

"yes, I know every spot of ground in my parish, and I often preach to the people about Croneran on Sunday evenings. I cannot go to-night, however, as I am detained by particular business, so you will oblige me by calling at Redmond's and letting them know that I shall not be there."

I was looking at Freney at this moment, and I saw a fierce flash of fire come from his eyes, but almost before I had time to feel that it was there, he looked away, and saying "certainly, sir; with the greatest of pleasure in life," seemed about to hurry on, when a sudden thought appeared to strike him, and he added, "I suppose it's to Miss Kate I'm to give the message?"

"Oh, any one will do," said Eardley, with the same indescribable expression of repressed vexation I had before remarked in his manner, and he drew me hastily onwards, while Freney crossed the path and sped over the opposite bank at the top of his speed.

*(To be continued)*

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## THE CANADIAN ON HIS TRAVELS.

BY J. H. SIDDONS.

It is very natural that people who trace their not very remote ancestry, if not their immediate parentage, to the Anglo-Saxon stock, should desire, at some time or other, to visit "the old country," and realize the scenes and incidents of which they had only heard and read. This feeling is strong in the United States, where the descent from the British stock is remote, extending, perhaps, through three or four generations, and where there lingers but little, if any, attachment to the ancestral soil. How deeply-seated, then, should it be in Canada, where the grandfathers, grandmothers, and often the fathers and mothers of our youth, "hail" from England, Ireland, or Scotland! How natural it seems that they should cherish, from their earliest years, a wish to know all that they can possibly learn by observation of the country whence they originally sprung, and to which they owe and cheerfully acknowledge a profound allegiance! Yet it is very doubtful if this wish is sufficiently potent to suggest the effort requisite to its accomplishment; and when, by a happy accident or systematized parental arrangement, the object is attained, how very few can boast that they have benefitted, to any considerable extent, by their passage across the Atlantic, their journeys in England and other attractive parts of Europe?

The truth is, that travel is an art; and the man who has not diligently