

city, have been robbed of my money, which I had thought would travel with me all the way to my destination untouched, or nearly so, or have been led into evil hands, which would not have let me go without a great deal of trouble, and perhaps the loss of everything I possessed. Since then I have always endeavoured to have an alternative. We may lay excellent plans to be sure, but we can never confidently count on carrying them out, and in such an event we ought to know what is the next best thing to do.

Again, I always take care to have money to help myself with. To go about empty-handed is to become a dependant on the charity of other people, and I have never seen the charity that is willing to help him who ought to be able to help himself; it will scarcely help the helpless, and as a rule does so with great compunction, though I have seen one or two true examples of Christian charity; but if you want to lose the respect, the esteem, the worship so to speak, of your fellow creatures, let them see you are penniless and dependant.

I took care of my money and never spent a penny I could help spending by any means, and yet when I reached my destination in Canada I had not ten shillings left.

The porter's wife treated me very kindly, and gave me a bed with her eldest little boy, but the dreadful noise of the trains constantly going through the station, kept me awake so long that I thought I should have no sleep that night. At last I fell into a dream of being lost in a crowd of engines, my box, which I was compelled to carry on my back, bursting open with its stuffing of shillings, which rolled under the wheels so that I could not get them, my poor mother at one of the windows I could see far above me, weeping and wringing her hands on my account, until my little sister Emmy came flying towards me on shining wings; and then I knew no more until a movement beside me woke me up to find myself in a strange bed, with strange sounds in my ears, and a strange feeling at my heart. After breakfast the porter sent a cabman, who was a friend of his, to take me to my destination, and in three hours more I was again in the train on the way to Liverpool.

The gentleman in whose care I travelled was very good to me, and left me in charge of a lodging house keeper, to whom I was to look for bed and board until the ship started, which would be next day but one. This person asked me many questions as to my expectations in Canada, and seemed pleased with my replies. "The great folly of most emigrants", he said "is in expecting too much; they expect they are going to live like gentlemen without much exertion, and suppose that to become rich they have only to buy land. You seem to be wise, my lad; prosperity requires exactly the same means and qualities for its attainment in Canada as in England; if you are honest, industrious and persevering, if you are content to learn the ways of the country, and have a good judgment and a bit of education, you will get along.

Now come with me and we will buy your bedding and other things".

I was much encouraged with these remarks, and went with a light heart through what appeared to me the dirtiest, darkest, muddiest streets imaginable, until we reached a shop dirtier and darker still; here my friend got me a narrow, hard mattress, a pair of rough, grey blankets like horse cloths, a pair of sheets of soft but green looking calico, and a rough, knotted quilt, something like I had slept under at home, but smelling horribly new; then I was furnished with a knife and fork and teaspoon, a tin plate, mug and pot, and some other things I forget now.

"These things will be sent to the ship to your berth", said my friend after I had paid for them, and this lessened my money nearly half. "Now we will go to the ship and you can see something that will surprise you".

As we went along more muddy streets, where the lumbering noise of waggons and the smell of tar seemed continual, I saw the scaffolding of what I thought must be remarkably high buildings, peeping over the tops of the houses. I looked at them for some time, and at last as I saw more of them the further I went, asked my companion what they were building.

"Where?" he enquired, looking round.

I indicated the high poles before us.

"Those! why those are the ships!" he replied, laughing heartily; "don't you see flags flying from the masts? There's the Yankee flag with the stars and stripes; you'll pass several ships on your way over carrying the same. There's one of the White Star Line", he continued, as he pointed to a little flag with a white star on it "There's the Persia, one of the Cunard Line, and the swiftest clipper on the Atlantic; she made her last passage in little more than nine days; and that's the Hibernian of the Allan Line, by which line you are going".

"Is that the ship I am to go in?" I asked.

"No, not that, yours is the American, but here we are", he replied, as we came in sight of what seemed to me a whole village of masts and cordage.

"Keep close to me", said my companion, "or you'll be lost".

I promised to do so, and he went straight to a ship that lay at the edge of what I thought was a cross street, but he called it a deck; in following him I stumbled down a deep step, under which, as I fell, I perceived the black water gurgling and jostling, with a fear that made my heart jump. Nobody noticed me, even if they saw me fall, and as I regained my footing I found myself on a much bigger floor than I expected. As I walked about I was conscious of a tendency to turn giddy now and then, but I was glad to find there was none of that bobbing up and down, and rolling from side to side, which I had always thought was the regular condition of ships in general. I looked sharply about me, but found it hard to separate things; probably