

The graveyard seems to hold "the great majority," for they are more populous than the villages.

We are surprised at the scarcity of the orchards and streams, which are so important features in our Canadian scenery. The fences of warm-colored brick are tapestried with lichens and tender parasites, ivy, fern and myrtle grow in their chinks and add an air of softness to the harsh rock-masses. No stray blots of ugliness disfigure the country: even along the railway the waste places have been made beautiful.

It has been pithily remarked that England is thoroughly groomed, for here Brute Nature has long been subject to the hand of man. The fields appear to be perfected by a hairdresser rather than a plough-man. They are combed, and brushed and pomatumed, and coiffured. They are as formal and precise as stage scenery.

It was a mean view of London we got on our way through to the sea. The train passed underground most of the way, only emerging occasionally to run on a level with the house-tops. It left an impression of mediocre streets, congested brick and mortar, chimney-pots, red tiled-roofs, grime and sordidness.

Being the day before Bank Holiday, that we arrived at Southend-on-Sea, we had great difficulty in getting a place wherein to stow ourselves. Finally we secured three rooms at Westcliff, a pretty suburb away from the noise of the "trippers," who were already pouring into the Town in thousands. On Bank Holiday, the trains brought one hundred and fifty thousand of the laboring class from London, and so we made the acquaintance of a "Arry," and "Arriet." 'Arry, who is-always crop-headed, is attired in a Derby hat and bell-mouthed trousers; 'Arriet in wide-leaved headgear, an enormous structure-trimmed with an elaboration of velveteen, feathers and flowers. This pretentious hat, she wears jauntily cocked on the side of her head and let me parenthetically observe that her millinery is