

the religious feelings of the Jerusalem pilgrims. However, it is certain that these will not be disturbed to any such degree by the railroad as they will be by the mismanagement of the Government and the incessant and endless quarrels of the Christian sects in the sacred city itself. In view of these facts it is hard to see why the visitor to Jerusalem should be denied comfort and safety in his journey."

TWO LITTLE INDIAN BOYS AND WHERE THEY WENT.—(Continued).

BY REV. E. F. WILSON.

IN the vestry of the church Dr. B. had something to show the boys to interest them. "Do you know, boys," he said, "that thirteen years ago this church was burned down in a great fire, and then we wanted to build it again after the fire, and do you know that the first money we received from anywhere towards rebuilding our church came from the boys of the Shingwauk—eight dollars and some cents;" and then Dr. B. produced a set of book markers which had been purchased with the Shingwauk boys' money, and there were the words "Presented by the boys of the Shingwauk Home," worked in silk on the back. And then Dr. B. took us all up into his belfry to hear the bells chime. There were eight bells connected by machinery, with the clock; they chime every quarter of an hour, and at six o'clock each evening, just before striking the hour, play a hymn tune. We went up to where the bells were and saw it all, the great barrel bristling with little spikes and other connecting machinery just like a great musical box. Then as we watched, the great clock up above us sent down its warning, and then a fan started twirling and the wheels began to burr and the great big weight in a shaft behind us began to go down, and far up above out through the bell turrets sounded the sweet notes of the evening hymn. Then the machine came to a stop as suddenly as it had begun, and the solemn tones of the big bell tolled out the hour of six.

We passed one Sunday at St. John's, and unfortunately, it was a miserably uncomfortable day so far as outer matters were concerned.—When we got up in the morning, although although the last day almost of April, the ground was covered with snow, then it turned to rain, and we had to plod through snow and slush with umbrellas upon our way to church. In the morning I preached at Trinity, in the afternoon addressed a great concourse of Sunday-school children gathered from the various city churches at St. Luke's, and in the evening preached at the church of St. John. On Monday we had a very crowded and enthusiastic meeting of about 500 people in Trinity Church school—the enthusiasm running to such a pitch that it ended in

Zosie being kissed by a number of young ladies who got him into a corner. It was rather a pleasant change from town to country when we found ourselves the next evening under the very hospitable roof of Mr. and Mrs. A., at the pretty little village of Rothsay—just half an hour's run by train from St. John. The house is cosily situated in a well-kept garden, sloping down to a pretty lake on the one side and fringed by a dark wood on the other. Several hunting dogs came to greet us as we walked up the garden path to the house, and they soon made friends with the boys. The meeting in the evening was held in the school-house, a nice bright little room, not very big, but there must have been at least one hundred and fifty crammed into it. The next day we were at St. Stephen, and the next at Moncton, and the day after that we crossed the boundary between New Brunswick and Nova Scotia and arrived at Truro. Here the Rector, who is also an Archdeacon, met us at the station and conducted us up to his house, an old-fashioned Rectory, standing in a garden with some big trees; it looked small from the outside, but had plenty of room within. About three miles out of town was a small settlement of Micmac Indians, and the Archdeacon said that after dinner he would drive me out to see them, but the rig would only hold three, so only one of the Indian boys could go. It was settled, therefore, that Soney should go with us and that Zosie should remain and play with the new-found friend named Harry. The Micmac Indians, of whom there are some 3,000 still living in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, are poorly off and but comparatively civilized, and nearly all are Roman Catholics. Those that we saw were living in little frame houses in groups of three or four dwellings together. We entered one of these houses and found a decidedly Indian state of things within; a man squatting on a low stool, a woman sitting on the floor, and both engaged in basket-making; the dirty, uncarpeted, wooden floor being strewn with the pliant strips of wood used in the manufacture, and a large pile of half-made baskets occupying a considerable portion of the small, ill-furnished room. There were also a number of little wooden tubs and kegs for lard or butter, which these people were engaged in making. I had my photographs with me and showed them to the inmates of the house. Several other Indians came in, and quite a little interest was aroused; the people were pleased also to see Soney, although they could not understand his language, and had not ever heard of the Pottawatami tribe. The Micmacs are a branch of the same stock as the Ojibways and Pottawatomis, but they have always lived, as far back as they have knowledge, in the Maritime Provinces, and know but little of the Indians of the interior. From one of the men, who knew English, and seemed more intelligent than the rest, I ascertained that they