

the ears and noses of the party gave evidence of being frostbitten.

Their first impulse was to rub the frozen members with snow, but to their dismay the snow was covered with a hard crust. The welcome sight of real smoke curling from a chimney half buried in the snow a few hundred yards in from the road, next attracted them; and with heads down against the wind, they rushed towards it and into the log hut of a farmer greatly alarmed at this unexpected invasion.

His surprise soon gave way to sympathy, and he and his wife busied themselves in the care of the travellers.

After an hour's delay, another start was made, this time with their destination about three miles distant. They reached it in a little over an hour; and immediately began a search for the town hall, where the lecture was to be. As there was no building of any pretension in sight, the driver, who by the way was cold probably reason of numerous draughts of liquid fire, was deputed to inquire its location. He found his way into a building close by, and in a few minutes issued again wearing a nonplussed look. He said "I can't make head nor tail of what she sez; for she's narely distracted; she's the biggest family I ever seen since I came to the country; there's as many as thirty childer there."

Mr. Johnson then undertook to investigate and soon returned with the information that the building was a country school-house, and that the hall was the small brick building opposite. The baggage was deposited at the hall door; and a search made for the good Father Rowan; at whose request the lecture was to take place. He was soon discovered, and was surprised that his visitors had ventured out in such weather. However, as there was not much time left for preparation, the party returned to the hall. Fire wood was brought in, the snow and ice removed from the benches, and a large screen was stretched diagonally across the hall.

A lunch was then taken at the house of a neighbour, and afterwards it was time to begin the entertainment. Mr. John-

son managed the instrument which he placed near the stove; and Mr. Phillips, muffled in his overcoat, took his position near the scene. Mr. Phillips surveyed his audience of about one hundred persons, men, women and children of all ages.

The youngest children furnished music continually throughout the evening. The subject of the lecture was "An Evening in Ireland," the native land of the greater part of the adult audience.

Despite Mr. Phillips' oratory, and the most magnificent lantern effects of Mr. Johnson, the audience resisted all attempts to draw forth from them any acknowledgement of interest or gratification.

The choicest gems of Ireland's scenery; the portraits of her patriots; the most laughable comic effects; all were of no avail.

Twice only were any audible signs of interest given. The first was when an old farmer, trying to get a good position, placed himself close to, and in front of the lantern; thereby getting the view upon his back, to the astonishment of the audience and the dismay of his wife, who made frantic endeavors to rub the picture on his back. The other disturbance was occasioned by Mr. Johnson, who wished to see what would be the effect of showing the views independently of the lecturer's description. This, Mr. Phillips, from his close proximity to the screen, did not notice, and when a portrait of Father Rowan was exhibited, Mr. Phillips calmly announced "*the Core of Cork!*" This caused a sensation, and one of the audience informed the lecturer that "Father Rowan was a Kerry man."

When Mr. Phillips came out in front and saw the picture, his equanimity was overcome, and he speedily brought the entertainment to a close.

There was no question of returning to Snowville that night: so the party determined to accept the hospitality of a neighbor. The next day was much less inclement than the preceding one, yet the party took another and much more passable route home, which they reached without further adventure.