

Timbuctoo, without much risk of being contradicted. The standpoint that a British American occupies to-day, and his ordinary outlook, are as different from what they were then, as with a German inhabitant of Weimar or Pampornickel before Sadowa and now. Then, practical Know-nothingism reigned supreme among us. Nova Scotia was for the Nova Scotians, and "the" Island was for Prince Edward Islanders. Parish politics, with all their littleness and all their bitterness, were the only politics known. Now, we look beyond our own little principality. We breathe freely. We look from Province to Province, from Ocean to Ocean. "No pent up Utica confines our powers," as Joseph Howe loved to quote when we were pent up and confined. The pulses of a larger life are beating in our veins. "The elements of Empire here are plastic yet and warm," and to us is given the task of moulding them. Then, annexation was a subject for discussion. Now, even to hint it, is a crime, and worse—a blunder.

We paid the Hudson Bay Company £300,000 sterling, plus "perquisites," with a good deal more for the North-west. The country was well worth the money, whether the Company was entitled to it or not. For the North-west is our back-land, and every prudent farmer knows the value of that in a farm. It is empty now, but when filled up is sure to be the back-bone of our Dominion. Here our surplus population can stream,—those restless spirits that feel "crowded" in the thronged and ancient settlements that their grandfathers cleared. Thither shall flow the mighty currents of human life that have done so much in the last quarter of a century to enrich the Great Republic.

Our neighbours have now a clearer idea of the value of the North-west than we. The promoters of the Northern Pacific railroad know its value in contrast with the barren wastes that must be traversed by their road. The most glowing descriptions of the Red River and Saskatchewan country are in Carleton's "Seat of Empire." Indeed, the only fault about his book is, that speaking merely from hearsay and reading, he exaggerates. That is, he tells the truth, but not the whole truth. He dilates on the resources of the great virgin country, without speaking of its disadvantages. Archbishop Tache's sketch of the North-west gives the other side of the shield. But Carleton is an enthusiast, and, even had he known, would probably have scorned to mention

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