

advise all young men to go a year from home, if they want to know how to behave themselves, and to see the world *on your own resources*, when you know you have not a friend within 3000 miles to give you a sovereign if you were *starving*. I was measured last night and I'm 5 ft. 10 in. and a quarter, so I have grown more than an inch since I left, and *my whiskers are coming on splendidly*. Now, you have never sent me the carte I asked you for, *do try and remember next time*. I hope Mr McKie has remembered to look over my letters to correct them, as I know there are some errors, and I can't read a letter over twice that is my own writing, although I read *YOURS TWENTY TIMES*. My fondest love to Aunty, and tell her she need not talk about cold at home; if she was here, she *might say something*. Mr Stewart and family are well. Excuse the blots on this letter, it was the desk, and not me, and it is hardly worth while writing over again.—My dearest mother accept my fondest love, and believe me your loving and devoted son,

“JOHNNIE.”

LETTER No. XI.

TORONTO, *Jannary 16th*, 1868.

Mrs SWAIN, Edinburgh.

MY DEAREST MOTHER,—As I promised you in my last *note* to write you a long letter this week, of course I must do so; although I assure you I have so much to say I really don't know what to begin first.

I was delighted to get another letter from you last week, and was only too glad you were all well, and had