

humiliation that caused the tears to blind my eyes. The Norwegian masters and their people that morning were living honorable epistles of our holy christianity. The open shops and sale of liquors on Sunday morning was the chief cause of all this evil I had to witness that Sabbath morning. Nor can I wholly exonerate some of those I have so much cause to love, (whom I cannot help but love) from their share in this matter. Were more of our shipmasters what, thanks be to God, a goodly number are, then there would be far less to regret in the conduct of the now so much despised and neglected sailors. With prayer and some effort and help from the ship's officers we had, after all, a cabin fairly filled. God was with us, and the dark clouds of drunkness' violence in the midst of which we witnessed for the Lord, certainly tended to impress us all with a strong sense of the heinousness of sin and the beauty of holiness. As the sound of our morning hymn was heard ringing above the voices on the next ships, the babel of profanity seemed to be hushed, and possibly the powerful effect of early and better training, seemed to have been stirred up. Some hanged their heads, and others, I was informed, stole nearer to hear the alter singing. Some who had been on shore returned before the couclusion of our meeting. They were sober, so I spent some time with them, conversing on the deck. Most of these were heartily ashamed of the scenes on the booms in the morning, and regretted they had gone on shore.

The captain, who came on board to dinner, shewed us much good will, kept us to dinner, and when going away he gave Annie a present to save us having to walk so much in the heavy rain, through which we had to go to our afternoon service on the ship "Red Jacket." We had a capital meeting. During the time of the meeting in the great and beautiful cabin, the storm had increased, and, finally, became quite furious. One of the men tried to lower our Bethel flag tore it into three parts. The Police steamer people, seeing the flag so often ran up and down, hastened from the shore to the ship just in time to catch the flag as it was carried over the stern. The meeting was not without fruit. We had to be doubly careful in descending the now swinging ladder, made much more dangerous by the rain and high wind, and with this the wild rushing to and fro, up and down of the police boat alongside, into which we had to jump to get our passage to the shore.

THURSDAY, 14TH JUNE.—Through this day I had several conversations with one and another. Some reminded me of some of my sayings, one said he had been impressed by my saying. "There is a possibility of a good singer just singing himself into hell." At the time he certainly thought it a strange saying, until he heard me read from the first chapter of Isaiah, which was our portion on that occasion. This man was a singer and was much prized by his friends for his good singing and musical skill.