

becoming reconciled to the inevitable, when I take into account the many advantages likely to flow from this enforced period of rest and travel.

To-day, I paid my fifteenth visit to Dr. Mackenzie. He says that I am improving, and that we may leave London at the end of the present week. I had some conversation with the Doctor last Monday about our future movements. We are likely to spend September and October in Scotland, and afterwards to spread our wings and fly to the Sunny South. The Doctor says that the Mediterranean is so different from all other waters, we need not be afraid of it. So we will move about along its shores, commencing with a few weeks at Mentone or San Remo, in the neighborhood of Nice, then at Florence, and next at Rome.

Last Sabbath, we heard Dean Stanley in the morning, and Archbishop Manning in the evening. I was anxious to hear both, as the former is likely to be next Archbishop of Canterbury, and the latter successor to Pio Nono. The Dean we heard imperfectly. He read, closely and without warmth, an able sermon. The Archbishop delivered a powerful discourse, without notes, for an hour and ten minutes.

MENTONE, FRANCE, NOV. 21, 1874.

I know that you will be anxious to hear of our prosperity in this far-off land. Let me give you a brief summary of our progress since I wrote you from Helensburgh, immediately before we left Scotland.

Throughout our whole journey we were highly favoured with the weather. We saw not one drop of rain from the time we left Scotia until we had been some days in this place. Bright skies, balmy days, nights not cold, accompanied us all the way. We had a very comfortable ride from Edinburgh to London. There we rested over the Sabbath. Dr. Mackenzie was away from home, and had been so for three weeks. He was off for his holidays. I saw his assistant three times. To the inhalation which I have been regularly taking for three months, he added lozenges, to be gradually dissolved in the mouth every four hours. He also gave me a preparation of sulphate of zinc. I think, wherewith to touch daily the larynx and adjacent vocal organs.

On the Sabbath we heard Dr. Parker, author of "Ecce Deus," and a distinguished minister of the Congregational Church. He gave us an admirable lecture on the Centurion who built a synagogue for the Jewish nation, and who came to invoke Christ's healing powers in behalf of his servant. He rivetted an audience of about 2,500 by the vivid, graphic manner in which he presented practical views of Gospel truth. One thing I have learned from the men I have heard, and I have listened to some of the foremost preachers of the day, is the importance of *manner*. Demosthenes was almost right in his axiom about the all-important element of "action" in the qualifications of an orator.

We left London at 8 o'clock, p.m., on the Monday, and crossed the Channel from Newhaven to Dieppe. This is a longer sea-route than from Dover to Calais, but very much cheaper. Fortunately, the sea was perfectly calm; scarce a ripple stirred the surface; hence, we had a pleasant passage, and suffered nothing from sea-sickness. A railway journey of 125 miles through Normandy, reminding us in many aspects of Lower Canada, brought us to Paris at four o'clock in the afternoon of Tuesday. After dinner at the table d'hôte of the London and New York Hotel, at which about forty persons sat down, and where

nothing but English could be heard, we sallied out to see Paris by lamplight. We sauntered down to the Church of the Madeleine, a magnificent building in the style of a Greek Temple, and thence strolled leisurely down the Boulevards de Capucines and des Italiens. Feeling tired, I said to Maggie: "Let us sit down on the pavement in front of this splendid Cafe, take tea, and gaze out on Parisian life as it streams past. What need we care for observation; nobody knows us here." We had scarce begun to sip our tea when a gentleman sat down in front of us and called for cigars. At first, I got a glimpse merely of his side-face; but as he turned round more fully, I found it to be John Redpath, my fellow-fisher at Labrador last summer. He was as amazed as we were at the meeting. We saw a very little more of the place next forenoon. It is a magnificent city. That afternoon (Wednesday), we left the capital of France for the South, intending to rest at Dijon. When we reached that town at midnight, we shrank from going out into the cold in a strange town, and resolved to go right on to Lyons. When we arrived at this city at breakfast time, we thought it an unseemly hour to go to bed, so the word was, "On to Marseilles." We stuck to our train and continued our journey. All day we skirted the banks of the Rhone, and every glimpse from the window convinced us that we were at last in the land of the olive and vine. At dark, we found ourselves in a comfortable hotel in Marseilles. We were tired by our continuous rail journey of 537 miles from Paris. So we rested all next day (Friday) in the commercial capital of France. On Saturday morning, we again packed up our traps and started for this place, 155 miles distant. What a glorious day it was overhead! What a feast of enjoyment all through! On our right were the sparkling waters of the Mediterranean, so richly blue. On our left, orchards of olives, and figs, and oranges, and lemons, and ranges of vineyard. As the Maritime Alps began to throw out their grey limestone arms to the sea, tunnels became frequent. In and out—then a charming peep at the ever-varying sea. In again and out—then a picturesque view of the rugged coast-line, with its numerous indentations. It was a "white day," a day never to be forgotten!

We reached Mentone in the afternoon, and remained over Sabbath at the Grande Bretagne Hotel. On Monday, aided by a letter to the wife of the French pastor here, kindly procured for us by Miss Logie, now of Edinburgh, formerly of Kingston, we sallied out in search of a boarding-house, here called "Pension." We were soon successful. We made terms with the lady who keeps the "Pension Suedoise" (Swedish boarding-house.) She is a Mademoiselle Tellin. Her father was chaplain to the King of Sweden. She is a Protestant, and I regard her as a good Christian woman. We find her kind. We have a comfortable, though not large, room on the second floor. It has a southeren exposure, and gets the benefit of the sun nearly all the day long. This is the great recommendation here. We pay eighteen francs (\$3.60) per day, exclusive of candles which cost us about nine francs per month, and wood for which we pay two francs per basket. We have just finished our first basket. It lasted us five evenings; but as the weather becomes colder, two evenings will despatch a basket. These terms are considered very reasonable, and are cheaper than such of our acquaintances, whom we have made, pay. At present the sun rises about seven o'clock and passes over the Western hills at four o'clock. It is not safe for invalids to be out after that hour. We get a snack in the morning—coffee, bread and butter—then dejeuner or luncheon at noon and the great meal of the day is table d'hôte at half-past five o'clock. A cup of tea at eight, p.m., forms the last meal in the day. The food is not so different from that to which we have been accustomed as we expected to find it in France.