

46 with the fine weather awning overhead, the union jack folded on a skylight for a desk, opposite the quartermaster at the wheel. (On board the Somersetshire just forward of the Mizzen Mast) who from his prominent position is forced into a great display of nautical dandyism for the occasion. Benches & chairs arranged round the skylight, especially to leeward of the parson. Then the congregation, 1st - 2nd - & 3rd class passengers of all ages & sorts in their tidest - backed by a few sailors as clean if not as smart as the quartermaster: and all round as far as one can see nothing but water, today under the influence of thickish weather not so blue as we hope to have it soon for a good while. The parson wears his Oxford hood over his cassock (a clerical desk with

certainly never witnessed on shore) & the Captain in the brightest 47 of blue coats & brass buttons acting as clerk. We get full morning service & attempt hymns, but apparently no arrangement has been made for concerted action, & tho' the tunes are old & familiar enough, they lag dreadfully for want of a leader. followed by a sermon, which on merit at any rate of being short, though profoundly originality or logical sequence are decidedly deficient. The Parson has however a good clear voice, & reads the service admirably. The rest of the day is a lazy do-nothing lounge, wound up by a 2nd service in the cuddy after tea, which is decidedly a hot & stuffy place for so many people. Singing if anything worse than in the morn-