is my duty to endeavour to be as a faithful soldier of Jesus Christ. O gracious God, pity and assist my weakness, & strengthen me with all might, according to thy Divine power, with all long-suffering with joyfulness!

The stormy Petrel June 14.

To wild discursive nature true
Over old Atlantic's breast of blue,
And over his crest of foam,
Intent the roving mind to please,
And fitful as the summer breeze
A wanderer loves to roam.

Her wing is jet, her belly is snow
She flits above, she darts below,
The wave's her only pillow;
Rides on the wind her king form
She greets the gale, she hails the storm,
She mocks the dancing billow.

Strange to relate, some sages sing,
She bears her egg beneath her wing;
No inconvenient station
If this be true, her natal breath
She drew at sea, & only death,
Will end her navigation!

Seventh day June 15.

The wind somewhat more favourable & the waves less tumultuous. We have seen less a weed at sea - some uncomfortable tendency to seasickness still to be felt. The wind sweet at ear; but dull-torpidity is one effect of the toping. We have however been again favoured with a degree of precious divine visitation in connexion with our brief Scripture reading. Last night, a refreshing time of prayer in ~~Eliz's cabin~~ the Ladies cabin. O the weakness & vanity of my poor soul - I have been shocked to find self insinuating its influence, in little - even about matters. May renewed watchfulness & true humiliation before the Lord, be my constant portion; & may I be strengthened, at ever to love Him all glory, & to trust in Him, in that secure!

Evening

My first week at sea concludes under a feeling of peaceful solemnity. After finishing the Chalmerians with my friend Eliz we fell into a very precious silence, & I believe were permitted to feel secret, yet abundant access to the Throne of grace - Caroline Stiles our companion. It is a marvel of grace indeed, that