



CHRIST CHURCH CATHEDRAL, FREDERICTON, N.B.

boys gazed from the windows, quietly gazed without saying a word either to me or one another; they just sat and looked, sitting, each of them, a little forward on his seat with eyes intent and lips a little parted, and just as English children might look when beholding something strange and inexplicable for the first time, only that whereas English children, after looking in this rapt, astonished manner, perhaps, for a minute or two, would, at the end of that time, assuredly begin asking a torrent of questions. These little Indian boys remained gazing hour after hour without saying a word, and never asking a single question; then, at length, Zosie's eyes drooped, his little chin sought his breast, and he fell back asleep in his corner to dream of the wonders which he could no longer see. Soney, after his first long gaze "of two or three hours" was over, seemed satisfied, and forthwith began to act naturally, and to examine how the window was put up and down, and when one of the lady passengers wanted to alight at a station, he politely put his arm out and

opened the door for her. At length we reached London, reached old Euston once more, and there my brother-in-law met us, and we piled ourselves and our belongings into a red one-horse bus and drove to one of London's famous old squares in which my sister, with her little family of four or five children, resided. Our first meeting in England was held that same evening in the school-room attached to St. Dunstan's Church, Fleet Street. How strange it seemed to be walking to the meeting through old Holborn again, across the historical Lincoln's Inn Fields, and down a little bit of Chancery Lane. One of my little nephews was delighted to carry the Indian drum, and Soney conveyed the bundle with the Indian costumes, and Zosie the packet of photographs. I was wondering whether we should have as good an attendance at English meetings as we had in Canada. Certainly, if we were to judge everything from the first meeting at St. Dunstan's, our visit to England was not likely to be a failure, for the school-room was literally packed