

are securing corners of carriages, and preparing to make themselves as comfortable as they can for their long journey.

At last they are all stowed in. Their luggage (adorned with labels as to their destination, and the ship by which they are travelling) is all packed in the vans, the whistle sounds, the last good-byes are said, and away rushes the train, a hearty English cheer from friends left behind ringing all along the station roof.

Then by degrees the trainful of people sinks to sleep, or to a quietness that is like sleep, as the powerful engine whirls them along to Liverpool.

Bright and early they draw up at Lime Street station next morning; and even the station wears a fresh and clean appearance, as though its face had been washed for the next day.

"Never mind the luggage!" says the old traveller. "It will all go down to the ship together in a van." Nervous passengers, however, are not satisfied until they see their "things," as they call them, in charge of the official of the Shipping Company in his smart uniform.

Then they adjourn to an early morning breakfast. It is the last meal they will enjoy in England—for some time, at least. Their next repast will be on board ship. And there they will find three or four good meals a day prepared for them.

They go down to the docks close by. "That is her," says somebody, meaning the ship, "her with the Blue Peter."

"Blue Peter!" exclaims a woman emigrant from the Midlands; "how can a ship have a Peter with her?"

"Ha! ha!" laughs a docker who is near. "A Blue Peter is a flag, mum, what a vessel lies just before she's a-goin' to sail. There's one, and there's another," and he points out a blue flag with a white square in the centre flying at the mast head of two or three ships.

"Oh, a flag!" said the woman; "it is just like sailors' funny talk to call a flag a Blue Peter. Come on, Jack!"

So, with her good husband, she trots on down to the quay where the huge vessel lies alongside. A plank or gangway gives access to the steamer, and the comfortable couple walk on board. The luggage had come down in vans, and is being swung into the hold by cranes.

All luggage wanted during the voyage—such as articles of clothing, as indicated in the circulars of the Emigrant Information Office—should be packed separately from the other baggage, and kept by the passengers themselves, or fastened to their berths.

First, on getting aboard, the emigrants gradually find their way below, and select their sleeping places, those for the women and children being quite separate from those for the men. The married men are allowed in the women's quarters at meal times as a great treat, to assist in feeding and amusing the children; but history does not record whether they largely avail themselves of this enjoyment! However, there are plenty of opportunities for husbands and their families to meet on deck during the day, and also at the concerts which are organized during the voyage. At last the ship sails, quietly and slowly at first. She passes the harbour bar, the shores fade, and the voyage has fairly begun.

The engine-room is closed to passengers, of course; and if they could glance in there, they would perhaps comprehend nothing from the mass of glittering rods and cranks. But by degrees they might gather that the steam enters those huge inverted cylinders, and drives the pistons to and fro, which in their turn revolve the propeller at the stern of the ship, and drive her ever and ever onward. Day after day for about a week she keeps on her course, ploughing the wide expanse of water, until at last she fetches her harbour in the West, lands her emigrants safe in port, there to meet the assistance, if they require it, of the Government Immigration Agent.

A PEEP AT KEW GARDENS.

(SEE ILLUSTRATION, PAGE 145.)

KEW is known the wide world round for its glorious gardens. For nearly three hundred years, or more, all who love flowers and gardening have turned towards Kew as one of the great centres of attraction in the floral world. Evelyn, writing in

his "Diary," March 24th, 1688, says: "We went to Kew to visit Sir Henry Capel's, whose orangery and myrtetum are most beautiful, and perfectly well kept."

In 1730, the Prince of Wales, father of George III., greatly developed the