

or seven weeks longer as we were going to England for about three weeks, and the passage there and back would occupy another three. We had not intended to stop at Digby, having made no appointment at that place, but finding on enquiry, just before leaving Yarmouth, that between the arrival of our train and the starting of the steamboat there would be a delay of some three hours, and not liking to waste so much valuable time, I telegraphed to the Rev. Mr. A—, the rector, with whom I was personally acquainted, thinking he might arrange for a few friends to meet and see the boys.

When we got to Digby Mr. A— was there with his buggy, a hale, hearty, good-natured old gentleman, and at his invitation we piled our wraps and the bundle containing the boys' Indian costume into his vehicle. I jumped up beside him on the seat, and the two boys clambered on to the narrow ledge behind and we trotted away off up the wharf. It was just a little country place, a good deal resorted to by visitors in the summer. A number of people were out in the village street, and to nearly everyone we met our genial host exclaimed, pointing behind him at the same time with the stock of his whip: "These are two little Indian boys from the Shingwauk Home, and this is Mr. Wilson, and the boys have got their Indian war-paint and feathers with them and are going to dress up, and we are going to have a meeting in the school-house at two o'clock sharp; their boat leaves at half-past-three, so mind you come and be in good time, and bring the wife and children with you." This mode of advertising had its effect, and when we went to the school-house at two o'clock, the place was jam full. We had a regular meeting—just a little shortened—and the boys sang their hymns and said their texts and recited their dialogues and danced their war-dance. And it was all over just in time. A boy was keeping a look-out for the coming boat, and as it could be seen several miles away, and Mr. A— had got his horse and buggy all ready at the door, no great risk was run, and the little impromptu visit was quite a pleasant break in our journey. Poor Zosie suffered a little from *mal de mar* while crossing the Bay of Fundy, but Soney kept up bravely and he and I had a good tea together on board the boat. We reached St. John at 7.30 p.m., and at once drove up again to Dr. B—'s; there we found a second tea prepared for us, and "You must make haste with it," said Dr. B—, "for your boat is a little late and the meeting you know, is at eight o'clock." "What meeting?" I asked, a little perturbed in mind. "Why, the meeting, you know, at St. Mary's; we arranged that, you remember, before you left." So we had, but I had quite forgotten it. We were not long over our second tea, and at half-past-eight, half-an-hour behind the time, guided by Dr. B—, we arrived at the scene of action. The

place was crowded to the doors and the meeting already in progress. The rector—as chairman—was telling the people "his stories" about the Indians, to keep them amused until we arrived, as it was an understood thing that the boat from Digby was liable to be late; the ., after a few introductory words, he gave way to me and my boys and we went through with our usual programme. It was about midnight before we got to bed that night. Next morning we had a quiet rest under Dr. B—'s hospitable roof, and at 4 p.m. started again westward.

We travelled all night; got breakfast at Lennoxville at 6 a.m.; changed cars there, and reached our next destination, Richmond, P. Q., at 9 a.m. We had an evening meeting in the basement of the church, with a full attendance, at 8 p.m. Next morning we reached Acton at ten. It was Ascension day, and the church bell was ringing for service. I called on the rector, introduced myself and boys to him, went with him to the church and preached, bringing in some information about my work among the Indians. We lunched at the rectory afterwards, and resumed our journey at 4 p.m., reaching Waterloo, P. Q., at five. Here the Ven. Archdeacon L— met us at the station and took us to his house. We had a crowded meeting in the town hall, at eight o'clock. Next day found us back again at Montreal. Trinity church wanted to have us for a meeting, so, although a little out of our way, we gladly availed ourselves of the invitation, and a very successful meeting was held in the basement of the church that Friday evening. The following day we started again eastward towards Quebec and the Atlantic. At Berthier, one of the stations we passed, a bevy of young ladies, each with a little paper parcel in her hand, came on board the train and filled up all the empty seats. The young ladies soon noticed the little Indian boys, and then began a whispering among them, and then a few pretty little glances (of would-be recognition, I flattered myself) towards myself, and then a lady of rather more mature years, who appeared to be in charge of the party, said, smiling, "Excuse me, sir, are you Mr. Wilson of the Shingwauk Home?" Yes, I had the honour to be, and then it fell out that these young ladies belonged to a young ladies' school which for a number of years past had been aiding us in the support of a little Indian boy, Isaiah; and all the young ladies then were most anxious to know which of these two dear little boys was Isaiah, and I was most sorry to disappoint them. Isaiah was indeed to have come, but Isaiah did not sing quite well enough, and Isaiah was a little shy, and so Isaiah had to stay at home, poor child, and these two boys' names were Willie Soney and Zosie Dosum. The young ladies soon got over their grief, and in a little while Master Zosie was ensconced between two gentle fairies who poured sweet