

filled with passengers. At five p.m., we take tea at Mrs. Perry's, an old lady's residence at Forest side,—fare, nine-pence per head. Feeling in better spirits after this exertion, we go farther into the forest towards Forest Lake. As darkness sets in, portions of music are selected by the choir and sung for our own benefit, as well as for the benefit of scores sailing about on the Lake. As the moon rises above the horizon we move back towards Chingford. Wishing to lengthen our ramble as much as possible we pass this station and move on to Hale End, the next Forest Station, where we board the half-past-ten train.

Monday, August 20th.—Yesterday our day's work was marked out as usual, attending the services of Rev. Archibald Brown and Cropper, no hold open air as well as in-door meetings. Taking the usual train to Broad Street, across to Bishopsgate, thence underground to Baker Street, we soon arrive at the famous and widely-known exhibition,

MADAME TUSSAUD'S WAX WORKS.

The ground floor is occupied by a large free bazaar, in which curiosities expensive and otherwise are on view and for sale. On the upper floor is the exhibition, entrance to which is gained on the payment of one shilling. In these halls life-like wax figures of all the noted characters of this and former generations, Sovereigns, Peers, ministers, murderers, etc., stand. These figures have not, in any way, the form I expected they would have, and perhaps others went to the halls for the first time with the same idea, which was this:—that these models in all probability would be minutely executed, every line, every feature, accurately carved or traced. Well this of course I did find. But, then, although I expected this dexterity to be shown, the appearance of the face, hands and parts of the body exposed, would, I imagined, have a smooth, white, milky look, common to all the figures. Instead of this, what a surprise meets our gaze, men, women and children whose features have all the bloom and color possible even to such when alive! Almost incessantly, partly smothered exclamations are heard uttered by some individual, who has found out his mistake in either trying to get up a conversation with a 'dummy,' or uttering words of pardon at finding himself treading on the toes, or knocking the elbow of one of these wax figures, such as, a policeman, soldier, or gentleman. The cast, graceful form and grandeur in dress of the sovereigns who, in many cases, are regaled in the rich court dress, are lauded from all quarters. The clothes, placed on the whole collection of figures, have, as far as possible, been purchased by Madame Tussaud & Son as the original dress, worn by the persons represented. At the entrance stands Mr. Charles Dickens, a favorite author to many Ottawa young folks, in an easy position, with one hand in his pocket and the other in the act of laying some of his volumes in the cabinet by his side. In the room opposite the entrances are Italian personages. On a high couch lies in solemn state Pope Pius IX, elegantly attired, and attended