

those barren rocks yielding up their ore, the solitary places resounding with the stroke of the anvil and the forge, the desert blossoming as the rose,—Victoria no longer wan and drooping, no longer dejected and cast down upon the earth, but risen like a Phoenix from its ashes, exulting in the fulness of strength, and pressing on in her mission, her brow radiant with hope, and her future bright with promise—she sees this the youngest born of the colonies taking her place as the brightest pearl in England's diadem—the Paradise of the Pacific—the Queen of the West.

And Reason, Faith whisper, "Arise! no longer give way to vain regrets, be up and doing; "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might, for the night cometh wherein no man can work."—That as the chill and gloom of winter pass away, and with returning spring nature bursts into life, so should we wake up to a new life, to a second spring.—That as yonder Mirage fades away, and objects are revealed in their true proportions, we should no longer be the sport of visionary projects, and buoyed up by cruel hopes, but pursue realities instead of phantoms. That as yonder Beacon shines on the darkest night to guide the storm-tossed mariner to a haven of refuge, so amidst the clouds of adversity the unerring light of Truth should point out the path we ought to tread, and shed a lustre on our way:—that our aims should be lofty as those mountains, our resolves steadfast as those hills, our desires pure as those snows, so that our daily life may be encompassed with wisdom and beauty, harmony and peace, and that amid these flowers that cover the earth, our thoughts may be lifted to the land where flowers forever bloom.

E. T. COLEMAN.