

the boat shook herself like a huge, writhing monster, and again, the sensation was that of rapidly descending from a great height in an elevator. We began to recall the words of the prophet, "They go down alive into Hades." We were glad to retire to our airless dungeons and settle down into that sluggish torpor, the solid lethargic silence, that is peculiar to *mal-de-mer*.

All night the screw raved as if angered by the tramp of insurgent waves on the deck. Next morning the sea was wrathily white and hissing wreaths of foam, mounted to the upper decks. A few ladies emerged from their staterooms with toilets, displaying more haste than taste. For six awful days the ship was walloped about, and on the seventh, something like a hurricane blew up. We were in "the roaring forties"—it was night and the ship trembled like a frightened bird. Few and short were the prayers said on the vessel if we except the cry, "How long, O, Lord, how long?" Even the Padre began to believe that there was something in Schopenhauer's dictum, "Life is a folly which death repairs." My brain was on fire and every bone was sore with unwonted acrobatic feats. After having shot twice out of my berth, I settled down to an old-fashioned, womanly cry. The good, grey stewardess gave me a Scotch potion that was hot and wet, and then said as she tucked the pillows around me: "Hoots child! dinna greit sae sair."

As the vessel leaped and swung there was a crashing accompaniment of broken plates and bottles and a queer hurly-burly of cutlery. Thud after thud came the huge rollers with mad impetuosity on the deck, an occasional wave finding its way down the halls and into our staterooms. Yet it was grandly awful, this dread shrieking and the wild clangor and moan of the storm, and as one listened through the long watch-