

Welland Canal and a diminutive steamboat took us there. There was a nice little meeting of school-children who listened very attentively to all I had to tell them. We got back to St. Catherine's in time for the evening meeting at St. George's school-room. Six years ago this very month, the old chief "Little Pine" had stood on that same platform with his crooked stick in his left hand, and his right hand upraised while he pleaded pathetically and earnestly for his people, and urged the necessity of a "big teaching wigwam" at Garden River. I reminded the audience of this circumstance, and tried to show how wonderfully and mysteriously God had led us and had gradually opened our way for us ever since. At that time we were begging for money in the old-fashioned way, I had been taught now not to depend on begging and taking up collections; God had destroyed *my* work and had built up *His own* work upon its ruins.

The next day, July 4th, we started early in a democrat to Niagara. We were now in the Niagara district, the great fruit district of Canada, strawberries, cherries, grapes, apples, plums, peaches, all in the greatest abundance, orchards everywhere, rich luxuriant vines trailing over trellis-work, gardens of the greatest richness, the earth fairly teeming with plenty. What a contrast to poor Algoma, where we can grow neither apple nor plum and cannot even ripen tomatoes. Nothing delights our boys more than to sit up in a cherry tree and eat cherries *ad libitum*—such a delicious novelty—and then to be summoned in for a tea off strawberries and cream! No meeting had been arranged for us in Niagara, owing to an unfortunate misunderstanding in the correspondence, but we visited about among the people and found many friends to thank for the kindness they had already shewn in helping us. Niagara has a boy—Johnny Daniel—and they also send us quantities of clothing. We dined with Mr. J. W. Ball, the churchwarden, who has long been interested in our work, and in the evening we met Archdeacon McMurray, who had only just returned from Toronto. He received us warmly, and showed us over his old church, whose walls received many an American bullet in the war of 1812, and some of the flat gravestones bear the marks of the axes where they cut up pork for the troops. Dr. McMurray, it should be remembered was the first missionary at Sault Ste. Marie, more than forty years ago. He has very kindly given us an organ for the institution. From Niagara, at 6 p. m. we pro-

ceeded by train to Drummondville. A select party of ladies and gentlemen, about 50 in number, were gathered to meet us at the house of our excellent secretary-treasurer, the Rev. T. H. Bartlett. The model was placed on exhibition in the drawing-room, and after we had been regaled with a cup of tea, a hymn was sung and I gave my address. The falls of Niagara were scarcely more than a stone's throw from the house, and the following morning as soon as breakfast was over we went to pay them a visit. Grand and impressive as was the sight, I fear that our boys, boylike, were more taken up with a couple of bears in their cages than with that enormous mass of water surging over the rocks, and tumbling 200 feet into the boiling basin of white foam below. We went over Mr. Barnett's Museum which contains a splendid collection of rare and valuable articles: a mummy in better state of preservation than any in the British museum, beautifully stuffed birds and animals of every description, a comparative collection of birds' windpipes, insects, butterflies, human figures, idols, winged bulls, coins, skeletons, ridiculous enormities, live wolves, buffaloes, such and such like are to be found in Mr. Barnett's wonderful collection. He did us the great honor of personally conducting us through the rooms and explaining to us his treasures, and ended by presenting the boys with his photograph.

At 2 p. m. Mr. McLeod called, and we drove with him to his church in Chippewa; we had a little service and my address in the church first, and then a capitally arranged picnic in an adjoining meadow. The children marched in procession and sang a hymn, and all passed off most nicely. From Chippewa we drove on a few miles further to Clinton—where there was another church and another address to be given. Mr. Fessenden, the clergyman, opened with a short service, then the model was placed on view and I gave the history as usual of our institution. After this, Mr. McLeod kindly drove us back to Drummondville for the night.

On Friday the 6th we arrived in Brantford and had a meeting in the evening in the Rev. R. H. Starr's schoolroom. The Rev. A. Nelles was present and gave a short address commending our work. This Sunday-school has long supported a girl in our Home. The following day we walked out to visit the Mohawk Institution, supported by the New England Company; this institution has been, I believe, nearly thirty years in existence, and they have at present thirty-eight boys and forty-two