

“ a period, when the nation, like a promising youth,
 “ conscious of new faculties and strength, will natu-
 “ rally look about for some fresh employment of its
 “ accumulated means.”

Humbly do I conceive that Providence has retained for our use, and pointed out to us the field, whereon the generous and enlightened sons of England may work out the noble destiny that awaits them, and become as far-famed and victorious in the productive works of peace, as they ever have been in the destructive splendour of war.

Let but the people of the British Empire will it;—and in a few years, when the Royal Standard shall be hoisted at Halifax, and the royal salute fired in honour of Her Majesty's Natal Day—then shall be heard the continuous roar of British artillery, and the inspiring sound of British cheers, from ocean to ocean,—from the Atlantic to the Pacific; and the wire of the electric telegraph will point to the astounding news,—that the morning gun, which in Nova Scotia announced the approach of a day so welcome to all English hearts, had been responded to at sunset, from the rock of Alexander Mackenzie, in New Caledonia. Who then will talk of annexation, and what enemy will approach the frontier with hostile intentions, when the first gun fired would be answered by an instantaneous peal of British artillery across the Continent of North America?

“ Our day dream,” says one of the standard