

strange what a number I have either seen or heard of, in England, this year. Among them I might mention Rev. W. C. Allen, with whom I spent a very pleasant week among the hills of Hertfordshire; Revs. C. H. Shortt and J. Gibson, with whom I had an unexpected meeting at a railway station; J. Carter, who entertained me for some days at Exeter College, Oxford, where I found him delving away in the field of classics with even more energy than ever. Then I must not forget P. S. N. Strathy, with whom I dined one evening in London, and who, with Farncomb and several other Trinity "Meds." is practically studying all the ins and outs of the various diseases and disorders of the human frame, which are to be seen to such advantage in a London hospital. And let me here make mention of Provost Body, who, in keeping with his unflinching kindness to students, would have guided me to the various objects of interest in Cambridge, but I was unable to avail myself of his very kind invitation. At the pleasant meetings I have referred to, of course College politics and College experiences formed the principal topic of conversation, until we could almost imagine we really saw the three glass towers rising before us, or were once again performing a hasty toilet to the unmelodious, but familiar music of the early Chapel bell! And then thoughts of intervening miles and minutes would intrude them so abruptly and forcibly that we would begin to wonder whether it wasn't a dream after all—whether it was an actual fact that we were in that world-renowned Island of which we had heard and read so much, but of which our former conceptions had been so vague. But enough of such sentimentalities! You will expect me to turn to something more definite and practical, no doubt, and to give you some slight introduction to one or two of the scenes which it has been my rare privilege to visit during the past six months. Well, what shall it be? London, with its busy streets and teeming populace, a grand Scotch panorama of mountain and water scenery, or Canterbury, the ancient home and centre of our church—under the walls of whose Cathedral I am now writing? No, I do not feel in a vein for treating of subjects in any way weighty or serious; so let my scene be the gay French Capital, where I spent last week.

It happened to be a rough night when I found myself on board a small steamer, rolling about among the choppy channel waves, which would give one a tendency to uncomfortable feelings, all previous Atlantic discipline notwithstanding. After about six hours of this, we found ourselves close under the white French Cliffs, which correspond so exactly to those on the opposite coast as to suggest a closer embrace at some pre-historic time. The port of Dieppe, where we landed, presented a bleak, treeless, cheerless aspect from the water, but I suppose that any ordinary effect of this kind must have been considerably enhanced by the chilly gloom of that dull November morning. As we came alongside the wharf, a lofty black and gilt crucifix was the first object that engaged our attention—a silent reminder that we were in a Roman Catholic country. Would that this symbolized the most baneful of its predominating opinions and influences! After procuring some refreshment, we found that nearly an hour intervened before the departure of our train—just time for a short walk into the town. Near its centre we came to an open square, crowded with people, who, with loud words and lively gesticulations, were disputing the value of the fish and

vegetables which lay piled up on rough tables and wheelbarrows in every direction. The women, who formed the larger proportion of the crowd (and the more animated, too), all wore white caps or hoods, with long strings, the whole of spotless white; while men and women alike seemed to have a strong predilection for light-blue clothing. I often remarked this trait subsequently, both in the French civil and military dress. Opposite the market square stood the Cathedral, the most prominent edifice in the town. At the door sat two aged and also, I thought, abject specimens of humanity, one of whom sold rosaries, candles, &c., while the other held out a round brush, the bristles of which all worshippers reverently touched when passing. The interior of the Cathedral seemed to us rather dark, dirty and dismal, but probably the weather may have again had something to do with our impressions. On both sides of the nave there was a succession of small chapels, dedicated to particular saints, with now and then a worshipper kneeling before the candle-lighted altar, while in the chancel two priests were, in low tones, celebrating mass. But our time is nearly up, so we hurry back and take seats in the train, which soon moves off for Paris. Wondering at the strangely slow rate of progress, we look out. It is explained: The track runs down the centre of a broad street, so in order to give due and timely warning of the approach of the train, a man walks calmly in front waving a red flag. At last, nobody having been run over (not even the flag-man), we are out of Dieppe, and flying through a rolling country, in which nothing strikes us as deserving of notice, except the architecture of the high, white, acutely-gabled houses, which remind us rather of the rustic buildings in our own province of Quebec. Rouen is the only town of any importance passed, and but little is seen of it from the railway, which here penetrated the hill, on the side of which the city lies. After leaving Rouen, our course follows the windings of the Seine. But the water is muddy, the banks low, and the landscape as dreary as before; so, making the usual allowances for the time of year, we pull down the window blinds, button our coats tighter, lie back among the cushions, dozing comfortably, with slight intermissions, until the train comes to a standstill outside Paris, and an official demands "*Vos billets, Messieurs.*" Ah! here we are, about to be launched forth into Paris, and however shall we get on with—or rather without—our knowledge of that vile French language. The thought is appalling! Visions of neglected French lectures, and the consequent admonitions of Monsieur Pernet, rise up like evil spectres, shaking their bony fists at us! Oh, if the Monsieur were here, wouldn't he chuckle and gloat over our helpless, dependent condition! But he isn't; and we console ourselves with the thought that we must retain some slight sediment of these manifold verbs and phrases which were rammed down our throats from time to time, and, besides, numbers of English and American visitors must have "done" the city under similar disadvantages. But farewell to such consoling reflections, for here are more than a dozen cabmen and porters, opening fire on us at the rate of about one hundred and fifty words a minute, accompanied by the most frantic and alarming gesticulations! But the cab difficulty is at last surmounted at the expense of a franc-and-a-half overcharge (may the grasping Jehu have to pay every centime of it to his Father, confessor in expiation of his guilt), and in calmer frame of mind we are being