

who had left her two children behind her—'and what a pity it is, my dear Mrs. Von Rosen, that you did not bring your guitar with you! Half of the charm of the voyage will be lost. And you know it will be moonlight to-night—you might have sung to us.'

'I am like Mrs. S——'s little girl,' said our Bell, 'whom they used to bother so before visitors. She said, one day, in the most pathetic voice, "I wish I didn't know no songs; and then I shouldn't have to sing none." But the guitar has been put away for a long time now. That belonged to the days of romance. Do you know any Scotch songs, Lady Sylvia? I have gone mad about them lately.'

'I believe it was once remarked of you, Bell,' says one of us, 'that your heart is like a magnetized needle, always turning toward the north. But what we want to know is where you are going to stop. Cumberland ballads used to be enough for you; then you got to the Borders; then to the Lowlands; and now you are doubtless among the clans. Does any body know if there are stirring tunes in Iceland, or any *Volkslieder* to be picked up about the north pole? Nevertheless, we will take what you like to give us. We will pardon the absence of the guitar. When the moon comes out, we will take up the rugs on deck, and get into a nice shadowy corner, and—and what is that about "Above—below—all's well?"'

'We are indeed well off,' says our grave monitress, 'that we have nothing to think about but moonlight and singing. What I am thankful for is that the clear night will lessen the chances of our running down any unfortunate small vessel. Ah! you don't know, Lady Sylvia, how often that happens—and nobody ever hears of it. A huge ship like this would simply cut down one of these smaller vessels to the water's edge and go clean over her. And of course the greatest danger of our doing so is near land. Think of the poor men, after being months at sea, perhaps, and within a day or so of meeting their wives and families again, finding this huge monster crashing down on them! I tremble when I hear people speak of the vessels anchored on the Newfoundland Banks, and the fogs there, and the great steamers going on through the night. A collision is nothing to us—I suppose we should scarcely feel any shock at all—but

it is certain death to the unhappy wretches who are out there at the fishing. Well, it is part of the risk of their calling. They have to support their families somehow; and I suppose their wives know each time they leave the land that they may never be heard of again. I wonder whether these poor men ever think that they are hardly used in life. No doubt they would prefer to belong to a fine club; and their wives would like to drive about in carriages. But I suppose they have their compensations. The home-coming must be pleasant enough.'

'But do we go right on through a fog, all the same?' asked our Bell, in some alarm.

'At a reduced speed, certainly; and people say that the booming of the fog-horn at night is one of the most horrid sounds in the world.'

'You never thought of that danger, Lady Sylvia,' said Bell, with a smile, 'when you—when Mr. Balfour and you used to speak of going round the world in a steam-yacht. By-the-way, I suppose that steam-yacht that came out with us has got back to Queens-town by this time.'

Queen T——glanced quickly and nervously at her.

'I hope so,' said Lady Sylvia. 'It was very friendly of the people to escort us a bit on our way. I suppose they knew some one on board. But I did not see any one waving a good-by to them when they left.'

'Oh,' said Queen T——, carelessly, 'I have no doubt they only came out for a run.'

When we went on deck we found the last glow of the twilight fading out of the north-western skies. We were all alone on the moving world of waters, the huge metallic-hued waves breaking over in masses of white foam that were clearly visible in the semi-darkness. But by this time we had grown so accustomed to the monotonous sound of the rushing waves that it was almost the equivalent of silence; so that any other sound—the striking of the bells every half hour in the steering-room, for example, and the repetition by the man at the look-out—was startlingly clear and distinct. We got our chairs brought together, and the shawls spread out, and formed a little group by ourselves, whose talking, if we were so inclined, could not well be overheard. But there was not much talking, somehow. Perhaps that monotonous rushing of the water had a drowsy effect. Perhaps we were try-