

"I hope it may be so," said Tom, looking at her with admiration. "I am sure you would enjoy it."

Having inspected the music-room and glanced into two or three of the cabins, they were mounting to the saloon deck, when Sybil peremptorily exclaimed:

"I should like to go down among the machinery, where you work, may I?"

"I'm afraid I can't gratify you so far to-day," replied Tom. "But if you make the voyage with us next trip there'll be plenty of opportunities. I'll make a regular engineer of you if you like."

"I shall be too sick to enjoy anything then," retorted the girl petulantly.

"Oh no you won't!" laughed Tom. "Beside, we'll have plenty of smooth water in the St. Lawrence."

"But why can't I go now?" she persisted.

"Because it is contrary to rules when we are getting ready to start," was the curt reply. Then he added, as he looked at his watch, "I'm afraid I must leave you now. We sail in half an hour, and it's my time to go on duty. You can wait till the bell rings, if you like; but it might be as well to get ashore before the fuss at the last. Good-bye."

"Good-bye, and I'm sure we are very much obliged to you—very much indeed," said Mrs. Jessop warmly.

"Farewell, old boy! I suppose we may look forward to seeing you within the month?" cried Reggie, with more heartiness than was usual to him.

"Ay, it will be about that, all being well. We don't stop more than two or three days at Montreal this trip."

"The quicker the better!" cried Dick. "We'll be ready for you. Poll and I have packed half our things already."

The children ran up the gangway in front. Then Reggie, thinking perhaps that he had not cut a sufficiently important figure when coming on board, gave his arm to his mother to assist her ashore.

"Well, what do you think of it all?" inquired Tom, as he ventured to detain Sybil's hand a moment.

"I think it's splendid; I'm sure I shall enjoy the voyage immensely. I shall be counting the days till—well, till you are back again."

He gave her a grateful look.

"But perhaps you will all have changed your minds before that."

And his eyes wandered towards the

two figures that were cautiously treading the gangway in front.

"I won't, you may be sure of that," she cried positively. "So I'll be here, whoever isn't; and you'll have to look after me, and show me the engines and everything else—mind! Good-bye; a prosperous voyage to you, and a quick return."

Tom Playfair watched her with admiration a moment; then he turned towards the engine-room, a glow of delight thrilling through his honest heart.

"Let us get home as quickly as possible; my poor head is swimming," said Mrs. Jessop, as her daughter joined her.

"Oh, I say, mayn't we wait to see the *Peruvian* start? There's the second bell; she is sure to be off in a few minutes now," remonstrated Dick.

"I should like to," said Polly, sidling up to where her brother was standing at the very edge of the quay.

Sybil hesitated a moment. Curiosity prompted her to remain, and it is to be feared she had but little sympathy with her mother's complaint. But, on the other hand, it went against the grain to agree with her younger brother and sister in anything, nor did she fancy taking her stand among the crowd of sympathetic friends who were now beginning to wave handkerchiefs and call out final adieux to those on deck.

"Yes, perhaps we had better go. There is nothing more to be seen, and the people are troublesome."

"Well, then, let us go by the overhead railway. I'm awfully anxious to see it," pleaded Dick.

"Why, the stupid old trains have no engines!" said Polly scornfully.

"You silly girl! Don't you know they are worked by electricity, like telegraphs are?" explained the boy in lordly fashion.

They had reached a spot from which the long, sinuous line that now forms one of the sights of Liverpool was visible. A station was close at hand. The train went gliding past every five minutes, and so, for once, a suggestion of Master Dick's met with general acceptance. Before the *Peruvian* had cleared the dock the Jessops had arrived at the pierhead station, and were waiting for the tramcar that should take them direct to Leafy Lane.

(To be continued.)

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"Prayer, and kindly intercourse with the poor, are the two great safeguards of spiritual life; it's more than food and raiment."—DR. ARNOLD.