

grown up here, fighting cold and hunger often, drawing their scanty subsistence mainly from the boisterous seas around these shores, fearlessly pursuing their avocations amid storms and icefields, will spring a people from which great things may be expected. They have conquered the sea, now they have to conquer the land, and set to work lumbering, grubbing, ploughing, sowing, draining, extracting the precious minerals with which these old rocks are charged,—seaming the country with railroads and common roads, and making smooth the rugged face of nature in an island, one sixth larger than Ireland, and possessing many advantages which are denied to the Green Isle. All that could be asked for, as the elements of national greatness, are here in profusion; and if this country does not rise into prosperity, in coming years, it must be either from the people proving untrue to themselves, or from some combination of unfavourable conditions of which we do not yet see the slightest foreshadowing.

Perhaps you will tell me that I am giving a loose rein to the imagination and indulging in speculations which are

“Such stuff as dreams are made of,

And their little life rounded with sleep”

I do not think so, and I shall presently give you very substantial reasons for all I am advancing; but, in any case, building castles in the air is better than rearing dungeons in the smiling azure overhead. To despair of the land we live in; to think meanly or contemptuously of it; to hold that it is incapable of progress, is, I think, not only unwarranted by facts, but the worst kind of infidelity, leading to stagnation and death. If we may not believe all things about THIS NEWFOUNDLAND OF OURS, we may be permitted at least to hope all things; and let us remember that in matters temporal as well as spiritual, “we are saved by hope.” Possibly I may be a little prejudiced and oversanguine. Having spent a quarter of a century here—the best working part of my life—I am next door to being a native. I have learned to like this land of fog and codfish, with all its drawbacks. I have grown to love its grim palaeozoic rocks, its storms and its sunshine; its grand battlements that frown defiance at the wild Atlantic; its magnificent bays stretching their arms far inland; its health-giving breezes and its kindly