

varying shades of green foliage of the trees, and here we run, as it were, into a fleet of yachts like some huge sea-gulls with their white wings flashing in the sunshine. Now on to Grays, Essex, with its hill from which, as tradition goes, Queen Elizabeth watched her fleet sail to meet the Spanish Armada.

At Tilbury, we stop for passengers who have come down to save time by the London, Tilbury, and Southend Railway, by special train, thus saving an hour, but missing an intensely interesting part—viz., the Thames from London Bridge, with its countless millions of wealth stored on its banks (I might here say that a circular ticket for boat and rail return only costs six shillings and sixpence first-class and saloon).

We view Southend Pier in the distance, thus giving us a good run into Clacton, and as the things faded gradually from view, leaving only sky and sea to gaze upon, we felt now was our opportunity for looking over this splendid steamer. It has three decks, with any quantity of low folding chairs, so one can rest how and where one feels inclined. The saloon is fitted up magnificently with old gold draperies, and lounges and mirrors inserted in the walls; also with electric light, not only here, but the entire steamer is so lighted. Then there are ferns and flowers standing about, giving that pretty, finished, home-like effect that flowers always bring. Now there was the dining-saloon to see, and here I rested. The appetising appearance of this room would make one feel hungry, even against inclination, with its prettily-arranged tables and pure crystal glasses. Thanks to the personal supervision of Mr. Boney, of Greenwich (the excellent refreshment contractor for the chief steamers), everything served is of the very best, independent of the choice one has to select from and at a comparatively nominal cost. Having, as I say, tested the quality of this saloon, I again adjourned to the deck, on my way noticing the quantity of life-belts stored away under the seats, and on inquiry find that though the boat will carry five hundred and seventy passengers, there is the ample provision for every person; so, dear reader, previous to this should you have entertained any feelings of nervousness, please dispel them at once.

All this while we have been swiftly and steadily gliding through the water; the only sounds reaching us as of church bells from the distance, was caused by the bell-buoys which served to mark our course, and occasionally some strains from an efficient band thoughtfully provided by the company for the pleasure of its passengers.

Harwich, with its quaint old harbour, now draws near, on entering which, by way of

announcing our approach, we fired one of the small cannons on board, and here we stay one and a-half hours, just time enough for a cursory glance around this interesting old town and back again to our steamer, in anticipation of an equally enjoyable voyage home.

After a time, almost imperceptibly at first, the light fades and the shadows of night creep upon us, until the moon bursts forth in all its glory, and seems to touch the edge of every little wave as it comes rippling towards one. I think to be on the water on a moonlight night is glorious, and not only do I purpose availing myself of every conceivable opportunity for going, but also of persuading my Nursing sisters to do likewise, for if you have been attending some critical case, and at last the day of anxiety is over and that of rest for you has come (when, perhaps, only one day is at your disposal), then by all means take this trip, as I cannot think of anything for this small space of time so thoroughly calculated to "take one away from one's self," as it were, and make you forget everything but the pleasure and the rest you are at the time enjoying.

On this next Friday evening it will, I expect, be a very pretty sight up the river as far as Putney Bridge, for it will be (the first time this season) the "Illuminated River Fête," and this certainly is a sight. The water seems literally covered with pretty little yachts and boats, festooned with gay Japanese lanterns. The taste exhibited in some of the decorations being perfectly charming—and this fête is, I believe, to be made especially attractable to celebrate the silver wedding of H.R.H. the Duchess of Teck. The Victoria Steam Boat Company will as usual, run from the Old Swan Pier, some of their steamers for those pleasure-seekers wishing to join in the festivities of this "particular occasion." The first of these steamers leaves shortly after five, and the last, the "Cardinal Wolsey," at six p.m.

NURSING ECHOES.

"WHEN a man is fighting—even in a bad cause—against overwhelming odds, we do not judge him harshly if, in his desperation, he shows himself insensible to the demands of strict courtesy and fairness, or if in a last wild effort he deals his opponent a foul blow." These very beautiful sentiments, quoted from a contemporary, must have caused unfeigned pleasure to the Editor of that



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