

choosin' their mates." And he was possibly correct. Why should not these creatures of God feel the motions of a soft affection, and be allowed to express it in their own way? It is not impossible that a glance at each other across the wave, as they came to the surface, stirred the very fountains of their blubber. Of other fishes, as the shark, with his close companion the sword-fish; the flying fish, making a desperate effort to fly a little further, but suddenly giving out and going down again with comical perpendicularity into the sea; and the porpoises, playing about the bow of the ship, and chasing each other around, in and out of the water, with an ease which showed that their peaked noses were made on purpose for this kind of sport,—we saw more or less all the way over.

On the 22d of August, fifteen days after our departure, we were in the Gulf Stream, nearly south of Newfoundland. Here, for nearly a week, light winds alternated with calms, and the progress of the vessel was consequently slow. But there was nevertheless much to please the eye and engage the mind. To climb to the cross-trees and watch the course of distant sail gradually appearing above, or disappearing beneath the horizon, proving thus the truth of the early lesson that the earth is round, was itself a pleasant exercise. Nor hardly less so was it to look upon the tufts of beautiful moss from the coast of Florida, which thickly dotted the surface of the Stream for hundreds of miles, and which one could gather from the sides of the ship. On one of these an old turtle had deposited her eggs and was lying by to guard them.

In this region, too, the sunsets were the most charming I ever beheld. The king of day decked not only his couch, but the entire heavens with vermillion. And then the sea itself, who could ever tire of studying it? What an idea of its vastness does one get by sailing on and on, week after week, without sight of land, and remembering that perhaps miles' depth of water separates between the ship and the ocean's bottom! And how fit-

tingly has it been called the restless sea! For who ever saw it entirely still? How aptly all the terms of heaving, swelling, raging, foaming, throbbing, sobbing, subsiding, describe its manifold moods and phases!

It is sublime even in calm, but especially so in storm. Of the latter we had abundant proof in a gale which struck us on the 29th in the longitude of the "roaring forties." The "Belvidere" was thrown upon her side, in which state she lay six or eight hours, or until we could relieve her by throwing her deck-load into the sea. It seems as if the waves were armed with vengeance and determined to wreak it upon her. The howling and screaming of the wind through the rigging was simply dreadful. But from the threatening danger we were mercifully delivered; and the deliverance seemed especially signal when we afterwards learned that not far from us in the same storm, another ship had gone down and fourteen persons out of seventeen perished.

From this time onward the "Belvidere," relieved of her deck-load, sat more erect in the water, and began to show what kind of sailing she was capable of performing. Now, instead of lagging behind, she left other vessels in the rear. Now she seemed endowed with life indeed, and, as she almost leaped from wave to wave, to feel the thrill of triumph all along her keel.

One of the sweetest experiences of the whole voyage, was the religious service on Sunday evenings. At this time, shortly before the going down of the sun, the ship's officers and crew, or as many of them as could be spared from duty, gathered on the after deck, and after the singing of one of Moody and Sankey's Hymns, and the reading of the Scriptures and prayer, I told them "the old, old story," and never had I more solemn and attentive listeners.

On Thursday the 6th of September, we made the Fastnet Lighthouse on the coast of Ireland, and two days after dropped anchor in the Mersey, having weighed it thirty one days before in the Avon.