

I found him cheery enough after a little while, but almost the first remark I made to him he replied to with a shortness which threatened to preclude all conversation. He was then not on "duty" except so far as involved the presiding at his own table where I was seated.

There is no novelty to record in an ordinary passage across this ocean. We have had a prosperous windy voyage, but one incident was distressing. A little weary panting land bird was blown on board when we were in the very middle of the Atlantic, and the same gale brought a battered yellow butterfly. We had compassion on the bird, talking to it, and offering crumbs; but when it had rested for a little while it caught and ate the butterfly. Then the wind arose and blew it quite away, so that we saw it no more.

How strong water is! Great iron ships look and feel so steady while in dock that one thinks them to be immovable as cliffs. But, having no root, how easily they are swayed, and, however large, how small they grow when they are thrust out far into the wide sea. We realised the uncertainty of artificial dominion over the winds and waves the other day. A bolt came off something down in the engine. This caused the bending of a steel arm which worked with oily exactitude between two surfaces. Thus the least curve made it quite impotent, and with a vehement and shrill blowing-off of steam we stopped, and suddenly became a helpless iron log. Fortunately the bend was so very slight that it was corrected (I believe chiefly with sand or emery paper) in about five or six hours, after which we went on our way rejoicing. I never more enjoyed the

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