

heard the whole tale as the reader already knows it.

"But surely, sir, you have not given up your church? You are not meaning to settle in Canada?" exclaimed Reggie, as soon as his own position had been sufficiently expounded.

"Oh dear no; I am only out for the trip," replied Mr. Turner. "I am acting as chaplain to the emigrants under the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. They arrange for a clergyman to go out with each ship to hold services, and to do what he can for the poor people who are so far from their homes."

"And will you have service every day?" inquired Reggie.

"Oh yes, and oftener if we can arrange it. Of course a good deal must depend on the weather, and on matters connected with the discipline of the ship. But the officers are most obliging, and the stewards always do what they can for us."

"I shall make it a point to attend all the services. I can tell you, sir, what

you said just now went right home to my heart," said the young man with genuine emotion.

"I am very glad to hear you say so," was the cordial response. "You can be a great help to me, and can do good by inducing other young fellows to come forward. There is nothing like example."

"I am afraid I shall not be worth much in that way," said Reggie somewhat sadly. "But I'll do my best; I promise you that, sir."

"That's a good fellow! No man can do more than his best," responded Mr. Turner, with a hearty slap on Reggie's shoulder. "And mind you bring your sister along to see me. She might help us with the music. Does she sing?"

"Not much; but I'll tell her what you say." And Reggie, wondering in what spirit Sybil would receive such an invitation, hesitated and coloured a little.

"Well, well, it will be all right, I daresay," exclaimed Mr. Turner good-humouredly. "I must be off now. So, good-bye for the present. I'll be on the lookout for you to-morrow."

CHAPTER VI. ON BOARD THE *PERUVIAN*.



THE two following days were beautifully fine, and Mr. Turner was able to hold several delightful meetings in different parts of the ship. The congregations increased in size and earnestness, and among the most regular and earnest was Reginald Jessop. Indeed, during those days a marked change was being wrought in the young man. A genuine gravity took the place of affected languor, and, for the time at least, spiritual unrest superseded mere anxiety as to a worldly future. Mr. Turner was not blind to these indications of Divine grace at work in the soul, and he accordingly did what he could to deepen the impression that had been made, and to induce Reggie to build his hopes for the future on the sure foundation of a living faith.

It did not seem, however, as though much impression was being made on Sybil, either by the clergyman's fatherly counsels or by her brother's somewhat timid pleadings.

A quiet, happy Sunday was spent, on the broad bosom of the Atlantic, and then about midnight there came a sudden change in the weather. By Monday morning a gale was blowing, and twenty-four hours later, though the wind had moderated, the *Peruvian* was still pitching and tossing in the midst of a wrathful sea. During the greater part of this time all access to the deck was forbidden, and even below progression from one point to another was a matter of difficulty and danger. Reggie, having survived his sharp apprenticeship, was no longer sick. He spent the greater part of his time