

checked to the wharf in New York, and I and my carryall set forth, nothing doubting our joint ability to return, safe and sound.

The early morning awakening in Jersey City, the hurried breakfast, the filthy streets, the clamour and the crowding, the weeping and wailing, the chaffing and chiding, the sudden rush of the porters with trunks and vast crates of fresh vegetables, "*garden sass*" of every procurable sort, the final good-byes, the saloon odorous with breath of roses and carnations, floral tributes to some society darlings who sail with us, all the well-known bustle and confusion and discomfort, and at last the seesawing of the freighted vessel from the docks, and we are off.

I am located in a nice airy room, and after one little heartless thought, "How nice not to have anyone here to say good-bye to, or cry over!" I proceed to locate my belongings to the best advantage for myself and my fellow travellers, two of whom demand my consideration as we room together. Who does not feel a little excitement, be he or she ever so *blase* a traveller, as the good ship steals away from the familiar shores, and takes her way bravely out into the wide Atlantic? And the islands slip into a haze of distance, and the city fades into a blurred line, and the crisp sea breeze comes chilly at first, but gradually bracing and full of health and strength, and the sun goes down on us, a little moving speck on the waste of water, and one's evening prayer means more than usual.

When you can firmly plant your foot
Upon some well-secured land,
Do not forget the fun we've had
Aboard the good ship Noordland.

This exhortation in doggerel verse comes into my head whenever I think of our voyage out. It was scribbled in a pretty girl's album just before we landed at Antwerp, and contains a whole world of suggestive miseries and delightful larks. "Well-secured land" is very good, after thirteen days of sinking and swelling and all the attendant phenomena; but that sort of thing doesn't make a happy holiday, so we did not give way to it. Our little Belgian doctor, with his funny little crooked smile over his little crooked teeth, says: "When the ship go up, Madame must go up; when the ship come down, Madame must not stay up—no, no, come down with the ship; then, no '*mal de mer*!'" But it took some of his patients all their time to learn that simple recipe. We had many a "*parlez-vous*"