

reaching the epoch at which we now find ourselves—

“Yes! the Past shines clear and pleasant,
and there's glory in the Present;
And the Future, like a crescent, lights the
deepening sky of time:
And that sky will yet grow brighter, if the
Worker and the Writer—
If the Sceptre and the Mitre join in sacred
bonds sublime.
With two glories shining o'er them up the
coming years they'll climb,
Earth's great evening as its prime.”

It was the morning of the 1st of July, 1867, the cannon boomed from the citadel of Quebec, flags floated from the spires, the day was one of national jubilee. Canada has been proclaimed a NATION. The great act of confederation has been accomplished; Ottawa has been created the capital of the new and glorious Dominion;—The brightest gem has been set in England's diadem;—The last plank of her American ship-wreck has been saved,—Canada has been raised to the rank of a nation. The first precept of the past was being fulfilled—“the Worker and the Writer” are going hand in hand. The former by force of physical strength is on the one side, opening out a broad future for the country, the latter, by intellectual power is carving a bright destiny for the nation. The one is executing, the other is forming the noble and gigantic schemes of the day. And by their joint efforts the cities are growing into size, the land is flourishing—all points are connected by the lines of railway, while the vision of the great Pacific road is flashing in the minds of our statesmen. Manitoba has since been joined to the confederation and our Dominion now extends over an almost boundless space. It matters not how scenes may shift and change in the interior—the nation still progresses. Governments may rise, flourish and fall—Administration may succeed administration—party may contend with party—still onward in her march, Canada ever is drawing towards the grand goal of her destiny.

Since 1867, we have suffered little change. Commercial prosperity and commercial depression have been enjoyed and suffered; the scenes in our Parliament house have been various and manifold, the alternate rise and fall

of political parties have been comparatively numerous, still we are gaining ground. Here the stranger has a welcome home; here the sufferer or persecuted may find a refuge; here the exile may stay in safety, with laws which are equal to all, with a government of the nation itself, without the competition or opposition of other countries, without the national evils that infect less favored regions, with a climate healthy and an atmosphere pure, with mighty tracts of forest land, still unmeasured and unexplored, with boundless wealth of mineral production and fertility of soil, with union and peace amongst its people, with all the blessings a bountiful Providence could shower upon a land, here there is ample room for full and unbridled freedom.

With such a land for a home we cannot be surprised at an Irish Canadian Poet when he thus addresses the country of his adoption—

“To guard this land Victoria's brightest
gem.
To save it ever from disaster dire,
To crown it with Truth's radiant diadem,
And every soul with freedom to inspire:
Oh, Canada! adopted land of mine,
Accept this humble tribute of my song!
May peace, dear land, and happiness be
thine,
And countless ages all thy joys prolong!”

In our first essay we spanned two hundred years of our history—in this our second effort we have attempted to arrive at our own day. We desire if possible to form a chain which can be taken up at any point and followed link by link, to its origin or its end. With this object in view we will continue in our next production the series of ideas and events which we desire to place before the public.

An Italian philosopher expressed in his motto, that “time was his estate.” An estate indeed which will produce nothing without cultivation; but which will always abundantly repay the labors of industry, and satisfy the most extensive desires, if no part of it be suffered to lie waste by negligence, to be overrun with noxious plants, or laid out for show rather than use.