OUTWARD BOUND.

A TRIP to Canada! Yes, we had often talked about it. We had paid a visit to India, Ceylon, Australia, Tasmania, New Zealand; and we much wished to see something of this other vast and fair Dominion, which forms part of the British Empire. But, in spite of our voyagings, we have never been friends of the sea; and when we talked of Canada we were always very conscious of the fact that the wild waves of the ocean separated its shores by the space of seven days from Britain.

However, last year our desires, coupled with doctor's advice, overcame our fears, and on a fine evening in August we found ourselves dropping down the Mersey on board the s.s. "Parisian" of the Allan Line, one of the largest ships plying between this country and Canadian ports. Have you ever been on board an Atlantic liner when in port? If so, you know how delightful everything looks. A large beautiful deck above, snug little berths below; a splendid saloon, a reading-room, a smoking-room, books, music, games;

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