

nothing of the one day's unpleasantness. If a person liked to read, there was no better time to indulge in that pastime. A book, a chair, and a rug or two made many look very comfortable, whether they felt so or not. Then there came that indefinable feeling as you looked out over the ocean with nothing but water around, not even a small ship in sight. One can spend hours, too, simply watching the waves. They have a great charm to an idle person.

But at night, one feels, more than at any other time, the vastness of the ocean. There is a fascination about the water as it seems to rush past you in the gloom. Then if you wish your thoughts to go faster you may turn from the side where the water is black and watch the propellers churn the water into white foam which sparkles with a phosphorescent glow. You have an environment suitable to every mood and it is with regret that you turn away.

The days, though sometimes tedious passed pleasantly enough. When we passed a ship at close quarters, all the passengers would line the rail and cheer. Once we sighted a whale spouting quite a distance off. After that the cry of "whale" was given regularly to see the rush.

One day we went through the engine room. As we carried a passport with the great seal of the University of Nebraska upon it, we received special attention. No party the size of ours had ever before been shown the machinery. As for the stoke hole, it must be seen to be appreciated. It is safe to say that no stoker ever experiences "life on the ocean wave" in the commonly accepted interpretation of the phrase.

Enough people were on board to make quite a city. After the second day, they did not act differently than they would on shore. During the short voyage of six days, there was a death and a birth in the steerage, and one man missing from the second cabin. He is supposed to have jumped overboard at night.

Religious services were conducted on Sun-

day in the first cabin. The Episcopal ritual was used. As we were between countries, prayer was offered for both president and the queen.

By the last day, the people became restless. When land was sighted, which happened to be at night, they all heaved a sigh of relief. We were nearly a whole day in sight of land before reaching South Hampton. Incoming vessels are sighted off the Lizards, from which point the operator telegraphs to South Hampton. When the "Paris" arrived, therefore, a gang of men were in waiting to unload the luggage and mail, which had been hoisted on deck the day before, the mail alone filling five English cars. Not a minute was lost.

After waiting two hours, we landed, and taking the train that was in waiting, we were soon on our way to London.

G. FRANK FISHER.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

The last of the old guard is gone. "The last leaf upon the tree" has fallen; but the music that the breath of heaven made there when the summer sun shone will never be forgotten. It is too soon to talk about Holmes' place in literature. The flowers on his grave are not yet withered, and all that we can think of now is that we have lost a friend, one who could always bring a smile into our hearts and never left bitterness there. Among all that old New England guard, Holmes was the cheeriest and kindest. He has not been loved by the common people so much as Whittier, because he has not been so well known. The critics tell us he was not American, but English. Some day—we see it coming—there shall be sweet-souled poets of America who shall be scholars of the broadest culture, and gentlemen of the true school, who shall write strong poems and true books, and shall be honored greatly in their own country, and the critics *shall not* say that they are essentially English. They shall have to admit some day that sons of America may be all