

world. You can hardly imagine a ship 900 feet or 300 yards long, yet this enormous size has now been reached. Three turns round the deck of such a ship is a walk of more than a mile. The Atlantic liners are often described as floating hotels, and indeed there are few hotels where one can live as comfortably.

A day on the Atlantic ferry as things now are is a complete contrast to what is described by Dickens, in the depressing pictures of emigrant life which he gives us in his novel *Martin Chuzzlewit*.

At eight o'clock our steward knocks and informs us that our bath is ready. A refreshing bath is followed by an abundant breakfast, and then we are ready for what amusement the day may bring. Deck games of various sorts are going on all the time. If we are studious, we may seek the library and spend our time with magazines or books. In the evening there may be a concert in the saloon, or indoor games, or reading. And always there are the roomy promenade decks, where we may walk or even run whenever we will, and the comfortable deck chairs where, wrapped up in a rug, we may prefer to drowse the pleasant hours away. The chief events of our day are the meal-hours; and time passes so smoothly that we soon forget what day of the week it is. The end of the voyage comes almost like an unpleasant interruption to a holiday.

To this degree has the progress of invention in shipping tamed the rough Atlantic for those who cross it on business or on pleasure. But those who live by it, the sailors on board our cargo steamers and coasting craft, and the fishermen in their small schooners or still smaller boats, still find the Atlantic very like what it used to be. Improvements in comfort and safety have come into their life, no doubt, but there is little room in it for luxury and none for idleness.

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