

Everything that existed or exists seems to have had a course marked out for it. As the sun rises in the morning and for a limited number of hours ascends towards the zenith, shines for a time from his mid-day throne and then sinks as he arose—so every object within the great world has its birth, its time to rise, to flourish, and its time to fall. So is it for every particular nation and the aggregate of the nations.

In the far off East was the cradle of humanity. As time advanced and as the number of men increased, nation after nation sprang up—each one being farther West than the foregoing one. On and on they marched until the utmost Western limit of Europe was reached. The vast ocean lay beyond, but man, guided by the hand of Providence, still faithful to his mission, leaped the mighty space of waters and commenced the same programme on the new continent. On the Easternmost extremity of America did he land, and since his advent he has been proceeding slowly but surely towards the West. Such seems to have been the march of civilization in general. And for each particular nation there is a visible line marked out, a course made from which none can depart.

Troy arose—Troy flourished and Troy fell! The lines of Homer and Virgil tell the classic scholar of the 19th century, that *Ilium fuit!* Athens sprang up—Athens shone with learning and civilization—Athens sunk down to the level of Troy and the speeches of Demosthenes and tragedies of Sophocles still reminds us that Athens was once the seat of learning. Carthage appeared—became mistress of the West and Marius sat lamenting his own fate upon the ruins of Carthage. By the banks of the Tiber Rome was built; she reached the zenith of earthly power and splendor, she seemed beyond the effects of time;—yet ages have passed away and the Roman Empire is no more. After Rome came the nations of modern Europe. By degrees they have progressed and have now reached the summit of their prosperity. While they were springing up, Canada was yet sleeping in the arms of nature,—unknown, undreamt of, hidden in the

depths of her forests. Now that they have reached the limit of their success, Canada is only beginning her career.

Europe's nations must sooner or later follow in the traces of those of antiquity. It may take a longer time than for the nations of the past—but the day of their decline must all come.

Sooner or later the celebrated words of Lord Macaulay shall come true, that "some lone wanderer from New Zealand shall take his stand upon a broken arch of London Bridge and sketch the ruins of St. Paul's." And if the nations so progress by the time Canada is in her decline, in the far off unknown regions of the great west some new and beautiful country may spring up and so on until the whole globe shall be inhabited; so on 'till the cross shall be planted on every corner of the earth; and then it may be but to begin again, as the sun begins anew his daily course,—or that may be the time when each and all of God's creatures shall have fulfilled their missions and it shall be proclaimed that Time is no more!

All this may seem, at first, visionary and without foundation. The picture may seem to have been too far drawn,—but it is certain that history, "the mighty chronicler of the grave," has proved that every nation has had its three distinct epochs, or periods, to rise, to flourish and to fall, and concluding from history it requires not the spirit of a prophet to foretell that Canada has not, as yet, reached the summit of her course. And if she is destined to ascend still further—may we not figure to ourselves a future, not far distant of glory and prosperity equal to that of any of Europe's nations?

Such is the future we predict for Canada—and now that we have dwelt upon our past, now that we have a certain knowledge, superfluous if you will, but in any case true and faithful, of our country's career,—and having, likewise, in imagination built up a future for our land, we may turn to the present.

"There is glory in the Present"—sings the poet and already have we applied his lines to the story of our country. That glory of which we speak is not the empty word that expresses too truly the sorrow, disappointment and vanity of worldly pomp and exterior magnifi-