

indeed that evening there was hardly room left for us on the platform. It was interesting, too, to meet many old faces. Our old parish clerk from St. Mary's, Islington, was there to greet me, and my father's white-headed old coachman, now living with his wife in our almshouse, and another old family servant who had lived with us a great many years, and many other friends, both rich and poor. The meeting passed off very satisfactorily, the boys saying their texts and singing and repeating their dialogues, and dressing up in their wild Indian costumes, just as they had done in Canada. Our Canadian photographs of the boys were nearly all gone, so the first thing next day was to go to a photographer's on Fleet Street and have them "done again." Then we called at 9 Sergeant's Inn to see the secretaries of the Colonial and Continental Church Society, and arrange for an interview with the Committee, and in the afternoon there was to be a drawing-room meeting at a lady's house in Hyde Park. We went by bus to the Marble Arch. The busses have been changed as to taking outsiders since I was last in England; they have a flight of steps instead of perpendicular ladders by which to ascend to the roof. It was a fresh novelty for the boys riding on the top of a bus, and, certainly, there is no better way of seeing London; it struck me how comfortably clad and comfortably fed and quietly going about their business, without sign of care or anxiety on their faces, people seemed to be. Even the paper boys looked well-to-do and comfortable. In Canada one sees so many rough-looking loungers chewing and spitting, and so many careworn-looking wives and mothers, and so many boys running about, that is in summer, with nothing but shirt, hat and pants on, their feet and legs bare. A wonderful city, indeed, is London, all moving so regularly, so smoothly, notwithstanding the vast crowd and the immense number of vehicles, busses, cabs, hansoms, carriages, carts, drays, wagons, donkey carts, all like one great huge piece of machinery with its various parts so well oiled and regulated. And then the bicycles; this, too, is an innovation since my last visit, just like dragon flies floating hither and thither over a stream, here, there and everywhere; in Oxford Street, in the Strand, in Cheapside, up Ludgate Hill, places where the traffic is so great that one can scarcely cross the street without some risk to one's life. The bicycles and tricycles are everywhere; young fellows perched up on high wheels dashing recklessly along, and prudent, middle-aged parties seated between two equal size smaller wheels placed for safety. Old white-haired gentlemen with spectacles, comfortably settled in safe-looking tricycles; news vendors with the steering wheel in front of them and brightly painted box containing their wares, mounted between two wheels up behind them, looking for all the world like a

great wasp whirling along. If only they would take the notion to make the saddle thing on which the man sits like an insect's head, and paint the box behind him with yellow and black stripes it would look exactly like a wasp, and might help the advertising. The drawing room meeting at Miss W.'s, in Hyde Park, passed off satisfactorily, the room being as full as it could possibly be, and although no money was asked for, to my invariable rule, nearly £20 was put into a plate on the stairway. We returned to my sister's house for dinner, and later in the evening we visited the British Museum, it being lighted now with electric light. The Natural History Department, which used to be the chief attraction in my childhood days, has been all removed from the old building and is now located in a newly built museum in South Kensington; but what we went to see this Tuesday night was the ancient remains of Egypt and Assyria, and even the two boys were much interested in these wonderful relics of the past dug up out of the sands. It has of late years become an interesting subject of enquiry among ethnologists whether the North American Indians may not have sprung originally from the same stock as the Egyptians who were sun worshippers, and so are most of our Indian tribes. I was struck by the very Indian appearance of some ancient Egyptian wall pictures painted on stone. A number of people engaged in feasting or sacrificing, I forget which, the men's bodies were all naked except for a truck cloth, the colour of the skin was an "Indian red," their hair was black, they were beardless, the ornaments they wore had an Indian look about them. And then the profile of the face of some of these great polished black, stately-looking Egyptian figures; I had never noticed it before, but it seemed to me as I looked at them, that they were quite of an Indian cast of countenance, and both my friends and one or two of the Museum officials, whose attention we called to it, were struck by the resemblance between some of these Egyptian face profiles and that of the youngest of my two boys, Zosie. How the Indians could even have had anything to do with the Egyptians is, indeed, hard to be understood, unless, indeed, upon the hypothesis of a lost continent which Plato tells us existed some 9,000 years ago in the centre of the Atlantic, and from which he says the original nations of the earth sprang. Strange to say, this story of Plato has been apparently confirmed by discoveries of comparatively recent date in Central America.

The next evening, Wednesday, at the kind invitation of Dr. and Mrs. Vaughn, we attended a drawing-room meeting at the Temple, and the day after we had two meetings, an afternoon one at Stoke Newington, and an evening one at Bromley, the first well attended and the second crowded. On Friday we went to Wim-