

where failure is witnessed ! But is it wrong to make laws for ourselves ? By no means, so long as they can be broken without wounding the conscience. To those who walk with God, as Jesus did, no law in its observance or non-observance can touch the conscience. To such there is only one law the breaking of which can effect the conscience, and that is the law of the Spirit.

In this the Spirit's kingdom the methodical man though he were as Wesley himself in this matter, henceforth blames not himself at every lapse from his punctiliousness, whilst the unmethodical cease their fault-finding with themselves in the presence of the orderly, or even at times go by rule and think it no wonderful improvement. We but hint at an important practical subject, remarking in connection therewith, that there is wonderful emancipation from thralldom in every direction in this wonderful kingdom of spiritual order and apparent disorder.

The Etruria is a magnificent, six days steamer. She passed Sandy Hook, about seven a. m., Saturday and reached the extreme western point of Ireland the following Saturday about five p. m., i. e., in about six days and ten hours. The weather was pronounced on by experienced sailors as, on the whole, middling. We enjoyed the sail throughout, spending many hours in our ocean chairs gazing at the long waves of the sea. After the straightest of all sects we lived a *faith-curist* during the whole voyage.

In New York we were told of many of this sect who invariably back-slide when they go on the ocean. We did not learn the process by which they recover from this back-slidden state. We presume, however, it is by taking heavy doses of *time*. Why the devil, in the form of sickness, should be stronger on the sea than when on land is not yet thoroughly understood. We commend the subject to the apostles of the Divine healing movement.

Personally, we faced the ocean fully expecting to get our sea-legs after the ortho-

dox fashion, and desirous to graduate as quickly as possible, we made not the slightest effort to put off the evil day. From the first we yielded to the rolling motion of the vessel with real enjoyment on the principle of making hay whilst the sun shone. But to our surprise this pleasure continued without interruption.

The Scriptural law is "He that saveth his life shall lose it whilst he that loseth his life shall find it." Can it be that this law, in its mighty scope, takes in such a matter as sea-sickness ? If so, we were a complete illustration of its truth. For yielding without one moment's resistance to its claims we retained health. And yet there was a good deal of sickness amongst the one hundred and four cabin passengers. Some who came off victorious had to fight hard for victory, by tramping the decks for hours when they fain would sit or lie down. As for ourself, we neither tramped nor swallowed drugs for a cure, we simply enjoyed ourself every way from first to last.

It is customary for sea voyagers, when writing to their friends, or *publishing* an account of their experiences, to give their favorite remedy against sea-sickness. If anyone can extract a receipt from this personal reminiscence they are welcome to appropriate it for personal use as it has not yet been patented, albeit, it may be more worthy of such treatment than many a repeated discovery which passes muster at the Patent Office. That the voyage was not over the "*glassy sea*" may be inferred from the fact that during one night at least the boat rolled so severely that all the passengers we heard from, including ourself, were unable to sleep.

We found some very genial, conversable friends on board, who helped to take away the feeling of loneliness. With a few we got into close religious conversation, but to only one did we care to present one of our pamphlets.

On Sabbath, we yielded to the request of the captain, and assisted at the religious