



ZOSIE HONOURED.

boys conducted me without a hitch to the place where they considered the churchwarden's house ought to be, but neither of them could tell me which house it was. There were brick houses and frame houses, dark houses and white houses, all close together, but neither of the boys on coming away in the morning had noticed what the house was like; they had merely found their way to the rectory and found their way back again. I thought how different to white boys; white boys would blunder over the direction, perhaps, but would probably know the house directly they saw it; with these Indian lads it was just the other way. Everybody was asleep and there was no one to ask, and I did not even know the name of the churchwarden and neither did the boys. "Well," I said, "you chaps have got to find the house somehow, and I put down my valise on the sidewalk and waited to see what they would do. In another minute I saw young Zosie, who had been sniffing and poking about round the houses like a terrier after a rat, go deliberately up some steps and knock at a door; evidently he thought he had found it. Nobody came, and he knocked again. Then the door opened about a foot and an old lady put her head out in her night cap. I was too far off to hear what was said, but could see that Zosie was standing in a very quiet, deliberate manner, with his overcoat buttoned up to his little chin and his felt hat jambed down (in the way I had been teaching him not to do) right over his ears, and that the old lady was gesticulating at him and pointing to a hotel on the opposite side of the street. Evidently she considered that the young stranger was a belated traveller in search of lodgings for what remained of the night. I called to him to come along, and happily just at that moment an early riser in the shape of a workingman appeared on the street. I was glad to find that the man spoke English, for nearly all the people in Farnham were French; but I could not ask him for any person in a particular house as I did not know what person

in particular I wanted. Providentially, however, he was aware that there was such a thing as an English church in the place and even knew who the churchwardens were, and so he pointed us out the house, the very next one to that at which Zosie had knocked, but a brick one and not a frame one, and we entered and got our breakfast only just in time to catch the six o'clock train. It was what is called in Canada a "mixed train," that is, it went about as slow as train could go and stopped a long period at every little station "shunting cars." However, I was in a meditative mood and there was no particular hurry about getting to the next place, so it suited me to a T. The boys also seemed to enjoy being able to get off and run about every time the train stopped or to run alongside when it was going slow. I got out my writing materials and began to write; my idea about going to England was not yet settled but it was assuming shape. I wrote three letters to three bishops, the Bishops of Algoma, of Rupert's Land and of Qu'Appelle, in whose three dioceses my Homes for Indian children, present and prospective, were situated. I told these three bishops that I proposed going to England with my two little Indian boys, and asked them kindly to furnish me each with a few lines commendatory of my work. I also wrote asking the same favour of the Indian Department authorities in Ottawa. And then it occurred to me that it might be well to put this lecture on the Indians which I was delivering, or the substance of it, into some sort of shape and have it printed as a pamphlet, so the rest of the time that remained for me on this conveniently slow train was occupied in preparing the pamphlet, and I entitled it, "Our Indians in a New Light." It was 3 p.m. when we reached Sherbrooke. The gentleman's house to which we had been most kindly invited, was very pleasantly situated on the banks of the river which flows in a succession of picturesque falls through a deep rocky gorge at the foot of his garden. The noise of the water from the river side of the verandah was at times almost deafening. We had a crowded meeting in the Church Hall in the evening, our host kindly acting as chairman. Our next destination was Lennoxville, where, through the kindness of Principal Adams, we were shown over the Church College with its 110 boys and thirty-five students; and in the evening we had a very successful and crowded meeting in the Church Hall. That same night at 11.25 p.m. we took the train east for New Brunswick, travelled all night and far into the next day, and at 4.30 p.m. arrived at St. Andrew's. The boys were quite in a little excitement now, for they were to see the "salt, salt sea" for the first time. Dr. K. met us at the station, a jovial pleasant-faced old gentleman and he had got his rig with him, in which he conveyed ourselves and our baggage.