

"That is not your own ship, Philip?" I said to him.

"No," he answered; "ours is much smaller, and not as steady a sailer as this is. So we are all going as passengers only; and I shall have nothing to do but take care of you both."

"Why wouldn't you let us rough it with you?" I asked, disappointed that we were not to cross the Atlantic in Philip's ship, and under Captain John Champion's command.

"Nothing rough should come near you, if I could help it," he said, tenderly.

Certainly he had no intention to let us meet with any hardships on the sea. The state-room he had chosen was the best on board, and was furnished luxuriously. The saloon upon which it opened was fitted up at a still greater cost, with a magnificence that astonished me, and still more amazed Mrs. Transome.

"Wait till you visit the steerage," said Captain John Champion.

I went there with Philip that evening, before the sun set. The low, long cabins, where a man could hardly stand upright; the crowded berths, one shelf above another, with little more space left than was necessary to crawl into them; the close herding together of over five hundred emigrants of the lowest class; the rough struggling for places at the narrow boards which served as tables; the unwholesome stifling atmosphere; the wailing of babies and the cries of children; all these things sent me back to my state-room sore and grieved at heart.

"Oh, Philip!" I said, "there ought not to be this difference between man and man; and only a few planks between us!"

"Yes," he answered sadly, "there are hardships on the sea."

But there was nothing that I could do. There was my place in ease and luxury; and between me and them was a great gulf fixed. Philip and Captain John Champion went often among the steerage passengers; but they would not let me go. Whenever I thought of them—and that was often, for I was grieved for them—I wished Philip had let me rough the passage in his own boat. There I should have felt at home; and if it had rocked somewhat, I should not have been frightened with him close at hand.

CHAPTER X.

IN PERIL.

WE had been out seven days, and more than two-thirds of the voyage were over; yet the same unvarying, shimmering, tossing plain of water stretched round us to the unbroken circle of the horizon. From the first the sky had been almost cloudless, and the vast dome of it bent over us like an hospitable roof, which would shelter us from all storms; for no one could dream of change in