

native shores—never again to revisit them—on the 16th of June, 1823. The day after his embarkation, he had proposed to read evening prayers regularly—a proposal which was readily acceded to—and on the ensuing Sunday he performed the sacred services to the whole ship's crew, “an attentive and orderly congregation of about 140 persons;” a practice which he continued throughout the voyage without a single intermission, and which we trust was as productive of benefit as it is worthy of imitation. On the 2d of July, a vessel bound for London met them—and here we cannot forbear to quote the first passage which occurs—and there are many such throughout the volume—expressing, with all the openness of candour, and all the energy of truth, the grand actuating motive which induced the Bishop to sacrifice comfort, friends, and country. It was for the GOSPEL'S SAKE.

My wife's eyes swam with tears as the vessel past us, and there were one or two of the young men who looked wishfully after her. For my own part I am but too well convinced, that all my firmness would go if I allowed myself to look back even for a moment. Yet, as I did not leave home and its blessings without counting the cost, I do not, and I trust in God I shall not, regret the choice I have made. But, knowing how much others have given up for my sake, should make me both more studious to make the loss less to them, and also, and above all, so to discharge my duty as that they may never think that those sacrifices have been made in vain!—P. xxi.

The manner in which the Bishop occupied the leisure which this long voyage afforded him, in addition to the pastoral duties of this floating parish, is incidentally and always interestingly mentioned. “I began to-day translating St. John's Gospel into Hindoostanee. I have this morning finished the following translation of one of the Poems in Gilchrist's Hindoostanee Guide.” But the scene which took place on board on the 10th of August, with the Bishop's reflections upon it—a scene, it is to be apprehended, too rarely witnessed in such a situation—can only be given with justice in his own words. Nor can we resist the pleasure of subjoining, in a brief extract, one of those sweet touches of nature, which exhibits, in the most attractive light, the sensibility of the parent, when elevated and sanctified by the piety of the Christian.

*August 10.*—Last night I again slept on the floor, and passed it still more uncomfortably than on former occasions; insomuch that I almost determined rather to run the risk of blows and bruises aloft, than to encounter the discomforts of the new method. This morning, however, the wind again became moderate, and I finished and preached my sermon, and afterwards administered the sacrament to about twenty-six or twenty-seven persons, including all the ladies on board, the captain, and the greater part of the under officers and male passengers; but, alas, only three seamen. This last result disappointed me, since I had hoped, from their attention to my sermons, and the general decency