

I saw in my mind quite a list which I would need to change. My resolution became more serious and positive from moment to moment, and my heart grew lighter. My life appeared to be completely changed, and as a finishing stroke, I decided to sell my vessel, and go home to my mother.

"How blind and senseless I was! I shall never forget that night. After having decided to sell my vessel it seemed that then everything was in perfect order, but God who is faithful had spoken to me. I had taken up the oars to return to land when suddenly the moon broke through a cloud, and cast its clear and peaceful beams right across the rippled water straight to where my boat was lying. It was like a long band of silver which seemed to rise again to the luminary from which its rays had emanated. Then a painful thought crossed my mind. The remembrance of a certain morning, when pursued by the coast guard, I had cast the cargo into the sea, came suddenly over me with overwhelming power. I saw again the ship's boy with his pale and frightened face, and I heard his cry of distress: '*It won't sink!*' Ah what had I been trying to do, I had essayed to lighten the ship by casting the cargo overboard, and there, behold it was all floating behind me like an accusing line, which stretched away right up to the throne of God. All that I had done, said, thought, or desired was there, naked and entirely uncovered before the face of God, in the light of His presence, and '*it would not sink!*' Fool that I was I thought I could drown, in the sea of eternal forgetfulness, all my wicked