

beautiful weather that we had been having all the way from the Horn, lasted right on across the Bay of Biscay, which was as smooth as you could wish. We saw the coast of Spain for about forty miles in the region of Finisterre, a dangerous part, on which hundreds of vessels lie wrecked. It was about midnight when the Beechy Head light was sighted from Dungeness. I saw all the coast till we were docked - the white cliffs of Dover, Dover Castle, Deal, Ramsgate, Sheerness, Gravesend. (where several passengers went ashore) Some parts of the river I thought very pretty, and the grass, how green it looked! And what a multitude of boats went gliding by, while the dock was a perfect maze of masts. What I kept my senses! Next day I went to London with Kirkland, and we spent some hours in driving about on the top of different omnibuses till really we had quite a good idea of the place. That night we put up at a Temperance hotel in Ludgate

Hill, next day he went off to Glasgow, and I secured temporary lodgings and saw Dr. Mansell. He recommended the London Hospital, and a few days later I saw three old Duedin students who are attending this hospital, and they thought very highly of it too. So I have attached myself to it, it is the largest hospital in London and has a very good staff. I consider myself very fortunate in being lodged where I am - Crosby, who took his first year in Duedin - lives here too - he attends the Middlesex Hospital. I have a quarter of an hour's walk to Gower Street Station, and thence I go in the underground to St. Mary's, Whitechapel - from which it is about three minutes' walk to the London Hospital. I pay a guinea a week, and this does not include lunch - the underground travelling costs £2.0.0 every three months, washing is an extra. So that altogether it will cost me quite 30s a week, but that is cheap in London, I am led to believe. I hope to be able to go up for the M. B. C. & C.