

Westward Ho!

Nov. 7TH.

The Padre was chaplain for the voyage, and on boarding the vessel at Liverpool, we were met by a clergyman bearing a large package of books and magazines to be distributed among the steerage passengers. They were the gift of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. It seems a pity that all the books were in English, for the majority of the 350 steerage passengers did not speak that language.

We watched them coming aboard, a swarthy, motley, gang, skimpily clad, down-at-heel, and out-at-elbow. The question of "wherewithal shall we be clothed" is one that presses hard on this swarm from the European hive. These hard-featured, unwashed, shambling fellows are perhaps the filthiest sweepings of the Old World, and yet bound for the better land of Canada, every one of them is looking out grandly into the future with unbounded faith. And fortunate too, is their escape from the foul atmosphere of fetid slums and rotting tenements; or from a rural serfdom, replete with all that is debilitating, debasing, and destructive of intellect and morality. They are what Froude calls "the few elect." Pallid, puny children, as thick as blackberries, and as ragged, held others that were younger. We were glad to walk to the other end of the vessel for the smell that greeted our nostrils was by no means the sweet odours of Araby the blest.

The night closed in with high seas and heavy weather. The breath from the wintry ocean was marrow-freezing, and we were forced in off the storm-swept deck. Through the port-holes we could see as our bows ducked and nosed, that we were executing a vigorous see-saw with the horizon. Now