

wafting us onward to our goal. We have passed two large steamers, Westward bound, several whales spouting water have been seen—looking like the spray of a fountain in the distance—and occasionally a large bird skims the water in search of a meal of fish. We realize now that not from a description by tongue or pen can we conceive how immense are the great mass of waters, so deep and darkly blue, we call ocean. Not until launched on its bosom and out of sight of land for days, do we begin to know. In imagination we revert to the infinite courage Columbus manifested when, in obedience to his convictions that another continent lay to the West, he embarked in his frail and slow-moving craft, sailing over unknown seas, in search of unknown land, contending with a doubting crew, he moved steadily onward, and how overjoyed when the cry was "Land ho!" "Lo, he bringeth them to their desired haven." And we thought how this language applies not only to our outward journeyings, but also affords encouragement to the earnest, toiling pilgrim on the heavenward journey; for if our standard is high as a "perfect man in Christ," and we strive to attain it, we shall be brought "Up through a well fought fight to heavenly peace and light."

Nearing Southampton the sight of green shores once more is cheering. We pass vessels outward bound, Eddystone light-house, a signal station, and coast guard stations, where men are kept constantly to watch for any appearance of smuggling.

On and on we steadily move up the channel. Pilots come on board after night-fall, when we retire, feeling our safety is quite assured. Some time in the night the ship reaches her dock, and while at breakfast on the morning of the 15th, a deputation from the British Women's Christian Temperance Association greet us with gracious welcome. We land, secure our baggage, offer it for the inspection of Custom House officers, who, looking us straight in the

eye, demand to know if we carry either whisky or tobacco—a strange question truly, for our band of white ribbons. However, the examination is creditably passed, and we board a railway train with odd-looking coaches, having doors in the sides.

The country through which we pass is highly cultivated, and many of the farm buildings have steep, straw thatched roofs, with low, overhanging eaves.

A three-hours' ride brings us to London the great, with its smoky atmosphere and its "chimney pots." Our present home is near the Victoria Embankment, which faces the Thames, and is full of handsome public buildings. The streets are narrow and winding, but we notice many large squares. No street cars, but the streets are full of cabs and omnibuses, the latter accommodating eight or ten persons inside, and the top—which is reached by a narrow, winding stairway at the back—is capable of seating as many more. We understand there are two hundred pulpits offered to the Women visitors for the religious services to-morrow, which is certainly a great concession for this conservative city.

One of the most eminent ministers, Dr. Parker, offers his temple for the opening services of World's W. C. T. Convention. It was a religious meeting conducted by Lady Somerset, Frances E. Willard, and "Mother Stewart," as she is called, a noble looking, white haired lady of eighty years, one of the band of crusaders who began the warfare against the saloon in Ohio, entering them, pleading and praying with the keepers, the result being that barrels of rum were poured into the gutters of the streets. She announced that the W. C. T. U. was twenty-one years old last fall, and related some of the trials connected with its birth. She was very sweet and interesting, and later on, when the British W. C. T. Association re-elected Lady Henry Somerset for its president, and the enthusiasm ran high in behalf of the loved and gentle leader, throw-