

saltpetre, spices, spirits, wines and fruits, of every variety and to any extent, may be procured in the East and in the West, in the North and in the South of the Empire:—on the icy coast of Labrador as well as at the opposite Pole, her adventurous hunters and fishers pursue their gigantic game, almost within sight of their protecting flag; and on every soil, and under every habitable clime, Britons desirous of change, or who cannot obtain occupation at home, may be found implanting, or extending the language, laws and liberties of their Father-land. In fine, SIRE, on this wondrous Empire the solar orb never sets,—while the hardy woodsman and heroic hunter, on the St. Lawrence and Ottawa, are shivering beneath a wintry solstice, the peaceful, but no less meritorious farmer and shepherd on the Kysra and Hawkesbury, are rejoicing over the golden grain and fleece of the Autumnal Southern clime; and every breeze that blows from the Arctic to the Antarctic circles is wafting over the unfathomable ocean myriads—

‘ Whose march is on the mountain wave,
Whose home is on the deep.’

That an Empire, SIRE, so extraordinary in its growth, and so exquisitely varied in its structure, is the result of blind chance, it would be impious to assert. Few will be found, with the hardihood of atheism, to deny that an overruling Providence