

he said, "that Jean has promised to marry me, and I hope you don't disapprove."

The amazed looks of all but George were evident. Lillie started and gazed at Jean with the red coming into her own cheeks. Then she turned to look at Arthur, who was fixedly watching her. In the surprised face of the mother a certain relief began to dawn.

"This is very premature of you, Mr. Trench," she remonstrated. "You ought not to have spoken to Jean yet."

"No more premature than the fixing of your departure from Tyn-y-bran," he remarked, smiling, "which brought it about. Meanwhile, it is done, and we can hardly change it now."

Jean, humble and shame-faced still, had escaped to George, who stood apart with a sombre countenance.

"Forgive me," she said, with a strange gentleness, "for all I said unkind this afternoon. It was my fault, no doubt. I was so deceived myself that I don't wonder I deceived you."

George held the proffered hand in a crushing grasp. "I don't find it easy to forgive," he said. "But I will

come and tell you when I do; for after all your friendship is too dear to me to lose it without regret. I will try some day to regain it. But never again, for summer sport, make fast friends with a senseless idiot of a man. It is too trying: it turns his head."

Mr. Trench had come up and heard his words. "She never shall, I promise you, George. But I warned you against it, if you remember, to begin with."

"Ah! yes, sir," Arthur interposed, "but you gave another reason, don't you know? If you had said, now, that we had better look out, as you meant to cut in and win yourself——"

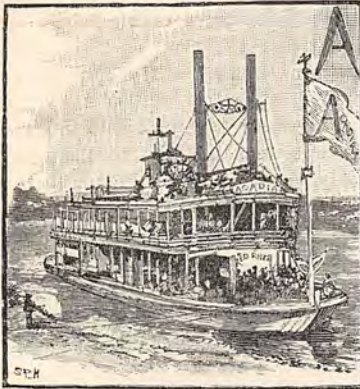
There was a little laugh, in which Mr. Trench was forced to join, but Arthur found that the tutor's eyes met his in a sympathetic glance.

"The first mistake perhaps was mine," the elder said; "but mistakes may help to make lives; and they never need to mar them, as George will find."

THE END.

*** Next month will be commenced a New Serial Story by the author of "The Probation of Dorothy Travers."*

A LADY'S EXPERIENCE IN THE "INTERMEDIATE."



at the present time, when the thoughts of so many are turning towards Canada as a home; and when the very fact of their contemplating emigration presupposes a necessity for careful calculation of expenses, particularly on the journey, so as to leave as much available capital as possible for the building of the new home; it may be interesting to ladies considering such a step to know that it is not only not impossible, but really very possible, for them to travel "intermediate."

I am encouraged to write this paper, remembering the horror expressed by some, and the doubts of all, when, having made up my mind with my two daughters to join my son in Canada, I announced my intention not to go in the saloon. I may mention that the money saved by this went far to pay for the carriage of the furniture, &c., we took with us. We were going to make a home in that distant land, so carried our household gods.

We started the first week in May, leaving Clifton on the Wednesday; supposing, from the announce-

ment on the tickets we had received when we paid the deposit on our passage-money some weeks before, that it was imperatively necessary that we should present ourselves at the Allan Line office in Liverpool the evening before the day of sailing. This we found, from more than one fellow-passenger, was not the case. They had sent the balance of their passage-money to the agent a few days before, and then travelled by night, reaching Liverpool early in the morning, thus avoiding what, to ourselves, was the most disagreeable part of the whole journey, and, considering the accommodation offered, the most expensive—a night in Liverpool.

Leaving my two daughters in the hotel, my sister and I found our way to the shipping office. Here all was easily arranged. Having paid the remainder of our passage-money, we received our tickets, and a bundle of flaming red labels marked C. P. R., to insure our luggage being transferred at Quebec to the Canadian Pacific Railway.

We had brought with us a flat basket, three-quarters of a yard long and thirteen inches high, packed with provisions to supplement the ship fare, and also for the long inland journey in Canada. It contained tea, coffee, biscuits, marmalade, sugar, beef essence, condensed milk, sardines, anchovy paste, tinned meat, enamel cups, saucers, and plates, teapot, saucepan, kettle, and spirit-lamp. I would recommend all intending emigrants to provide themselves with such a basket. Ours was constructed like a common hamper, and was made at the Blind Asylum in Clifton. It was



"EVERY ONE BEGAN TO SYMPATHISE WITH EVERY ONE ELSE" (A. 205).

lined throughout with American cloth, and had a strip of this fastened along the middle of the lid inside, with divisions for spoons, knives, forks, corkscrew, &c. We had also a tin jug for water. The basket was the greatest comfort, and, being so low and the top flat, it made a most convenient table for me as I lay in my berth.

We had also each a small cushion half a yard square, having a loose cover of Turkey twill, and a long loop of red braid to hang over the arm. These were most comfortable when sitting on deck. A case made in the shape of a bolster, three-quarters of a yard long and one-quarter of a yard in diameter, made of ticking, opening in the middle, and closed by an American rug-holder, held our sleeping garments, brush and comb, &c., pocket-handkerchief, an eiderdown quilt, and towels. It was wonderful how much we managed to squeeze into these little receptacles, which, when full, made most comfortable pillows. We were also provided with cabin-pockets, the work of kind and thoughtful friends anxious to smooth the difficulties of the journey as much as possible for us. These cabin pockets were made of strong striped red ticking. The width of the ticking made two. They were half a yard long, after a deep piece of the stuff had been turned up at the bottom, and divided by rows of stitching into pockets. The four strong curtain-rings at the top, from which they hung, were covered with red button-holing, and a small needle-case of flannel and pincushion of Turkey twill were fastened in front of the pockets. We had a store of drugget-pins, like exaggerated drawing-pins, by which we fastened up these pockets, and a large bag of waterproof, covered with Indian cretonne, on our cabin wall. This latter held sponges, soap, &c. Our umbrellas were in a case made of the same ticking as the cabin pockets. We rolled it up with our wraps,

which consisted of waterproof cloaks and warm red blankets, the whole fastened into a pack all impervious to rain. This list seems a long one, but we did not find we had one unnecessary article. Our deck chairs were, as usual, very long in the back. They were of plain canvas and wood, and had notches behind, which allowed us to lower them to any angle—a comfort indeed when trying to sit up after sea-sickness. We had four with us, and found it very pleasant to be able to lend one.

On Thursday morning we rose early, and left Lime Street Station by a short rail leading to the dock where the ship was lying. She was so close to the shore that we walked with our smaller packages to the shed where all luggage was placed. Our larger boxes had been taken by an agent straight from the station on our arrival in Liverpool. A regular gale was blowing as we battled along to the large covered shed, where we first caught sight of our fellow-passengers, who were sorting their luggage and seeing the C. P. R. labels attached.

Our luggage consisted of tin boxes, portmanteaus, and one bale. From experience, I would now recommend intending emigrants to take tin boxes, but to be sure that they are strapped as well as locked. The locks are very apt to get broken in the rough usage they meet with—though none of ours had this fate. All soft things which cannot be injured by pressure should be packed in American cloth and then sewn up in canvas. Such a package weighs only its contents, and the wrapper is most useful on reaching one's destination; and the tin boxes are invaluable for stores, being proof against damp and mice. Be sure to have painted on each package a distinguishing mark, such as a cross, star, or circle, in vivid red or blue. Among so many hundred packages, all more or less alike, one gets bewildered

in choosing one's own, and, heaped up as they are, it is often most difficult to see the address. I had in my pocket a piece of red chalk, bought months before at one of the stations on the Underground Railway, and several people borrowed it to make a distinguishing mark on their packages.

The waiting in this place was very tedious; but at last we identified our luggage, pointed out what we should want on board, and passed over the gangway, wondering how and under what circumstances we should cross it the next time into a new land. We made our way at once to the intermediate saloon, into which all the cabins opened. In this ship—the *Parisian*—they are exceptionally well-placed, being on the same level as the saloon cabins. Having been shown our own cabin, corresponding to the number on our tickets, we rejoiced to find it held only four berths, the remaining one being occupied by a very quiet and pleasant fellow-traveller. Having hung up and otherwise arranged our different properties, we returned on deck and sat for several hours.

The boat left Liverpool at half-past three, and, as it was still very windy, we retired to our berths, which were very clean, and quite as comfortable as I have found any first-class berths in other boats. We can never say enough of the kindness and attention of the stewardess, who, with nearly fifty to wait upon, seemed always to have time and a pleasant word for every one. It may seem a small thing; but it was most refreshing to see her always looking so fresh and neat, with the most beautiful head of hair I ever saw on a person of her age—always smooth, when every one else was looking more or less wan, washed-out, and dishevelled. It did me good to look at her.

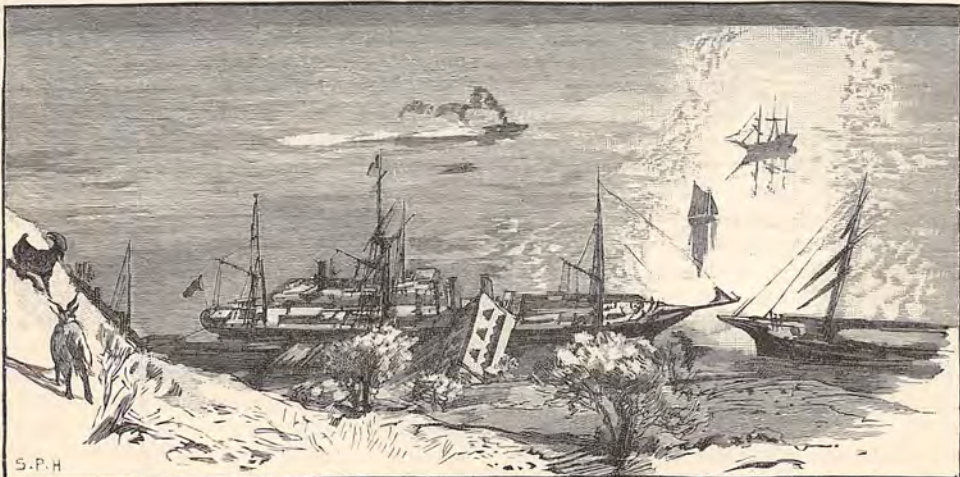
At dinner-time the stewardess brought beef-tea to all who were unable to eat dinner. Most excellent beef-tea it was; and when tea-time came, and we could not even consider tea and bread-and-butter, she produced some of the same beef-tea cold, which she had reserved. At eight o'clock we had some

very good gruel, and this beef-tea and gruel continued till we were convalescent.

Two mothers, each with two young children, had a cabin next to ours, and early in the morning I used to hear the stewardess carrying in cups of sop for the little ones, long before the regular breakfast was ready. On Sunday, a clergyman on board held a service in the saloon; we were too ill to go, but our cabin companion managed to struggle up, and came back to tell us how much she had enjoyed it. The sermon was most appropriate, being on the text, "In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths," and was specially addressed to the emigrants, encouraging them in their enterprise. This Sunday was poor Catherine's birthday, passed in her berth, a strange contrast to the sweet, quiet country home where on a sunny day in May she first saw the light. When the children, recalling that she was born on a Thursday, used to quote the old rhyme, "Thursday's child has far to go," we little thought how true the words would prove in her case.

But, though we were all so miserable bodily, we never lost heart, nor had a doubt as to our having entered on the right path.

On Monday morning, Dolly and I made a desperate effort and reached the deck, poor Catherine remaining in her berth, all her usual roses gone. It was a lovely morning—blue sky and sunshine—though still windy and cold. It was then we found the advantage of the little comforts we had brought—as the pork chops, &c., of the bill of fare made us shudder, and to venture below again was not to be thought of by myself. Dolly made occasional journeys to see after her sister, and kind hands were always ready to guide her along the slippery deck. Now every one began to sympathise with every one else. Those who were not sea-sick themselves moved about cheering the pale, limp, reclining figures. One such good Samaritan brought us some delicious home-made bread-and-butter—the first thing we could eat. From what I



SUNRISE ON THE ST. LAWRENCE: A VIEW FROM THE CITADEL, QUEBEC.

saw then, I felt what an advantage it would be to every party of emigrants if one member could be chosen who was a good sailor, and so could help the others.

We had been told that it would be too disagreeable for us to be in such close contact with the steerage passengers; but let no such false idea deter any one from taking an intermediate passage. All our intercourse with them, and all we saw and heard, made us feel that the world was a better place than many think it; or can it be true that dear old England is driving out from her midst her best children to find in a distant land the food and room she cannot give them? There were sisters going out with, or to, brothers; aged mothers leaving behind them a lifetime of custom and association to make a home for the children; even uncles and aunts going to make a home for orphan nieces. One began to feel that

This good man took entire care of what I may call "the old baby," a little creature who could scarcely walk. It slept in his berth, and he was always seen, with a smiling face, carrying it about. There were several mothers on board with tiny children, going to join their husbands, and I noticed the kind way in which every one helped them. We had observed that one of these mothers, who had a baby in arms and a little girl of three, was always accompanied by a friend, who led the eldest child by the hand, and devoted herself to the children generally. Great was our astonishment to find that they had never seen one another till they met on the ship. "Oh," said Miss James, in answer to our expression of surprise, "when I came on board and found Mrs. Harris was quite alone, I felt it was something for me to do." Any mother will appreciate to its full value such unselfish kindness. We travelled afterwards



"IT WAS ACCEPTED GLADLY."

family affection, which had seemed to us somehow to have begun to die out in England, still lingered strong and fresh in the hearts of these poor people. A family home!—the dream of our lifetime—it was their dream, too—a haven to which the children could always return, sure of a welcome. The son who might be sick, or fail in life's battle; the daughter whose happy married life death had prematurely shortened, leaving her and her little ones to face the world; there would be room for all, and the old place by the fireside would be theirs again. The dream of one's life; and one found it was shared by these simple, unsophisticated people.

As the time went on, we seemed to know almost every one, and heard the histories of many of them. Our cabin-companion was another example of this unselfish family love. She had given up a most excellent confidential situation, which she had filled for many years in the family of one of the late Lord Mayors, to go to a married sister, who longed for her in her approaching hour of trial. An orphan herself, dependent on her own exertions, she was sacrificing all. There was a man who went everywhere by the name of "the kind man." His wife was on board, with several children, the youngest a tiny infant.

with them on the railway; and one night, when the baby was very restless, Miss James sat up the whole night with it in her arms, that the tired mother might rest. Every time I woke, I saw her sitting upright, with the poor, fretting little thing clasped to her.

I despair of conveying to any one's mind the idea of the fellow-feeling which seemed to me to join all during this voyage. Each produced his or her little hoard and shared; and I would beg any one of my own rank travelling "intermediate" to provide herself with more than her own party require, and particularly to get the best tea and coffee that can be procured. A steerage passenger will always contrive to get boiling water, and it is so pleasant to hand round cups of these fragrant drinks to those who, after their terrible sea-sickness, turn from the ship fare.

One day, when most people were convalescent, we were drinking our coffee and sharing with those near us; Catherine pointed out to me one of the steerage passengers, a most respectable, sad-looking, middle-aged man, and suggested that he should be offered a cup. It was accepted gladly; the poor man had eaten nothing for days, and was quite in a state of exhaustion. The coffee so revived him that he was able to eat a piece of roll-and-marmalade, and then

he told us his little story. He was a mason from Cornwall, where he had a nice little home, cows, &c. He had come out to take up land, and then send for wife and children. He evidently suffered from homesickness as well as sea-sickness, poor man. I shall never forget his gratitude, which seemed so entirely out of proportion to the little we had done for him. It quite startled me to hear his feeble voice earnestly praying that "it might be returned to us a thousand-fold both in this world and the next." I think, whenever things seem not quite prosperous in our new home, we shall remember the prayer of that poor man, and feel that it will bring us a blessing.

A dear old woman of over seventy was among the steerage passengers. She was travelling with three daughters, the husband and two children of one, and a young man friend. The old lady had kept a greengrocer's shop in London, she told me; but she had two sons in Canada, and she wanted to make a home for them. This was a most affectionate family party. The daughters hovered incessantly round their mother with cushions, shawls, and offers of food. They had brought a feather-bed with them, sewn to the size of the berth, that the bed might be soft for her aged bones. We often sat by her on deck, and wondered at her courage, for often when she came up in the morning she looked so pale and fragile; but she survived the journey, and we saw the whole party for the last time on the platform at Quebec, all dressed in their best, and evidently starting on their long railway journey in the best of spirits.

One afternoon a good, earnest steerage passenger held a sort of little service on deck. The next day an attempt was made to have a concert and recitations. The captain, doctor, and saloon passengers were among the audience; but the high wind made it impossible to hear the performers, and it was adjourned to the next evening, when it was held in the steerage. On Friday the saloon passengers gave a concert, to

which the intermediate passengers were invited. A collection was made for the Sailors' Orphan Home in Liverpool. The music and recitations were excellent, and one of our number made a capital Punch-and-Judy showman.

Before the end of the voyage every one was required to show their vaccination-marks to the doctor, or submit to be vaccinated. This, it seems, is a stringent and very wise Canadian law. One passenger refused absolutely, and on our arrival at Rimouski—the first port—a Canadian medical officer came off in a boat, and there was a long delay, ending fortunately in the stubborn passenger giving way, thus saving us, we were told, five days' quarantine.

The weather was very windy during the first half of our journey. After this we had a cloudless blue sky and brilliant sunshine, while a sea with scarcely a ripple floated us onward to our new home. It seemed to us as if Canada had opened her arms in smiling welcome to the poor wanderers who were trusting her with their future. I heard the stewardess say, "the weather seemed as if it were bespoke." Even off the Banks of Newfoundland there was not a sign of fog; and, with grateful hearts, we thought of the many prayers that had gone up for us in England, and which were being so wonderfully answered. The beautiful Gulf of St. Lawrence reached, we felt our journey was over practically, as we saw the pretty little villages, each with its tiny church, lying so peacefully along the shore; each little farm, with its land running down to the sea, giving one the idea of plenty and room.

And so our voyage drew to an end—the dreaded voyage which had been so much better than all our fears—and we parted reluctantly with the kind people who had helped so much to make it pleasant, feeling we should always look back with a lingering affection to our experience as "intermediate" passengers.

GARDEN WORK IN MARCH.



MOUGH each month of the year necessarily brings with it a certain little round of duties in every department of the garden, the month of March, more than all the rest, may be said to bring with it a complete and formidable round of work that is paramount. For what have we been doing all over the garden

during these last two months of January and February? We have been merely, more or less, getting things into training; perhaps the chief, and certainly a very important, operation has been a thorough trenching, while most other matters have been precautionary, protective, preparatory: guarding against

frost, washing our flower-pots for the re-potting season, and, like a careful matron in the nursery, we have been for the most part watching our dormant plants, just as she does the children while they are asleep.

Now, however, everything is suddenly changing; it is a spring morning, and while the lark is carolling in the sky and the children are carolling in their cribs, so also are numberless green points in our flower and kitchen gardens crying out unmistakably for a little attention to be paid to them. In fact, our whole garden, that some time ago went to bed, is now getting up. And not only so; but if we may carry out our not inapt simile of the nursery a little further—for, indeed, is not a garden frequently called "a nursery"?—there is another very large family of very tiny children indeed, in the shape of seeds, that are all impatient to