

for the want of them. It does a man a great deal of good to find christians, at least as good as himself, tho' not of his particular order. It causes him, also, to look at the religion of Jesus with a far freer cosmopolitan faith, and hope, and charity. How many christians are, denominationally, like oysters! They're in their shell—their own shell—and to word or touch they open not; but, instead, shut down before you like a vice. Or, as I am at the drawing of likenesses, how many seem as porcupines? The moment they hear you approaching, they roll themselves up, and meet you with a bristling array of defiances. The oyster kind of christianity is a cold selfish thing, with none of the world-wide love of Jesus in it; and the porcupine kind, is a self-righteous exclusivism which will not allow you to handle it, even if you would. In the Christian Church, of all names, there are so many diversities, yet flowers there are in each; some large and others small: some brilliant with Heaven's own coloring, and others mixed from the palettes of mere ecclesiastical studios; but he who will act the part of the busy bee, will find his honey blossoms beyond the walls of his own garden, and even, here and there, where weeds are rankest. I have found flowers, in places where, I was told, none grew; and sipped a little honey where, it was said, all was dry.

We sailed down St. George's channel, and crossed the "chops" of the Bristol and English ones comfortably enough, except to the new hands at sea, who for reasons feelingly known to themselves, retired from general observation, and indulged in an experience which very few desire to have repeated. When off Ushant, we were reminded of the fine steamship "London," bound for Melbourne, that foundered, not long before, about the very spot at which we were. Perhaps we sailed over where her wreck lay, far, deep, down in the mysterious sea, that tells so few tales of the terrible, which shook and shrieked on its tumultuous face, and sank for burial into its unruffled depths. Why was it that we went safely on? The weather was fine, it is true: the sun, by day, shone gloriously, and the moon, by night, walked queenly among the stars. Surely nothing could harm us! Why, then, did the "London" go to the bottom? Because she met a terrible storm. True, she did; but many an old hulk has weathered as hard a gale. Well, then, it was an "inscrutable Providence." I fear sometimes there is too much talking about a "mysterious Providence." God superintends. Nothing happens by chance. No wreck or wrath, of such kinds, comes without a cause on the part of man—if you can trace it. To blame Providence is a convenient thing to cover our delinquencies. Captain Martin was a brave man and an excellent sailor; but was he not determined to make a quick passage, and, despite of the gale, to keep his course, with all steam on; and, perhaps, had he not instructions to make the ship do her best, to increase the popularity of the Company—instead of "laying to" at least a day before, and quietly waiting until the storm abated! And, again, there was the cupidity of the owners in cramming the ship with freight, so that her very deck was heavily loaded and encumbered. The will of Providence! Say rather it was greed to have a too large freight, and ambition to have a fast "crack" ship, and so, between them, there was "sorrow on the sea," and many left to mourn on shore over those they would never see again. It did good tho'. It needs such terrible calamities to rouse up people and governments. Those hundreds, lost then, will save the lives of many thousands, because the avarice of certain Companies is now carefully watched, so that they cannot overload as they did before.

We got into the Bay of Biscay. Many years before I had a tossing in it, and, tho' in a splendid ship, my recollections were not over pleasant.