

Before he had finished the words, Sarah was working her way to the hatchway. Grace looked round for Agnes, and saw her holding one of three or four children who were clinging about a pair of poor-looking emigrants, who seemed very much distressed about their boxes.

Mrs. Morton had stayed down, and kept Louisa, both from fear of the cold, and from the wish to put things in order. She had opened the box for immediate use, and with the help of Louisa and the maid, Lydia, was settling the goods in the cabins, so as to be easily found. 'It is like a rabbit warren,' as Grace said, looking at the various doors opening on the sides of the saloon, with the swinging lamp and swinging table, both of which seemed to add to her insecure, uncomfortable feeling that there was no firmness under her feet, but that she and all the world were giddy together.

'O Mary, how hot and stuffy it is down here! How can you stay in it?'

'Wait till you get to the tropics before you talk of heat, Grace.'

'Please, Grace, move; I can't get at that drawer,' said Louisa.

Grace moved rather sullenly. 'What's the use of all this rummage?' she said, 'after this tiring day, and by that horrid lamp too.'

'We may be glad to have rummaged while we can,' said Mary cheerfully. 'Perhaps you had better lie down in your berth at once.'

'Oh dear, no thank you, Mary;' and Grace sat down on the very box that Lydia wanted to open.

When turned off that, she stumbled over to the cabin she was to share with Sarah, but popped out to exclaim to Mary in great wrath, 'Are we really to have that cabin with a great piece cut off by the stairs? we shall be suffocated alive!'

'My dear child, I cannot help it,' began Mary.

'Well, I wish I had come down to choose.'

'I don't think you could have done any better,' said Mary patiently.

'Look into Agnes's. You will see she chose a much more uncomfortable one for herself and Lydia; and you know I was obliged to have the largest, to keep the children with me.'

Grace was abashed, and going into her cabin, tried to settle matters a little; but her kind sister had left her little to arrange, and she felt too dull and dreamy to attend to anything; she sat down on the floor, and fell into an uncomfortable sort of doze, from which she was wakened by Louisa coming to tell her that tea was ready in the saloon.

'Oh dear, oh dear, I don't want any; I don't think I can come, Louie.'

'And you—you horrid little thing!' said Grace in a tone more rueful than playful.

'Oh! you know Mamma and I never are ill! Shall I help you to undress, and then bring you a cup?'