

are away from all human dwellings and the busy hum of the morning, reposing in the tranquillity of noon. As citizens of a palatial city in the sea we are settling down to the usual round of comforts and pleasures. The day is serene; the air invigorating; the passengers sociable—the requisites for a happy voyage. The number of tourists aboard is 3,300, and if each individual will only add something to the enjoyment of all, our trip from land to land will be one of the most enjoyable and unprecedented in ocean travel.

Thus far our pleasure is being multiplied. Each one is relating his or her experience in Europe, and, heedless of the hour and the course, there is much mirth and merriment among these denizens of the sea, who are grouped in threes and fours in every available corner of the decks. And thus it continued till the sun, already half sunk beneath a bank of clouds, had taken leave of the day. The lovely orb of day has now disappeared and the prelude to night appears in gray; the shades grow heavier and lengthening away to the eastward become darker—it is the first steps of night hastening to conceal the beauty of the day in her shade. An hour passed, and the moon, with uttermost grace rises from a moire antique-like couch and spreads her elegance over a beautiful scene. It is her first appearance in the canopy of the night, and her supreme beauty makes her the admired of all. Oh, how sweet the reverie under a richly mellowed moon at sea!

The next morning the sun appeared in his usual splendor, and threw hope into a new day. We are steaming into Queenstown, better known to our gray-haired fathers as the Cove of Cork, and a port which possesses advantages unequalled by any port in Great Britain or Ireland. Tenders laden with hundreds of passengers and any number

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