

engineer kept a firm grasp on the throttle so that we could readily stop the instant we saw a rock or anything ahead. We could see, too, that the water gauge was full of water, and this put us completely at ease, because we had been warned a dozen times to keep plenty of water in the boiler. We had proceeded about three miles, and were about to pass through the narrows into the Lake, when we noticed steam coming out of the head of the cylinder. Thinking the throttle was too wide open and letting too much steam into the cylinder we closed it a little, and thereupon the safety valve began to blow off like fury, till we thought the whole thing would blow up. We were somewhat annoyed at this occurrence, and considered it prudent to turn around and go back to the starting point. This we did without further accident, and as good luck would have it the engineer of one of the large steamboats came to our aid. He told us that in our over zeal we had got the boiler full of water; he also fixed the packing we had blown out of the cylinder, and gave us such practical instruction that never afterwards did our boiler or engine give us any serious trouble. Very thankful to this obliging man we again set out, and safely navigated the twenty miles we had to go through Lake Muskoka. We then passed up the Indian River, locking through, and steamed out into Lake Rosseau. At this point we found the boiler working so well that we were making more steam than we could use. To keep the safety valve from blowing off too much we used our whistle, and saluted every thing and every body that we caught sight of. We went speeding along finely among the islands, quite sure of our course. Passing a cottage on an island, a number of people came out to see us, and we wasted about five pounds of steam on them as we sped by, while they waved their handkerchiefs in return. The course appeared to open before us as we moved onward, and we were admiring our skill as navigators when our zeal was suddenly dampened, for we found we were about to re-pass in the opposite direction the same house and people we had wasted the five pounds of steam on half an hour before. We had sailed right around an island and were retracing our course. Nothing daunted we turned around and tried again more cautiously. We hailed various people on the different islands, and passed under the bridge at Port Sandfield and up Lake Joseph without further incident. In a few days we became quite expert at handling the tiller and throttle, and took a good deal of enjoyment out of the Opeche, for so our yacht was named. One day while running at full speed in the center of a wide channel we landed suddenly on the top of a rock. Our feelings can be better imagined than described when she floated off quite light, after four of us got out into the water on the rock. Another day we were out in a pretty fresh breeze towing a skiff behind us, when the skiff upset. This caused us to roll in an alarming manner, and one of the ladies with great presence of mind sat down on the bottom of the deck, and there acting as ballast we were enabled to turn into

the wind and run over to the sheltered side of the lake. There, at a place called Juddhaven, we righted and bailed the skiff and remained till the wind went down. When on shore at this place, the lady who had exhibited the wonderful presence of mind made the paradoxical remark that she would rather remain there a week than go in the boat again. On still another day we were taking the launch to tie her up till next season. To do this we had to pass through a river with a lock in it. When we reached the lock it was empty and we were in the upper water. Accordingly we closed the lower gates and opened the sluices in the upper ones. There was a great rush of water as there always is, and we sat around for nearly half an hour speculating on the slowness with which the lock filled. Then we were informed by a small boy that we had neglected to close the sluices in the lower gates, and the water was going out of the lock nearly as fast as it was coming in.

*(To be Continued in No. 6.)*

### A PLEASANT SURPRISE.

THE Rev. Dr. Thompson, of Sarnia, who has been giving a course of lectures to the Divinity students of Queen's, received a pleasant surprise recently. His class presented him at the close of the lecture with the following address, accompanying it with very handsome volumes, including "The Ancient Mariner," illustrated by Dore and Noel Paton, a beautifully illustrated work on "The Painters of Christendom" and Ruskin's complete works:

*To Rev. John Thompson, D.D.:*

DEAR SIR,—We cannot allow the relations which have existed between yourself and this class to be severed without expressing to you our appreciation of the course of lectures now completed, dealing with the practical side of our preparation for the Gospel Ministry. The need of such help has been greatly felt by those of our members who may have been even for a short time engaged in pastoral work; for we have proved by mistakes more or less grievous, that while we are to be harmless as doves, we have need to be wise as serpents.

We cannot forget your self-denial in so freely surrendering your holidays, having as an only reward the knowledge that your labours have been very greatly appreciated. It remains that we take up our work with greater earnestness, and strive to magnify what has been shown to be the sacredness of the trust committed to us.

We now ask you to accept as a memento of this occasion these volumes, and we join with one heart in wishing that yours may be a rich share of the happiness this glad season brings.

Signed on behalf of the class,

J. JAMIESON WRIGHT,  
ORR BENNETT.

Queen's University, Dec. 21st, 1887.

Dr. Thompson gave an appropriate reply.