

TOUR IN WESTERN CANADA.

DEAR READERS,

One very hot day, in June, 1865, I resolved to throw all care away, to shut up my house, and take a trip, not for the benefit of my health,—for that, I am happy and thankful to say, is always good,—but for amusement, and rest to the mind; for as the Sabbath is wisely ordered to be a rest to the body, so a change of scene is of great benefit to the mind. All should travel when they have the means and are in health, not wait till they are driven from home by the doctor for the purpose of acquiring that health which a little fresh air might have preserved. Money is necessary, but few spend it with prudence and to advantage; many spend on themselves, few to God's glory. But enough of moralizing. On the 5th July, 1865, my mother and I started on our travels. We left Montreal at noon, and reached Lachine in half an hour, eager for our journey; but, alas! no steamer was to be seen. It had been detained, and we had to wait about two hours at the station, which is a very disagreeable place, dirty and uncomfortable, and with hardly a seat.