

had to be given up. After getting some lunch in the Strand we took another 'bus on to Westminster, went into Westminster Abbey and saw the old tombs of the kings and great people; saw the Queen's Coronation Chair with its ancient stone seat on which, they say, our Father Jacob once rested his head. Then we went to the Houses of Parliament, but were not allowed to enter as the House was sitting. Then we got on a steamboat and took a run down to London Bridge and back again to Westminster just to see the river; then from Westminster we took the underground (down among the rats, as the boys said) to South Kensington and visited the new Natural History Museum. It is a huge solid looking building of whitish yellow sand stone. In the great central hall are pigeons (suspended by invisible wires) flying round a dovecot, an immense skeleton of a whale, specimens of huge trees, etc., and in the galleries surrounding the hall are glass cases containing land birds and water birds, all in the most lifelike positions; standing, sitting, flying, swimming, swooping, just as they would be doing if alive. Very pretty were the little newly-hatched seagulls lying among the pebbles without any nest whatever, and as in nature, scarcely discoverable without the most careful search, and the old birds hovering over them in the air guarding them with watchful eye. There were also beautiful cases of humming-birds, and in the long chambers and galleries, specimens of animals, big and small, such as used formerly to occupy the old British Museum on Great Russell Street. It seemed a pity that the animals could not be made to imitate nature as well as the birds, instead of standing so toy-horse-lookingly on their polished blocks of wood.

Our sight-seeing came to an end about six p.m., and after dinner I had an appointment at Hanover Square to say a few words about my Indians before a meeting of the Anthropological Society. The following day we went to Ipswich, where another of my sisters lived. We had two meetings there in the Town hall, the first was full, the second crowded. There was also a garden party at the rectory to meet us, and tea and coffee on the lawn. Certainly, all our friends at every place we went did their utmost to make our visit both pleasant and successful. And it was very interesting to see once more a quaint old English town such as Ipswich, with its narrow streets and small but tastefully filled shops, and well-kept roads on the outskirts, with bright-looking gardens and handsome well-built houses, all so good and solid and enduring.

From Ipswich we went to Dover and had a pleasant little taste of real English seaside. How the breaking of the waves on the beach, and the rasping sound of the shingles as the receding waves dragged them back down the shelving shore, and the briny sea-weedy smell

reminded one of nursery days in the long-ago past. I think the two boys thoroughly enjoyed their little stay at Dover. We were stopping with some very kind friends—three sisters—living together in a pretty villa (friends whom I had known thirty-five years ago, when both they and myself were children, and we used to romp and play together). These three good ladies were much amused with the two little Indian boys, and one of them received from Soney the epithet of "Martha," presumably from her activity in arranging the domestic concerns of the little household. Even when these two Indian boys brought gleefully home from the seashore a string of eleven live crabs all tied by the legs, these three good ladies were by no means disconcerted, but allowed them, without a syllable of dissent, to put them in the family bath and turn on the tap; but when Saturday night came and the two boys were gone to bed and to sleep, and these three good ladies found that the crabs were still crawling in the bath, and considered that some of them might die before Monday and might become unpleasant, they engaged a poor woman who had happily just called to receive some little pension, and so would feel behoven towards them to take the eleven crabs, wrap them in her apron, carry them away from the house and in some way dispose of them. Besides catching crabs and listening to the sea we also had a well-attended drawing-room meeting in the three good sisters' house, and a public meeting, full to the doors, in the mission hall, and an overcrowded meeting in the Young Woman's Christian Association Hall, besides two sermons on Sunday.

On Monday we went to Ramsgate and had a very successful garden party at Christ Church Rectory in the afternoon, and in the evening a public meeting in the church hall which was greatly crowded. Between these two meetings we had time to take a stroll down to the sands. Ramsgate sands are always amusing, but the weather had been damp and chill, and the London crowds had scarcely yet put in an appearance. Still, there were donkeys by the score, with their white draped saddles and absurd pommels and eager donkey boys; and there were goat carts and goat chaises, and photograph men thrusting specimens of their art under one's nose with the liberal offer to take one's likeness on the spot for sixpence, or even for nothing if one would only submit; and there were scores of white bathing machines, single ones and double ones, hauled up high and dry on the beach, and there were eating stalls, trinket stalls and curiosity stalls, and dressed-up niggers dancing, making music and singing. There was also a shrimp up to his thighs in the water shoving along his great scoop-net, and ever and anon taking it up to clear away the superabundant seaweed, and to transfer the poor little twisty shrimps to the basket on his back. And there