

of Canada and the United States of America, the two fairest and noblest daughters of brave old England, the great mother of nations. Unhappily a deep and gloomy chasm has too long yawned between these neighbouring peoples, through which has raged a brawling torrent of estrangement, bitterness, and sometimes even of fratricidal strife. But as wire by wire that wondrous bridge was woven between the two countries, so social, religious, and commercial intercourse has been weaving subtle cords of fellowship between the adjacent communities; and now, let us hope, by the recent treaty of Washington, a golden bridge of amity and peace has spanned the gulf, and made them one in brotherhood forever. As treason against humanity is that spirit to be deprecated that would sever one strand of those ties of



THE WHIRLPOOL, NIAGARA.

friendship, or stir up strife between the two great nations of one blood, one faith, one tongue! May this peaceful arbitration be the inauguration of the happy era foretold by poet and seer—

“When the war-drum throbs no longer, and the battle-flags are furled
In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world!”

While I was musing on this theme the following fancies wove themselves into verse, in whose aspiration all true patriots of either land will, doubtless, devoutly join:

As the great bridge which spans Niagara's flood
Was deftly woven, subtle strand by strand,