

to enliven the mind and break that monotony which is often felt at sea' but other means of entertainment and amusement are adopted to entertain the passengers.

We left New York on the afternoon of Tuesday, the twenty-first of July, in very favourable circumstances, for the sea was almost as smooth as glass for the first two or three days. All the passengers seemed to be delighted with the great ship. On the morning of the second day after we sailed, a child died. The funeral took place in the afternoon: the scene was solemn and affecting. The captain, who is a good man, and a favourite in the ship, read the English service, and the little coffin was lowered down into the deep: the fond mother felt it painful to part with the object of her affection, and she mourned as one who is in bitterness for a firstborn. But we know that he who gathereth the lambs with his arms, and carries them in his bosom has said, "Suffer the little children and forbid them not to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." The chief Shepherd doeth all things wisely and well.

The American war was a topic frequently discussed among the passengers. As might be expected some were of opinion that the North would soon crush the South, and that the Union would be preserved, or rather would be speedily restored. Others were convinced that the South not only had manfully, nobly, and heroically fought for their independence, but had a right to it, and should be recognized by the powers of Europe. There was however a very good feeling manifested among the officers, the crew, and all the passengers. The promotion of each other's comfort and enjoyment seemed to be the desire of all on board. There were French, English, Irish, Scotch, Americans, Canadians, &c., in the floating island, and as far as we know a feeling of satisfaction with the ship and safety pervaded every mind. There was one passenger with whom I often conversed, whom I must not forget to mention in particular,—old captain Pack, an Englishman. I learned one or two interesting things from him about lord Byron which I did not know before. It was captain Pack who brought the body of Byron from Zante to London, Neglect or carelessness about his health was the immediate cause of his death. His faithful and devoted Greek servant told the captain that his master had been out hunting, that he returned home with his clothes all drenched with rain, and refused to change them though entreated to do so; the consequence was that he broke all out into black spots and very soon afterward died. Such is the substance of the account of Byron's last sickness, as related by the Greek servant of the poet on board the brig Florida, when Capt. P. was conveying the body of Byron to London for burial.

On Sabbath morning 26th, we met in the Grand Saloon for the worship of God; there were between three and four hundred present. I had the honour, and enjoyed the privilege, of preaching the sermon on that occasion. The words which we selected for our text were (Rom. i. 16, 17) "I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ: for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth, to the Jew first and also to the Greek. For therein is the righteousness of God revealed from faith to faith, as it is written, the just shall live by faith." I embraced the opportunity of shewing what the Gospel is,—what the Gospel reveals—