

My dear wife being one of these, is a good deal confined to her bed. She is this day better, thanks be to God. Our vessel is sailing well to day, with a fair wind. We hope ere long to be favoured with a sight of Newfoundland banks, if this was once effected, we then, it seems, would be liable to no danger arising from storm.

Yesterday we were cut short of our allowance of water, from three quarts per day to each passenger, to five pints, (government allowance) and from the badness of it, together with the small quantity given, serves to increase the distress of mind which arises daily; and never did the children of God pant, and long more eagerly for the water of life, than the people do here for the clear spring water: but when will they long for the fountain of living waters? I fear some never; I hope others in due time.

11th.—Yesterday being quite unwell with a violent pain in my head, I was chiefly confined to my bed, but this day feel much better. Glory be to God. Our vessel is gaining but little these few days by means of foul winds, and a constant swell in the sea. Both render our passage tedious and disagreeable. Our captain says he never remembers such severe weather this season of the year before: "but the end of all things is at hand." May I be sober, and watch unto prayer.

This evening presents an awful appearance, a dark sky; the waves roll mountains high; and from the frequent dashing of the water over the deck into the hold, unite to make our condition truly distressing; the people themselves, and their beds being frequently wet thereby.

12th.—This day we are four weeks on the perilous deep, divinely preserved amidst the storms and tempests that constantly prevail; blessed be God his power extends through