

why Paul was not, and why we should not be ashamed of it—and what it accomplishes in the happy experience of all who believe it. All seemed to be pleased with the plain practical truths which they heard; there were several ministers present.

It was my intention to preach in the steerage in the afternoon, but very soon after the close of the service in the morning, the wind began to blow much more fiercely than it had done on any of the previous days of our passage, and the great ship began to roll, and many of the passengers were unfitted for any duty by sea sickness. The scene throughout the remaining part of the day, and all night I am utterly unable to describe. Had Turner in his best days been on board, he would have been furnished with a sublime scene for a master painting. The wind continued to increase until after midnight and the sea raged furiously. The sight all around was fine; it was grand,—it was terrific and sublime. All the elements of nature seemed to have awakened from their slumbers, and the moving mountains dashed furiously and angrily against the great ship. Even the spare anchor, seven tons weight, which was lying on deck, began to move about, and stringent measures were promptly adopted to prevent such a dangerous customer from running about at large. The ship herself became exceedingly restless, and rolled in awful earnestness. Indeed she seemed quite impatient, and anxious to face and fight with the raging billows single handed and alone, for about one in the morning she actually shook off all connection with the men at the wheel, and for a short season took the reins of government into her own hand. Soon however, control was restored by prompt and strong measures being adopted at the seat of government. As the waves dashed against the windows and sides of the ship in fearful fury, the phosphoric light sparkled like brilliant stars or diamonds. The scene in the various cabins, and saloons throughout the afternoon and evening was one of confusion and noise, which we can neither forget nor describe. The noise was a kind of music not heard every day. And as the rolling of the great ship increased, the sounds, and scenes became more and more serious. Cups, saucers, plates, bottles, tumblers, and many other articles too numerous to mention, left the tables without giving any one sufficient warning to save them from being smashed to a thousand pieces. Chairs and sofas, with those who occupied them, were often moving much faster, and farther than was either desirable or comfortable. The storm continued until after daylight the following morning; and few of the passengers could follow the example of Jonah, for though they went down into the sides of the ship, to sleep soundly was out of the question. It was somewhat difficult at times to manage the ship in this storm, yet she nobly cut her way through the angry ocean. Though many of the passengers were quite sick while the storm lasted, I felt grateful to God for preserving me from that most disagreeable feeling. I actually enjoyed the storm; its contemplation was a source of pleasure to my mind. The whole scene was awfully grand, and, when listening to the voice of old ocean, and viewing the forming angry billow, and the rolling ship, I was often reminded of the lines of Cowper,—