

face, that he can think of no joy like that of being permitted to work!"

Days and weeks passed away, wearisome and lonely, until at length, as we approached the banks of Newfoundland, a heavy storm overtook us. It blew for two days, and the third night the sea was rolling tremendously. The good ship labored over the mountainous billows, while every timber, and plank and door, seemed suddenly to have been endowed with a voice, and screeched and screamed, and groaned, and complained, till the tumult without was almost drowned by the uproar within. It did not seem possible that the timbers could hold together for an hour, so violently did the vessel work. I could not keep my birth, and ropes were strung along the deck to enable the sailors to cross from one side to the other. I crawled to the cabin door, and holding on with both hands, gazed out with strange feelings, upon the wild and ruinous waste of waters. We had a host of steerage passengers aboard, whom the captain was compelled to drive below, and fasten down the hatches over them. The sea was breaking madly over the shrinking, shivering ship, as if determined to crush it down; and at every shock of the billows, as they fell like thunder on the deck, the poor wretches below thought themselves going to the bottom, and kept up a constant wailing, screaming and praying, at once pitiful and ludicrous.—Still I could not blame them, for to one unaccustomed to the sea, the rush and roll of the waves on the trembling planks overhead are anything but pleasant sounds. One moment, as we as-

cended a billow, the jib-boom of our vessel seemed to pierce mid-heaven—the next moment in her mad and downward plunge, it would disappear in the sea, and tons of water come sweeping with a crash over our decks. Once the second mate, who was forward, was caught by one of these furious seas, and borne backward the whole length of the deck, against the after-cabin. As the ship pitched again he was carried forward, and the second time borne backward, before he could feel the deck, although the water was running in a perfect torrent from the scuppers all the while. Oh! it was a fearful night—the clouds swept in angry masses athwart the heavens, and all around was the mountaneous deep, over which our groaning vessel strained with desperate efforts and most piteous complaints. I turned in, sick of the sea, but I could not sleep, for one moment my feet would be pointing to the zenith, and the next moment my head, and immediately after, head body, and legs, would be lying in a confused heap on the state-room floor. As a last resort, I stretched myself on the cabin sofa, which was bolted to the floor, and bade the steward lash me to it with a rope; and strange to say, in this position I dropped asleep and slept till morning. It was the soundest night's rest I ever had at sea. But it is startling to be waked out of sleep by the creaking of timbers and the roar of waves; and the spirits feel a sudden reaction that is painful. I staggered on deck, and such a sight I never beheld before. The storm had broken, and the fragmentary clouds were