

week after week at Government House and made a variety of articles for sale, then—shortly before our arrival—a bazaar had been held, and the large sum realized of \$300. This sum was presented to me by one of the little girls when they were all assembled in the drawing-room, and is to be applied to the building fund of the Wawanosh Home. The most successful meeting of any that we have held took place in the large Temperance Hall. The Hall was crowded, Bishop Medley took the chair, and among the audience were the Governor and Mrs. Tilley, and of the clergy, the Revs. Alexander, Dowling, Roberts, and Carr. Mrs. Tilley has kindly consented to become one of the patronesses of our Girl's Home. The following day, Wednesday, I called on the Bishop and Mrs. Medley, and we spent an hour and a half very pleasantly in examining every part of their beautiful cathedral—the *one* church gem in Canada—and in examining many old curiosities and treasures, an old chair of Henry VIII's time, some relics of Abyssinia, &c. &c., which the Bishop had accumulated. The Bishop set to work in his own way to satisfy himself what our boys were good for, and put them through the Apostle's creed in private. I am glad to say that the result of the examination was satisfactory.

The afternoon of this day, June 26th, we bade farewell to our Fredericton friends and took the cars back to St. John. About half an hour before we arrived we received word that a fearful fire was raging, and as we drew near the fated city we found that the report was only too true. The whole city seemed to be in a blaze, the fire appearing to extend fully two miles, even at that early hour, about 6 p. m. Leaving the two boys at Mr. Dowling's house, Mr. Dowling and myself started to cross the harbor to try and render some assistance to our friends. We could not take the ferry for the landing stage was on fire, so we hailed a fishing-smack, and got landed in Portland. We walked around to the back of the fire; all the principal part of the city was in flames, including Prince William Street, King Street, Queen Square, the New Post Office, the Bank of New Brunswick, and Trinity Church. We met Mr. Brigstocke, the rector of Trinity, on the street; his house and church were both burnt. We also saw several other people whom we knew. All were in wild confusion, and dray loads of furniture, boxes, dry goods, &c., dashing along the street. Hundreds of people, old and young, heavily laden and hustling each other along, fire engines at every corner, squares,

burying-grounds, and other open places, crowded with a motley throng of people with piles of baggage, tables, chairs, pianos, carpets, glass shades, pictures, cows, sofas, all in the utmost confusion.

We made our way round at the back of the fire, to Mrs. Peters house, where we had been on Saturday; they were all packed up ready to fly, but could not get a team. The flames were fast advancing upon them. The gas works were close by, and it was expected they would blow up every minute. The younger children were sent off with their nurse and perambulator, and Mr. Dowling asked Mr. and Mrs. Peters to come with us to Carleton, but they were unwilling to leave, and so we had to bid good bye and return the way we came. The fire had greatly advanced, several new streets had been seized by the flames; the large bell tower at the head of King Street was on fire, and we saw the three bells fall one by one. We staid till after midnight, doing what little we could to help, and then returned to Carleton by the Suspension Bridge, bringing several refugees with us. The following day, Thursday, we drove to the station in St. John by way of the suspension bridge. The city was still on fire and enveloped in smoke. Happily, however the station was just outside the burnt district, so we bade adieu to our friends and started once more for the west. After travelling all day, we stopped for the night at a pretty country place called Miramichi, and were glad to find a Church of England edifice and a resident clergyman, the Rev. H. Barber, who had been only a short time out from England. He received us very kindly and we had tea at his house. Next morning we left Miramichi at 4.40 a.m. to continue our long journey of 1094 miles to Toronto. We did not stop at all in Quebec, but at Montreal there was a couple of hours to spare, and we ran up to see Mrs. Simpson, and had breakfast with her. At length after almost incessant travelling for three days and two nights, we arrived in Toronto at 11.30 p.m. Saturday night. As it was so late, we went to the Queen's for the night, and early on Sunday morning, before many people were about, took a cab to Mr. Howard's on Carleton Street, where we had received word we were to stay. This was a busy Sunday. At 9.30 a.m. I addressed St. Peter's Sunday school; they have been supporting hitherto the half of John Rodd, but now wish to take the whole of him. Then I preached in St. Peter's at the morning service, and we dined with the Rev. S. Boddy, who was at one time a clergyman in Islington. At 3 p.m. I attended a children's service