

bodies with this contact with Nature and their hearts with the sight of the children's glee. Did our friend go there? We even have churches in Paris, churches that are crammed from six o'clock in the morning till one in the afternoon with worshippers who go on their knees to God. Now, did our friend go to church on that Sunday? Well, where did he go? I am quitting Whitewater to-morrow, and I leave it to his townspeople to investigate the matter. When I first visited New York, stories were told me of strange things to be seen there even on a Sunday. Who doubts, I repeat, that every great city has its black spots? I had no desire to see those of New York, there was so much that was better worth my time and attention. If our friend, our observing friend, would only have done in Paris as I did in New York, he would have seen very little low immorality.«

The little encounter at Whitewater was only one more illustration of the strange fact that the Anglo-Saxon who is so good in his own country, so constant in his attendance at church, is seldom to be seen in a sacred edifice abroad, unless, indeed, he has been led there by Bædeker.

And last night, at Withewater, I went to bed pleased with myself, like a man who has fought for his country.

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When I am in France, I often bore my friends with advice, and find, as usual, that advice is a luxurious gift thoroughly enjoyed by the one who gives it.

»You don't know how to do these things,« I say to them; »in England, or in America, they are much more intelligent: they do like this and like that.« And my friends generally advise me to return to England or America, where things are so beautifully managed.

But, when I am out of France, the old Frenchman is all there; and if you pitch into my mother country, I stand up ready to fight at a minute's notice.

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