

An American poet (George Whittier) has so beautifully expressed the future of the West that, with the alteration of a single verse to make it applicable to ourselves, I shall take the liberty of quoting his words:—

"I hear the tread of Pioneers,
Of nations yet to be,
The first low wash of waves, where soon
Shall roll a human sea.

"The rudiments of Empire here
Are plastic yet, and warm,
The chaos of a mighty world
Is rounding into form.

"Each rude and jostling fragment soon
Its fitting place shall find;
The raw materials of a State,
Its muscle and its mind.

"And westering still, the star which leads
The new world in its train—
Has tipped with fire the icy spears
Of many a mountain chain.

"Young Columbia's snowy cones,
Are kindling on its way,
And long Saskatchewan's golden sands,
Gleam brighter in its ray.

"I hear the tread of Pioneers,
Of nations yet to be,
The first low wash of waves, where soon
Shall roll a human sea."

But this great West will only be a part of the scene of your labors. You have not only to develop the resources of a part, but of the whole country. You have to consolidate a people; you have to merge the jealousies of existing sections, and bind them by a common interest to each other—not to regard a commercial Tariff or a particular Law as it may operate upon a part, but as it may result in a healthy benefit to the whole. If a public expenditure is to be incurred, it must be regarded from its effect upon the United Provinces, and not from its omission to pour exhaustless wealth into a particular locality or a favorite constituency.

The tendency of modern politics, both in Europe and