

did all they could for my comfort, but I could not get over my nervousness. Every time the ship would roll or rock the least bit I would think we were going down, and if I heard the engine thump or anything fall down, I would nearly jump out of my boots. I never went to bed after the wreck but before I could get to sleep I would go through the wreck again. I would hear the man cry out, "Breakers ahead!" and feel the thump of the boat striking MacKenzie Rock. This feeling did not leave me until I got back home.

We had a very pleasant voyage across and when we got towards Quebec we ran into a bed of ice. Captain James met me on deck and said, "It is all right, Mrs. Smith, don't you worry." But oh, I was so frightened. Our boat was the first of the season to get to Quebec and it arrived on a beautiful fine morning. There were thousands on the shore to welcome us. It put me in mind of when we left Halifax. They were letting off the guns and they all started to sing "Old Lang Syne," and afterwards "God Save the Queen."

When I was ready to start by train for Hamilton, after some of them had got my railway ticket changed and the check for my baggage, all of those who escaped from the good old Labrador got around me and bid me good-bye. It was just like parting from my friends in England.

I went from Quebec to Montreal, then took the C. P. R. express for Toronto, reaching that city about seven o'clock. The nearer I got home the worse I got, for I was so nervous when I got to Toronto I could hardly stand. When I stepped off the cars there was my dear husband. I fell into his arms and thanked God that I was back in Canada. We got into the Hamilton station and in about one hour I was back home again. Oh, "Home, Sweet Home." After many dangers, seen and unseen, God had brought me safely back home once more. Bless His holy name forever. Amen and amen.

MRS. J. W. SMITH,

June, 1901.

HAMILTON, ONT., CAN.