

the evening were frozen up. In sheer disgust we took ourselves to bed to get warm, and were only awakened by the sound of the winch on the deck overhead and the noise of the crew as they were casting loose from the wharf about 7 o'clock next morning.

The run down to Victoria, about eighty-five miles, occupied about six hours, and would have been quite an ordinary everyday channel run but for the extreme cold. Sometimes we were almost within a stone's throw of shore, at others a mile away; but wherever we were, the scenery was much the same. Pines skirted the shore, which in some places was quite rocky, and pines covered the hill tops as far as the eye could reach. The snow which was to be seen in patches on either side among the pines seemed to make everything look very cold and cheerless. Victoria was reached early in the afternoon and we went ashore to get up a circulation but passing through the streets we were soon wearied by seeing the sign "to let" on every hand and made our way back to our refrigerator in time to hear the whistle sound for visitors to pass down the gangway and passengers to come on board.

In a very short time we were on our way towards the much talked of Race Rocks, with the breeze of the morning strengthened to a strong wind and a light snow falling. Indications pointed to a rough night, but it was somewhat reassuring to look on the bridge and see a stalwart figure whose face was almost hidden by a heavy muffler, whom we knew to be the pilot. The storm seemed to grow in intensity as darkness approached, and when we retired the wind was blowing a gale, and the snow was blinding. The noise of the monotonous foghorn, which was sounded at quick intervals to warn approaching vessels, and the slight anxiety as to whether we would run aground on Race Rocks, as the Warrimoo did a short time ago, kept us awake sometime.

It seemed as if we were only asleep a few minutes before I was awakened by an awful feeling coming over me. The wind was still howling through the ropes and the ship was pitching violently, which told us that we had safely passed the rocks and rounded the Cape and were fairly on our way across the mighty Pacific ocean. Every few minutes the waves would wash overboard, and every dip of the ship showed us that one of our ports was not screwed up tightly. Gallons of water rushed in on the lower part of my bunk and ran on to my companion's, saturating our beds and almost causing our grips to float around in the cabin. At every dip we would hear the swish of the water as it ran from side to side across the floor, and every plunge of the boat caused the two huge anchors at her bows to strike the water with such terrible force that it seemed to us, lying as we were in such close proximity, that they would surely come through the side. Sometimes when the ship had dipped heavily, throwing tons of water on the fore poop, much of which would pass over the breakwater down onto the open deck below, it seemed to us she fairly staggered as a man might do who is struck very hard. Once during that memorable night when a big wave broke off a heavy iron ventilator, several sleeping passengers were suddenly aroused by the downpour of several tons of water

which broke down all the bunks in that section and flooded the cabins. For a while it seemed to me that something serious had happened because the ship went so smoothly afterwards. The fact was, as we learned later, that the engines were eased down to "dead slow" to enable her to ride the waves.

In the pleasing contrast with the crash and consternation among some of the passengers was the cheery "all's well" rung out every half hour in clarion tones from the throat of some lusty sailor in his unenviable position in the "crow's nest." It was reassuring to us to know that experienced men were watching constantly for danger in spite of the severity of the weather, although as far as most of the passengers were concerned all was far from being well. For my own part, if so much personal-ity might be excused, as soon as my eyes were opened in the small hours of that morning the feeling of seasickness was upon me. To be sure, it was in a mild form, but it was there, urging me to sit up, then to lie down, and infusing a general restlessness into my bones in spite of all preventatives. A glance at my companion's bunk showed me that he was sleeping the sleep of the just. A look of peace and contentment overspread his placid features and his regular breathing told me that it was my turn first. He might be sick but not while he slept so peacefully as he appeared to be doing then. There was nothing for me but to lie back and await developments.

It was a weary wait, but it came, and the little ominous looking tin convenience that is made to fasten on the side of the bunk was pressed into service. After exhibiting my disgust with the ship's motion I fell back feeling somewhat easier and wondering how long the beastly weather would continue; when a faint voice saluted my ears from the bunk below, desiring me to hand down the "collection plate" instantly. Once started, the contributions flowed in, and the "plate" was passed up and down all night. Sometimes two heads might have seen bent together over the "plate," and a stranger unaccustomed to the modes of procedure on shipboard might have thought by the way they gazed into it that a gem of great beauty had been lost there. The coughing and sundry noises which reached our ears from other parts of the ship informed us that we were not alone, but that the sweet influence of the rolling water was spreading from cabin to cabin, enlisting in the labor of seasickness many earnest workers. And once a person enters upon that labor all the little troubles of life vanish immediately. For 24 hours we slept in beds that were saturated with sea water and listened to the music of water dropping from bunk to bunk, and the sound of our shoes and grips sliding round the floor of our cabin—but we were not in the least disturbed.

Next morning the steward looked in to know if we were ready for breakfast. In spite of the fact that we had been working very hard for the seven hours previous, we did not feel at all hungry and a shake of the head was the reply. We laid it out all that day and part of the next, but suddenly determined to throw it off. Consequently we took an hour to dress and staggered on deck, feeling pretty weak and sick.

It is somewhat amusing to watch a

convalescent passenger on deck for the first time during stormy weather. It seems almost like going back to first principles. He cannot anticipate the ship's motion properly. When she dips he lifts his foot highly and vice versa; and when she rolls he very often finds himself thrown against the bulwarks with no gentle hand. When the dinner-bell rang on the second day, though we did not feel hungry, we took our place at the table. It is interesting to watch the convalescents getting to the table for the first time. They don't do it because they are hungry—O, dear, no! It is merely because they feel they ought to be getting around. Generally they come up in a kind of hesitating, awkward way and drop into their seats in an absented-minded manner. Some of them may then be seen to glance quickly around the dining room and move as if about to rise, but they do not always do so. Sometimes they will play with the table napkin in a nervous way, as if in doubt whether to take it from the ring, and seemingly a little uncertain whether they will need it. An expression of impatience may then be seen to overspread their lean faces, which is only increased when something is placed on the table. Very often one taste is sufficient, and they will fall over the stewards in their haste to get outside. Once there, they heave for awhile and then tell everybody else in a very pleased way that they have answered the dinner call. Sometimes it is several days before some passengers can sit a meal out, but it is well known that it is better to struggle against seasickness than to give way to it, which accounts for the sharp struggle that is made to answer the calls.

For six days out the log would show nothing but heavy sea, high wind and small runs. Very often the ship was running but half speed and waves were washing over the bows continually. It was a splendid sight sometimes to see the vessel dip down into a big wave, when tons of water would rush down the decks and the spray would be thrown fully twenty feet high. At times there would be no water come over for an hour or more and then a gigantic wave would break over without any warning and wet every one who happened to be in exposed places. In one of those calms when the decks have become quite dry a passenger had the hardihood to go right up in the bows, where he leaned over meditating perhaps on the beauty of the storm tossed sea, when a wave washed overboard, completely covering him. Had he not clung on tightly nothing would have saved him from going overboard. As it was, when the water had run off, he staggered back amid the laughter of his fellow passengers, a wetter but a wiser man.

As we neared Honolulu the water grew calmer and flying fish were seen very often. Everybody began to look more cheerful and to be more talkative. The ship's run was talked of incessantly and much mental power was exhausted in profound calculations to find out whether we would get in at the next port early or late in the day. We sighted land early in the morning but it was noon before Oahu appeared in sight. After a run of about four hours we found ourselves in the bay waiting to take up the pilot and in twenty minutes more we had safely passed down the narrow channel and were alongside the wharf.