

bride, who suffered much on the voyage, and would suffer more I fear when she reached her destination; for she was going out with her husband, a missionary, to some unpronounceable Indian tribe in the wilds of North West Canada—four days' journey from Quebec.

A handsome black retriever and a child of twelve, who is to act as general servant, together with some cocks and hens complete their curious *ménage*.

The husband gave us a sermon the evening of the day we landed in Quebec, which made me pity her still more profoundly; remembering how many of a like or worse description she would have to hear before seeing old England again.

I had put on every pair of new gloves and stockings I possessed before leaving England and spent my one day on deck, staggering under the weight of an enormous fur cloak with the fear of the custom house before my eyes; but the anticipation of evil proved our only source of suffering. It is always the unforeseen which is really to be dreaded, not the dangers or difficulties sketched out and coloured up for us by cheerful friends beforehand.

On this occasion no doubt, a friend at court, in the shape of the Rector of Quebec, made our way extra smooth, but I don't believe in any case the stones