

likely enough that Brown and Robinson will elbow him off the sidewalk, and he will awake to all the realities of a London life.

But if I keep on in this strain I will try your patience with a questionable attempt at a lecture, when I might better excite your interest by a simple story. I must ask you, therefore, to come with me in imagination while we make a rapid run through some of the more interesting parts of Europe.

We will cross the Atlantic in the *Russia*, one of the best steamers of the Cunard Line. It sails early in July, so we have every prospect of a favourable passage.

At eight o'clock in the morning the signal is given, the steamer glides slowly from the pier at Jersey City, and two hundred and thirty passengers for the next ten days are the occupants of one house, separated from all the rest of the world. No telegraphic or postal communication with anyone; no morning paper to read; no *Evening Telegram*, with spicy paragraph; no business to worry them in any way. This ought to be the height of human felicity, but it isn't. Indeed, some in the ship, with strange perversity, call it the very depth of human woe, and when we reach the other side there are but few to wish the voyage might be extended for another day. Ten days of a

"Life on the ocean wave"

is about as much as anyone cares to have at one time.

The first day is one of excitement. You are all anxiety to know what your new home is like. Your first visit is, of course, to your own particular room. This you will find to be just six feet long by five feet wide. On one side are two berths awfully narrow, as you will find when you try to turn in them. On the other side you have a sofa. There is just room enough between this and the berths to allow you to stand while performing your toilet, but not enough for you and your room-mate; so you require to make a preliminary arrangement as to the right of way, and one berth dozes on contentedly while the other is making his toilet.

Having inspected your room, your next visit is to the dining saloon to find out your place at table.

Formerly you could choose your own seat, and the first object of each passenger was to get into the dining saloon and secure a seat by placing his card upon the table at the place selected. This gave rise to many an ugly rush and many a bitter word, which produced anything but good feeling for the journey. Now a better system prevails. The steward has the passenger list, and on a slip of paper he writes out each passenger's name. The dining table is set before the passengers come on board, and each passenger will find his name on some plate on the table. This is his or her seat for the voyage. As the seats are long benches, holding five or six, that passenger is fortunate who gets an outside or end seat. Strange changes come over individual characters at sea. It is not unusual to see your neighbour full of life at table, entering into conversation with zest, and charming a whole circle by his ready wit and drollery. Suddenly the drollery ceases, perhaps in the middle of an anecdote; an air of profound thoughtfulness comes over the speaker, and you know instinctively that his meditations, whatever they are, can only be continued in the silence of his own room, or while he gazes abstractedly into the waters as he leans over the side of the ship. In such case an end seat is always desirable, so that the individual may retire to his meditations without attracting too much attention.

Having found your room and your place at table, you will probably spend the rest of the day weighing the merits and demerits of your fellow passengers, and wondering if the one who is to be your room-mate is likely to be an agreeable companion, or the reverse. This is a matter of some importance, for your rest at night may be sadly disturbed if your companion be given to certain social customs which make his climbing to the berth over you a hazardous experiment for you as well as for himself.

Of course your companion may be a model of propriety, and yet be a serious annoyance at night; for he may be a snorer, and in a room six feet by five snoring ought to be strictly prohibited. I think if I had my choice I would prefer