

none that wanted a gum-flower; and the toilet of one poor girl attracted my special notice, she having a boot on one foot and a shoe on the other. There was nothing of this sort on board the *Furnessia*. All told, we were more than twelve hundred souls on board, and on the whole we were a happy family. The weather was cold but not rough, and there was a minimum amount of sea-sickness. We got very friendly with one another: it is wonderful how friendly you become during a voyage; and, alas! it is wonderful how soon your friendships pass out of mind.

There is not much variety of scenery on the Atlantic. Our one excitement was a shoal of big whales, some of which came so near the ship that we were almost able to make their individual acquaintance. Sunday brings a change—a pleasant change, I cannot help thinking, to most. I conducted service on both Sundays, both in the saloon and on the foredeck. Good Friday seemed likely to pass without any recognition, till a deputation from the intermediate cabin came to me and asked me to hold service there. It was an awkward place, but the service was the heartiest of any we held. There can be little privacy for intermediate and steerage passengers; and each evening the intermediates had a concert, or recitations, or something of that sort, in their dining-room to keep them lively. On Good Friday they thought they ought to be more serious—*paulo majora canamus*. It is easy to touch the feelings of emigrants, with their native shores behind them and an unknown future before them. To them it is no mere figure of speech when life is called a pilgrimage. Never is "O God of Bethel" more appropriate, never is a brighter welcome given to those truths which look forward to the end of the pilgrimage, and the gathering together in the Father's house.

It was on a Sunday night that we sighted the lights about Sandy Hook, and soon after greeted the electric blaze from