

a violent southerly gale, in very thick weather, through the dangerous shoals of the east coast. In the end we were driven far beyond the Tyne, and found ourselves near the historic island of Lindisfarne. Returning, when the gale abated, we passed the bar of the Tyne with some difficulty in a heavy sea. A glimpse of Flamborough Head, towering over us on a sudden lifting of the mist, and the many heavily-laden colliers, passed by us, lying to with the sea washing over their decks, remain as vivid pictures.

I stayed a day in Newcastle, and saw a little of this busy, smoky town, with its steep streets and stairways. On the one evening I passed here, I was introduced to a debating club of young men, and having taken some little part in the discussion, was complimented by a member on my speaking English so well. Possibly he supposed that my native tongue was Chipewa or Micmac! This ignorance was an intimation of the insignificance of my own country that did not pass unnoticed. To Edinburgh I went by stage, and as the weather was cold and part of the journey to be by night, I thought it prudent to take an inside place, but was surprised to find that every one but myself was content to sit outside—a lesson to me in