

the passengers to their berths for two days. The waves were not as high as I have seen the north Atlantic produce. Off Cape Hatteras we met a strong gale, the waves sweeping the deck from stem to stern, and frequently dashing over the funnel. The next morning, April 18th, we found the storm had abated, and the surface of the ocean still undulating but glassy calm. We made good progress northward, and toward evening, the pilot, came on board and the next morning at seven, we were through with the medical health officer, and slowly wending our way to the Union Docks, Brooklyn. The custom house inspection over, we bade good-bye to the genial Captain, officers, and stewards, who anticipated all our wants and desires, and the excellent stewardess Mrs. McCrombie, who was indefatigable in her attentions. Driving over the long Brooklyn bridge, and through the city of New York, we came to the Grand Central Station, and took the first train for Ottawa, where we arrived the next day, just four months absent from our Canadian home. This trip has been one of great delight to us, and I cannot conclude without expressing our thankfulness, that we have returned in safety, and found that our people have been so thoughtful in relieving us, from care and anxiety by keeping every thing running as if we had been in their midst, and that God had provided such efficient supply in our absence.