

the very welcome news that my father and my mother with the family were on the way: something we had hoped for, but hardly expected. We were in a high state of delight, and determined to give up our Scottish trip and spend two weeks with them. As their steamer would arrive in a couple of days, we decided to go on to Liverpool and meet them, as we had spent three weeks here before in bright weather. The fog is dreadful! I cannot imagine anything more gloomy looking than London in this weather, but we managed to spend three days in it very nicely. Then we left again for Manchester, and arrived in a down-pour of rain and mist; and as Manchester at the brightest is very dark and dingy, on account of the smoke from the manufactories, it was particularly so this time; our room was so dark that we used the gas in the day-time. Upon the day we arrived we intended both going on to Liverpool, but, in such weather, we thought it best that I should remain alone, and Robert go on, as there were some Canadian friends in the hotel. So he left, expecting to return the same night, but they did not reach Manchester until ten o'clock the following morning, when I was very much delighted to see them all, and they to land, having experienced a rough passage, which, together with the heat, made it quite unpleasant.

We remained four days in this dull spot, while papa and Robert looked up a nice watering-place where we could all board, doing our own marketing, as they generally do here. They found one in South-