

myself also; but thou art my portion, O Lord, my God!

21st.—This morning is quite calm: the sky clear. About twelve o'clock, the wavesswelled prodigiously, the ship making five miles an hour, and through its excessive motion extreme sickness prevails. O my God! save me from a murmuring spirit, and help me to cast my care on thee!

22d.—It is now eight days since I left Dublin bay, never more, I suppose, to return. I find it a serious thing to go to America; it is attended with much pain of mind, sorrow, sickness and affliction. How few consider this, till they find themselves on the wide extended ocean, then 'tis too late to wish themselves back! I think those who enjoy the comforts of life in abundance in Ireland, have no right to leave a certainty for an uncertainty. at least without a satisfactory evidence of their removal being of God, but, alas! how few consult him on any occasion.

This evening several huge fish were seen sporting on the waves; this it seems indicated an approaching storm, which lasted the whole of the night.

23d.—This day nothing particular occurred; many of the passengers continue sick: my wife and I are still unwell, and my children also; but my trust is in thee, O Lord, my God!

26th.—Being much afflicted with sickness these few days past, I have been unable to write; but thanks be to God, now feel better. I never witnessed such a scene before as the storm which we had on Friday night. About eleven o'clock, the captain being just gone to bed, it began; on which he immediately got on deck and ordered all the sails down, which being done, restrained the motion of the vessel; nothing could equal

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