

Rocky Mountains, and lock down the Columbia to the Pacific; . . . and with a steam packet line between London and Quebec, we may come and go between China and Britain in about two months. . . . Can this be called a foolish prophecy, an idle dream? By no means; it is perfectly practicable." We are reminded by this forecast that some idle dreams of yesterday are commonplace realities to-day. Already, the mails from Yokohama to London, *via* Vancouver and Montreal, have been delivered in twenty days, nine hours, or about one-third of the time prophesied.

I abstain from saying here all that I feel concerning the authors' work, because those who read the Preface are sure to read the book, and they will judge for themselves. Enough to say that to me it has been an unmixed delight to read the proof. Their racy descriptions give vivid glimpses of the good old times, and many Canadians will join with me in thanking them for allowing us to sit beside one of the cradles of our national life—*incunabula nostrae gentis*—and hear some of the first attempts at speech of the sturdy infant.

G. M. GRANT.

KINGSTON, September, 1896.