

ing the ship, the engine drivers and stokers had been in the stilling hot engine room keeping strict watch of every detail of their duty, lest the storm should find some point of advantage over us, and all this time we had been sheltered from wind and wave, if not free from anxiety. It was quite impossible to use knife and fork, so we took the food in our hands, and drank what we could catch as we staggered about like drunken men; the steward told us to put food in our pockets, as he might not be able to bring our dinner at the usual hour if the storm continued or grew worse, and he kindly fetched some cakes and biscuits down for the children; he also allowed many of the daily duties of cleaning, &c., on which he generally insisted very strongly, to go unperformed. We were not allowed to go on deck, but lights were hung up, for the daylight was very faint; the first mate came down, as was his usual practice each day, but he looked grave, and gave only a few directions, instead of his usual string of jokes. As it got nearer noon, I began to feel very unhappy, my courage gave way, and I thought sorrowfully of the home I might never see again. I pictured to myself the agony of my dear mother, the dull sorrow of my poor father, who, I felt, loved me well though he had been so chary of showing it, and of the tears and grief of my sisters and brothers, and good old Granny, if I should be drowned. I am not ashamed to say that I cried a good deal, for my loneliness pressed upon me with a weight that became almost insupportable, and I felt the truth of the saying that "all a man hath he will give for his life". To be sure I hadn't much to give, and if I had had the whole world it would avail me nothing in the jaws of the great ocean. But these thoughts, sad as they were, led to my comfort, for I began to realize that death is not the end of us, and to think of the future that was before. Almost the last words the good clergyman and my dear mother had said to me were on this very subject; they had urged me to always remember that in the midst of life we are in death, that a moment only might remove us from one life to the other, from Earth, to Heaven or Hell, and therefore to see that I was prepared for the great change. Nor had they left me ignorant of the way to become prepared. I knew that Jesus Christ had died on the cross to bear the punishment due to the sin in our nature, and to furnish an atonement for the sins we actually commit, and I knew that my part was to repent of my sins and humbly ask forgiveness of God the Father. I knew also that if I did so I was sure of His forgiveness, because He had not only promised to give pardon to repentant and suing sinners, but had shewn His great mercifulness towards men, by being the Person who had devised this plan of salvation, and had given His own Son to be the means of accomplishing it: I had been taught to fear God as pure and just, but I had been taught also to love Him as being true and merciful, and in the quiet of my berth I prayed God to forgive me all my sins, and they seemed very many, so many that it was hopeless to suppose

that there was a clean good spot in me, --and take me to live with Him, if I should now be drowned.

This was not the first time I had prayed God's forgiveness for my sins; my mother's talk and the sermons I had heard at church, with the lessons taught me at Sunday school, had led me before to think upon the life to come, and the best way of doing my duty here, for I didn't want to grow up a stupid, careless man, who didn't know where he was going, and didn't care whether any one else did wrong or right, or went to Heaven or Hell; it seemed to me that I had better have been a beast of the field, than such a man as that, so I had tried to begin square by asking forgiveness for the sins I had committed and trying to do right in the future. I was sure that God had forgiven me, but I was not so sure as to my power of always doing right. When I came to think over matters at any time I could always find something I had done wrong, either from want of thought or from habit, or idleness, for I have found out that there is such a thing as spiritual idleness, when we grow weary of well-doing as well as physical idleness, and I got discouraged, it seemed to me I had always something to ask forgiveness for; one day mother was talking to me I told her this, and to my surprise, she said she was glad to hear it, she said that it showed that my conscience was active, she begged me always to listen to its complaints, and if ever I felt as though I was pretty good and had no sinfulness to be sorry for, I need then be afraid, and implore the good God to shew me what I looked like in His sight. Such self examination as dear mother recommended always shewed me plenty of faults, and effectually knocked over the pride that was sure to be the grand master of me at such times. She told me also that what God expected of us was not absolute purity, as that is impossible for us as human beings, but a constant striving after it, and a humble reliance on His forgiving mercy in Jesus Christ; this was the fruit he looked for, and that which would shew whether we were servants of God or not. She also told me to study my Bible, not merely read it, but think about it, and try to serve God as He has shewn us he desires, and also to read my *Pilgrim's Progress* which, she said, if I took it as a history of the Christian's inner life, would be like a lamp to me in shewing me my own heart. I tried to follow my mother's advice, and now in the midst of the dreadful storm that threatened to engulf us at any moment, I felt a strange, peaceful calm, and a sure hope of heaven. I felt also a great love to all who were in the ship with me, it seemed to me that I could have willingly given my life for the sake of more time to the young men I have before mentioned as being so wild, for I felt that they were no servants of God. But my life could not save their souls, since I could not save my own, and I felt that each man is responsible for himself to God, but I prayed for them as I knew I might and ought to do.

I was accused from my own thoughts by a boy a year or