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Not in all the long voyage from India had Adeline suffered as she suffered in crossing the Irish Sea. The waves were short, choppy, violent. Sometimes it seemed to Adeline the ship did not move at all, and would never move again until the end of times. The Indian nurse's face was enough to frighten anyone, it was so green. The baby who had not been seasick on her first voyage now was very severely so. It was exasperating to see Philip pink and white as ever, his firm cheeks wet with spray, enjoying the tumult of the sea. However he was able to look after Adeline, and that was a comfort.

The Irish train was dirty, smoky, but it seemed heaven after the Irish Sea. One after the other, the sufferers raised their heads, and looked about with renewed interest in life.

At the railway station they were met by a carriage drawn by a fine pair of grey horses. "Oh, it is good to be home" Adeline exclaimed.

Mazo de la Roche