

SEA DIARY.

THURSDAY APR. 26, 1923.

Our boat departed from Brooklyn N.Y. Tuesday Apr. 24th, about 2:21 p.m. All three of us watched with eager eyes the final severing of the ropes and the pull and push of the tugs as we said goodbye to the home land.

The whole afternoon was spent in watching things as we passed out to sea. The first day was fine sailing. The sea was perfectly calm.

About five o'clock all three of us gathered together and returned thanks to God for permitting us to sail for the dark land of Africa.

All were tired out Tuesday and retired at a reasonable time. When we awoke Wednesday morning it was to find a rough sea and two of our party sea sick, brother Thornley and myself. Neither of us ate anything Wednesday, altho I tried to eat supper but had to give it up.

Today, Thursday, we have eaten but not at the table. I have vomited quite a bit but otherwise I am feeling alright. It is the rocking of the ship which upsets my stomach.

Brother Waite is standing the sea better

Brother Waite is standing d
the seatbest of all. He has b
not missed a meal nor vomited
once.

The sea is still high and
I am in bed typewriting. I have
done considerable reading of
the word of God this day and
I am planning to do some real
studying in bed. Under conditions
at sea, ilelwith me at this hour,
in bed is the only plade to do
anything.

I am sorry to record that
a spirit of segregation has fol-
lowed us on board the ship. Altho
we arenfirst class passengers yet
we eat alohe. There is ^{one} other white
passenger and he eats with the
officers of the ship. I do not
think there is any difference in
the fare but the spirit of se-
paration is bad. The white pass-
enger is cordial ~~and sociable~~. We
have nice fellowship together.
Outside of the above we have
no complaint to offer.

FRIDAY, APR. 27, 1923.

Both seasick patients are
much better. I laid in bed until
after dinner and then got up. I
was supprised to find how well I
felt. Brother Thornley also is out
and feeling fine. We both ate sup-
per in the dinning room with bro-
ther Waite. Praise God I feel al-
right.

I read most of the book of
Judges thru and I plan to fin-

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ish it tonight, and also the book of Ruth. Besides I hope to do a little studying on the book of Revelation.

We had prayer together last night and I believe we will have it again tonight.

I also read some from the book, Jesus The Missionary.

Saturday, Apr. 28, 1923.

We are still delivered from seasickness. Thank God, I can record a good day. I read considerable of the word of God and studies a little. We failed to have prayer together last night but plan not to allow such a mistake to overtake us this evening. It is also our desire and plan to have services on board the ship tomorrow which is Sunday.

SUNDAY APR. 29, 1923.

It is with joy that I report that we have had a blessed day. The sea has been comparatively calm with only a little wind stirring. The weather is still a little cool.

Our first Christian service was held this morning and brother Thornley brought the morning message. Only two members of the crew attended the service. Yet we thank God for the privilege of witnessing to the few.

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SUNDAY APR. 27, 1923, continued

My heart went out to the crew who I felt needed our help. For several days I had been noticing where their quarters were and I had been thinking about having a service for them. Without saying anything to my brethren I went down to their deck and visited them. I spoke to them, i.e., those who I met about having service and they seemed glad of the thot and so I arranged a service for two o'clock in the afternoon. I then returned and reported to my brethren and we decided to go down.

Praise God for His blessing upon this service. Of the two services, it was the most responsive. About six or seven members of the crew attended, others stood outside and listened. After giving the message I asked for those who desired prayer to raise their hands. Nearly every one put up his hand. How we thank God for the priviledge of giving His word to these needy souls. I also asked those who wanted us to continue the services while we were on board to raise their hands. All present did so. I then announced that we would have services for them every Sunday at two o'clock while we were on board.

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SUNDAY APR. 29, 1923 cont.

I finished reading the second book of Samuel this afternoon and hope to be able to read a little from the gospel of John before retiring.

These days it is at times hard to pray but yet I thank God that I am getting in time allne with God. I ised to think that busy days were days when it is the hardest to pray, but I am finding that often the time when it is the hardest to pray is the time when the time hangs heavy on one's mind. Work helps to force the child of God to seek the inner chamber. Difficulties and hardships compell us to run to the Savior for help.

TUESDAY, MAY 1, 1923.

Yesterday I forgot to write in mybsea diary. It is sufficient to say that we had not seasickness. I studied and p prayed as usual. The same may be said of today. The Word is still being faithfully read and I am hoping to finish reading it thru before I reach the field.

I did a little washing this afternoon and to night. I plan to finish up tomorrow.

We are still having good weather on the sea.

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WEDNESDAY MAY 2, 1923.

A rough stormy day, but in spite of it our company has been preserved from seasickness.

The day has been spent mostly in prayer and the reading and study of the Word. I have just come from our daily evening prayer meeting. I want to do a little more reading and then retire.

Because of the storm our vessel will not reach the Azores until Friday.

THURSDAY May 3, 1923.

This has been a day of storm on the sea. It is evening now, I suppose we are nearer normal than at any other time during the day. In spite of the troubled sea, we have been preserved from seasickness.

I took a little naphthis afternoon and I find that it helped me quite a bit.

Our company met for prayer as usualy. I read considerable of the Word today. Also I finished my letter to brother Burgess and one to mother. After prayer I shall retire.

SATURDAY MAY 5, 1923

Nothing unusual ahppened yesterday until about tene o'clock last night when we reached our first port. Long about five o'clock we began to catch a faint sight of land.

Our first port of call was

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SATURDAY MAY 5, 1923.

in the island of Corta. We remained there until about quarter to eight Saturday night. The boat was ready to sail about five thirty but was compelled to delay sailing. And this is the reason for the delay. Three of the members of the crew went off to land and failed to return. The captain ~~sent ashore to find them~~ but only the mess boy was located and he almost dead drunk. Finally about seven, the captain decided that he would wait only half an hour more. A boatman agreed to find the two men put them aboard the boat for five dollars. He was given about half an hour to do it in. Brother Waite, and Thornley along with myself watched and waited with the others for their return. Finally the captain had about given them up and was making preparations to to start the vessel when a little mortar boat came into view. On it came ~~with~~ the long looked for members of the crew. Both were drunk. One was worse than the other. His condition was so bad that they had to tie a rope around his body and practically pull up to the boat. He came cursing and swearing at the men who had brought him. There was a little blood on his head showing where he had received a wound a fight with the men who

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who had been sent to capture him.

O the awfulness of sin! It crushes the life out of its victim; it murders him without giving him a chance.

Within ten minutes our ship had begun sailing.

A little experience which I almost forgot to mention. Just before the launch came bringing the men, my steamer cap blew off into the water. We signaled to the men on the launch to pick it up. One of the men took a pole and lifted it up out of the water. I gave him ten cents for his trouble.

Most of the morning brothers Waite, Hornley and I spent in the little town of the island. It reminds one of the cities history describes belonging to the middle ages. The small walled streets; the white washed houses; the artistic gardens and the broken down houses near the sea wall, all remind one of the feudal age.

Several letters and a number of postal cards were mailed by us at the post office.

Brother Waite changed an American dollar into Portuguese money. He received about five or six different bills for it. Just what each bill was worth is hard for us to tell.