

## CHAPTER XLIII.

### ARRIVAL IN CANADA.

Transport Rosslyn Castle, January 6.

This is the fourth, and, I trust, our last Sunday out. The sea is very rough, the dead lights closed and the decks wet; the brass cuspidors in the smoking-room are skating up and down the floor like curling stones as the ship rolls and plunges. Every now and then there is a particularly enthusiastic heave followed by a crash of crockery and jingle of glassware—please excuse the writing. Last night it was very rough, with the pleasant combination of a beam sea and head wind. Just before dinner we carried away the try sail. I don't know what the try sail is, but judging from the tone of respect with which the third officer, who sits next to me, mentioned the fact, it must be a matter of some importance. After dinner we nearly ran into or were nearly run into by a four-masted sailing ship which dashed across our bows out of the gloom of the storm. The steamer was thrown out of her course just in time, otherwise we might have finished up the campaign with some Birkenhead drill, because there is not boat accommodation for quite half those on board, and it is still a long swim to Halifax. During last night the Rosslyn cut so many capers that were nearly thrown out of our berths, and about 2 a. m. everybody was awake and most of the officers were up. Water was dripping into the cabins through the skylights, and an intruding wave nearly washed Major Hurdman out of his state room. At the morning service in the saloon to-day the parson, pale but firm, spoke eloquently on the text: "Fight the good fight," with his arms clasped round the pillar in the center of the aisle. The parson, unfortunately, is not a good sailor.