

deavouring to shake hands from a boat while constantly rising and falling with the swell.

This coming on board was more than the skipper had bargained for; but he was not the man to turn his back on old friends, and many of these, the admiral included, had been his "pals" in other days on board the *coper*. So it came to pass that he, who had vowed again and again that he would give the "Bethel-ship" a wide berth, found himself the next moment standing on the deck of the *Cholmondeley*, amid the hearty greetings of the congregation, compelling the mental admission that it was not such a bad place after all! Yet even now he had no intention of remaining; but before he had time to explain that he had merely come with the object of doing a kind turn to Fred, the missionary passed the word quietly round: "Now, lads, let's go below!" and the skipper of the *C*—— found himself going down with the rest, where he had never been before. After the first burst of happy song, he heard one after another speaking reverently and earnestly to their Father in heaven. It was all new and strange, and he began to feel very uneasy, for it appeared to him that if all these prayers were real, God must be very near to them, and presently when one man fervently exclaimed, "O Lord, bless the skipper of the *C*——!" there was instantly a chorus of "Amen!" from the whole assembly. This was quite too much for the poor fellow. He had never in his life drawn near to God, and now to find himself the subject of intercession, to hear the earnest pleadings of others for his soul's salvation, brought him consciously into the very presence of the living God, and made him cry out: "Lord, have mercy upon me!" The good missionary who was at that time quartered on board the *Cholmondeley* thereupon pointed this penitent to the Lamb of God, and had the joy of hearing him, before the day closed, express trust in Christ as his Saviour. At the end of the service, when the members of the congregation were chatting in groups on the deck, hailing the return of their boats, the strange event of the day was naturally the chief topic of conversation, and one skipper remarked:

"Well, that *was* a funny mistake!"

"Mistake!" exclaimed the admiral, turning sharply round. "Mistake, do you call it? At all events, *God* made no mistake. He wanted the skipper of the *C*——, and He let y^e make a mistake in order to get him here."

Here was another victory for Christ, and another blow to the *coper* traffic; for never more would a "creagan" be hoisted on board the *C*—— as a signal to the grog-shop, and thus the foreigner lost the patronage of a whole ship's company.

The habit of seizing every opportunity for conducting divine service was not, however, peculiar to the "Short Blues," but other fleets observed the same wholesome custom, and were also equally fond of long-continued religious exercises, which are unknown to congregations on land, but a common practice at sea.

Skipper Cullington relates an interesting story illustrative of