

Montreal
Sep. 3rd

My Dear Ann

you will be surprised
to receive a letter from me
dated from His Majesty's
dominions, I have been here
almost a fortnight, having
accompanied My Dear Father
here, I cannot but regret
that you did not come to Canada
the last year, to see what a
different sort of this is from
our U.S. places - you would be
struck with the narrow streets
imperfect pavements, and low
houses in many streets, when
you suddenly come upon
magnificent churches - fine
gardens, convents - and
rich popes belonging to
the priests - hear as much
French as English spoken by
the inhabitants, and all
every thing find you are in
a foreign country - tho' but

a days journey from Lassa
toja. The approach to Keen
Keal is beautiful. The city
lies on the bosom of the
noble River St Lawrence
and stretches more than
a mile along the shore where
a fine quay fronted by large
buildings present themselves.
The domed market place
and numerous steeples
of the churches have a
very imposing appearance
and the beautiful Menn
tains in their verdant cover-
ing bound the whole view.

The day we arrived the
heavens were shrouded in
fantastic white clouds
which reflected in the water
and crowning the mountain
tops added greatly to the
prospect, and gave a fine
first impression, - Lassa is

to put on, for two or three
cold ones which prevented it.
This climate differs very
much from ours, even in
Summer. I removed your
letter only a few days before
I left home, and was then
very uncertain about coming
away. So was at Sacatogo,
Ia, left on the morning
we did. My man had the
gout, so that if I had been
with myself, I should have
remained. But they urged
my coming so ~~insistently~~, that
I yielded, ~~and~~ am so much
improved in health, that I
hope to return somewhat ~~stronger~~
stronger in the course of a
fortnight. I beg you will
give my best love to my dear
Brother, the poor little girl
and their brothers. When I
heard from home, my man was
well. Neither of our other brothers
had returned. From my dear
Aunt believe me ever affection-
ately yours P. Brady