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the tender casts off, the machinery moves, and our great ship glides slowly down the broad stream, bound for the Far West. Presently we are in the Channel ; if it be rough, those with delicate stomachs disappear, while the old sailors pace the deck, talk wisely of the weather, or begin the business of acquaintance-making. All night we plough the Channel northward, and next morning come to anchor off Greencastle, in beautiful Loch Foyle, there to await the English mail and the Irish passengers. Early in the evening these are on board ; once more "the anchor's weighed," and now we are off in earnest for the Western World.

When we come to look around us we find that, on the whole, we are with agreeable people, with some of whom we soon get up a speaking acquaintanceship, which becomes more intimate the longer we are out. Lawyers, doctors, clergymen, farmers, sportsmen, comfortable-looking families going out to Canada to remain there, and Canadian merchants and buyers. Some of these latter, we find have crossed the Atlantic scores of times, and are genial, sociable men, having a firm and an abiding faith in the future of their young country. The time goes by in a pleasant, dreamy sort of way, for there is rarely bad weather at this season of the year. In the way of amusements and recreation, there are books, cards, chess, music, a concert, with readings and acting charades, eating, drinking, and flirtation ; and, very likely, a little sea-sickness, though probably the victims of the latter would hardly call it an amusement.

On Sunday there is service in the saloon, to which the steerage passengers are invited. The service is very simple : the ordinary morning prayers are read, a couple of hymns are sung, the benediction is pronounced, and the proceedings are over.

On the fifth or sixth day out from Ireland we come in sight of the rugged coast of Newfoundland, and another day's run takes us through the straits of Belle Isle, into the gulf of St. Lawrence. A few hours later we sight the island of Anticosti on the right, and here we see the first signs of civilization, in the shape of a fishing hamlet or two at the water's edge. Further on we enter the mighty St. Lawrence itself, and thence to Quebec we have the land on either side, though at certain points, so great is the width of this majestic river, you cannot see the land except in very clear weather. As we advance up the stream we pass village after village of the French inhabitants, their white houses nestling in pleasant gardens, with a glorious background of deep green, stretching away in the distance as far as the eye can reach, and forming a picture only to be seen here. And so we move on, the towns increasing in number and size, till, on the eighth or ninth day out, the grand old fortress of Quebec looms up as we round Point Levis ; a little later our noble ship is tied up at the landing stage, and we step ashore on Canadian soil,