



ST. GEORGE'S CATHEDRAL, KINGSTON.
(Exterior.)

CANADIAN CHURCHES, X.



TORONTO, July 18, 1891.



HE National Educational Convention of the United States is the event of the week. We are flooded with visitors, and if there were a few college gowns among the throng, Toronto would resemble very closely a collegiate town in convocation week.

There is a subdued tone of excitement evident on the streets, plainly indicative of some unusual event, but the bearing of the crowds is unmistakably that of a learned profession. This is not to be wondered at, seeing that the *creme de la creme* of the teaching profession of both countries, the United States and Canada, is here assembled.

Much intelligent interest is shown, not only in the work of the convention, for which every preparation has been made, and in some exceedingly fine exhibitions of work done in the Public Schools, but in the city itself, in Canada, and Canadian institutions; and approbation is by no means stinted.

These International gatherings cannot fail to help the national life of both peoples. Human nature is too conservative to allow of any danger arising to the autonomy of either from free intercourse with the other. We admire what is worthy in the other, but if it comes to a question of fusion, we all look at our own with most approving eyes, and though we should be bound to admit the superiority of the

other in important particulars, we turn one glance homeward and cry "A poor thing, sir, but *mine own*."

At a few points the star-spangled banner is hung out, but as a rule Toronto has not troubled herself to make any display of bunting. The flags over our schools speak for us.

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I wish I could transport all your readers, dear ILLUSTRATED, to where I have been since I wrote to you last—"beyond the railway," as a companion remarked.

Such a statement sounds uncanny in these days of railways, telegraphs, telephones, 'and things,' but it is nevertheless true that the traveller cannot get to Bobcaygeon except by boat, driving, or on shanks's pony. Lindsay is its nearest railway station, thence you take the boat, a very comfortable, steady and fairly swift boat too, and steam up the Scugog river, through acres and acres of drowned lands, caused by the building of the Trent Valley canal—into Sturgeon Lake, a lovely sheet of water, both shores of which