

throb and tremor of the great monster that is hurrying us over the waters :

"For the throb of the pulse never stops  
In the heart of the ship,  
As her measures of water and fire  
She drinks down at a sip."

One must get away to some secluded part of the deck, far from the engines, and far too from all distracting human influences, if he would put himself in touch with the spirits of wave and wind and sky.

What countless creatures teem in the fathomless depths of ocean or sweep over its boundless expanse. There goes the huge whale, heaving his broad back above the tumbling billows. There grins the ravenous shark, darting through the blue waters with a death menacing motion. There shoals of porpoises leap and sport, trying to equal the speed of the vessel. Yonder fly the beautiful sea-gulls with their weird and plaintive cries. The dullest imagination can pass beyond the presence of the visible and peer into the gulfs below and view the innumerable swarms of monsters that roam the watery valleys.

Many reflections press upon a thoughtful mind in mid Atlantic. The floor of the abysses below is strewn with fearful wrecks, and whitening bones of mariners whose dying cries have sounded on this very air. Over this highway of the nations, bound on missions of peace or destined for deeds of war, countless ships have sailed for many centuries. Even now the keel of our vessel may be cutting the track of the ship that changed the course of American history, or that carried our ancestors to the New World.

What an ominous aspect have those life boats that hang at the sides of the deck ! How suggestive they are of the awful possibility that before the voyage is over we may be floating in them over this solitary waste of waters at the mercy of the fickle elements ! More sternly suggestive still of possible peril are the many life-preservers to be seen in every part of the ship. The winds and waves may be cruel to a struggling boat, but what awful terrors must be those of the unfortunate that is obliged to have final recourse to one of these inflated life belts.

There is a strange magic and mystery about the sea. Ever since the genesis of our world when "the gathering together

of the waters called he seas" man has been at the same time terrified by and fascinated by the mighty main. Poets of all ages, who above all men are capable of receiving deep impressions, have sung of the majesty and the beauty of the sea. Among modern poets Byron and Swinburne have felt most powerfully the ocean's charms. Readers of Byron know well with what exultation he always seizes this favorite theme, the culmination of his ardor being reached in the famous stanzas of *Childe Harold* beginning

"Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean—roll !"

Readers of Swinburne know well that it is the beauty rather than the strength of the sea that has engaged his affection. The soft music of summer waves can be heard in those stanzas beginning :

"Dawn is dim on the dark soft water,  
Soft and passionate, dark and sweet."

A volume might be written about the ocean, yes many volumes, but the length of this paper is a warning that it is time to get to shore. After a week of perfect weather a day of fog followed as our ship approached the coast of Ireland. The incessant blowing of the dreary fog horn and other attendant discomforts of the fog made us quite eager to see the land.

What a delightful throng of new sensations rush upon a Canadian who for the first time comes in sight of Europe ! What memories and associations crowd up at the mention of that ancient name, —a name connected with the legends of childhood, the tasks of school days, and the more agreeable studies of maturer years.

We sight Innistrathull on the Donegal coast on Monday morning at daylight after eleven days sailing. After touching at Moville, the port of Londonderry, the ship speeds towards Glasgow. Many pleasant glimpses of green fields and rugged cliffs are obtained as we skirt the north coast of Ireland. The ruins of "Green Castle" give to us travellers from the New World a thrilling introduction to the Old. The sail through the North Channel past the Mull of Cantire, and up the Firth of Clyde past Arran and Bute prepare us by degrees for the

"Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,  
Land of the mountain and the flood."