

a third of all that is wanted for our railroad. I would keep at it, sledge-hammering, knocking down all opponents, confident that I should win, in the long run, and that a grateful posterity would one day bless my memory, and that my statue would stand over the great International Railway Station that shall yet adorn St. John's. Once it is built, all things are possible. Hail to the great Hereafter, when Newfoundlanders will be making excursions by rail, on their public holidays, to witness a regatta on Gander Lake, or Red Indian Lake; when pic-nics will be held at Serpentine Mountains or Powder-horn Hill, and dances at the foot of the Blow-me-down Range; when Sunday school children will be taken in happy batches in excursion trains, to gather hutz and play games on the tableland of the interior; when day schools will be whisked off to spend a charming day in visiting the mines and great-copper smelting works of the north, or in wandering along the banks of the Humber—when visitors from the United States and Canada will be crowding the Imperial Hotel at Long Pond, where cold and hot salt water baths can then be had and excellent livery stables are kept; and when return tickets for Japan and China, *via* the Canadian Pacific Railway will be issued at a cheap rate; and such will be the facilities for travelling that we shall seldom live at home. Don't tell me that, with all these glowing prospects before us, we cannot afford to build a railway. With an annual revenue of \$833,000 and yet not able to construct 850 miles of railway! Then might we ask

"Is our civilization a failure,
Or is the Caucasian played out?"

Let us abjure such faithless ideas.

"Lay down your rails, ye nations, near and far,—
Yoke your full trains to steam's triumphal car;
Link town to town; unite in iron bands
The long-estranged and oft-embattled lands.
Peace, mild-eyed Seraph—knowledge, light divine,
Shall send their messengers by every line.
Blessings on science and her hand-maid steam!
They make Utopia only half a dream;
And show the fervent, of capacious souls,
Who watch the ball of Progress as it rolls,
That all as yet completed or begun,
Is but the dawning that precedes the sun."