

(probably a year or two) <sup>Belangue sat up & laughed heartily</sup>  
in another a berth gave way in fact there were few who  
escaped some snipe or other. In the evening one poor man  
had a bottle of treacle spilled over his bed! My berth being  
a short step the motion to me is somewhat similar to  
lying on a sea saw, and is anything but pleasant and  
by no means conducive to peaceful slumber, however  
the rolling is not continuous, there are times strange  
to say when it almost ceases and the quiet and absence  
of external strikes gratefully upon the feelings, the excessive  
rolling occurs periodically and lasts for a minute or two.

I was employed all the morning repairing the damages  
of last night to give an idea of the extent of our rolling, my  
foot holes occasionally dipped into the water. I am very busy  
just now drawing track charts on which to mark our course down,  
I have nearly completed three and contemplate commencing a  
fourth, it forms a pleasant employment for the long winter months.  
I am also assisting to copy the "Paper" for the printer which  
with my journal pretty well occupies my time.

10<sup>th</sup> A lovely day, and quite warm in comparison to what we have  
of late experienced the sun actually showed his face (the first  
time for a week) for the best part of the day and the captain  
was enabled to take a reliable observation, the rolling has almost  
ceased and we are spinning along with a fair wind slightly on  
the quarter at about 12 knots an hour, two or three of the boys were  
amusing themselves this morning by throwing empty bottles over  
the side of the vessel and seeing if they could run as fast as they  
floated away. It is beginning to look like a close of the voyage  
as the empty ~~trunks~~ boxes for repacking have been taken from  
the hold to day. The voyage seems to have been vastly prolonged  
since the advent of the cold weather, for while the warm weather  
lasted the monotony of each day after the first novelty wore off  
made it seem but as the other day that we left home and  
graveyard. It was a beautiful moonlight evening and I lay  
awake on deck after supper.

15<sup>th</sup> The fair weather continues but it is still cold. Yesterday service  
was held in the saloon for those who liked to attend. It is a strange  
inconsistency on the part of most people, practically they ignore  
the existence of a God, yet they seem to think that is some sort of  
respect due to the Lord's day and accordingly abstain from their  
ordinary amusements to a certain degree, but they have nothing  
in their place consequently the day drags heavily with them, they  
have not the courage to carry their practice out to its full extent  
and make no difference between the days; it is sad to see so much  
indifference to religion and an eternal state, indeed it would be  
amazing, did one not know the cause, that any thinking being  
at all convinced of a hereafter should be easy without knowing  
something about <sup>an hereafter</sup> for a certainty, but so it is they are content to go