

MY FIRST SAIL ON THE SEA.



O the individual, whose privilege it is to enjoy his first pleasure trip on the sea, no matter how short such a sail may be, the voyage brings, no doubt, an emotion of awe and reverence for the Creator of all nature. There is, perhaps, no one who has not heard about this great element of creation. Since the beginning of civilization, poets and prose writers have vied with one another in their delineation of this great work of nature. But there are a great many people, and, perhaps, the majority of them, who have never seen the sea. Still less is the number of those individuals, to whom the opportunity has ever come of going aboard a sea vessel, and sailing out beyond sight of land, where naught meets the eye save the sky above and the sea below.

Not a great while ago the occasion was offered me of taking a pleasure trip on Massachusetts Bay from Boston to Provincetown, a small place, located at the extremity of Cape Cod, and now noted as being the first landing place of the Pilgrims. The morning of the day arranged for the sail dawned brightly, the sun rising over the city in all the splendour of the glorious summer dawn, and betokening an ideal day for a pleasure sail on the broad expanse of the waters of Cape Cod Bay. For those who were to remain in the city for the day, the weather man seemed, no doubt, to have little sympathy, for by nine o'clock, the time of our setting out, the mercury was speedily rising, and did not then evince any signs of discontinuing to do so for some time to come. But, for those who were to spend the next ten hours, or so, where they might fill themselves with old Neptune's ozone, the day could not have been better.

Perhaps not a better view of the City of Boston may be obtained than that, which unfolds itself to the spectator, as he stands on the stern of the vessel, now striking out for the exit from Boston Harbour. Our observation is first attracted to the water-front with its various wharves jutting out into the harbour, at which the numerous vessels of all species are anchored. Then casting ones' eyes upwards a little, there is seen to the left the majestic State-House, rearing its gilded dome above the surrounding buildings, and casting about its golden reflection of the morning sun. On the right appears the lofty and graceful Bunker Hill monument, sullen and dark in appearance,—quite a contrast to its contemporary on the left.

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