

journey. I was all right again and up on deck. Here most of the passengers got on, and amongst them was Miss Maggie Arthur and her two brothers from Port Arthur, Ontario, who were going to pay a visit to friends in old Ireland. After watching the people loading up, and the bustle and hurry on the wharf for a while I went below into the sitting-room. Here Miss Arthur was sitting all alone. I said: "Are you lonesome?" She said, "I feel like crying; it is all so strange." I replied, "Oh, come along; you must not get homesick so soon; this will never do." Then we had supper and a good long chat about where we came from and where we were going. We spent a very pleasant evening, and were chums from that time,

*TUESDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 21st.*

There were large crowds on the wharf at Halifax to see us off on our homeward journey.

It was a beautiful fine morning. The flags were flying in the breezes, and the whole city was in holiday attire. All on board were in the best of spirits. I do not think that there ever was a ship left port under more favorable circumstances, for it was a splendid morning; sun shining, flags flying, people singing, guns booming, and the dear old ship was like a live beautiful bird skimming over the water. Little did we think when she so proudly left her dock that she would never reach her port. It was a day of very pleasing experiences. When bed time came, Miss Arthur before disrobing kneeled down in prayer to God. I was very glad and followed her example, thanking God that I was in such good company, and throughout the voyage we often enjoyed very sweet spiritual fellowship.

*WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 22nd.*

The boat was going along nicely all day, but most of the passengers were seasick. Our experiences were too well known to be repeated, nearly every reader knows what it is.