

I mentally resolved that my honour should be always bright, if that was the making of a gentleman, but I did not understand in what the temptation to sully it consisted. I have learned since.

I can't say that the few weeks that intervened before my departure were very happy. I had always lumps in my throat when I was reminded, by any little passing circumstance, of how soon I should be in new scenes, and I rarely saw my dear mother or my sister Anne, without observing tears in their eyes. No others were in the secret until it was decided when I should start, for reasons known to ourselves. I built a number of castles in the air, however, and these served to inspire me, even though as I look back to them now I laugh, but they had their uses.

At last it was decided when and how I should leave home and start for Canada. The agent in London said that if I was at his office by a certain day, one of his clerks who was going to Liverpool on shipping business should take care of me so far, and there I was sure to meet with others going to Canada, and could make myself at home with them. The agent's letter arrived on the 19th March, and the ship he mentioned would leave Liverpool for Quebec on the 14th April. Then mother said father must be told, and as neither of us knew how he would take it, we were very anxious until it was done. He received the news, which was given at first by hints of the desirability of such a move for a growing boy, and the good success of old Josiah's son, with much more reason than we had anticipated; he had long been vexed to hear a mate of his boast of the prosperity of his "lad in the States", and he thought that if I was industrious I might give him as good a right to boast of his "boy in Canada", as that conceited Dick Hart claimed, and so he jocularly told me to "go and make my fortune, or never to let him hear of me again". I knew it was only a joke, but yet it hurt me. My heart clung to my mother with passionate vehemence, that mother who would never cease longing to see me, successful or not, so long as she lived. My journey soon leaked out now, and everybody suddenly grew kind; they had not been unkind before, but now they had a word or a smile for me every time I met them, instead of the every day indifference of common life. To my old companions, and my brother and sisters, I was become a hero, and every one of them anticipated nothing short of my becoming a squire, and riding over my acres every day on a 'nobby nag' to look after my laborers and cattle. There was quite an excitement in the place, and all about me. I did not find it at all unpleasant, though I must say I could have spared a great deal of advice that was bestowed upon me free, gratis, for nothing, but that was in the proud days of early youth, and I have since learned to respect and value the good words of my elders. Just at the last moment when my box was packed, my old boots at the cobblers to be mended once more, so as to give me a third pair, and I had grown satisfied to dispense with

a new top coat which we could not afford to buy, much to my poor mother's grief, who thought I should be killed with the cold, so much greater in Canada than I had been used to, I happened to look at the handbill enclosed in the shipping agents' letter, and found that steerage passengers, as I was to be, had to find their own bedding, eating vessels, and other things, "which," said the bill, "can all be purchased for a few shillings in Liverpool." Here was a difficulty! I had but six pounds to take for wages and that would all be wanted to pay my passage. My sister Annie had given me a pound out of her earnings which had all been spent in getting me tidied up so as to look respectable among strangers, and about five shilling was all my poor mother had in hand. To be sure old Josiah had promised me ten shillings to take charge of his son's parcels, but that would not be enough, and we could not bear to think of borrowing more, nor was there any other person whom we knew who would lend the necessary sum. I began to despair of ever getting away at all, but mother cheered me up, and told me to "hope in God" who had helped me thus far. I didn't take much heed of this advice and grumbled a good deal, especially as my master, Mr. Dale, had been called away from home just at Lady Day, and no one knew when he would be home again. But it all came out right at last, and I might have spared my temper; Mr. Dale returned the first week in April, and immediately sent us word to come up for our wages. He gave me £7 instead of £6, and told me that if I could send word at the end of two years that I had lived with one master, giving him satisfaction, or been obliged to leave for a necessary reason on either side, he would give me £5 more to encourage me. He shook hands with me warmly and wished me every success in my new home, which he said was not nearly so cold in the part I was going to as many people thought. On leaving, all my fellow servants crowded up to me, and gave me a round gift of a shilling a piece with many a joke and good wish. On Sunday, at school, the clergyman came in, and after a few kind words as to my leaving, presented me with a Bible and a prayer book with my name inside each and a nice text, in his own handwriting. All the teachers and scholars came to wish me "Good-bye and a pleasant journey", but I could not speak, and I dare say I looked very foolish, but I could not help it. The clergyman called at our house next day, too, and after talking to me very solemnly about my duty to God and man, prayed God to bless me and help me to be a true servant of Christ, whether I was among the righteous or ungodly. He also gave me several nice books to read, a shut-up slate, and a case of pens and pencils, for he told me not to neglect my education, but to improve my reading and writing and sums, as much as I could. I happened to say that I should hardly have room in my box for all his kind presents, so he sent me a nice carpet bag of his own, and Mrs. Devine had put in it half a dozen pairs of cotton socks and a pair of thick winter gloves. This wasn't all my good