

this, and at the same time, proving how the Holy Spirit was working amongst the fishermen, and leading some of the worst and wildest to the Saviour's feet.

It was a lovely summer's day in the Great Northern fleet; not only very warm, but so calm that the sea had the appearance of molten glass, with not even a ripple on its surface. About two o'clock Cullington was struck with the bright idea of lashing several vessels together, so that not merely those who were able to come away in the boats, but every man and boy on board might gather to the service. The reader must not conclude that this was Sunday. Every day in the week the Mission-vessel is open for divine service, subject, of course, to the exigencies of the weather and fishing. On this particular Tuesday, Cullington remarked to a skipper sitting beside him, sipping the orthodox mug of tea: "What a grand chance to lash the wessels alongside o' one another an' hold a service!"

"You're right, old friend," responded the man addressed. Then jumping to his feet and taking a hasty survey, he exclaimed; "Let's be at it at once."

"At it" they all went in tremendous earnest, and within three-quarters of an hour no fewer than ten vessels were lashed side by side, the Mission-ship being in the centre. This was not accomplished without much labour; but boats were thrown out, and willing hands made light work, the result being that by three o'clock no fewer than fifty-two men and boys were assembled in one group on the deck of the Mission-ship, and with the exception of a brief half-hour for the evening meal, there was a continuous service for eight hours. Singing, prayer, addresses by several Christian fishermen, and by a lay-missionary who was spending a month in the fleet, occupied the time until the clock in the cabin struck eleven.

"You'd better give out, old skipper," said one of the men, addressing Cullington; "you're as hoarse as a crow."

"Well," responded the enthusiastic little man, "I'll grant ye we can't see to sing any more out here on deck, but we'll go below and pray, for I'm anxious about several o' these fellows."

So the word was passed round, and the visitors dropped one by one through the open hatchway into the hold, where lamps were provided and several earnest addresses were given, beseeching the careless and the unsaved to "be reconciled to God."

Cullington was right. There were some in that strange company who were known as the best customers of the foreign *coper*—men who, when ashore, were always in trouble themselves and causing trouble to their wives and families; and after these especially was the heart of this good man yearning. As time passed, it became evident that the word spoken was reaching some consciences, for sighs were heard from corners of the dimly-lighted hold, and presently one big, rough smacksman groaned forth: "O God, I can't hold out no longer! Lord, have mercy on me!"