

Monday 12 Apr. 1819

A gentle gale from from the N W helping us on at a rate of 10 or 11 knots per hour. Employed with Toai & Teeterooe, the Convicts and the New Zealand Language. Mr. & Mrs. Butler both poorly. Lat: 37.45 S Long 5.25 W.

Tuesday 13 Apr. —

Gentle breezes approaching to a Calm at times — Emp. variously. Mr & Mrs Butler still poorly. Lat. 37.59 S. Long 4.20 W.

Wednesday 14 Apr. —

Fresh breezes from the N W — Employed with Toai and Teeterooe and on deck: when engaged with the Testament Claps this day, and saying a few words to the poor Convicts. I happened to mention that verse of a Hymn "Dear dying Lamb Thy precious blood &c" after we had done — Davis, who has received peace and joy in believing, came and asked me if he had copied it correct, for he had written it down in a little book — Mr & Mrs Butler both better today. Lat 38.36 S Long. 1.11 W.

Thursday 15 April

A fine breeze from the N W we have run 185 Miles the last 24 hours — Mr. Butler much better today Mrs. B quite well — Employed as before. Lat 39.22 S. Long. 2.22 E

Friday 16 Apr. —

A glorious breeze night aft. which has helped our distance to our desired haven 194 Miles the last 24 hours. Mr. Butler mending. Thy mercies O Jesus are new every morning, we are constrained to acknowledge that Thou art a prayer hearing and prayer answering God. Give us to be more thankful. Lat: 39.42 S. Long. 7.4 E

Saturday 17 April

Smart Gales and squalls at times during the last 24 hours, we are proceeding rapidly to our destination. have run upwards of 200 Miles the above time — Mr. Butler better! Employed as before, with Toai & Teeterooe and the Convicts. The latter are very grateful, at least some of them. Lat. 40.1 S Long 11.26 E.

Sunday 18 Apr.

Blowing a heavy gale of wind the whole day from the N W with rain at times. of course we had no Church on the quarter deck, nor could we assemble in our Cabin the Ship was so agitated. Mrs Kemp has poorly and kept her bed the whole day. Mr. Butler better! The violence of the wind blew the fore top main stay sail out of the bolt ropes which was lost. Teeterooe, Oliver, a poor Convict who went upon us, and myself, read the 107 Psalm and put up a short