

I had "half an hour's lights;" if my first watch, then I wrote it in pencil on a spare leaf of my watch bill, until my "watch below." I never trusted to memory. "Memory I found a fickle guardian," and the moment something interesting takes place, all gone before is lost.

If every one at sea wrote a diary, or kept a journal, what a store of useful and interesting matter we should collect! Although nothing "but the blue sky" and "green sea" to behold, I know no place or time more fit for imagination and reflective thought, if those thoughts were then committed to paper; and nowhere does man appear so alone with his Maker as on the wide and trackless ocean; and here is the spot for man to contemplate the evidences of design of the great Creator!

If it were possible to describe the pleasure and gratification it affords me during leisure hours to open any page of my "three volumes," and read over bygone scenes and hours, recalling to memory events that could never otherwise be thought of, I am convinced there are many who would the moment these "leaves" are unfolded to them, say, "I'm going to keep a journal," and go forthwith and note down the day of the month as a beginning.

I never seriously thought of pulling "leaves" from my journal (although requested so to do) until long, dreary, wintry evenings in a far north latitude became wearisome; it was then I did think it selfish to keep hidden "scenes and incidents," which, if put in somewhat readable order, may while away an hour, at all events on the water.