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amongst our happier and certainly more civilized-looking fellow passengers.

A fur cloak thrown hastily over one's night gear, with a down quilt thrust on as a skirt, and feet destitute of stockings, does not constitute a very conventional costume even on board ship; but who could give up such a chance as the sight of four huge icébergs all seen at the same moment?

On our one day of comparative peace, towards the end of the voyage, we made acquaintance with a bright young Bostonian lady, married to a cheery old Scotchman who might have been her grandfather, but who possessed fortunately that rare charm, a stubborn youthfulness of heart that had weathered the storms of some sixty or seventy years.

There seemed to be something sad and incongruous in such a marriage, and one was tempted to marvel how it had come about, for she was too nice to have married him for money, if only her *own* interests had been in question. It was a consolation to remember that a *blasé* or cynical young man would have crushed down her youth much more terribly, and no man or woman knows what he or she may chance to pull out of that velvet lottery bag called marriage.

My sympathies also went out towards a poor young