

land! and how well adapted to express the feelings of the mind, humbled, and penitentially exercised, yet exalted in hope at the throne of a covenant God in Christ Jesus. When the prayers are *prayed*, and not merely read in the cold formality of office, instead of wearying the mind by repetition, how often are they the means of arresting our wandering thoughts, and awakening a devotional feeling! This effect, I trust, was produced in our minds, as we met together, for the public services of the day, in the cabin of the ship.

From the 5th to the 9th, we had stiff gales of wind from the same quarter, which caused the sea to roll with a majesty and grandeur that I never before witnessed. I stood on the quarter-deck, in admiration of the scene, and of the wonders of God in the deep, as wave rolled after wave, occasionally breaking on its *mountainous* top into a roaring and foaming surge. But while the waves roar and the winds howl around me, I am borne in safety through the mighty waters towards the desired haven. What a fit emblem is this experience of the spiritual and eternal safety of the Christian, in the ark of the covenant, amidst the foaming billows of affliction, the wind of temptation,