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*THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 23rd.*

This morning the sea was very rough; the wind had changed during the night; we could not go on deck, although we were getting over our sickness all right. Brought together in the cabin, the passengers got to know each other better. A Russian gentleman always said grace at the meals, as there was no minister on board. It was suggested that someone read the Bible, and Miss Arthur started to do that. We obtained a few hymn books from the steward and we sang and had a good time. We were very happy and enjoyed our little gatherings from day to day. Three or four times every day we got together and had our little reading and singing. There were several favorite songs that we sang some time every day. Among them was "Pull for the Shore, Sailor," little dreaming that before the voyage was over our dear sailor boys would be forced to pull for the shore.

*FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 24th.*

It was still too rough to be on deck, so we had our little meetings and conversation down in the sitting-room.

*SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 25th.*

Saturday morning was beautiful and fine. Everyone was on deck. Our dear old ship was just humming along like a great beautiful bird toward old England, and everybody was happy and in the best of spirits. Over in the distance we saw a steamer going toward Canada. Miss Arthur and I were walking up and down the deck chatting and the captain passed us on the way to the bridge. He slipped on something and we started to laugh at him. "Ah, said he, that was looking at you pretty Irish girls did that." So it made us laugh more heartily. It was such a beautiful fine morning and all were so bright and happy and well, talking and singing and joking one to another,