

I left London under this engagement, June the 2nd, in the York Packet, bound to New York, United States. In beating down channel, the wind was contrary, and continued to blow fresh ahead till we anchored off the Isle of Wight. A favourable breeze then springing up, we set sail ; and as the British shores receded from my view, I was driven by the winds in a direction from *all* that I held most dear upon earth. It was a moment of trial, but it taught me more deeply the value of faith, as a divine principle. This bore me on amidst the hurried feelings of our common nature, believing that I was embarked on a mission to the heathen for some substantial good, and that missionary labours, though attended with imperfection, were yet a link in the chain of human agency, by which the knowledge of the Christian religion was to be spread throughout a fallen world.

We passed the Lizard on the 10th, and reached the Banks of Newfoundland the 27th. In approaching these shoals, so valuable for the cod-fishery, we experienced the prevailing weather ; cold rain, thunder storms, and a foggy atmosphere. In taking this northerly direction, it was the intention of the Captain to have avoided the Gulf Stream, but we fell