

June 1870.

of denim clothes for Thaddie, have made the pants with the exception of a part of the buttonholes, and mended a small rent in coat for Mr. Thaxter. In the few days past I have been thinking of the years that are past, and in imagination have lived over again some of those pleasant days that are gone never to return. It is eleven years last Sunday since I was introduced to him whom I now call by the endearing name of Frank and eleven years ago this afternoon it was on the at my Father's and carried the two of us west to the Camp Ground, and on our homeward passage he asked the privilege of paying his addresses. I did not then think I should ever call him my own, but so it has proved. How little I thought that the eleventh anniversary would find me on the ocean with him, as I glance at the years that have passed since then I can see many sad hours, and I have passed through scenes of trial and affliction a darling child and Mother have been laid to rest in the grave, and although I have shed many bitter tears when thinking of my loss, yet I would not recall them if I could, for they are safe in "Heaven". When pain can never reach, then more, and I feel that they are angels beckoning us who are left, to those brighter joys. My daily prayer is that we may be all faithful Christians, beloved, and when life closes my path as Father's and not that one who is left, I remember the sad hours when my darling has left me, for long many years, when it seemed like losing my own heart from my bosom to bid him good bye, but God has watched over us and permitted us to meet and now to be together for a long time if our lives are spared, yet the hours have not all been sweet, we have passed many happy ones, and hope there are many more in store for us, and our darling son.

June 1870

June 22nd The moon was steady but the sun shone out about eleven o'clock, and since then the day has been pleasant with a light breeze. I have finished Thaddie's suit of clothes, the Officers and crew have been repairing the Mainmast, this morn a spot was seen from Mainmast, and the ships were under way, it and all looked hopeful for it, hoping there was a chance for more oil but saw nothing of it afterwards, from what we can learn from the natives, we are too early for Kumpback, but better to be early than too late. We are now working to the North, shall go as far as Annelona, unless we see whales, by 2 p.m. some more men there and then work south again. Our course is N. by W. $\frac{1}{2}$ W.

June 23rd

This morn I cut two suits of clothes for Thaddie, and have made the pants with the exception of buttonholes the one of Brown linen, that we purchased in St. Catharines. Immediately after dinner, the "Lighthouse" boat was towed, to go fishing, and just as she was leaving the ship the Capt. said, "Kumpback", and soon the "Haired" and "Bow" boats and all three started in pursuit. Mr. Holmes was seen first and at last, was still being towed away from the ship, and the other boats were seeing trying to get up to him. It is now seven o'clock and dark, and neither of the Boats have come on board. Signal lanterns are being out, and we are trying hard to go forward, when we saw them last, but the wind has died away so we have a drift. I am now about ten miles from land in latitude 64° but have since been heading off shore, and Capt. was watching the Boats so closely that he forgot to get the land until it was too late. I hope the Boats may be fortunate enough to secure the whale but for they will not, as only one Boat had got first when we last saw them and Mr. Holmes will probably have to cut his line and be towed far out to sea alone. The whale he pursued to see a long way.