

dinner he will make tomorrow, stewed up with potatoes and duff.

*April 30. Sunday.* The wind hauled ahead during our morning watch and we have had a busy time of it taking in and hoisting sail. We have three men sick in our watch which makes a great difference in our work. I feel thankful that I keep in good health and spirits for it is required in such times as these. I have been reading the morning service in my prayer-book and thinking of the old times when I used to follow our good minister with it, but times and seasons have changes and I am having mine. As I feel tired, I will turn in, and in the arms of Morpheus, pass away a few hours. I was awakened by one of my shipmates shoving his head in at the door and singing out, "Eight bells there, Jarvis, turn out and get some of the fresh grub!" As soon as my portion of the anticipated repast was carefully stowed away in my locker, we had to turn to and bend a new fore-top sail.

*May 1.* I have no doubt this is a pleasant Summer's day with my friends who are at the North of the Equator, but the case is different here, as it is the Fall of the year and commencement of Winter. The wind is light and ahead, with squalls of rain. I have had the toothache all day and feel as if I could beat the whole ship's company. I had a trick of three hours at the wheel last night, as we tacked ship after the