the torch? Can opposites agree, or the poles melt like the equator? Can rivalry become friendship, or hate be converted into love? Why not? Party rage is like the Circean cup, which reduced men to brutes; but there is a mightier power presiding, whose voice will dissolve the enchantment, and raise the rational nature to a proper sense of its exalted dignity and higher destiny. Reason declares that the people in general have higher objects to pursue than in becoming the tools of a party, in which they sustain the brunt of the conflict, whilst others take the lion's share of the reward, if, indeed, they do not take the whole. Party spirit has been defined—"The madness of the many for the gain of the few." If this be somewhat of a satire, it may nevertheless suggest the enquiry, whether the people can derive any benefit from the strife of party equal to the sacrifices it exacts from them. And if they find, as they certainly will find, that this is impossible,—that many of the objects for which party is most clamorous are not worth the cost and labour of obtaining them, or if worth this to any, only to very few, with whom the body of the people have but little in common, and can only be stepping-stones to their advancement,—then, the question will arise of how this excessive nuisance may be abated, and how the people may unite their efforts on objects, not visionary, or worthless, or limited in their benefits to a very few, but comprehensive, of the deepest importance to all, and leading to the wide-spread, practical result of greatly increased public prosperity.—This result the strife of party may hinder, but cannot promote. The people's whole energies are required for measures of general benefit, leaving the owls to mope in the thicket, and the bears to growl in their dens, the wolf to howl round the fold which he cannot enter, and the eagle to scream on the blasted pine for the loss of his expected prey.

To establish this peace and union, it is necessary to cultivate a spirit of *moderation*, both in our measures, and in the manner of seeking and enforcing them. We must take the "golden mean," if we would re-produce the "golden age." If this mean be *golden*, it is worth seeking after, and worth keeping when found. If we vary from it, we shall rush on the "age of brass" on the one hand, and the "iron age" on the other. Under the latter