

Our crew were all Scotch, and of that hale and hearty class who demonstrate that much of the stamina and energy of the British Isles is to be found in the Land of the Heather.

We had the regulation concert when a "chappie" with riding leggings, and a suit of aggressive design, sang for our entertainment "Swanee" River. He gave to the word "home" a queer crescendo effect introducing a couple of extra notes that threw the audience into convulsions of laughter. He was highly pleased with the sensation he had created and sang it for an *encore*. A young French Canadian played on the violin-cello with high finish, purity and brilliance of tone. His instrument was presented him by the Queen of the Belgians, he having graduated at the head of his class.

It was contrary to all known laws that we should see icebergs in November, but nevertheless we sighted several of these huge battering-rams. It was good to see Newfoundland in the distance; its shore hugged by a pearl grey mist, for it was Canada and we were gliding gently to the haven where we would be. The Padre told us that in the privy purse of Henry VIII there is this curious entry: "To the man that found the new isle, £10." This man was Cabot, the island lay before us.

We got up at five o'clock to see the Laurentians: it was the most beautiful sight that had ravished our eyes since we left home. "Dress'd in earliest light", the mountain-tops blazed in the sky like altars of beaten gold. They seemed a mirage of the god-lit hills of heaven.

We spent the last and fourteenth night aboard ship, on the St. Lawrence. The steamer's talons were dropped on the river-bed and we lay at anchor, once more in "the first, best country," God's fairest gift to man—The Land of the Maple.