

Colonies on foot in Paris. Nor can they fail to be impressed with the mighty power England has in these children of hers in other lands, and the power which they also have whilst lovingly linked to such a mother. May the dear bonds never be broken! Does not the parent trunk suffer when the branches are rudely lopped away? Is there not pain at heart when the blood flows from a severed artery? Does not the mother shed tears of sympathy when her child weeps from pain or sorrow? and does not the child gain strength and courage from the knowledge of how dear it is to that loving heart?

“Hetty,” said Jack, my brother, who had joined us in the Queensland Court, “I cannot help thinking what a great pity it would be for this to be the end of it, that all these collected wonders of nature and art should, when this big world’s fair comes to a close, be dispersed—here a little, there a little. What a grand opportunity for continuing the combination—say in London—in the form of a Colonial Museum! It would be such a linking together of interests—an added bond of brotherhood—an incitement to emulation to those of the family far away; while the home birds who have never left the nest would know more of the realities of the life led by the roving spirits of the brood! Half the battle has been fought in gathering together *here* these testimonies to