steamers

tion, and on board, which ply Perhaps plendidly. w'—when at happy ou not, or the velvet namented; to say which not hings are summer

## CHAPTER III.

## ARRIVAL AT QUEBEC.

Once more I am on terra firma, and on Canadian soil, where I breathe a balmier air and rejoice in a clearer atmosphere than you in England can have any idea of. After all, we were in twenty-four hours before the mail steamer, the Sarmatian, which you must own is a feather in the cap of the Sarnia. One hears much of the St. Lawrence, but it is hard to exaggerate its beauties. When you are fairly in it, after having escaped the fog of the Newfoundland Banks and the icebergs of the Gulf, on you sail all day and night amidst islands, and past mountains, their tops covered with snow, stretching far away into the interior,