

Wishing to see something of the vitals of the ship, the Padre and I climbed down to where the stunning uproar and pulsing thuds of the ship's naked heart upset any preconceived ideas we had on descending. It was a submarine inferno. The engine "buzzed and bang'd and clack't," and the regular, never-ceasing plunge of the pumps was dizzying in the utmost degree. The engineer told me about the governors, piston, cranks, and valves; about eccentrics and rockers, with a glibness born of long practise, and I pretended to understand it all. I understood the furnaces, however, those huge volcanoes with their white glare and never-satiate throats. Swarthy, half-naked men, with blood-shot eyes, demonstrated the burden of their primal curse that by the sweat of their brow they should eat bread. These stokers work four hours and sleep eight, and their wages are \$20.00 a month. They regard visitors as their lawful prey, and accordingly, one of them chalked the door-step and we had to pay our footing. When the Padre handed him the money, the man, with a lubricous air of grandissimo, made a profound bow and shouted a song for our entertainment.

"Oh what can"

"Oh what care we when on the sea,
For weather fair or fine?
For toil we must, in smoke and dust,
Below the water line."

For those who go down to the sea in ships there are "paths in the great waters," and in one of these, fifteen hundred miles from land, we met a steamer of the Dominion Line. It was the first vessel we had sighted, and as the ships passed on, we "spake to each other in passing."

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Till you have seen the coming of daylight across the sea
in the soft blending of moonlight and dawn, you have not
tasted the sweetest draught Nature has to proffer her lovers.