

our baskets and found out each other's tastes. Those who had been over the road before looked with indifference at the changed country, but the rest of us went into ecstasy over every lake and rivulet, mound and flat prairie land we came to, and our joy knew no bounds when we saw a wigwam with squaws and their papooses. The day seemed so long, it was scarcely ten o'clock and no lamps lighted; the sky was magnificent with heaps upon heaps of crimson and golden tinted clouds; the air was fresh and bracing after the hot day, and we were glad we lived. In the morning we passed through a North-west storm, and the wind and rain pelted with equal fury. We heard how trains had been blown off the track and tales of terrible cyclones, and were not a little alarmed until the storm abated, and we had to repack the waterproofs and rubbers we had gotten out so hurriedly. Winnipeg was reached, and we said farewell to the bride and groom. I met a forty-second cousin—or rather he met me—and went all over the city, and ended by ascending the top-most top of the Manitoba Hotel, where I was able to take in the place at one glance besides miles and miles of the surrounding country. It was a bigger city than I had expected to find it, and the buildings were beautiful; some of the noon-day residences on the banks of the Assiniboine were veritable palaces. I found that I had been transferred to another car when I went back to the station, and was seated near the English lady and her daughter, who were pleased to smile upon me. I asked if they had driven over the city. "Oh, no," with a patronising smile, "this is nothing to us." It was a funny way to see a country, I thought, but I was not quite prepared for the volley of abuse that was showered down upon this fair Canada of ours; the system of checks was unlike anything they had in England, and they would conform to no such methods of transferring baggage; one of their trunks had been broken, too—served them right, I thought, but made no such remark. The trees were not large enough, the country was too flat, the coaches were expensive, and the price of meals preposterous—even the sunsets came in for their share. "They are nothing to what we have in England." Daughter Maud had to content herself with reading all day, but the English lady herself could not help wondering if her maids were doing their duty—she had left two in her house, and a man to look after her garden, and she was fearful that a speck might get on her windows or a weed in her flower beds.

It was frightfully hot all afternoon, but as the sun neared the horizon it grew almost cold.

I reached my destination at nine o'clock, and found other interests awaiting us; memories of fellow passengers seemed like fleeting dreams, and, once having left it, no more thought was given to the train or its occupants.

DIXI.

Brandon, Man.

(FOR CANADA.)

## A TALE OF '47.

FROM the green hills of Ireland where the "hunger grass" grew so thickly the starving people swarmed to the quays to embark for the vessels bound for America.

Worn and wasted specimens of humanity they were, those unfortunates who were forced to leave home and country to seek for food.

Among the myriads who thronged on board the Derry was a family of four persons, John O'Donnell, his wife and two little ones, a boy and a girl, eleven and seven years of age respectively.

Ere the ship was a week out O'Donnell fell ill with the fever, and soon his body was consigned to the sea, and his wife and two little children left to complete the journey alone.

When the ship arrived at quarantine at Quebec, Mrs. O'Donnell was lying ill, and in the confusion of disembarking her children were separated from her but not from each other.

Cold and hungry the children crouched together in a corner of the emigrant shed, and were passed by unnoticed. At length they fell asleep and grief and hunger were forgotten.

One of the doctors going his rounds noticed the sleeping children, and put a rug over them for warmth. In the morning he came to them again, and learned the story of the loss of their mother. Although Dr. Brown made many enquiries he was unable to find any trace of Mrs. O'Donnell, and finally, as soon as the children were permitted to leave quarantine, he sent them to his own home in Quebec, where he knew they would find a welcome from his mother.

Twelve years have passed away. We look not on the dismal scene at Grosse Isle, but into a cheerful room in a handsome house in Quebec. There are four persons in the room, three of whom we have seen before, but under different circumstances. They are Dr. Brown, his

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