

covering of a night these times.

21<sup>st</sup> For some days the sea has been so calm that one might easily imagine oneself to be sailing over the waters of an inland lake instead of on the broad bosom of the Atlantic. The clouds of an evening, at sunset, take up all one's attention ever changing in tint and shape, they range themselves as if solely for our pleasure. The Southern Cross is very bright of a night, but is getting low down in the heavens, while new constellations are appearing — The Great Bear, The Star <sup>Antar</sup> & Orion's Belt.

22<sup>nd</sup> Passed two ships — glorious weather. Inuits all the rage — they are made of a thick coil of rope covered with canvas.

27<sup>th</sup> Early this morning we crossed the equator. Nine vessels were sighted in the course of the day, one passed within half a mile. I am reading "Histoire de Sibylle" by Feillet — with much enjoyment.

29<sup>th</sup> Second in a quoits tournament, and won 4/

31<sup>st</sup> A specimen day: bath at 7.30 p.m., with

1/4 hour on deck before breakfast which is at 8.30. Up on deck again seated in deck chair for a read. At 10. I see patients, reading, quoits, and yarning fill up the time till lunch. Till 3.15. I read, sleep or play quoits, then afternoon tea with Mr. Cleghorn, up on deck again till dinner at 5.30; up on deck again to watch the sunset and talk. Patients at 7.30. Coffee or cocoa at 8 — perhaps a game of chess, bed as soon as you please. At dinner on Thursdays and Sundays we have dessert. Our average rate is 250 miles a day. There are 87 people on board all told — a couple of cats, plenty of rats and some few cockroaches, though they don't trouble me.

April 1<sup>st</sup> Gorgeous sunset, at the same time the full moon showed up exactly opposite, a sight to be remembered.

2<sup>nd</sup> We are not more than forty miles off the African coast — Sahara. Two steamers bound to the Cape passed us.

3<sup>rd</sup> The peak of Teneriffe is away ahead of