

bill next morning! Fortunately we had been too wary to order breakfast there, so on our way to the boat we went to a certain little place we know of, where *café-au-lait* worthy of Paris and as much bread and butter as you like can be purchased for 10c. And then for the best boats that float the Pacific, and away down to the sunshine of Southern California. What a good time we had! All our ill-feeling towards the sea had been got over in the preceding days, and while one after another of the crowd of passengers thought they would go and take a little rest, we paraded the ship, invaded the pantry, where the chief steward regaled us with pie and refreshed us with tea, and finally, under the care of the boatswain were ensconced on the upper deck, to read a little, and write a little, and gaze with eyes not filled with seeing at the golden coast line of the well-loved western land. Less than forty-eight hours had to be spent on that boat, and yet what a store of memories have we from those days. There was the walk at Santa Barbara in the early morning, past old adobe houses, with their gardens full of great graceful palms, and trees of lemon verbena, plumbago and heliotrope, though, to our sorrow, we found we could not reach that mission. But another mission there is in that land, where, entering in, we saw the priests at the altar, and heard their solemn chant taken up by the voices of monks from some dim gallery, and we gave thanks to God that one of our nearest and dearest sleeps his last sleep close by the sanctuary there, where seven times a day God is praised because of His righteous judgments.

And oh, the color of that sea! such clear brilliant blue! such dancing "white horses."

And then what interest the passengers afforded. One truly pathetic scene rises up before us. There was a fat American boy, a youth of twenty—such beautiful cheeks he had; so very large and smooth, so very pink and white. How he enjoyed his first meal on board; how steadily he worked through the menu! He came to the second, and his attentive waiter feelingly implored him to try this, or that, but no, he could fancy nothing except, perhaps, a little coffee. Presently his women-folk joined him, and reproached him for not trying to eat. This was more than our poor fat boy could stand. "Marm," he said, "you needn't speak like that, I feel just badly about it, for I'm real fond of eating!" Alas, poor boy! he appeared no more, but joined the ranks of those who, as we heard a waiter explain, were not sea-sick! "Oh, no! but most of them had a little head-ache, and didn't care to come down." It was not on that boat, but on another, when one of us was feeling rather forlorn, that a dear little American theatrical boy sent a small parcel with a timid message, "Would the lady kindly excuse him, but did she chew gum," and that the captain gave us the use of the large and comfortable sofa in his cabin, the society of a beautiful and mischievous pup, and a package of scented soap!

This voyage ended in early morning; morning in the sunset land.