

supply, and working them with quenchless energy. Steamers thrust themselves up unknown rivers; and lo ! with the rapidity of a scenic change, the primeval forest yields to the bustling settlement.

In the tangled wilderness, where they can scarcely struggle through, the surveyors trace out the lines of cities, which, to-morrow, are to play the part of the Babylon of yesterday, and the London of to-day. They grow great, rich, and intelligent, not with the slow and steady step of older nations, but with a hurried stride; sometimes, perhaps, wandering a little from the straight path, but, guided by their destiny, still hastening on.

Imagination runs mad in picturing what they have yet to be. In their unacted history we read, plain as the hand-writing at Belshazzar's feast, the promise of the Future.