

tific in her talk, but she was rather proud of the vagues nerve. Indeed, we began to have a great affection for that useful monitor within, of whose existence we had not heard before; and many a time afterward, when our desire for dinner was becoming peremptory, we only recognized the friendly offices of this hitherto unknown bellman, who, was doubtless, in his own quiet way, sounding the tocsin of the soul.

In fact, these trivial-minded people would have nothing to do with a serious study of the Canadian character. They said that they approved of the political institutions of this country because they got French bread at dinner. They were quite sure that the Canadians were most loyal subjects of the Crown, and that every thing was for the best, simply because some very kind friends called on them with a couple of carriages, and whirled them away up to the summit of the Mount Royal Park, and showed them the great plain beneath, and the city, and the broad river. They went mad about that river. You would have fancied that Bell had been born a barge-woman, and had spent her life in shooting rapids. We knew that the old-fashioned song of our youth kept continually coming back to her idle fancy, for we heard faint snatches of it hummed from time to time when the rest of us were engaged in talk.

'Why should we yet our sail unfurl?  
There is not a breath the blue wave to curl;  
But when the wind blows off the shore,  
Oh, sweetly we'll rest our weary oar!

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'Utawa's tide! this trembling moon  
Shall see us float over thy surges soon.  
Saint of this green isle, hear our prayers—  
Oh, grant us cool heavens and favouring airs!  
Blow, breeze, blow! the stream runs fast,  
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past!

And the daylight was indeed past when we left Montreal; for these unconscionable tourists insisted on starting at the unholy hour of ten at night, so that they should accomplish some foolish plan or other. It was an atrocious piece of cruelty. We got into a sleeping-car, and found the brightest and cleanest of bunks awaiting us. We were pretty tired, too, with rushing up and down belfry stairs and what not. 'It was no wonder, therefore, that we speedily forgot all about our having to get up in the middle of the night at some wretched place called Prescott.

We were summoned back from the calm of dreamland by a hideous noise. We staggered out of the carriage, and found ourselves in a small empty railway station at two in the morning. But the more we rubbed our eyes, the more we were bewildered. Everything was wrapped in a cold thick fog, so that the train was but the phantom of a train, and we seemed to each other as ghosts. The only light was from a solitary lamp that sent its dazzling glare into the fog, and seemed to gather about it a golden smoke. Then these fierce cries in the distance:

'Dan'l's? Who's for Dan'l's? All aboard for Dan'l's!'

The poor shivering wretches stared helplessly at each other, like ghosts waiting for Charon to take them somewhither.

'Dan'l's?' again resounded that unearthly cry, which had a peculiar rising inflection on the second syllable. 'Who's for Dan'l's? All aboard for Dan'l's?'

Then it crossed the mind of the bewildered travellers that perhaps this Dan'l's was some hostelry in the neighbourhood—some haven of refuge from this sea of fog—and so they stumbled along until they made out the glare of another lamp, and here was an omnibus with its door flung wide open.

'Dan'l's?' sung out the plaintive voice again. 'Who's for Dan'l's Hotel? All aboard for Dan'l's?'

We clambered into the small vehicle and sat down, bound for the unknown. Then the voice outside grew sharp. 'ALL ABOARD!' it cried. The door was banged to, and away we went through the fog, plunging and reeling, as if we were climbing the bed of a stream.

Then we got into the hostelry, and there was an air of drowsiness about it that was ominous. The lights were low. There was no coffee-room open.

'I think,' said the lieutenant, rubbing his hands cheerfully—'I think we could not do better than have some brandy or whiskey and hot water before going to bed.'

The clerk, who had just handed him his key, politely intimated that he could have nothing of that sort—nothing of any sort, in fact. The lieutenant turned on him.

'Do you mean to tell me that this is a temperance house?' he said, with a stare.

'No, it ain't,' said the clerk. 'Not gen-