

opposite Lachine. Now the boat is prepared to pass under our wonderful bridge, the Marvel of Bridges. You seem to fancy that she cannot pass under, unless she lowers her pipe. She merely drops her flag staff, and floats proudly under. We now turn to gaze on the City of Montreal, the largest and most flourishing city in Canada. You see her wealth and her solidity in substantial stone buildings as the boat is brought round into the lock of the canal. Here you are detained till the water is let in, and the boat raised ; you then feel that your journey is over, and I feel that my description is finished. I have only now, in closing, to say, that in bringing this journal to a conclusion, dear readers, I feel myself to be, like Princess Parisade, in the fairy tale, in want of three things to make me perfectly happy, which are : The money to build the Musical College—the building in which it is to be conducted—and to see the thing in full operation. So this book is Princess Parisade, that has obstinately insisted on being printed, in spite of the publisher, who, like the dervis, has done everything in his power to discourage her, telling her that no pamphlet of this size ever sold for 3s. 9d. ; that an angel from heaven could hardly expect to pay her expenses out of a book, written, printed, and published in Canada ; and he has also warned me that I shall have all these books left on my hands, like so many black stones, to remind me of the