

ship under our feet; the deep, dark-blue, pathless sea all around us. Now we need to look often at the compass to keep our ship straight to the east. The sky and the water seem to meet on all sides; the horizon makes a complete ring about us, as we steam swiftly along night and day, farther and farther from Canada. Every morning the sun appears to come up out of the water in front of

us, at noon it is high up in the sky on our right, and every evening it slopes down to the sky ring and sinks slowly down into the water.

Out here on the wide ocean we can see nothing but the waves of the tossing sea. Even on fine bright days the waves are large enough to make our huge ship roll from side to side and heave and plunge as we go swiftly over them, so that it takes us several days to learn to walk the deck without falling when the vessel rolls or lurches forward.

But sometimes the wind rises and blows up a storm; the waves then run so high and grow so large and terrible that they are called *billows*. Their tops or crests rise many feet high and are lashed

into white foam. Often they dash themselves against the strong sides of our good ship and toss it about like a bit of cork floating in a swollen creek.

Now and then a bigger wave, twenty or thirty feet high, dashes up against our ship with a great thud that makes her shiver from stem to stern, and a part of the wave at the top breaks over the side of our vessel. At such times we must

stay below in the cabin; on deck, we may be drenched to the skin, or swept overboard and drowned. But the sight of the storm-tossed ocean is grand; we can never forget those huge mountains of water on all sides. By-and-by the wind dies away, the waves sink down to less than half their former size, and it is once more safe for us to walk the deck of our ship and survey the wide ocean around us.

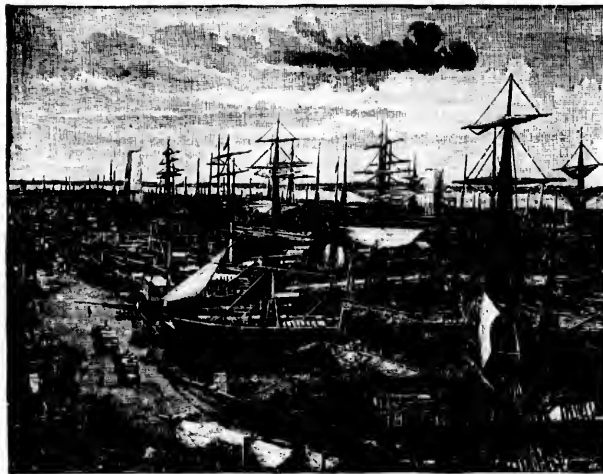
All this time our engines are throbbing down below, and driving our ship eastward both night and

day for a *msa The Great East* whole week, until at last, far ahead, the land begins to rise dimly out of the sea.

Soon we come closer, and can see it stretching away to the right and the left; our captain slows down the speed of our ship, and then we go carefully on; at last we are across the Atlantic, and have reached the shores of the largest land-mass in the world. Here is a fine harbor ahead of us, and we can see hundreds and hundreds of vessels that have found their way from all parts of the world across pathless seas by means of the wonderful compass



Out on the Wide Ocean.



A Harbor.