

to be an equally good thing to be born here, in this broad, goodly British America of ours as in any other part of the habitable globe. If "Federation" will give us a healthier, manlier independence than some "Nova Scotians" seem to enjoy, in the name of Heaven, let us have it — and at once. Acadians desire to leave no such miserable heritage to their children—though legacies of wealth were attached to such a leek eating condition—as "next best" place for their children to be born in. Every man's country is the *best* to him and his, forever, if he have the spirit of manliness in him. *Crede quod habes, et habes.*

Putting aside the enquiry as to what may seem best, or "next best," the question now is can we in honor cling longer to the apron-strings. Has not our pupillarity slipped away. The press which makes and unmakes the advisers of the Sovereign of England has told us, in language now no longer to be mistaken, that we ought to be ashamed to overtax the sinews of the mother country. Calls entreaties, threats—every species of abjuration, known to the English tongue, to prepare for our own defence in case a rupture should occur between the cabinets of St. James and Washington, are ringing in the ears of every thoughtful British American. The press which makes and unmakes the President of the United States and his wars, tells us in pretty plain speech, that we shall be torn from the crown of England, as a punishment for alleged violation, on the part of Great Britain, of international comity. On the one shore of the Atlantic the cry is that we shall be attacked; on the other shore it is that we must learn to defend ourselves. This invitation to defend ourselves is a generous, liberal, and significant invitation from a great but overtaxed empire to her rising colonies, to assume the national garb. Justice and benevolence, says Professor Wayland—a high authority—are the cheapest and most honorable defence of nations. But will *our* Justice and Benevolence, though admitted by the United States, avail us anything while we remain a colony, with no voice in imperial councils, yet with all the responsibilities and the dangers of Imperial mistakes? It seems that we have to apologize for our very existence. How long shall we remain begging pardon of all flesh for being in the world? How long?