

off the invading foeman more than once, that forced the Magna Charta from an obstinate king, that has ever guarded with jealous care its country's interest of every nature; a race that has expanded into a nation whose colonies are planted in every corner of the globe, whose treasure-laden argosies plough every sea, whose sons explore every land, whose iron walls with their latent thunders guard the deep, and whose "flag for a thousand years, has braved the battle and the breeze."

The idea of the annexation of these Provinces to the United States should not for a moment be entertained by us. We wish to live at peace with the Americans, to vie with them in the peaceful pursuits of commerce and trade, but to form a part of their body politic we never should, we never will. We will not do dishonor to the memories of the men who made our country, or who fought and died for the rights we possess, or of those who during the spirit-stirring times of '76, rather than renounce their allegiance to the red-cross flag, took refuge in the forests of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia.

We think the time has come for the publication in British America of a Monthly or Quarterly Review. We need a literature of our own. That of the United States is not what we want. Our popular taste must be educated above pandering to a certain kind of fictitious reading matter, which, instead of giving strength to the intellect and scope to the imagination, enfeebles the one and corrupts the other. Our proximity to the neighbouring republic implies danger, not so much perhaps from Monitors and sharp-shooters, as from Americanism—being impregnated with American ideas and deluged with American literature of the sensational stamp.

Our country is capable of supporting a population of 50,000,000. Let emigration be encouraged. Let British subjects come to live and labor among us. Let all that liberal and wise legislation can do be done in making our country an attractive and remunerative field for enterprise, ambition, and talent. And let us teach the rising generation to love our flag, to love our time-honoured institutions, to love the homes of their fathers. As the tide of progress advances, the fertile plains of the far west will be settled; and who will dare to say that in half a century the Amherst mer-