

the water. So did it long years ago, as the Indians would stealthily come upon their enemies of some neighbouring tribe, without a sound of warning to announce their approach. Oh! ye wild lake solitudes, how impressive is your silence; unbroken by sound of human voice, or song of bird; how imagination can take shape, and people your waters with tribes of red men in bark canoes, darting from behind yon lonely islet or green bank.

Oh! ye Indians, and where are you now? Gone,—and going still; and your beautiful, beautiful shores and lakes haunted by the white man! Oh, poor Indians! I pity you—I think if I were you, I would feel like the Hebrews of old when they sat down by the rivers and wept when they remembered their land, when they hung their harps upon the willows, because they *could* not sing a song.

There were a good many Indians, I believe, about that Georgian Bay; and as far as I could learn there did not seem to be anything done for their spiritual good. It may be there was, but I could not hear of it. I hope I was misinformed.

So much for the Indians. We travelled away to them from a canoe, so let us get back to it again. Let no one think canoeing is all poetry, for I have a very vivid recollection of two very tough days' paddling, when to tell you the truth I did not quite know how I would hold out till I got home!

There were sundry adventures too, during that trip, as to swimming and boating, but I don't think I must put them in print; the other girls would laugh so much, and you know I am very sensitive.

We had quite a good sized party as to numbers, being ten "all told," but some were very small people, one being only two years old. We lived in a house boat a part of the time. I wonder if you all know what that is? One side was close to a lovely little island and then it rested on the water. Sometimes it is called an ark, whether that accounts for it or not, I leave you to decide; but certainly there came on such a torrent of rain after we were there as one does not often meet with in a Canadian July—after all, if we went into an ark, what could be expected but deluges of rain?

There was an American gentleman staying at an island in that neighbourhood, and one day he took us for a trip on his beautiful steam-yacht, the *Sky-Lark*. Isn't that a lovely name for it? I can assure you Americans know how to have everything very nice, and how to be very kind, and it was so in this instance.

By and bye we left the Bay and got back to Midland, then to Toronto, and then guess where.

FROM U. NO HOO.

JUNE '85 PARTY.

We are continuing our plan of touching on the different parties of girls that have come to Canada, and now we will mention some of those composing the party which arrived in June '85.

Minnie Charldwood. In July '85, she went to her present home where she is completely adopted. Long years ago, the gentleman into whose home and family she has been received wrote:

"Minnie is getting on splendidly, we haven't a fault to find, and we are thankful for your selection."

Caroline Frampton, also in her adopted home, which she entered in October '85.

Mary Ann Gray and Clarice Housden, both so thoroughly adopted that they have changed their own names into that of the friend with whom each is living. Mary Ann Gray went to her home in August '95, and when last visited everything seemed to be going on well and happily.

Julia Grogan has been in her home since November '86.

Kate and Ada Winwood also both adopted. Kate went to her home in June '85, and Ada followed to hers in February '86.

Charlotte Lavers adopted and in a good happy home, where she is a daughter of the home. She went there in October '85.

Then we would mention a number of names of girls all doing for themselves, and respectable members of society.

Sarah Fiddling, Mary Kay, Mabel Lane, Eva Lane, Elizabeth Morgan, Lizzie Reynolds, Cissy Smith, Ada Thomas, and Susannah Waltshaw.

We only know of three deaths of this party: Susan Ellis, Rhoda Perkins (accident), and Emma Fogaty, who died the year after her marriage.

MARRIED.—Bessie Cose, Rose Cornell, Elizabeth Fildbrook, Emma Gooch, Harriet Grant, Mary Grimley, Emma Kennett, Jessie Nancarrow and Alice Swester.