

collapse of body and soul indicated that the limits of human endurance have been reached. The "large, airy stateroom" becomes a maddening cubicle and I strangle for air. I am in a floating hospital and there are dismal sounds of retching and wailing, of gasping and gurgling, notes of appalling mortal woe that are distressing in the extreme to hear. After awhile the "contrary winds" abate and I get a sharp appetite, but the very superior stewardess insists on the discipline of renunciation. It saves her trouble ; nevertheless it is a good axiom in travel to eat when you can. There is a fortune in store for the person who will write a practical book on "How to be Happy though Travelling."

To a certain extent, there is an unavoidable familiarity on a big liner. You drop your city-bred suspicions of every accidental acquaintance, and the company falls into parties. Natural selection is unconsciously established, and you find yourself more intimate with those whose tastes are congenial. The Padre says it is the old division of the bores and the bored. It do not think he means anything personal, but I must say he has got an aggravating way of letting his chair back to the remotest angle, or of scowling at me as his natural enemy. It doubtless secures him from troublesome intrusion and gives him time to be idle—very idle, or to think "long long thoughts" about sermons and things.

Early in the voyage we suffered much from the hoarse, anguished bellow of the fog-horn, and presently found ourselves surrounded by gigantic iceburgs. They are intensely interesting studies of polar architecture. The ultra-nautical called them "bergs." These shy, spectral apparitions, pallid and luminous as opals, with their indescribable, palpitating hues and polar breath, were strangely and irresistibly attractive. This proximity to "Greenland's Icy Mountains" was overwhelmingly oppressive, and the realization of our human smallness and incapacity was humiliating and entire.