

incurable ailment under cover, is constantly craving and asking for the sympathy of indifferent and disgusted fellow-voyagers. There is the chronic grumbler from New England who hardly opens his lips except to cavil and to censure, who finds fault with captain and crew, with food and berth, with wind and weather, and whose only saving quality is an occasional kindly reference to an absent wife and family. There is the old Scotch lady who is crossing the sea with her dog "Bobby," and whose solicitude for the wee quadruped's welfare is as keen as that of any mother on board for the comfort of her helpless child. There, too, is the jolly fat bachelor from Toronto whose genial countenance, affable manners, and delightful talk make him the most striking figure on board. He is mentioned in this category not because of his oddity but because he more than anyone else is the "observed of all observers."

Had we a storm at sea? Not a veritable storm, but for two days we had very rough water. On Friday, July 11th, a stiff breeze sprang up as we entered the Gulf Stream. The deck, which had been a scene of joy and life, soon became a scene of discomfort and distress. Before evening nearly all the passengers had been subdued by Neptune. All that night the ship rolled and pitched incessantly and undisturbed sleep was impossible. A few passengers who at five o'clock next morning fled from the stifling atmosphere of the state-rooms to breathe the fresh air above were driven in by the lashing waves that in their angry fury swept the decks with increasing volume and frequency. Even the hurricane-deck afforded but a precarious refuge to those who were determined to be out in the fresh air. The ship rolled from side to side, reaching at times an incline of nearly forty-five degrees, and as she staggered and plunged it seemed almost miraculous that she recovered her balance. Noon came and still the wind abated not. Nearly all the passengers went without their meals that day. Clattering and breaking dishes and all the attendant discomforts of the saloon were not very appetizing. Rock, rock, rock, went the ship through the long, weary hours. Saturday night was quite as trying as

Friday night. The port-holes had not been open for two days and the air was very foul. With Sunday came a blessed change. During the rest of the voyage we had ideal sea weather and everyone's enjoyment was far greater than if we had had a monotony of calm and comfort.

On shipboard the occupations of the passengers are not numerous. When the weather is fine the games of ship-quoits and shuffle board always have their votaries. The smoking room is at all hours a centre of attraction for those who like the weed. The antithesis of this is the music-room,—a resort as distinctively feminine as the other is masculine. The deck, in fair weather, is crowded with the great bulk of the passengers,—some wrapped up and stretched at full length on their sea-chairs,—some lolling over the quarter railing,—some lying flat in slumber, even at midday, on the clean oaken planks,—some reading light literature by fits and starts,—many promenading the quarter-deck, especially before and after meal-time. All these amusements and diversions, however, are of an unsettled and desultory nature. Sufficient unto the hour is the employment thereof. "A life on the ocean wave" has no plan, no method, no care, no anxiety, no pressing claims, no engrossing duties. To the majority of sea-travellers each day is filled with vacant nothings, and a vacuous expression soon settles on many faces. There is indeed one sight that rouses the active interest of the most lethargic,—the sight of a distant sail or of the smoke from a passing steamer. There is one sound,—one welcome sound that arrests the attention and controls the movements of everyone, whatever the occupation of the passing moment,—the sound of the bell that invites the hungry passengers to the dining-table below.

The only thing that detracts from the romance of a sea-voyage is—the passengers. The capricious sea will not yield all her secrets and her charms to collective scrutiny. Life on a sailing-ship, alone with the officers and crew and a few kindred spirits, seems to be the ideal sea-life. So much of one's environment on a crowded ocean-steamer is of the earth earthy. There is a suggestion of rushing cars and clashing machinery in the very