

the man who practised wild gymnastics for half an hour getting into bed, rather than the musical genius who would keep up a nasal song the whole night through.

But in any case you will not sleep very soundly the first night. You will be cramped for room, the pulsations of the engine will throb right under your head, and your experience, as you are being rocked in the cradle of the deep, will be such that you will heartily wish the deep would let your cradle alone. By degrees, however, you get accustomed to your new life, so that you can sleep soundly in spite of the throbbing engine or the jerky rocking of the deep.

Life on board a steamer soon becomes monotonous. Your circle of acquaintances may embrace the whole passenger list; but then, as these for the most part are strangers that you meet for the first time, you find it rather difficult to hit upon interesting subjects for conversation. You can't discuss the faults and foibles of mutual friends where you have none, and everyone knows what an agreeable topic of conversation that is. Only walking cyclopædias can take part in any subject of discussion that is introduced, and by general consent walking cyclopædias are voted bores of the first order.

The most popular man on board ship is he who can devise the best way of killing time, and many are the strange devices introduced by way of amusement to while away the time that can't all be occupied in eating or sleeping. If on King Street we were to see twelve young bloods harnessed, six to each end of a long rope, and pulling for bare life to see which half-dozen could pull the other across the street, we would be perfectly astounded; and yet that is one of the ordinary occurrences at sea. Shuffle board, a game something between curling and hop scotch, is the other outdoor exercise; while for the cabin at night there are the never-failing cards, chess, drafts and dominoes. On the whole, you can manage to kill time for ten days tolerably well; but if your days should happen to be rainy, foggy or stormy, you will be prepared to hail with increased enthusiasm the first sight of land on the other side.

And England is a lovely country to see, even though your first view be only through the windows of a car, rushing at the rate of fifty miles an hour.

To a Canadian, whose railroad experience only brings up dim visions of endless forests, the change to a roadway running through lands, every inch of which is under cultivation, is very striking. Between Liverpool and London the road runs through a garden of undulating ground that fairly teems with corn. And as you pass through hamlet or village or town that is associated in your memory with some story, real or fictitious, such as Rugby, Tamworth, Harrow or Stafford, it requires an effort to convince yourself that this is all real, and that you are not under the spell of some fairy tale.

English railways differ from ours in many important particulars; and although they have their advantages, I think on the whole our system is much more perfect than theirs. In the first place you are shut up in a small compartment; and where, as sometimes happens, two or three friends have this to themselves, it is very pleasant. You can talk upon any subject without having a circle of listeners you don't want. Then the carriages ride more easily, and there is less noise than on ours; but there the advantages cease. You have no boy coming round to regale you with peanuts, no lottery packages dropped into your lap to be nursed like a doll until the determined urchin returns again to collect them with a manner that is all protest against the trouble you give. And what is a real and standing grievance against all English railways, you might die of thirst on the road and you couldn't get a drink of water for love or money. They have absolutely no accommodation for passengers in transit. They carry you safely and speedily to your journey's end, but they never dream of ministering to your wants on the road. And yet John Bull thinks he has the most perfect railway system in the world. He won't even admit that our system of checking luggage is better than his awkward mode of conveyance. There your traps are placed in a compartment of the car on which you travel, and they are safe enough in transit; but, arrived at the end of your journey, each passenger claims his own luggage, and there is positively nothing whatever to hinder any stranger from claiming and receiving luggage that belongs to another. Think of a nervous,