

had been sitting on a box containing drinkables. In a short time the contents were spilt over everything and the floor swimming. Much laughter followed. The trunks and other things were secured with difficulty, and while we were at work, in comes a fellow passenger saying the trunks in the hold had broken loose. We all go down and get them secured. The cracking and creaking there are fearful. We get back to the cabin and go to bed.'

The good ship *Brilliant* had run into a north-west gale, which steadily increased in violence and lasted several days. She had to change her course and run southerly under double-reefed topsails. Great waves swept across the deck. A wild night followed, the ship creaking and groaning; 'it seemed as if the sea was closing over us. We slept none all night. Next day, the wind fell and our condition altered, though it seemed for the worse, as the heavy swelling seas caused by the gale still remained, and the sails could no longer steady the vessel. There being no wind the canvas simply flapped. The ship rolled fearfully, and the cargo in the hold shifted from side to side. The cargo was partly iron bars, and we could hear them rolling from side to side with the ship, and pounding first on one side and again on the other. It did not seem possible that the ship could withstand such pounding much longer, and not knowing what might happen to us I felt that I would like to send some word to my father, so I got out my writing-desk which he gave me before I left home, and wrote a letter explaining our situation and what seemed to be our prospects. I sealed the letter in a bottle and threw it into the sea, thinking it might be the last letter I should write, and that it might perhaps reach my father. We were then far out at sea, possibly seven hundred miles from land, and had drifted four or five hundred miles southerly out of our course, from about the latitude of Glasgow to that of Paris. Towards evening the heavy sea fell, and next morning everything had changed for the better. When we got on deck the good ship, with her canvas spread to a favouring breeze, was sailing tranquilly toward the west.'

For some time the voyage was made up of a monotonous