

and they were set to keep the decks clear of all rubbish and litter. If any one dropped orange peel or bits of paper on deck, it was their job to pick them up and keep everywhere tidy. On the Sunday we were at sea we had church in the first-class saloon—first and second-class passengers together. There was no clergyman on board, so the captain read the service and a short sermon in a straightforward sailor sort of way, and the singing was splendid—old hymns, old tunes—and everybody sang. One of the steerage fellows told me that a Salvation Army chap took a service with them—he said it was rather “rummy” after the parish church at his village at home, but very earnest and hearty, and a great deal better than no Sunday service at all.

The food on board was very good, and plenty of it. The three regular meals and some bread and cheese for supper, if you wanted it. I always did—after those three blank days at first.

For breakfast we had porridge, fish, bacon, and marmalade or jam; for dinner, soup, fish, meat, pudding and bread and cheese, and a good English tea, so we did not do at all badly. There was great excitement this morning when we woke up to find we were in the St. Lawrence, and everybody was on deck to catch the first sight of Quebec. The old city looked very beautiful in the