

us trust he has gone to a better world, and that we will all be united there. You know he has lived over man's allotted time, and that he was fast becoming both a burden to himself, and to those around him.

I think my last epistle stopped at Montreal. Well, we there went to the "Albion Hotel" and saw a little of Yankee style. The first thing you do is to go up to the "hotel clerk" (there is no master to receive you) and register your name, then he gives you a key and sends a man with your luggage up to your room (No. 63) where we gave ourselves a good wash, and prepared to look about us. Montreal is a very fine city, and is justly termed the "Emporium of the West"; there are a great many beautiful buildings and streets in it. I have got pictures of the principal ones, which I hope to show you some day, but the postage is too much to send them; besides they will be none the worse for keeping. The meal hours at the "Albion" are 8 a.m., 1 p.m., and 6 p.m.; the grub is first class; you get everything in season. All dine in one large hall, containing about twenty tables to accommodate twelve each. There are no dishes on the table, but everything is brought to you in very small pie dishes, of which you have six or eight round you. The attendance is excellent; there being about three waitresses to each table. There is a hair cutter and shaver attached to the establishment, and splendid easy American chairs to lie on, with high rest for your legs; so you see everything here is done with an eye to comfort. The charge is 6s. a day, including room, attendance, lights, and *everything*; we can't do it for that at home.

While I was there it happened to be a grand high