

few hours. Still this man of eighty cursed and swore and set even death at defiance. When opportunity offered, in the most kindly manner, I strove to gain his attention to his then alarming condition. Like an infuriated tiger he roared out: "I want none of that; you can just mind yourself. I don't want your religion." This was interlarded with oaths and other foul language. In the passage, the doctor assured me there was not the slightest possibility of this aged man's recovery. Having had several serious conversations with this man in Mr. Tait's during his last fall voyage, I hoped his better sense would have caused him some suitable reflection. At that time he told me seriously what his hopes for eternity were. He said he had been a sailor all his days; that he had worked hard and weathered many a hard gale; he earned lots of money for his employers. Then, with a peculiar look and shake of his head, he shut one of his eyes and forcing his tongue to one side, he, with a knowing sort of a grin, added:—"Aye, and a good deal for myself. Now, surely that is not so bad. What I think of God is He can't expect much of one like me, and wont be hard on a poor old sailor; and so when the great day does come (if such ever is to be) He, God, will just say: 'Ship in with the crowd,' and, as they say to us in the grand churches, 'where you see an opening push in.'" On that occasion I did not part from him until I reasoned with the aged unbeliever, who, when I appealed to his conscience and recapitulated to him in hearing of Mr. John Tait all he told us about his many escapes, &c., &c., adding, how much God did for you; on the ocean, and, above all, think of what the Son of God did for you upon the Cross, &c. While I was thus speaking, he vainly tried to hide his tears. Seeing my opportunity, I then stepped close to where he sat and stooped to his ear, and asked: "But, aged man, what have you done for Christ; what account will you give when you will shortly be called away? You know how long you have been in mercy spared over the three score and ten?" The old man noticed my sadness for some time in surly silence, but afterwards listened to what I had to say, and after prayer consented that I might send Mr. Haney from St. Andrew's Church to see him. But, alas, before this young man got there, Capt. Liddle had to be sent to the Marine Hospital. The people in the boarding-house were so terrified at his shouts and curses, when attending upon him, they could keep him no longer. On Saturday, the 26th May, I visited Capt. Liddle in an upper ward in the hospital. This time he was much subdued, accorded me a hearty reception, and gladly listened to my reading and all I had to say. After prayer, as I stood and with tearful eyes looked what I felt on his account, he looked up into my face, and then with a quivering lip he said: "Look, I am not what people think, nor what I was! No, I have an under current. But now I fear I won't weather this; won't you come again." This was our last meeting until the great assembling. The poor captain died in two days after.