

the register the names of travellers from New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto, Galt, Berlin, Nanaimo, B.C.—the latter come to study coal-mining, I judge.

I made the pleasant acquaintance of Captain Burchell and his wife, his brother and family, the Rev. Mr. Purvis, the popular Methodist minister, and others. I was glad to worship with the people called Methodists, and to give them a few words of friendly greeting, as I had a few months before greeted the Methodists on the Pacific Coast. I know no other country in which one may travel 4,000 miles in a straight line and find everywhere the ministers and members of the same Church.

On a bright sunny Monday morning, with the Methodist minister and a couple of good sailors, I went for a sail on the beautiful Sydney harbour. We sailed and tacked far up Crawley's Creek, a land-locked inlet of fairy loveliness, and then returning tacked, boldly up the bay against a brisk head-wind. We raced along through the foaming water which curled over the combings of the yacht, and every now and then, with a lurch that brought one's heart into his mouth, the yacht encountered a wave that drenched one with the spray. I suppose it was great fun, but for my part I was very glad to get once more on *terra firma*.

I had the pleasure of calling, before I left, on my friend Dr. Bourinot, who was on a visit to his ancestral home—the charming mansion of his late father, Senator Bourinot, who was for many years French Consul in the port. The little tree-shaded dock was kept with real man-of-war neatness. There used to be almost always a French frigate on the station, and the military music and stately etiquette gave quite an air of the olden time to society.

I found also time to visit the relay house of the French submarine Atlantic Cable. The officer in charge showed me the small mirror which is deflected to left or right by the interruptions of an electric current. A beam of light is thrown from a lamp on this oscillating mirror and thus the thoughts of men are flashed beneath the sea at the rate of thirty-five words a minute. It is very hard to watch steadily this beam of light. If one even winks he may lose a word or two. The ear can follow sound better than the eye the light, therefore this gentleman is trying, with good promise of success, to use a "sounder" instead of the mirror.

It was a great disappointment that I was not able to visit