

passionate young Canuck, with his far-stretching arms, his mighty throws and sinews, and all his abounding vitality. No page in our nation's story is so riveting and dramatic as this.

Further on, we come to where a veritable Minnehaha, the Falls of Montmorenci, lead madly down a lofty precipice, and beyond, in his little white-washed hamlet, lives the *habitant* with his "plaintee good healt' what de monee can't give;" his "good trotter horse an' nice famme Canadienne."

The Island of Orleans is passed; Baie St. Paul and Isle Aux Coudres come into view, and at Murray Bay the "first day out" is ended, and we turn to the study of life aboard ship. We try not to be homesick when we think of the rapidly "lengthening chain" that separates us from home and love; we even make half-tearful jokes about our berths calling them "wooden overcoats," but are glad to turn in and whisper our "Now I lay me," for after all it is our first trip across the ocean, and we have not exhausted the simple, homely emotions of life.

Labrador, that tract which Jacques Cartier brands as the land given to Cain, has been passed, and we begin to feel the swing of the sea. We watch the fast receding shores of the bleak and sterile Newfoundland, until it is like a view from the big end of an opera glass, and then settle down to realize that the happiness of a sea-voyage is a mixed one; that under the name of pleasure, we are prone to afflict ourselves with much misery.

O the dolours of the sea! I become cognizant of the fact the inner womam can take no Turkish bath comparable with an ordinary dose of sea-sickness. The steamer groans, sighs and grumbles in unison with me. I have nothing more to anticipate in this life. My utter lassitude, my complete