

hardened on the roads, and the sleighs turn out with bright harness and jingling bells, this dead-alive air will pass away ; but the doubtful days, whilst the snow though deep is still soft, must be trying ; and when the thaw sets in next spring, imagination fails to conceive what the state of the roads must be.

It seems to me that the climax of dirt and mud has been already reached ; but they must be positively clean now, in comparison with their possibilities when winter is breaking.

The boarding-house where we have come to anchor (our first and last experience of this American institution) leaves almost everything to be desired, food included. The view from our windows is dull and triste ; a great unfinished building in front of us ; a melancholy car-stand down below ; and a miserable little fountain in the midst of the unhappy little square. An Irish servant with optimist views says the roses in the square are "just lovely" in the summer, but has failed to inspire us with the least wish to see them then.

Of course we have done our Montmorency Falls, and seen the still more wonderful Natural Steps close by ; a succession of horizontal rocks, cut out with the precision of art, but perfectly natural and extending