

*SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 26th.*

We ran into a fog and had to stop; then we went very slowly. We could have no church service, as there was no minister, so we did the best we could amongst ourselves by reading, singing and talking to one another. We were all very happy, although we could not go on deck, but enjoyed ourselves in every way, not one of us having any thought of danger ahead.

*MONDAY, FEBRUARY 27th.*

The fog cleared up a little, but it was still very hazy and misty. We were all very cheerful and happy and talked about seeing land on Tuesday. Nothing out of the ordinary took place. We still had our Bible reading and singing.

*TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 28th.*

Tuesday was very foggy; the ship was going very slowly; we could not see very far ahead; we were expecting to see land at night, so we went along slowly all day. At night Miss Arthur and I were walking on deck, making arrangements for me to call her in the morning, as she was going to get off at Moville, Ireland. Just then the captain came along the deck, and I said: "Oh, captain, would it not be sad if anything was to happen us now that we are so near home, and after we have had such a pleasant voyage, and all have been so happy." He placed his hand on my shoulder (I can seem to feel it now); "Mrs. Smith," said he, "I have been across the Atlantic a good many times and have had nothing the matter; have no fear, we will get home in good time." Soon after the man in the crow's nest sang out: "I see a light!" The captain said: "Is it a fixed light?" "Yes, sir; all right." Soon after we went to bed for the last time on the dear old Labrador, where we had so many happy hours.