



THE "LABRADOR" FIGHTING THE WAVES.

ized land, and had served as a missionary among real heathen. I then conceived the plan of going the second time to our great West, and making a more thorough acquaintance with the work among the Indians and the Chinese, hoping, by this means, to qualify myself for speaking as an interested observer of the heathen, if not as an actual missionary to them. The reply which I received from the S.P.G., after communicating my intention to the secretary, was in brief, "Go and come." Accordingly, with the consent of my bishop, I set out for British Columbia, and performed most of those journeys described in "The Camera in the Mission Field," learning as much as possible, in the time at my disposal, from white man, red man, and yellow man, and getting sunlight images of the latest and truest visible evidences of the good effect of Anglican missions in the newer parts of Canada.

A few days spent at home sufficed for the final arranging of parish business and the completion of the optical outfit. Then came the beginning of the realization of a long-cherished hope. Often have I joined with loyal parishioners in singing the Canadian additional verse of "God Save the Queen," which begins,

"Far from the mother land
Nobly we'll fall or stand
By England's Queen."

Now I was actually starting on a journey to that "motherland." For thirty-nine years I had been absent from old England. I had forgotten many things which I must when a child have known well. Soon I was to set foot upon my native soil and see sights of which I had often read, and mused, and had sometimes even dreamed.

The ship in which I was to "go down to the sea," and for the space of a week "occupy my business in great waters," was the *Labrador*, one of the finest vessels that steam along the Canadian route. The course from the commercial capital of the Dominion to the entrance into the Gulf of St. Lawrence was as enjoyable as fine weather and magnificent scenery could make it. The passage through the gulf itself was almost equally delightful. Majestically did the good ship with horizontal keel and level deck move onwards towards the mighty deep, through water as unruffled as that which fills the Welland canal. When, however, the floating hotel had

traversed a part of the vast watery plain of the Atlantic, its motion was not quite so steady. The invisible element that had hitherto but gently fanned the cheeks freshened to a stiff breeze, which, in its turn, assumed at length the character of a gale. In response to these efforts, the other element, visible and more substantial, began to heave its mighty breast. The waves grew in force and volume until, if they could not be said at any time to be "mountains high," they might be truthfully compared to respectable hills. Many of the passengers sought the seclusion of their staterooms. The gatherings at the cabin common board were reduced to less than half their usual proportions. I am happy to say, however, that I felt no inconvenience at any time during the prevalence of these strong north-westerly winds. The experience was truly joyous. I could understand the feeling which prompted Byron in one of his loftiest flights of poetic eloquence to write:

"And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy
Of youthful sport was on thy breast to be
Borne, like the bubbles, onward: from a boy
I wanted with thy breakers—they to me
Were a delight; and if the freshening sea
Made them a terror—'twas a pleasing fear,
For I was, as it were, a child of thee,
And trusted to thy billows far and near,
And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I do here."

I was sufficiently successful with the camera to obtain two or three mementoes of the effects of the gale. One of the views shows a wave dashing against the starboard bow and breaking into a cloud of spray. Another represents a large billow which the vessel has just surmounted, and left on the port quarter.

A Sunday at sea, if properly spent, cannot fail