

Early next morning we skirted the Isle of Man and someone quoted Wordsworth's lines :

"Bold words affirmed in days when faith was strong,
That no adventurer's bark had power to gain
These shores if he approached them bent on wrong ;
For suddenly up-conjured from the main ;
Mists rose to hide the Land—that searched though long
And eager, might be still pursued in vain."

An upstanding rock with a hole through it, is "the eye of man," and as the vessel proceeded on its way, the man shuts his eye after the manner of a doll that goes to sleep. It was too deliberate to be construed into a wink.

The softest of the silken waters is the Irish sea, and acutely green, like an ocean of melted emeralds.

Steaming down the Mersey, we passed through New Brighton, where the lands were thronged with children, and on into Liverpool. There are no "Sky Scrapers" in this wonderful city and all the houses appear uniform in height.

A tender was sent out to bring us ashore. We were transported with an ill-smelling crowd of steerage passengers and quickly landed some place—I could not just say where—all I knew was that the gangway slid out, we were crushed down by its crowd, and stood for the first time on the shores of England. The trip from Montreal had occupied ten days and fourteen hours.

The process of removing the luggage was long and tiresome, and we passed the time in watching a confused heap of towzle-headed uncared-for youngsters, balancing on an iron rail which edged the dock. They kept us in a state of nervousness and trepidation, and then considering their acrobatic feats were worthy of monetary reward, extended grubby little digits for pennies and followed us with a fire of appeals.