

day we enjoyed an official reception, and accompanied by Premier Fielding and members of his Cabinet, Consul General Frye and other gentlemen, were taken on an excursion about the beautiful harbor in the steam yacht of one of our entertainers, given a dinner and right royally toasted at one of the public buildings, and were finally taken to the Yacht Club House for a final reception.

At Halifax some of our party fearing more delay in reaching Rockland, left us, so with diminished numbers but plenty of enthusiasm we made ready for the last stage of the voyage. After some rather amusing experiences with our assistant steward or "cookee," who seemed to reason that because he had been so long deprived of the luxuries of modern civilization he should employ the first opportunity he had to enjoy them in making himself incapable of doing so, and who was brought aboard the morning we sailed only after a somewhat prolonged search, we "squared away" for Cape Sable. The fine fair wind ran us nearly down there, but just as we thought to escape the provoking calms that delayed us in this vicinity on the outward trip, we found the wind drawing ahead and failing. A day was spent in slowly working around the cape, drifting back much of the time, and then we struck one of the southerly fog winds that are too well known on the Maine coast. We were in waters on which our captain had been bred, and so we pushed on into the night, looking eagerly or listening intently as the darkness closed over us for some sign of approaching land. At length, just about eleven, when it seemed we could not stand the suspense of knowing that thousands of rocks were just ahead but not just where they were, and yet equally unwilling to stop then, when so near home, we heard the sound of the breakers, and standing cautiously in on finding the water very deep, soon made Mt. Desert rock light. It was a welcome sight, and from there an easy matter to shape our course for home. At day-break we could still see nothing, but towards noon, the wind being light and our progress slow, we passed the desolate house of refuge on the Wooden Ball Island, and soon the lifting fog showed us the mouth of Penobscot's beautiful bay, and shortly

after we dropped our anchor in the long wished for Rockland harbor, and the cruise of the *Julia Decker* and her crew of Bowdoin boys was ended.