

of the Ottawa, Bytown has been built; a spot destined to play a great roll in the future history of the land. Further up the Ottawa the white man has cleared away small portions of forest and, here and there, villages are to be seen—few indeed, but numerous when compared to the age of the country. With rapid strides Canada advances until in 1791 it is divided into two great portions—Upper and Lower Canada.

A parliament house has been built at Montreal—laws have been framed and England has sent her governors to represent the king in the new Colony. At this period the bloody wars between the European nations and the Indian tribes have ceased,—the inhabitants are nearly all converted to christianity and England's claim to the possession of Canada is undisputed. Men who no longer meet upon the field of battle now contend in the political arena. Two great parties have been formed, taking their origin, to some extent, in the great political parties of the Mother Country.

It is about this time in 1836 and 1837 that the country is shaken by the volcanic action of a revolution or rebellion as it is called, the effects of which were mighty in the time and the influences of which have come down to our day. It is not our intention, nor do we deem it within our sphere, under present circumstances, to discuss the rights of those who thus sprang up in their indignation and fought for until they obtained the privileges of which they considered themselves unjustly deprived. Our object is merely to follow our country along in her career of progress—to give facts as they exist, without hazarding an opinion or judging of motives.

The struggle of 1837 was continued by a second out-break in 1838. The people being satisfied with the result of their exertions, peace and harmony were restored to the land. From that period we might say Canada commenced her career of commerce and industry. Lord Elgin was sent out as successor to Lord Metcalfe. The great political parties of the state were led by men of eloquence, wisdom and energy. In 1840 the provinces were united in one. At that time the lumber trade was in its vigor. The forests furnished ample supplies and for years it was the source of

prosperity and increasing wealth to the land. Daily our villages became more numerous, daily our cities grew into importance. Bytown was changed into Ottawa—Hull, Pembroke, Hamilton, London, Windsor, Sherbrooke, Three-Rivers, Sorel, and a number of other places became more and more known. Twenty years rolled away and Montreal became the commercial metropolis of the country; Quebec became the city of relics and olden monuments; Toronto became the *rendez-vous* of the great West; Ottawa became the capital of the Dominion; Manitoba was now and then visited and mighty projects with regard to the North-West were dancing in the minds of our statesmen. The forests no longer line our rivers, the Indian tribes have "gone towards the setting sun," lengthy railways traverse and intersect the land, every thing is stamped with the seal of civilization.

Still progressing along the highway of success, we find ourselves at the date of 1867. Here we may pause a moment. Casting, as we have done, a rapid glance over the short but fertile history of our land, do we not perceive the workings of an Almighty Hand? Methinks, that the Providence who guides the destinies of nations, the Providence whose all-seeing eye reaches from end to end, has seen and guided our land along its course—drawn it from the night of barbarism into the full glow of Christian Civilization.

In the general acceptance of the terms the word—past means all that has gone by up to the present moment—present means that fleeting instant that we might say, never exists, and still continues to exist, and future, that space unmeasured and unmeasurable that extends from the present into the lengthy endless cycles of eternity. For our purpose, let us call Canada's past that period which has elapsed from the day upon which Jacques Cartier discovered the land down to the period at which we have now arrived, let us consider the present as that lapse of time which extends from 1867 to the present year—and the future will still be, as it ever is, the endless space in which we never exist.

Ireland's grand poet, Denis Florence McCarthy, has expressed in a most beautiful manner the idea of a nation