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WEDNESDAY, MARCH 1st.

This was the day of the saddest experience, which I shall never, never forget.

About six o'clock I arose and called Miss Arthur, and when we were dressed and had asked God to take care of us, I said: "Let us go up on deck and see if we can see anything of Moville or Ireland, and if the fog is cleared away." So up we went, and there a little distance off was a lighthouse. We stood looking at it and wondering if it was on the way to Moville. We thought we were near the Irish coast. A dense fog rolled over the waters, but no one seemed to have a thought of danger. We were so near home, (ah, me; so near home and loved ones) and every thought was of our meeting them so soon. Suddenly the man in the crow's nest sang out: "Breakers ahead!" and directly our good ship Labrador crushed upon MacKenzie Rock. It was as if the ship was a living creature, for she groaned aloud. The shock sent us reeling for a moment, then there was silence like death. The good ship seemed to be trying to steady herself. Someone cried out that the ship had struck a rock and was settling down. Never, never, as long as I live shall I forget the scenes that followed. I looked over the side and there was a great hole broken into the side of our poor ship and the cargo coming out all over the water. The captain, officers and crew were all energetic. The discipline and self-control was everything to be desired. The captain said there would be plenty of time to lower the boats, and with care, attention and obedience to orders, no one need be lost. The women and children were placed in order so that they could be put into the first boat. Women can, when put to the test, face danger as well as men, and sometimes better. Many of those present were delicately nurtured women, yet they faced death without one word of complaint from first to last. I never heard one cry (except from myself). When all was ready the captain said: "Women and children." Then to see the parting of husbands from wives, mothers