

OUR DESTINY.

A problem of singular interest is being solved here. Two races, the foremost in the ranks of humanity, long rivals in arts and arms: the stolid, slow, but long enduring Saxon; the lively, impressible, gallant Frank,—are here invited to share a common destiny, and work out a future of their own. The Norman and Saxon of elder centuries have united with the Celt to make England what she is. Saxon, Norman, and Celt meet here anew, under other fortunes, to make of our common Dominion what future generations will know how to prize. Men of the old French monarchy, before the era of revolutions, have been succeeded by those, who, here, under the aegis of England, have been admitted and trained to all the rights and privileges of a free people. *L'Etat, c'est moi*, was the maxim of Louis le Grand; and his descendant, Louis XVI., reaped the ample harvest of such a seed time. Happy, indeed, would be the Paris of to-day, if it could borrow the art of self-government from Quebec; and strangely constituted must his mind be, who, amid the absolute freedom of self-government which we enjoy, can dream of casting in his lot either with the sturdy Republic on our own borders, or its Gallic sister beyond the sea.

It is a privilege not to be lightly thrown away, that we share the destinies of an empire where the Rajah of a British province on the Indian ocean—beyond the farthest foot-print of the Macedonian Alexander,—sends as his loyal gift to the Olympian Games of our common nationality, the prize cup which victors from our young Dominion recently brought in triumph to our shores. The generation has not wholly passed away which stood undaunted against the banded powers of Europe; and should the necessity for it recur, it will be seen that England to herself can still be true.

Our living present, as well as the sacred memories which we inherit, as a member of that great British Confederacy which embraces in one united empire, India and Canada; New Zealand and Newfoundland; the Bahamas; the Antilles; Australia and the Cape; are too precious to be lightly cast away. But if the time is ever to come—

“Far on in summers that we shall not see,”

—when this young Dominion shall stretch across the continent, a free nation, with duties and with interests all its own; it will be for its interest as well as its honor that it can then look back only with loving memories on the common mother of the Anglo-Saxon race; while it emulates her example, and aspires to her worth.

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