

to the wharf and on board our steamer for crossing the Pacific, "The Empress of India," she is a magnificent vessel, and one is immediately struck by the civility and kindness shown by the Captain and Officers. I need hardly tell you after inspecting my cabin and the luxury we were to have for the next three weeks my spirits rapidly rose, and even home sickness which I felt on reading my mail that day vanished a little. The Empress of India sailed from Vancouver on July 29th and we were on board an hour or so before noon, and almost before one could realize it we were steaming out from the wharf; so promptly and in order is every duty executed on this ship, we had soon looked our last on Vancouver and were steaming rapidly towards Victoria, which lovely place we reached about 10 p. m., and there dropped our Pilot and the few farewell letters which had been scribbled to send off with him. I was disappointed as it was night when we passed through the Juan de Fuca Straits, and on awaking next morning Canada was slowly disappearing from our sight, and one could not help a feeling of sadness at the fact. However Capt. Marshall and his gallant officers are not the sort to allow one to feel like that long, and as we had a particularly nice set of passengers, most of us quite decided to enjoy our trip; we very soon began to amuse ourselves, some with cricket, some music, tennis, a few flirtations and some even (in that calm ocean) retired overwhelmed with *Mal de mer*; we made very good runs each day, and *our* one regret seemed to be that the trip could not last months instead of weeks. We had several very good musicians on board and managed to get up two good concerts, the latter was a grand success, and very satisfactory, (as not having collected as much as we wished at the Sunday Service in aid of the Sailor's Home at Hong Kong, a few of us girls wrote out and painted programmes, and sold them, and actually made \$75 by them) I have no room to tell you of the jolly little teas the Capt. and Officers gave us in their cabins, nor of the dances on deck, one very good one the skipper gave, he had all one side of the deck completely awned in and

beautifully decorated; the floors were made very good with some packages of corn flour and even the weather was kind to us, as we had a glorious calm night, and all felt sorry when the time came to sing "Auld Lang Syne." We had not one rough day the whole way across, but it was bitterly cold, and four or five days very foggy, and the decks almost deserted, however, we had nothing to grumble about as the ship was heated by steam, and the library and saloon are most comfortable; on awaking; on our 12th day out one felt a decided change in the temperature, and on coming on deck it felt delightfully warm, even without one's furs; our last day was a very pleasant one, and most of us felt keen regrets that in a few hours time we were to say good-bye and perhaps look on each other for the last time; however I must not be growing sentimental. As we neared Japan dozens of small native fishing boats (*San-pans*) came under our notice, and before we dropped anchor, Assthan, $\frac{1}{4}$ of a mile from Yokohama, we were surrounded by about 6 deep of these boats full of Japs selling curios, most of which are really rubbish, but to our eyes were odd, and seemed more that worth the few cents they asked for them. The harbor at Yokohama is very pretty, the city is slightly built above the sea and one is struck with the neatness and cleanliness everywhere. There are ships of all nations around us, both merchant men and men of war, and it is quiet interesting to study the different nationalities to which they belong. As soon as breakfast was over, we landed, being fortunate enough to get taken off on the hotel launches, as just at first one feels they are about going ashore in the *San-pan*, though they really are wonderfully safe and kept perfectly clean; on reaching the jetty you are assailed by dozens of Kickshaw men, (these are the owners of a sort of small carriage, something like a miniature buggy,) who want you to take their vehicle, and when you have at last succumbed to the most importunate and are safely sitting in comfort, with your several friends in similar ones, and told in what direction you wish them to go, you start off in a line one behind the other, feeling rather ridiculous but very pleased at everything; of course we spent hours in the curio shops, and went back to the hotel, the "Grand,"