

terial conveniences, the splendid structures, the ancestral piles, which the labour of a thousand years has created in England. England, too, had her youth before her prime arrived. Two hundred years ago, matters were in a ruder condition in England, than now in some of her colonies. On the other hand, the colonies have immense advantages which England had not, in starting with the accumulated treasures of centuries of inventions and discoveries at command, and in having wisdom, gathered by ripe experience, to guide them. Their progress, therefore, should be more rapid than that of the Motherland has been. But I think that the more frequently her colonial children can visit the Old Land, to study there the best models, the more likely are they to advance steadily in all that dignifies and refines a people, and gives stability and freedom to a nation. Not only so, but their love and reverence for the land of their fathers will thereby be deepened and strengthened. In the hearts of each generation of colonists there would, in this way, grow up that reverential attachment that most resembles the love of child for parent—that tender regard that would lead them to rush to her aid in the hour of need, from earth's farthest extremities. I would have every colonist look to Old England as the Hindoo to his Ganges, as the Mahometan to his Mecca, as the Jew to his Zion, as the devotee to the shrine of his favourite saint. To colonists, one and all, I would say, let your plan in life include a trip to the Old Land. As, however, all cannot go, the next best thing is perhaps to read the tale of one who has had the privilege of a visit.

It was my good fortune to cross the Atlantic on a trip to the Old Land, under circumstances peculiarly agreeable. The ship in which I embarked² was one of the fine steamers of the Allan Line, and of course every comfort and luxury were to be found on board. She had been chartered, in a certain sense, by a number of Newfoundlanders, to convey them to Glasgow; and hence the whole cabin was at our disposal. We numbered forty-five ladies and gentlemen. All were friends or acquaintances, and formed a sort of large family party, so that no time was lost in breaking the ice, and taking the measure of one another; we were from the outset social and cordial. A more agreeable travelling party it would be difficult to find. Good humour and genuine kindness were predominant; conventionalities were laid aside, and each willingly contributed his or her share to the general enjoyment. Under such circumstances, whatever was brightest and best in each individual came to the surface. Those who would have been shy of one another on shore were seen forgathering graciously on board ship. The mercantile and business classes were largely represented. We had one or two politicians, and also one or two professionals. The ladies, married and single, were fairly represented; some young and others not quite so young, but all lively and good-humoured. The weather, too, (it was the height of summer,) proved most propitious, a gentle western breeze wafting us onward during almost the whole voyage. To cross the Atlantic under such circumstances was a real pleasure. No one could possibly feel the time hang