

O Let us seek our heavenly King
 With praises cause the air to ring
 In one triumphant song
 And onward like the Star of Night
 Let us try to seek him bright
 As here we journey on

O may some gaudain angel share
 Teach us our trials to endure
 And lead us fondly on
 With ~~spiced~~ may we behold him night
 That heavenly God who lives on high
 And lead our happy song

Written Thury Eve July 1867

Shed on us O God a small portion of thy favour Lead us
 So to live in prosperity that we may be brought up to thee in
 the hour of adversity Look down upon us now while we are on
 the mighty deep Lead us to put our trust in the Lord and
 not be limited to us only but good him us to strive
 So good and to be a blessing to our wives and children
 to nurse and cherish them and bring up our children as
 we ought to Love serve and obey thee

Sunday Eve July 2

Sunday 4 day of July Trying in a heavy gale
 off the Island of Amsterdam whilst contending
 thought and my mind of the poor success we
 we have met with this far although we have
 tried hard to get a whaile yet fortune seems not
 to smile upon us although it seems hard to us
 poor short sighted mortals yet god is a merciful
 God and we will look on the bright side of everything
 and how many is there in my own town that are happy to day
 while I am downcast and melancholy far from friends
 and home and all that makes life agreeable on
 an almost boundless Ocean with the prospect of some
 more before I can see my family

John Wadsworth

of Saltmanette

From the beginning of my life Misfortune has followed
 me and Dispair is still rooted deeper and deeper as
 year after year ~~pass~~ around it seems as if there
 is nothing but misfortune for me ~~my~~ voyage
 after voyage I have sailed the Ocean and yet
 I can gain nothing although I have got a family
 the same evil star of my destiny shines just
 as bright as ever but I hope it is at its zenith and I
 shall get something yet but God knows and he only
 and if there is any thing for me I wish I could get now while
 in my youthful days and that I might be able to give joy and
 comfort to my family Education to my children & gladden the
 hearts of my aged Parents

Sabbath Sep 26 1867

Roaming on the ocean amidst the stormy & comes

Sunday Oct 3 1867

Blow blow ye wind ye thunders roar
 And thunder peal from shore to shore
 While I upon thy bosom thron
 My hapless & hard fate to mourn

Though lightnings flash around my head
 And dreary is the night & dread
 For her trembling deck must stand
 And wack through darkness for the Land

Opplendib is the sight I see
 Nature in all her bright array
 Though awful and sublime the sight
 Of gods own power and wondrous might

Thus on sea as on the Land
 We see his overruling hand