

England, of its race of scholars and gentlemen, of its thousands of quiet God-fearing homes, and the contented industry of the countryside, I could wish that a great gulf had cut us off on the West and an impassable barrier had arisen on our Eastern sea-board." But We are going to win through—We are going to assimilate these alien peoples. Our civilisation will suffer as our neighbours have suffered; our serenity will cloud for a time, and when the contents of the melting-pot have cooled the alloy may be a permanent part of our whole national being. But We shall not falter.

Nor will this restless ethnological flux continue. The current and perhaps necessary methods of to-day will—nay, must—yield to other and higher notions of progress. We shall not always be touting for Slav and Hun and Celtic immigrants, and soon, tout as we may, they will not come. Europe will settle herself. Europe, in turn, will have her own "boom." And, in the meanwhile, all Canada will not suffer alike, and the part which will longest retain its fundamental likeness to Britain, its moral unity with the people of the Mother island, is that province which is the subject of this book.

Nova Scotia has not been exempt from sacrifices. Great as the boon of Confederation doubtless was, and is, to the Provinces of the Dominion, it has been a small boon to Nova Scotia. She has had to play the part of Cinderella while her sisters went to the ball. But her comparative seclusion, added to her intelligence, her frugality, her gentle