

Hannah afterwards lived in Croton, Connecticut, and there on December 31st, 1876, she died, aged only thirty-eight. She had become a Christian, and having lived the Christian life died in the Christian's faith, her last words being, "Come, Lord Jesus, and take thy poor creature home." This shows what good there is in the Eskimo, and how they might be improved if they were taught by missionaries the ways of Christ and his holy religion.

AN ENGLISH SUNDAY SCHOOL TREAT.

BY MISS FANNY SIMPSON, HAMILTON, ONT.

WHEN I was a little girl, dear children, I lived at Mickfield Rectory, in the County of Suffolk. My father was Rector of the parish and my grandfather had been Rector before him, so we were pretty well known in that neighborhood. It was an agricultural parish and had been so for many generations. No one knew anything of Mickfield having been otherwise than it was in our time. The farms sometimes changed hands, and the wages of the agricultural laborers varied slightly from year to year, and that was all the difference there ever was. I remember that when the proprietorship of the blacksmith shop changed it was quite a remarkable event. There were not many squires living in that part of the country. There were a few very large proprietors, and some of the farmers owned the lands they cultivated. One of the principal men in the neighborhood was Mr. Tollemache, of Helmingham Hall. I believe he is now called Lord Tollemache, and is quite an old man. Helmingham is about eight miles from Mickfield, and is a place of some historic note. Queen Elizabeth is said to have rested there on one of her journeys, and the spinet on which she played is still shown to visitors. It is like a very small shabby piano with nearly all the notes dumb, and only valuable as a curiosity.

Helmingham Hall is one of the best specimens of a moated residence in England, and there is a genuine drawbridge and portcullis. The drawbridge is still pulled up every evening, but the portcullis is seldom used. But you will say "What has this to do with the Sunday School?" Not much perhaps but I think you will like the story all the better if the background of the picture (so to speak) is properly sketched. The Sunday School will of course occupy the foreground.

Once a year Mr. Tollemache used to invite all the Sunday Schools for miles around to enjoy themselves in his park, which was of considerable extent, and a pleasant place to stroll in under any circumstances in the summer time.

The children always looked forward to the Helmingham school treat with a great deal of satisfaction. The waggons in which they drove

were always decked with flags and green boughs, and one large flag with the name of the parish inscribed upon it was always placed in front of the waggon. The children generally marched up to the Rectory about ten o'clock, accompanied by their teachers, and it was quite an excitement, getting them all packed into the waggons. The drive was through well kept farms and along pretty hedgerows, dotted with the comfortable homes of the Suffolk yeomanry, and here and there the spire of a church with the residence of the clergyman usually close by. The waggons all stopped at the lodge near the park gates, where the children got out, and in order of their arrival were marshalled in a long procession. They walked two and two, many of them carrying flags worked with suitable texts, the motto "Feed My Lambs" appearing more than once, and the remark was sometimes made that this was a hint that the Squire neither deserved nor required. However it was a matter of taste and "Feed My Lambs" continued to hold its place in the procession. The distinguishing banner of each school was always borne in front by two of the bigger boys. The custom was to walk up the avenue and round the house, and as there were frequently fashionable people staying there besides others who came from the surrounding parishes to see the fun, the *tout ensemble* was picturesque, and the old park wore quite a gala look. The clergy and those who came with them were asked into the house, where a handsome entertainment was provided. I remember the old fashioned trays of solid silver, and can recall a quaint picture of three little girls dressed in what we should now call Kate Greenaway costumes. The school children took their tea and cake in the park where long rows of benches were set out, and tents were prepared in the proximity of the Hall for the accommodation of teachers and waggons, who in most cases belonged to about the same social grade. These kind of distinctions, though they may seem strange in Canada, are (or certainly were) quite common in England, and did not hurt the dignity or wound the feelings of those concerned. My recollection of Mr. Tollemache is that of a tall, dark, square-shouldered man, not gifted with much suavity of manner or charm of expression, but who nevertheless knew quite well how to make himself agreeable to his country neighbors of all conditions when he chose to do so. He had been twice married and was the father of ten sons and one daughter. Mrs. Tollemache was a sweet looking woman, very good and amiable and fond of playing on the harp. The wife of the rector of Helmingham happened at this time to be an accomplished pianist, and she and Mrs. Tollemache were the best of friends and very often played duets together till unfortunately a misunderstanding arose between Mr. Tollemache and the Rector about some trees in the park, which resulted in the duet playing being abandoned or at least suspended. I do not think