

night (Thursday 6th) the sounds I heard were awful. The steerage is right under the cabin, and consequently when lying in our bunks, and all quiet, you heard with the greatest distinctness. The retching was frightful, not fetching anything up, but "belching" all night long, and the poor babies (of whom there are an immense number) were crying most piteously, of course their mothers were all too ill to attend to them. I was driven half "daft," and didn't know where to go to get away from the noise; however, I managed to keep all right by thinking about it as little as possible. On Friday morning when I went on deck (as I was the only one well enough) there was no land to be seen, nothing but sea, sea, sea, on every side, and as it was rough, the huge Atlantic waves came in at an awful pace, and kept us rocking and pitching all day, and as it was my first time *really at sea*, I could not help a solemn awe and reverence stealing over me at the wondrous works of the Creator, and feeling how small and insignificant I was (and even the ship) compared with that mighty deep which lay stretched before me. Captain Smith is a splendid gentleman, and gives us lots of fun. We have got a gymnastic apparatus rigged up on the quarter-deck, which allows us plenty of exercise, also lots of games peculiar to a ship, which are no use telling you, as you would not know the meaning of the names, or how they are played. We had a concert on Monday night, which went off splendidly; the steerage passengers were called into the cabin, and the performance began at 7 o'clock. There were two violins, and a guitar which the doctor of the ship plays beautifully. I sang the first song, which was my old favourite one of "Alonzo." I was dressed in a