

an expert as pronounced as Edison is in electricity. No honest student of the unknown, which constitutes the larger part of this universe, can fail to be thankful that you have lived and worked. Whatever anybody may say about it, everybody with a head on his shoulders, or heart in his breast, is interested in such work as you are doing. As you know I am a Methodist sister, have been since I was twenty, and shall be during the remainder of my pilgrimage; but I see no harm, on the contrary, find much good, in travelling about like a bumble-bee, who visits every flower and carries all the honey he can get back to his hive. Beautiful and holy truths I have found in the realm where you are master, and I cherish these, and am grateful to those who have pointed out to me and others their location. With kindest remembrance to that noble wife who has stood beside you always so loyally, and best wishes for your works.

I am ever yours sincerely,

FRANCES E. WILARD,

Evanston, Ill."

CHAS. FARQUHAR, M. D.,

Sandy Spring,

Maryland.

6-19-1891.

FROM ST. PAUL TO DULUTH.

There are so many points of interest around St. Paul, that the visitor may select any of them, and not only gain some information, but be rewarded by what he has seen.

A trip up to Duluth is one of great pleasure, giving us an insight of the rapid progress of the country through which we pass, and which, only a few years since was covered with dense forests of pine timber. But the railroad has done its mighty work, and the iron horse has cut its way through forests and rocks, and over streams, making it fit for the habitation of man, and now we see acres upon acres of the finest wheat, corn and oats, while the red and white clover give evidence that "Mother Earth" hath dealt bountifully

with her children in supplying them with such a fertile soil. We see the white clover springing up everywhere, its fragrant blossoms seem inexhaustible, and by the wayside wherever it can get a foothold, and here also the wild flowers bloom abundantly. We pass small villages mostly occupied by lumber men at the numerous sawmills.

The logs are floated down the St. Louis river, which is frequently covered with them the whole width of the stream. It is wonderful, indeed, to see those immense board yards all through this Western land—their number is legion—sufficient, one can imagine to supply the whole country with building material.

We follow the river for many miles, watching its cascades, as they rush through the narrow passes of the rocks like a cataract—they are called the "dalles of the St. Louis river," and are very picturesque. The river empties into Lake Superior, and as we entered into its beautiful harbor, we had a fine view of Duluth. It is truly a city set upon a hill, its streets are very steep, but for the toil in ascending them, we are repaid by seeing handsome residences, public buildings, a fine high school, which always seems to be the first consideration in building these Western cities, and speaks well for them, as the early pioneers were deprived of these educational advantages, while the splendid view of this grand old lake is ever before their eyes. It is a city of much interest in itself—only five years ago, a straggling village it is said, of no importance—it is now almost as formidable a rival of Minneapolis, as a wheat market, as that city is of Chicago. Mammoth elevators rise on every hand, and its docks and wharves are crowded with shipping.

The steamboat trip up to Agate bay adds much to the pleasure of the visitor—a distance of twenty two miles upon the smooth waters of the lake, and spend an hour upon the shore, much to the delight of the passengers, who employ themselves in searching for