

Can make nothing of it. After two hours' study, her Excellency is called in, to whom the document renders up its secrets.

11.45.—Arrive at Toronto. Meet Mr. Moody.

12 o'clock.—Bed, and spasms of sleep.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 1.—We awake to find ourselves leaving Sarnia, and being carried in the train and in our beds to the American side. We land in the country of the Stars and Stripes, and begin to feel hungry. We dress, and we put up the nocturnal arrangements which disfigure our drawing-room, put down the tables in the place of the beds, and prepare a breakfast for which we have all good appetites. Invisible somewhere, Mr. Nowell is boiling water for the tea. Audible, at the other end of the car, Mr. Ward stands, watch in hand, boiling eggs, and calling to us, anxious hearers, "One minute," "Two minutes," "Three minutes," "Three minutes and a-half, done!" and done to a turn, too. Then we have *pâté de foie gras*, and potted veal pie, and Devonshire cream, and jam, and the most delicious home-made bread and butter, and very good tea, and we highly approve our meal.

Our first station was Detroit, where a Mr. Brush came to see his Excellency, and where we walked about for twenty minutes. After this we read, and