

The slow-widening dawn opened a vista of loveliness that is only hindered by clouds so delicate that they might be angel's robes. There is no horizon, for the sky and sea are one.

The disquietude and pain, the grisly terrors of death and disease that hold their earth-born clods in morbid thrall, are all fallen into this "sea of glass mingled with fire." It is a vision that overawes your pettiness. It means that you sit as lightly to the material as you may ever hope to, 'till this mortal shall have put on immortality.

It is the quickening of the soul.

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There was a score of English people aboard, and they talked of Canada, not quite as "the blawsted colony," but rather as believing Mrs. Jameson's statement that Canada is "a small community of fourth-rate, half-educated people, where local politics of the meanest kind engross the men, and petty gossip and household affairs the women." They spoke of our gruffness and bad manners. Perhaps it is so. I have not seen enough of the world to institute comparisons, and it may be that we Canadians need the warmth of a more genial atmosphere to soften our brusquerie.

They look upon us as more akin to the Americans than the British. One gentleman pressed the matter rather far when he said that we had the same nasal monotone and the tiresome habit of braggadocio. In the future he will have absolutely no doubts as to Canadian bluntness, for I told him that Miss Isabella Baird, his countrywoman, had given as the result of many years travel, the interesting decision that while the Americans were *nationally* assumptive, the English were *personally* so.

The stewards know the character, habits and idiosyncrasies of all the passengers. It is wise to be good to them. The chief steward is the major-domo of the vessel. He is all