

were little boys and little girls with their little legs naked, up to three inches above the knee, paddling in the water, and there was a black pony of youthful age being broken in by its master just at the edge of the sea, so that in circling round at the extreme end of its rope it was obliged at each circuit to splash through the water. Presumably it was being trained to be a sea-horse. We had come down to the sands by Jacob's ladder, and we went up again by Jacob's ladder, and when we got up again we went to see the Sailors' Home, one of the officers of the institution kindly inviting us in, and then I suggested that the boys should have a swim, so we went to the swimming bath on the cliff, and after the boys had each paid their sixpence and got their towels, down we went a succession of stairways till we got to the bath, and the boys got in and splashed and swam around to their heart's content. Indian boys all swim; they take to the water like ducks and can dive like ducks, they do not swim like frogs as we do, but like dogs, hand over hand.

On Tuesday we went back to London, and on Wednesday we had a largely attended meeting in the Bickersteth Memorial Hall at Hampstead, supplemented by tables covered by the most tempting array of fruits, cakes and cups of coffee. That evening we dined with my brother and his wife in their dear little rustic cottage called "Wildwood Farm." Everything was so quaint and pretty, and they had a lovely garden.

On Thursday we went to the great annual celebration at the Stockwell Orphanage, at which Spurgeon was present and received many pretty gifts and offerings on account of its being his 56th birthday. We had been invited to this gathering by a fellow-passenger on the *Parisian*, and the same fellow-passenger took us up on the platform and introduced us to the noted orator. Later in the day we went on to the Crystal Palace, it being the night for the fireworks. It was six o'clock when we arrived, and we repaired to one of the eating places near the great transept and had tea at one of the little marble top tables, a concert of some sort going on in the orchestra, meanwhile, just beside us. The programme we had purchased gave notice that there would be an elephant performance in the central transept at half-past six, conjuring in another part of the building at half-past seven, a theatrical performance in the grand theatre at eight o'clock, and that the fireworks would begin at a quarter-past nine. We wanted to see all we could, so hastily finishing our veal pie and Crystal Palace cake, we made with all speed for what seemed to be the best place for seeing the elephants, round at the back of the great orchestra, up a stairway and in through a little dark door to the orchestra seats. The place was very crowded, but we got a good position, and were just in time to see the ele-

phants come trundling in, holding each other's tails with their trunks, a biggish elephant, a middle-sized one and a little one; they danced, they stood on pedestals, they fired a gun, they blew a horn with their trunks, they walked, balancing themselves on a rolling barrel, and they rode a bicycle.

In between the performances that followed we walked through the courts examining all the objects of interest, and the boys made a number of small purchases at the stalls. They also dropped a penny into a Noah's ark machine expecting to see Noah and his family and all the animals go two and two into the ark, but the thing was a fraud and wouldn't work. The fireworks were a splendid sight. There was a tremendous crowd of people and all the best places on the terrace were quickly taken up, but we got a capital position on the sloping grass bank just below the terrace and saw everything to perfection. Just before the display commenced I took the precaution to make sure of the shortest way to London Bridge train, and about three minutes before the end we started away, and so got ahead of the crowd and secured seats in the railway carriage without trouble. It tickled the boys to see the great crowd of people come rushing pell-mell along the platform, a few minutes later vainly endeavouring to find seats in the already over-filled train.

The next day, Friday, I had the privilege of addressing S.P.G. Committee on behalf of my work, and at four o'clock we were due at Mitcham, at my eldest brother's house, where arrangements had been made for a garden party. It was a fine bright afternoon and the green velvety lawn looked just as it did eighteen years ago when Chief Buhkwujjenene was with me, and while I was speaking I stood with my two boys under the shade of the same grand old cedar tree, with its spreading branches, that Buhkwujjenene had stood under when, dressed in his native costume and talking his native tongue, he made that first eloquent appeal for a big teaching wigwam to be erected in the midst of his people. This was our last meeting in the neighbourhood of London. On Monday we were to go north to Newcastle and thence to Liverpool.

But there was still one very important event in store for us before we went away and that important event took place at nine o'clock the next morning, Saturday, June 21st. I was very anxious for the boys to see the Queen before they went back to Canada, but it seemed almost an impossibility as the papers said she would not leave Scotland till June 23rd, and that was the day we were to leave London. However, Her Majesty most considerately changed her mind and arranged to arrive at Windsor on Saturday the 21st, so as to be ready to receive the Duke and Duchess of Connaught on their