

without any strong hope of seeing her again in life. I prayed, sang a part of the 46th Psalm, and pronounced the word "Farewell." In the afternoon heard Mr. William Symington (1) preach a good sermon. He unites many of the qualities of an orator.

29th.—Went on board the fine ship *Margaret Pollok*, Captain McArthur, 900 tons, bound for New Brunswick. Waited for a fair wind in full view of the most beautiful scenery in the world—the high mountains of Argyshire, the castle of Dunbarton in view—the steamboats continually coming and going—five of them sometimes in sight at one time.

31st.—Sailed from Gourock Bay.

1st Sept.—At breakfast time near the Craig of Ailsa. We must soon lose sight of the land which gave me birth. I have spent seven weeks in my native country. It was like music on the sea, pleasant and mournful. When I reached the land of my fathers, a tide of tender emotions entered my heart. I thought on the length of time I had been from home, the great distance which separated me from objects which I still hold dear, the vast expanse of ocean I had traversed, the diversity of character I had witnessed, the many dangers I had escaped. I could not but feel emotions of rapture and delight, but they were chastened by the consideration that some of my nearest friends were shut up in the narrow house.

13th Oct.—Reached St. John; a fine passage, a good ship, a good captain, a good crew, many proofs of the divine care.

24th.—Sailed for Londonderry on board the *Relief*, of Truro.

26th.—Reached home in safety. We have reason to be thankful that we had a fine passage, and did not meet with a single accident.