

easily a sailor may be trained to attend to the forms of religion, at sea, permit me to give you a description of a Sabbath day's devotions, in the latitude of 28° north, and 73° west longitude.

The morning dawn broke forth from the eastern horizon; and, as the rising sun advanced, the stronger light scattered the mists of darkness; and when the glorious orb presented its upper limb, the clouds dispersed, exhibiting to the eye an unbroken contact of sky and ocean. It was a sight that would have ravished the astonishing powers of Raphael's pencil. Briskly blew the north-east trade wind, and lightly flew our beautiful craft over the bosom of the smooth blue ocean. The scene before me, in connection with the wind and the weather, and the rapid, though almost noiseless movement of our craft, all conspired to induce happy, yet solemn and devotional feelings. Over the whole expanse of the wide waste of waters, nothing was to be seen except, now and then, a porpoise jumping and plunging into the deep abyss; or the affrighted flying-fish, disturbed by the breaking of the water at the bows, appearing to be more like the inhabitants of the air than belonging to the finny tribe; or the Mother Carey's chicken, with buoyant wing and twittering voice, seeming, with its elastic tread upon the fluid surface, as much at ease as if it stood upon a solid base, gathering what, perchance, might fall from the vessel, to satisfy its cravings.

Seven bells were struck — the hour for rousing the watch below to breakfast. The decks had been scrubbed and washed the night previously, and were so clean and white, that you might have spread the bleached damask cloth on them for a morning's repast, without danger of its being soiled. The breakfast now being past, the awning was spread over the whole length of the quarter deck, as a screen from the scorching rays of the sun. At 10 o'clock precisely, the crew were all summoned to the quarter deck; there you might have seen ten stout, able seamen, with faces that had been