

not only for his skill as a seaman and navigator, but also for his unvarying courtesy, and his unflagging efforts to promote a sociable and cordial spirit amongst his passengers, by providing for them, so far as circumstances would permit, all kinds of amusements to vary the monotony of their life at sea. We sailed sometime during the last week in September, and looked forward hopefully to our spending Christmas Day in Australia.

Amongst the passengers were a middle-aged couple, and their daughter—St. Clair by name. Mr. St. Clair was a very wealthy man, but excessively proud and mean. His wife was one of the sweetest women I ever met; she was in delicate health, and this present voyage was undertaken for her benefit. Miss St. Clair was a young and charming girl, and it is needless to add that I fell desperately in love with her. To feast my eyes upon her as she tripped along the deck by the side of her cantankerous father, and listen to her soft, sweet voice, would raise wild, tumultuous feelings in my heart, which were intensified when my ardent gaze was met with a responsive smile upon her sweet face. I would sometimes, however, feel very despondent when I considered the wide social difference in our positions, which I felt completely barred all hope of my ever being anything more to her than an acquaintance, and this only for the short term of the passage. I felt that when she once reached Sydney I should in all probability be quite forgotten. And in this sorrowful view of my position I was confirmed by her father's manner towards me, which was distant, offensive and ungentlemanly to a degree. With the captain and chief officer, however, his manner was very noticeably different, and this, together with the way in which he watched every look upon my face when his daughter was near, led me to believe that his suspicions had been aroused, that all was not as he should like it to be.

Under the brisk and steady in-

fluence of the north-east trade winds the *Alnwick Castle*, with topmast and lower studding sails set, swept gaily across the North Atlantic Ocean, gladdening the hearts of the captain and passengers with the rapid progress she was making. To myself, however, this was no source of satisfaction, for the faster the ship sailed, so much the sooner must I be separated from Miss St. Clair; and the prospect of a separation seemed to become more dreadful as time went on. I was cheered, however, by the thought that the 'Doldrums' were before us with their almost inevitable calms.

Time sped along, and the *Alnwick Castle* had run through the north-east trade winds and was now the sport of calms and cat's-paws of wind varied with squalls of rain, thunder and lightning. The sails which had previously bellied out to the pressure of the wind, now, for the most part of the time, hung listlessly down from the yards. The sun poured his burning rays down upon the broad decks of the ship, melting the pitch in the seams and driving the passengers to the shelter of the awning which was spread across the fore part of the poop deck; the bright, hopeful expression on their faces had vanished and given place to one of disappointment. It was not so, however, with good Captain Boyd. He had spent too many years grappling with the uncertainties of those latitudes and accepted the inevitable with a calmness born of experience.

"It is of no use viewing it in any other light than as part of the programme of the passage," I heard him remark gaily in reply to some pessimistic observation from Mr. St. Clair. "I always make up my mind," he went on, "for a few days of this description of weather, and in consequence I don't feel disappointed when it comes."

"It's very unpleasant and disgustingly hot; that's all I know about it," was the cantankerous rejoinder.

"A shark! a shark!" was the excited cry one morning, as the ship under the influence of a small cat's-