

of seven hundred tons of coal per trip, and this one something over two hundred. Miss W——, one of the passengers, says that a morning draught of salt water is most beneficial at sea, so I am going to try it; it is a most nauseous dose.

Sunday morning, May 25th.—Sat on the upper deck last evening for some hours—chatting and ruminating. It is hard to realize that I am on my way to enjoy independence at last. God alone knows how dearly it has been won, for no words could adequately describe all the sufferings and trials of these twenty years. And now there is an end of those weary hours of teaching, with an aching, throbbing head. I can afford to lie down and rest now when in pain—what a blessing! But I hope always to have some work on hand. I trust I shall never wish to live for self alone We are still at Guayaquil taking in cargo Yesterday was the anniversary of some Ecuadorian victory, and it was celebrated at sunset by the discharge of cannon from the Malecon just opposite the steamer, and a small parade of troops. I had imagined that the salute was possibly in honour of our good Queen's Birthday, but I believe the raising of the Union Jack at the British Consulate was the only exhibition of the loyalty of her subjects in this foreign land The captain joined us at the tea table, contrary to his usual custom, and we afterwards had nearly all the Negro Minstrel songs which Forster ever wrote—sung most sweetly by Mrs. C——y, and Mrs C——n The work of lading went on all night, and the screaming of that noisy "winch"—as they term the machine—has not yet ceased. Of course, I passed a sleepless night While discussing melons at breakfast, practically and theoretically, a Mr. S—— mentioned that he had seen one in Santa Clara, California, measuring three feet in length. The Captain, evidently considering it a "yarn," immediately exhibited his powers in that line, stating, among other extraordinary phenomena, that he had "eaten cucumbers in New Orleans so large that they were sold by the yard! Mr. S——, however, persisted that there was no exaggeration whatever in his story, for *he had measured the melon himself* On Dr. E—— asking me if I would play chess, I reminded him that it was Sunday, and thereupon rose a discussion on the observance of the day, on the progress of Christianity, and on the success of missions. I regretted to find that of the eight or ten present, the majority were opposed to the doctrines of Christianity. One gentleman was especially severe on missionaries, accusing them in general of gross immorality I asked him if he had ever read the "Life of Henry Martyn." Of course, he had not. He did not believe in going to church, and "*considered himself as good a Christian as any.*" I told him I regretted I could not say as much for myself. Another gentleman present then spoke of a friend at Valparaiso, a Mr. R—— (a descendant of Pocahontas)