

SUNSET IN THE PACIFIC.

This evening, soon after passing Cape St. Lucas, Lower California, we witnessed a most brilliant sunset. The whole heavens were illuminated from one end to the other in the entire horizon—east and west, north and south. In the east, opposite the sunset, the sky of the horizon was richly coloured. In the foreground the mountain range was tinted with a deep plum-colour. As the sun disappeared, the sky nearly to the zenith was brilliant orange, and the clouds were red. The spot where last the sun was beheld then appeared as a celestial city, bright and glowing with the intensest lustre. Soon the red of the clouds changed to purple, while blue of the purest turquoise characterised the vault of heaven. Presently brilliant orange in the horizon, with pale lilac above, coloured the scene, and after relighting up again and again the clouds around, the last appearance was the richest golden, fading into greenish blue above, wherein Venus now took her place as the queen-star of the night, brightening with a stream of light the dark placid bosom of the Pacific.

SUNDAY ON THE PACIFIC—SERVICE FORWARD.

Sunday, February 26.—At eleven this morning I held service. The attendance was not so numerous as last Sunday, partly owing to the swell and motion, and partly from the curiosity of some having been already gratified. We had a missionary service, as last Sunday. In the afternoon I went to the fore part of the ship, to hold service amongst the steerage passengers. In 1859 the same captain had refused permission that I should do so, on account of the uncertain character of the mass of emigrants.

The only preparation made for service was a form, with a flag of the stars and stripes over it for a sort of table for me. There were no seats or benches of any kind—the poor people were crowded like cattle, and left to settle themselves how they could. It was a strange and motley scene. There was a broad ladder down to the sleeping-berths, and another to the upper deck; these were seized on at once, and some twenty or thirty hung about them. Many were lying down full length, others sitting in groups on the floor; others were standing round.

The audience consisted almost entirely of men in roughest attire. The greater part kept their caps or hats on. There were two parties of American soldiers amongst the best behaved. A service was evidently strange to many—hardly one seemed to have acquaintance with a liturgical service. I distributed litany cards, and explained worship and the part they were to take, but no responses were made—they were mere listeners. In the hymns there were more who joined, but the Old Hundredth only was known; our common Evening Hymn tune was not known. Though these 200 men were a strange-looking set, yet there was considerable attention throughout, and some appeared really interested. My subject was from John v. (Life and Death), and I trust, by God's blessing, some good was done.

I think it is much to be lamented that the authorities of these