

## OVER THE SEA.

### INTRODUCTION.

"Of making many books there is no end." Endless, too, are the narratives of travel and sight-seeing that crowd the columns of our magazines and journals. When I left Strathroy on the 7th of July last, turning my face towards the Old World, nothing was farther from my thoughts than the possibility of being expected to write for public perusal on my return a record of my wanderings, and of thus becoming one of the great crowd of newspaper correspondents. The solicitations of kind friends and the urgent interest of many of my pupils are, however, irresistible. The publishers of *THE AGE* must also bear a large share of the responsibility for having prevailed upon me to expose to the public gaze some pages of the experiences and memories of my recent tour.

In the issue of Sept. 25th of *THE AGE* I purpose beginning a series of essays descriptive of my fifty days abroad. As far as may be each paper will be complete in itself. The series will take the following order and will run on to the length indicated, if no unexpected impediment comes, and if my audience does not begin to yawn before the projected limit is reached:—

First paper—The Ocean Voyage.

Second paper—Glasgow and the Land of Burns.

Third paper—The Highland Lakes.

Fourth paper—Edinburgh.

Fifth paper—Abbotsford and Melrose.

Sixth paper—London—St. Paul's Cathedral and Westminster Abbey.

Seventh paper—London—The Zoological Gardens, Madame Tussaud's, The Crystal Palace, The National Gallery, The British Museum, South Kensington Museum.

Eighth paper—London Life.

Ninth paper—Stratford-on-Avon.

Tenth paper—Oxford and Cambridge.

Eleventh paper—Tennyson Land—Lincoln, Louth, Mablethorpe.

Twelfth paper—Tennyson Land—Horncastle and Somersby. Conclusion.

I begin this literary venture with the keen delight of one who is about to tell a story in which he has been the principal actor; may I end it on the verge of next Christmas-tide with the satisfaction of knowing that I have interested a few of my kind readers who have been patient enough to accompany me through so lengthened a narrative.

It is hardly necessary to say that my point of view in these papers will be mainly that of a traveller guided by literary and historical attractions. Commerce and politics, the farm and the shop, science and statistics, must be treated by another hand. My journey to the east was a journey to scenes associated with the charms of history and poetry.