

earth's remotest bounds. He rules over the sea, and dry land; I trust we shall be brought in due time to our long wished for destination but is there here a soul seeking after eternal rest? I fear but few: may I be one of the happy number.

13th.—Another day has commenced, thank God. A thick fog covers the sea; this is to be expected, it seems, in drawing near Newfoundland.

15th.—I feel a degree of thankfulness to the Lord for his sparing mercy, in being brought to see another Lord's day. But oh! how unlike the former ones to me. I have been long favoured with precious opportunities of assembling with the people of God; often have I been blest in his ordinances; my soul has fed on the living bread, and drank of the fountain of living waters: I am now deprived for the present of these blessed means of grace; yet thanks be to God, his presence is still with me, and I humbly hope again to enjoy my unspeakable privilege after the dangers of this great sea. I often think of my kind religious friends of the town and neighbourhood of Ballycanew, (Co. Wexford), many of whom lie very near my heart; their loving kindness to me, I trust, shall return on them in blessings, by a benevolent Being, who kindly remembers a cup of cold water given in his name. May the blessed God reward them with a present and an eternal salvation.

16th.—This morning we have a calm sea, the day being very fine, the passengers are chiefly on deck, there are a few who remain sick. One young woman, I fear, will not recover. I visit her frequently, speak to her respecting her soul; and pray also with her, I hope not in vain.

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