

dations, creative only of disgust ; nor to weary, rather than to instruct, the reader's mind by any of those laboured trivialities of critics which, for the most part, are simply matters for ridicule or barren displays of ingenuity. This one thing was to be kept in view : subserviency to the good of the most serene Dauphin and the public ; but selections were to be made from the abundance of former commentators of whatever any one of them had noted down to the point ; and necessary things, rather than new things, were to be made prominent—a process demanding care, rather than acuteness of wit or recondite erudition. “Now in this field,” Leonard goes on to say, “many of us have laboured hard : not all perhaps with equal industry : as to those that have succeeded in their aim, and those who have not, reader, judge thou ; and applaud, if not our success, at least our intention. In the meantime, make use of this

method of interpreting authors, which we had dictated to us simply as a subsidiary to the studies of the august prince ; but which he will have the benefit of hereafter, in fuller and more scholarly measure, through the direct instruction of his preceptor, the very illustrious and very reverend the Bishop of Condom, a man most skilled in all branches of literature, sacred and secular. And truly the commentaries themselves would have issued from the press in a more perfect state had it been possible for that man of consummate learning, the most noble Huetius, sub-preceptor of the prince, to have revised minutely each separate portion of the series, instead of only exercising over the whole a general superintendence.” Leonard then expresses regret that through the unexpected death of Camus, some typographical errors in the Terence had remained uncorrected.

(To be continued.)

A YEAR IN ENGLAND: WHAT I SAW, WHAT I HEARD, AND WHAT I THOUGHT.

BY A CANADIAN.

(Continued from page 224.)

DEAR SAMMY,—

I WISH to warn you at the outset that you need not expect on this occasion either a very long or a very brilliant letter, for, as I write, it is excessively warm, and my philosophy seems to weaken as my tissues relax. But first of all I must answer some of your objections. You want to know why I do not notice some of the great things of London. Why, my dear Sammy, is that not just what I am doing? Have I not been speaking of the great sliminess of the roads, the sidewalks, the great mo-

notony of the houses, the greatness of the noise, etc.? But I suppose you want to hear of grand institutions, vast buildings, magnificent sights. I do not write of these for many reasons. In the first place, they have been often described before ; they have been photographed, painted, etc. Everybody goes to see them, and everybody talks of them ; but, my dear boy, I want to tell you of something that everybody does not seem to have noticed, and I give it to you just as it impressed itself on my mind as a Canadian.