

Indian Summer. My brothers spent their vacation fishing, one on the Lower St. Lawrence, the other on the Georgian Bay, and both apparently enjoyed themselves very much.

Quite a number of Toronto people were on board the ill-fated "Scotsman." Their experiences on the island read like one of Clarke Russell's novels. They say several succumbed to weakness and exposure, and were buried in the marshes. Really, travelling by sea is becoming quite dangerous now-a-days.

Tissot's wonderful pictures of the Life of Christ, 500 in number, have been on exhibition here. He spent ten years in Palestine painting them, and the results are most impressive. Though small, every face is distinct and full of expression, and the landscapes are instinct with life. Many of the Parables are illustrated, and, to me, this served to make their teaching more than ever real and pointed.

We are to have Grand Opera here this month, and I hope to hear Calvé in "Carmen" and De Rezski in "The Barber of Seville."

Every one is waiting anxiously for news of the war in the Transvaal.

My sister saw the grand demonstration given to Dewey (who surpasses Nelson!) in New York, but she was not much impressed by it.

Canada can lay claim to one hero of the Soudan War. Major Girouard is only 32, and he is very highly spoken of in Steven's book. It was he who laid the railway through the desert, and he is the Chief Engineer of Kitchener's army. He was here on furlough this summer.

To-morrow mother and I are going to see Prince Ranjitsinji and

his cricket team play against a Canadian eleven.

In June we had a most interesting Canadian Historical Exhibition here; there was the quaintest collection of old dresses, jewellery, silver, furniture, spinning-wheels, fans, etc., funny old wooden bowls and spoons of early Colonial days, Gobelin tapestry, trinkets of the French Noblesse, when this was New France, manuscripts of the journeys of such pioneers as Marquette and Père le Jeune, relics of Champlain, Wolfe and Brock, miniatures and portraits of historic people, a magnificent, carved, black side-board, said to have belonged to Americus Vespuccius. An apartment devoted to military exhibits, medals won in the Peninsular war, old muskets, ensigns, etc. Snuff boxes of Beau Brummel and Robbie Burns, dresses of Charles I time, and tiny silver forks of the same period. Altogether it was a grand object lesson in Canadian History. The articles came from various parts of Ontario and Quebec, the Jesuits sending their valuable collection of documents.

Now I must close this wandering epistle. With love to any of my old pupils who are still at School with you.

Believe me,

Sincerely yours,

M. H.

Deer Park, Toronto.

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MY DEAR A.:—From the address you will see that I am *en route* for India again. I stayed in London to attend the Prince of Wales' Levée, with some other fellows who came up from Aldershot. We took rooms at the Hotel Métropole, and from there, after getting into full dress uniform, we