

## A Journey to Canada.

BY JANE TRITTON GURNEY (*née* WHEATLEY).

**O**N board *The Parisian*! We watch our friends going down the steep gangway into the little tender below. All is confusion, partings are going on all around us—some sad, some full of hope for the future. Ours is not altogether sad, as my husband and I are starting for our new home in the north-west, and hope to see a good deal of Canada on the way. The voyage was splendid—the sea being sometimes as smooth as a lake, and the reflections on the water from the brilliant sunsets most beautiful. We saw off the banks of Newfoundland several grand icebergs glittering in the sun. Only about one-third of these huge masses of ice usually appears above the surface of the water, so that they are dangerous opponents for a ship to run against. When we neared the mouth of the St. Lawrence we suddenly found ourselves in the middle of a field of ice. There we remained twelve hours, and then had to back out slowly, and make our way round by another channel. The river is so wide here that you cannot see any land. One of the grandest sights is to watch the sun rise over the St. Lawrence, shedding a blaze of glory over this magnificent river.

We reached Quebec on Sunday, after a voyage of only ten days. The fact of a thousand emigrants landing with all their luggage on a strange shore caused no small confusion, and it was refreshing after all this bustle to attend the afternoon service at the English church, and join in the old familiar prayers and chants.