

The music in the chapel is always good. The organ is the gift of Handel, who once performed an oratorio in aid of the hospital funds with a result of \$35,000. The altar piece is by West and represents Christ blessing the little ones.

The children sit in the gallery during the service; the boys on one side, the girls on the other.

"With a suit of yellow clothes do they cover each little limb,
And a smell of yellow soap, and they sing like cherubim."

These little morsels of humanity are well-cared for, and are as happy as children could be, who are bundled up in barracks.

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One evening lately I went to hear the Rev. George Grubb preach at Islington. He is about to leave for Sierra Leone with the Bishop of that Diocese. Mr. Grubb has aged greatly since his visit to Canada, which is no doubt largely due to the troublous times through which he has been passing. To all intents and purposes the Church in England has washed her hands of this celebrated missionary.

The head and front of his offending are certain views he holds regarding eternal punishment and baptism. He is a thorn in the flesh of Keswick, and they will have none of him. I am not wise enough to decide whether or not his intellectual errors should be deprecated as moral faults, but I feel that the words Rogers used regarding Arnold apply to Mr. Grubb: "It is with him as it was with Joseph when a certain man found him wandering in the field. If he had lost his way, it was because he was seeking his brethren."

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In one visit you can only "do" the Art, Science, and Natural History Museums of South Kensington. Even after spending days there, you feel that they have only been seen in