

where, we would gladly have stayed to form close friendships, but the call is ever onward, so the next evening at 6 o'clock, after a delightful lounge and sleep by the river, (one of us for form's sake having read a chapter from Tom Brown's School Days to his nodding companions) found us at the pretty little village of Andover. The shepherd of the flock here, Mr. Gratz, showed us with pride the pretty church, and spoke brightly of progress all along the line. Opposite the church the river flows dreamily along, deep in its banks, seemingly deep in its meditations, but these dreams which were caught from the river at eventide were wont to be broken in upon by the needs of the magic lantern, and one found one's self asking in a far off way: Where is the oil? Have you a table? and other prosaic questions. The people of Andover were very kind in their reception of us. Mr. Gratz has been putting the needs of the mission fields well before his people, so we felt we had a good foundation to go on, and trust the interest will be greater than ever.

And now for Grand Falls. A most romantic ride it was, over hills and through dales. It was a dull, grey day, a day when Nature reveals to those who love her some of her most delicate charms. She was not glad that day, she was solemn. The dark brown in the oat-fields, the deep green on the hill-sides, and the weary gloom of the mountains piled together in the horizon, called for silence. There we sat wondering at it all. The everlasting hills—man's fleeting life. Strange that the fevered life of three-score years should have more *gold* in it than those everlasting hills.

But the cry is up and onwards, and now it is down-grade all the way, and a most exhilarating ride it is. The afternoon was spent, wet

as it turned out to be, in exploring the beauties of the Falls and the gully below them.

Mr. Baird, the catechist, very kindly offered to be our guide. There is one thing which we felt about the Falls, which makes them in a sense more interesting than the Niagara Falls. Niagara is so large and so grand that one cannot get a conception of the whole phenomenon. At any time one is getting at most but a glimpse of the whole. That in itself has a charm, but it always makes one feel that Niagara is far away. Under Mr. Baird's expert leadership we were able to crawl down to the very water's edge at the foot of the falls, and there, at a glance, we saw all the phenomena, at our very feet—the carved out gully, the falls, the eddy, the whirlpool, the rapids. This seeing and comprehending the whole is one of the distinctive charms of Grand Falls. Mr. Baird took us to a very romantic spot on the gully below the Falls, whose beauties were described to us with all the sympathy with which a young man speaks of a maiden's charms.

If the unpropitious weather did not hurt our sight-seeing, it certainly did not hurt our meeting, which was for the place large. Our cause is progressing favourably here. It seems certain that the tide of indifference is flowing backward, and continuous and concentrated work is all that is wanted to ensure success. Mr. Baird and several members of his congregation were exceptionally kind in their attentions and arrangements. We agreed unanimously that Grand Falls made a fitting close to an exceptionally good trip. Our reflections in the train as we sped homeward may be summed up as follows:

*Agreed*, That our ministers and people up the river are of the most