

Crossing the Ocean.—Good-bye.

Let us try to picture to ourselves a scene such as we may observe almost any day in the week all the year round if we go down to the docks of a great shipping port like London, Liverpool, or Glasgow.

A great ocean steamboat is starting for Canada, Australia, South Africa, or the United States. For days past gangs of men have been busy stowing away into her vast hold merchandise of many kinds, chiefly goods manufactured in the factories and workshops of Britain, and selected to suit the wants of the country to which the vessel is going. Other gangs of men have been filling her bunkers with hundreds of tons of coal, which will be required as fuel for the engines that drive her across the wide seas over which she must pass. The heavy baggage of passengers, containing things they do not want to use during the voyage, but which they will require in the lands to which they go, is being stowed away in the baggage-rooms below deck. Hundreds of post-bags, full of letters and papers, have been brought on board and sent to the mail-room.

Passengers are coming on board, and mingled with them on the decks and wharves are the crowds of friends who have come to say farewell, or the spectators who are always drawn together by the departure of an ocean steamship.

Porters are busy carrying luggage, steam is up, and the officers are at their posts.

All is ready at last—a bell rings—visitors hasten to