

In the course of the half-hour's hard labour required to cut the pages of Sir Charles Dilke's book, the reader's eye catches a good many taking bits, and glances in passing at a number of beautiful maps. If he is living in Toronto, he will scarcely fail to observe with a shudder on the first page of Chapter V. in Part VI., that we have never yet heard the last of that wretched boy on Shuter St., who threw a stone at Archbishop Walsh's carriage. But we forbear. Only we should like Sir Charles Dilke to investigate that small matter a little further, before another edition of his book is issued. Let us hasten to the pleasant task of referring to the conspicuous merits of the work.

Not to speak of the tremendous labour involved in collecting information, examining documents, statistics, books of all kinds, consulting people all over the world and weighing and sifting the mass of material so obtained, we would mention the interesting character of what might be called the narrative. Given our choice between the "Problems," and the best new story one can buy at the bookstores to-day, merely as a matter of pleasure and interest, we should choose the "Problems." The completeness of the work, its uniformly thoughtful character, the patriotic spirit in which it is conceived and written and the broad and statesmanlike views enunciated are beyond our praise.

Nor can we omit to say that a book which is at once so useful, important and opportune, which makes people who read it reflect and revise their conclusions and information on many matters, and awakens again generous feelings which are only too apt to sleep in silence, cannot but be a good one. People will not entirely agree with Sir Charles. Australians will point out that he has forgotten about their immense "coffee house" hotels.

Educators will have a crow or two to pluck with him. The clergy will have some exhortations to address to him. Imperial Federationists can show him a thing or two. But so careful a study and discussion of the institutions, dangers, hopes, and strength of our common country is no inconsiderable contribution to the wisdom and progress of the Imperial British race, and, as such, it will be cordially and gratefully received and recognized by those for whom it is written.

Sir Charles pays a tribute to many men who have aided him, and dedicates to his friend, General Sir Frederick Roberts, Commander-in-Chief in India, "this record of that peaceful progress of Greater Britain which is made securer by his sword."

One can hardly resist saying "well done" almost before opening "The Colonial Year Book." Its name and appearance at once make a favourable impression, and when one sees above the title page the beautiful and appropriate Latin words found at the head of this article they are felt to be as good as a guarantee against disappointment in the volume. A masterly historical introduction by Prof. Seeley is a very fitting beginning.

In future, whenever we want to know anything at all within its scope, may this book be at hand. Who is the Chief Justice of the Fiji Islands, or the Agent General for the Cape, or the Vicar Apostolic of Hong-Kong? Here they all are—names and addresses. In what language are the hymn books of the natives of the Gold Coast? What are the chief banks at Brisbane, or what are the names of H.M.S. at Halifax? Here, again.

So we might go on opening the book an hundred times at random and find it is a store of information and assistance on an endless variety of subjects, both general