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and I saw too unmistakeably that the hand of death was actively at work. The litter passed on, and the crowd still pressed after, and other sights of varied humanity were presented in succession.

By and by I went to that part of the vessel where my wife and other ladies were sitting. I found them in some uneasiness. The litter had been placed near them, and the sight of the poor dying woman was most painful. As death hastened his work, the afflicted husband began to realize his trial: his cries and lamentations were now the attraction,—“oh dear partner, I cannot spare you yet,” “oh do not go from me,” “what friend have I in the world like thee!” I of course went and sat with him, and exhorted him to trust in the love and wisdom of God. I was glad to hear him, in accordance with my suggestion, pray to God to receive the departing spirit, to cleanse it, and bless it for ever. He said also, “Oh, dear sir, I know there is nothing but the grace of God that can enable me to bear this trial.” It was a comfort to know that this stranger was a Christian believer, and to hope that the loved partner of his life, now unconscious, had participated with him in a religious life—alas! so often wanting in these outlying countries. He was a medical man, and knew well that death had taken her; but as he closed her eyes and mouth, loud and piteous was his grief: “Who will now befriend me,” he said, “and help me to lay this dear one out on yonder seat, where she may rest awhile?” I assured him there were many friends ready to do all that was necessary. A consultation took place. The body was removed on shore, and again the excitement and bustle was renewed. Except on some hearts, an impression, we may hope, remained, that in the “midst of life we are in death.” Three days before this lady had been at dinner—to-day in her grave. How little do any of us know how soon death may come! Oh God, graciously touch our hearts with constant mindfulness of life's uncertainty: enable us to live as we would die, and fix us more and more upon the strong rock of our salvation, even upon Jesus, who died that we might live, and hath opened the kingdom of heaven to all believers.

STEAMER "GOLDEN CITY"—SEARCHING FOR FIREARMS.

We reached the *Golden City* about five o'clock, and were soon located in our cabins. The utmost precaution is now taken by these Federal passenger ships to guard against surprise by Confederates. Every article of baggage was searched; all firearms were taken away, and retained till the end of the voyage; our baggage was excepted, but only by special favour. Recently an attempt was made to take a smaller steamer plying to the Central States, and then with it to take these larger ones. The conspiracy was discovered and frustrated, but certainly justifies the present precaution. On the *Golden City* there is a guard of regular troops of the States.

SERVICE ON BOARD THE "GOLDEN CITY."

Sunday, February 19.—At eleven this morning I held service in the dining saloon for the first and second-class passengers. There were about 100 assembled, amongst whom, besides our own party,