

availed themselves. The future of some of these young fellows it is not difficult to predict. In a little while they will have exhausted their resources, and will return home disgusted with Canada, and swearing that it is impossible to get a living there. There was no need for them to go to an hotel at all. In the yard there was a capital shed fitted up for refreshments. I had there a plate of good ham, bread-and-butter and jam, and as much good tea as I wanted—all for a shilling. It was a boon indeed to the emigrants we had landed from the *Sarnia* to find such a place at their disposal.

As to myself, I need not assure you I was glad enough to find myself in a Pullman car, bound for Montreal. I shed no tears as we left Quebec far behind, and glided on under a cloudless, moonlit sky, serenaded by those Canadian nightingales, the frogs. At first I felt a little difficulty in retiring to rest. As a modest man, I was inclined to object to the