

and were used to grace the platform from which the Coronation speeches were delivered. Down the quiet streets came the sound of music, and as the car swung round a corner we came face to face with the children on their way to the fair grounds, where the day's outing was to be celebrated. The town schools had been joined by the ones in the immediate country, and six hundred children were in the procession, every one with a sash of red, white and blue, a red or blue cap, and a flag. The Boy Scouts were out in force, forming a guard of honor for Britannia, tall and stately, draped in a flag, with a golden helmet, spear and trident, attended by England, Ireland, Scotland and Canada, all in appropriate costume. Even the tiny tots just able to walk were in that procession. We followed to the fair grounds, and were delighted with the fresh young voices in the good old patriotic songs. The "Red, White and Blue" was accompanied by the most graceful flag-waving I have ever seen, and my heart went out sympathetically to a sturdy farmer standing on my right who found it needful to frequently blow his nose and mutter: "This is good enough for me."

On from Morden in the late afternoon sunshine, through Manitou and down the famous La Riviere Hill in the softening twilight of the June evening. As we sped along the way we met party after party of returning holiday-makers, and the very air was gay with the old songs, "Rule Britannia," "The Red White and Blue," "The Maple Leaf," "Our Dominion For Ever," and many, many others. Shortly after dark we reached Pilot Mound, and ended the first day on the road.

Early the next morning I paid a visit to the garden of Dr. Speechley, whose love for flowers is only second to his love for humanity. He and his colleague, Dr. Grenfell of Labrador, are widely separated in their life work, but I wonder if Dr. Speechley is not doing as truly missionary a work as the other, though peradventure in a less laborious field. The garden lay in the morning sunlight, one blaze of flowers, and yet, as you studied it from the roadway, it was easy to distinguish how carefully, though apparently carelessly, the colors had been blended. To walk for half an hour in that garden was to be at peace with all the world, and to feel that in the