

TUESDAY, 29TH MAY.—The evening meeting on the ship "Abbotsford," (Capt. McWilliam,) at Sillery, was crowded. There were four masters with about eighty men. The Lord was indeed present in our meeting that evening. Some said they felt as if the whole of the exposition and the address was intended for them; others, that the questions I put to one and another among them constrained them to realize they were not in the way of growing in grace, nor in knowledge of God. They acknowledged they were living far from God and holding no actual communion with him. They confessed they were without any hope or even thought for eternity. One, a fine young man with dark hair and whiskers, when speaking to me on the deck near the gangway, while we stood waiting for the oars to be put into the boat, said, among other things: "Look here, Mr., nothing I heard this evening made me feel half so bad as the chorus of that hymn." As we sang four or five hymns, I asked which do you allude to? "That one about the gate ajar for me. I can't tell you what came over me, but the part

"O depth of mercy can it be
That gate was left ajar for me,
Was left ajar for me, was left ajar for me."

The boat being ready, I had to leave this interesting conversation and say good-night to this man and the others who stood round. The excellent and christian Captain Williams shewed the state of his heart towards our work by the hearty interest he always takes in insuring every facility and convenience, and, as far as possible, a good attendance. Although tired after the efforts of the day which had been and still was close and sultry, my poor girl and her father had to walk the whole of the way back to Quebec which we reached about a quarter after twelve o'clock, p.m.

THURSDAY, 31ST MAY.—On way to lower ballast ground, called upon the ship "E. Carr," and distributed a number of tracts, then steamed away to Gilmour's Indian Cove to the ship "Imperial," upon which we held our evening meeting. When going my rounds, I saw some timber-swingers on the fore-castle of the ship alongside of us. They knew me, and while I was among the people on the "Imperial," inviting them to our meeting, they, on the next ship, struck up a dance and shouting which was by no means disregarded by too many on the "Imperial." Captain Morrison was at the head of the cabin-table as of old setting the example to his men. So, if not over half of the whole number attended, it was not for lack of effort on his part. While waiting on the deck to see my flag stowed away, I was accosted by an old sailor man, who claimed acquaintance with me. This man had been a steward with Captain Fraser on the ship "Hope," of whom he spoke with much warmth; also of his son, the late Captain of the ship "Bruce;" two kinder officers he declared he never sailed with. He said