

Charles Roberts, our most promising poet, represents Canada as standing among the nations

" Unheeded, unadored, unhymned  
With unanointed brow."

and he asks reproachfully:

" How long the ignoble sloth, how long  
The trust in greatness not thine own. "

There is certainly nothing of the heroic in our national attitude. In his indignation, Roberts ranks us "with babes and slaves," and he seems to me to speak something like sober truth. A baby, when attacked, runs to its mother's apron-strings, and though the fault may be wholly its own, the responsibility is principally the mother's. When our newspapers hear of non-intercourse bills, they assure their readers that there is no danger; that Canada is bound up with the British Empire, and that the United States cannot discriminate between parts of an Empire, one and indivisible. When there is talk of the possibility of war, they hint of the havoc that British men-of-war could work on the undefended wealthy cities that lie along the Atlantic and Pacific coasts. But, let there be a proposal of Federation for the defence of common interests, and the same papers adopt a different strain. They point out that Britain needs her fleet for her own protection and the maintenance of her commercial supremacy, and that it is utopian—that is a favorite word—to expect that we should contribute towards making it efficient. Is not Roberts right? Is not that the baby's attitude? So, New Foundland is indignant at present with the mother country, because she was not ready to quarrel with