

coarsely as the roughest. The elder kept the younger one quite under his thumb, and I sometimes fancied I could see a very angry glance pass over the boy's face when the other checked him, but he was quite submissive.

"Do you think things are a bit quieter overhead than they were this morning?" began the youth, speaking to me.

"I don't know, sir", I replied, "I don't find much difference, but the steward seemed to think so".

"You are not travelling alone, are you?" he asked.

"Yes sir, quite alone", I answered.

"Run away, perhaps, like me", he said.

"No sir, I am not running away", I replied, half offended; "I came with the consent and help of my parents".

"They think you are going to make a fortune in Canada, I dare say, but you won't".

"I shall try to do as well as most other people, and I might make a fortune too; others have done it".

"Well, I'm going to make a fortune, but not by hard work; I don't like it".

"I have no other way to get on but by my labour", I replied, "perhaps you have".

"Yes, if the luck doesn't run against me, but it always has done so yet: new country, new luck, I hope".

"I don't understand you, sir", I replied.

"It's just as well you don't, I wish I didn't either, but I know too much now, and must go on".

"You said you were running away just now, sir", I replied; "if that has anything to do with what you know I hope you will not go on".

"I must go on; I'm in that fellow's power", and he indicated his companion, who was in the far end of the steerage watching with bad eyes the actions of a group of young men. "My friends think I'm at college now, safe in Auld Reekie, studying away as hard as my brain will let me, and instead of that, I'm here going to the States with a companion they would despise. I wouldn't care only for my mamma's sake, and my favorite sister Alice, but its too late now, *too late! too late!*" and he dashed his face into his hands, and swung himself up and down for a minute or two in a perfect agony. I thought his face was paler than ever when he looked at me again, and I felt very pitiful towards him, but he laughed a wild bitter laugh, and said, "I'm past praying for, you see, boy".

"No, sir, you are not; I shall pray for you every day".

"What, as long as you live?"

"Yes, unless by some means I find out that I need not".

"That I'm dead, eh?"

"No, sir, till you pray for yourself".

"I'm afraid that will be a long time; I couldn't pray to God and lead the life I do with that fellow".

"Why not give up his society?"

"I tell you I'm in his power, I can't give it up if I would".

"Oh, sir, try; and go home to your friends also".

"Why, my father wouldn't let me in if he knew what I'd been up to, he's very proud, is the old gentleman".

"Oh, I'm so sorry you have done so ill, but I think your father would be glad to have you home if you promised to do better".

"I shan't ask him".

I felt so completely at a loss with such stubbornness and wrong doing, that I did not know what to say. It was a dreadful thing to see a young man a little older than myself, going on in such a wicked course, and no one to control him but a man worse than himself; it seemed to me that the only hope was praying for him, and this I resolved to do, I could not think it hopeless, though I thought painfully of his own self destruction. I therefore asked him his name.

"Why do you wish to know?"

"That I may pray for you".

"Do you think *He* will know my name?"

"I am sure so".

"Well, pray for the repose of the soul of John Carter then, for I tell you it was a terrible storm just now. Tell me your name".

"My name is Thomas Jones", I replied.

"Well, Tom, I shan't forget you in a hurry".

"I hope you won't, sir", I replied, "I shan't forget you".

"Look here, boy, don't call me sir, just call me plain John, *he* doesn't like it, its his game to look poor and mean, and he can do it very well, though he belongs to a very respectable family, higher in society than mine is, and my father's a lawyer, a barrister, I should say, but he wants us to pass as the sons of poor shop keepers, until we are safe; we're not dodging the law you know, but he can't live under restraint, he wants freedom, and as he has me in the same boat with him, we are going where we can get it".

"I'm sorry to hear it", I replied, "it is better to be under good restraint than have bad liberty, I think".

"Well you needn't change your opinion on my account, Tom", — he was going to add more, but his companion just came up and, in a very rough tone of voice, ordered him to "come away and not let his tongue run". I saw his face flush with anger, but he obeyed at once, so that it was evident he was quite in the other's power.

This was the only conversation I held with Mr. Carter for his master, as I must call him, scowled and frowned each time he came near me, so that at last he left off taking any notice of me whatever, but I scarcely ceased thinking about his sad case until he landed, and hoping and praying for his welfare.

In the evening it was evident that the storm was abating. The ship was much steadier, and we were beginning to walk about without the aid of our arms. A good meal was brought to us and we did fair justice to it, and people congratulated each other on our renewed safety. The weather grew very cold, however, it was like mid-winter we passed Newfoundland in a fog, and there were daily snow storms, until, as the steward said, we were "standing into the Gulf".

(To be continued.)