

the wealth and power of Colonial England. Surely the other half would be worth the fight to have and to hold them for ever, just where their mission of usefulness could best be carried out in the dear old Mother-country—the 'at home' of the hearts which love their native land the more, rather than the less, that they have left her for awhile. I am becoming almost poetical, which is not in my line, as you know; but I am sure there is good sound sense at the bottom, at all events, and I only wish some could be found in whose hands this golden opportunity may be made the most of and turned to good account. The coming generation at home and abroad would have reason to thank them by and by, and I am not sure whether many now would not rejoice that the foundation stone should be laid and that the scheme (a bad name for it, by the by)—'should take form and substance at once.'"

"Well, Pater, your Museum need not languish for want of material, that is certain," remarked my boy as we sauntered wearily homewards after our tiring, but intensely interesting excursion "On Foot through the Colonies in Paris."