

the midst of the wide ocean, that we can best appreciate our own littleness, compared with the stupendous grandeur of Creation. Happy are those who turn such humiliating ideas to a salutary account, and instead of drawing thence the illogical and absurd conclusion, that man is an atom too small to be regarded by the Deity, amongst the immensity of the universe, deduce the proper inference, that He who pervadeth all space, seeth into the secrets of the heart he hath fashioned, and the mind to which he hath communicated a spark of his own intelligence, and is well pleased when he there perceives a reverential disposition to love, obey, and adore Him !

We now drew near the Cape. On the 17th of June long.  $24^{\circ} 18''$  E., lat.  $35^{\circ} 20''$  S., we sounded, and found bottom at seventy fathoms; the water being perceptibly discoloured, and multitudes of Pintado birds and Mother Carey's chickens, with a few albatrosses in our wake, we passed the Table Mountain with a fresh and fair breeze, got into the south-east trade, and rolled down before it to St. Helena.

The run from the Cape to St. Helena is generally twelve or thirteen days, and the wind as fair as it can blow; in fact, being right aft, it is too fair for comfort, and makes the ship roll very much. However, our berths and trunks had been well secured, and the cuddy table so intersected and reticulated with green puddings to retain the dishes and plates in their places, that it looked like a map. In this way they were kept in tolerable order, although when some awful roll bobbed the ends of the top stud'n sail booms in the water, on the starboard side, a soup tureen would impend fearfully as if intent on mischief to myself the vice-president. One night as we approached our destination, and were all assembled