

"I do think," writes my friend the Neapolitan to me, "that one meets the loveliest people travelling. Is it not because when one is free from the ties and cares of home associations one has a chance to develop and show one's true self?" Yea, verily! The mean man at home is the meanest man on the ship, but the merry heart that cannot burst its leading strings amid the cares and conventionalities of home laughs and carols like any bird in the bracing salt sea breezes.

"But the seasickness?" Nonsense; *be* seasick, if you *must*, in private, prithee, that you offend not a fellow man or woman who has done you no harm, and get gamely well again, and learn the beauty and the poetry of those wide wastes of water that lie in the Almighty palm. For the land may grow tame and the scenery tiresome and the days slow, but on the sea is ever mystery, variety, possible tragedy, and never ceasing interest, and it is wise to learn to love it. How happy I was, lounging on the lee side, in the golden sunlight, while the sweet foreign accents of my Neapolitan friend told me tales of the flower land and the peerless Bay of Naples, and gently hinted of what might be if I could venture back with her, to see and enjoy for myself. Or when the fresh breezes blew deeper red into the ruddy cheeks of the young Swede, careering about with Baby on his shoulder, and putting that interesting youngster up to deeds of daring congenial to his fearless Canadian-German mind, I joined in the fun, and aided and abetted the climbing and the laughing and the scampering, and felt ten years younger and half a lifetime stronger. And it was *lovely* to watch a growing flirtation between the exquisite of the ship and the daughter of "a certain rich man," who was more generous than Dives and the model of a good father, and on that last balmy evening, to take wicked cognizance of the fact, that away in a secluded corner of the deck the flirtation had progressed to decided love-making, and that the white Tam O'Shanter and the brown one were confidentially intermingling, while unsuspected and unseen, three yards away, papa sat calmly biding his time! And what papa said and what mademoiselle answered, very subsequently, is it not the property of the whole grinning boat full of passengers before long? These things will happen, and happy the maiden who has such a kind and watchful paterfamilias to guard her from the wiles of sea-going adventurers, and with hard, practical Yankee common sense, to dispel the glamour that youth and inexperience cast over a handsome face and well-cut clothes. Perhaps the funniest of all funny episodes was the preparation, on the part of the con-