

passing breeze. In my descent, I determined to find out how many steps I took in ascending that wonderful structure, and from actual count found the number to be three hundred and five. Above the stone platform is a flight of stairs leading into the ball, to which the general public is not admitted. It had been my intention, after descending, to walk over to St. Paul's and ascend to the Whispering Gallery, but my feelings on the occasion do not warrant another hour's toil up and down, I therefore travel homeward.

*Sunday, August 26th.*—We for the last time attend Archibald Brown's Tabernacle, one of the largest congregations ever witnessed in attendance. Mr. Brown, the regular Baptist pastor, is on the platform. In connection with the Tabernacle an orphanage has been organized; of this the pastor frequently makes mention, as to its prosperity, kindness of friends, work done by the trustees, etc.

*Monday, August 27th.*—To-day we make ready for departure from the Park by way of Peterboro to Canada. Taking a north London train to Dalston, changing there to Finsbury Park, and there undergoing a second change of carriages, we are soon flying along by the four-fifty-three express from King's Cross. Past hills and bridges, past small villages, farm houses, cattle and sheep yards; through deep cuts, long tunnels, in a couple of hours we jump out of our compartment on to the Peterboro platform, and thence to Westwood Street. Here we intend resting awhile before beginning our long journey.

*Wednesday, August 29th.*—From early morn till noon, we are engaged packing and unpacking first one thing, and then another; now and then in one another's way. And, as the porter calls for the luggage, crush the last article in a flat state in one corner, and follow on quickly to catch the eleven-forty-three train for Liverpool. For the carriage marked

“LIVERPOOL,”

others as well as ourselves are hastening, but a couple of sittings, after considerable difficulty, are at length secured. Bidding farewell to the last of the Peterboro and London friends, our train speeds onward. We have a quick run to Godley Junction, where a change of cars quickly takes place, and off we go at a fast rate. Passing again through Sheffield and other smaller places before noticed, we enter a tunnel of great length, and, at a few minutes past four in the afternoon, our journey, as far as railways in England are concerned, is at an end. Hailing a cabby we are soon at Bowles', one of the nearest hotels, glad to be again away from the smoke and dust of the line. Fifteen families, bound for America by