

SCENES IN OTHER LANDS.

No. II.

THE VOYAGE CONTINUED—IMPRESSIONS ON ARRIVING IN ENGLAND, &c.

It was somewhere about the twenty-fifth day of our voyage that the pertinacious head-wind by which we had been baffled so long lulled and died away into a calm. Not a cloud intercepted the splendours of the sun; not a breeze disturbed the boundless and glowing sea. But yet the ocean was not still: there was the heave, "the eternal heave," like a giant's panting, after the wild tumult into which for so many previous days it had been lashed and excited by the boisterous winds. For a day and a night we lay lazily rocking upon the unrefined sea; wearing away the tardy hours in rowing the jolly-boat hither and thither upon the slumbering deep; catching some of the strange and indescribable fish which float, almost inanimate, near the surface;—and when darkness came, watching the progress of the shark or porpoise as they darted, like a pillar of fire, thro' the waters.

Early on the following morning the wind sprang up freshly from the N.W. and bore us briskly onwards towards the "haven where we would be." Happily it continued from the same quarter—sometimes rising almost into a gale, and then lulling away nearly into a calm—until, about six days after, we were wafted into the Irish Channel, and cheered with the sight of LAND,—being the heights of Dungarvon about 15 miles distant. Hundreds of ships and boats of every size were now visible around us, far as the eye could reach; and frequently a steam-boat was seen to flit across the channel, accompanied by its dark, smoky streamer in the air. Meanwhile, with a light but favorable breeze we proceeded gently along; and with every hour of our progress some new and interesting object became visible along the Irish coast. Towers, churches, houses, hamlets began to be distinctly seen; and even the green herbage of the fields, so refreshing to the eye after the dark and unvarying, but beautiful blue of the ocean, was clearly discerned.

About sunset we passed the rocky, barren-looking islands of the Saltees, against which the surf was breaking with a hoarse, melancholy sound; and at dusk we discerned the beautiful revolving light of the Tuskar. At one moment it poured forth a bright and brilliant flash; at another, by slow degrees, a dull red flame, like the sun seen through the haze of an American Indian summer;—then it presented a soft silvery light, like that of the mild moon standing solitary in the deep blue sky; for a moment after, all was dark again; then shot forth in sudden splendour the brilliant flash, to be followed by the transitions of light already described.

Beautiful and impressive emblem, thought I, of a brighter and more unerring guidance over a yet more troublous and uncertain sea;—of the light of heavenly hope upon the stormy and fitful ocean of life! Brightly, at one moment, that beams upon the eye of the wanderer; and shining in its full resplendence, the heart is comforted and the steps are assured. But this will pass: by the intercepting clouds of human trial or the haze which worldly temptation interposes, that beautiful radiance will be partially shrouded; still through the mist and the gloom the practised eye of the Christian can discern the unerring token of the Comforter. As a trial of faith, sometimes all is dark again; and the spirit depressed partakes of the surrounding gloom. But it is not so long; to the watchful eye that beacon radiance shews itself again in all its brightness and beauty; proving by these very alternations, more cheering than if one strong and unclouded radiance flashed across the wanderer's way;—even as the varieties of light in the Tuskar beacon serve to point out to the mariner the distinction between the light designed for his guidance and those chance fires along the coast that might otherwise lure him to destruction!

About this time the wind died away, and for 48 hours we lay almost becalmed between the Tuskar and Holyhead, gradually however approaching the coast of Wales, and most of the time within view of its bold and innumerable mountains. When within about a dozen miles of Holyhead, a fishing boat came alongside, and we availed ourselves of the opportunity offered of being rowed ashore. This was effected without accident; and no sooner did our boat touch the land than we were surrounded by a group of chattering Welsh boys, all eagerly offering their services for the conveyance of our baggage to the custom house. Here scarcely a moment's detention was experienced, and accompanied by our youthful cavalcade, we proceeded to Spencer's admirable Hotel,—a perfect specimen of what in no other country is to be equally found, the comforts of an English inn; and at twelve o'clock the same night, and a beautiful, mild, moonlight night it was, we were seated in the mail-coach for London.

One of the first things that will most particularly strike a person visiting England for the first time, is the extraordinary excellence of the macadamized roads;—enabling us, in the mail-coach, to proceed eleven miles per hour without any apparent exertion. About half-past two in the morning,—when it was quite as light as day from the combined effect of the approaching dawn and the full moon,—we came to the far-famed suspension bridge which crosses the Menai straits;—a magnificent structure built of iron, and at such a prodigious height above the surface of the water that vessels of considerable size can pass underneath in full sail. When seen at a distance it bears a striking resemblance to what it is often compared to,—a beautiful and perfect piece of lace-work suspended in the air! We then passed through a very hilly and romantic country, diversified by many beautiful and highly cultivated spots with magnificent seats, until we came to Bangor, a small old town with a very humble Cathedral, from whence to Llangollen the scenery is exquisitely fine. Llangollen itself is one of the loveliest spots in the world, and the tasteful choice of residence of the celebrated two female recluses Lady Mary Montague and Miss Ponsonby. From this place we continued on, through a country which was still romantic and beautiful, till we came to the old and famous city of Shrewsbury. And then indeed England, "merry England," burst upon us in all its loveliness and attraction. First the hedge rows bounding the smooth and white road; at this season they were beautifully green, and intersecting in numberless angles still greener fields and

meads. Not a speck to disturb the perfect smoothness of the highly cultivated lands, unless here and there a clump of trees beneath whose shadow the cattle were reposing; hill and valley in delightful undulation, and groves and shrubbery in tasteful interchange with the verdant fields; the neat white-washed cottage, the frequent village and its cheerful spire; the gentleman's seat, the nobleman's spacious and turretted habitation, encircled by elegant grounds; all this was enchantment on the right hand and on the left. Backwards and forwards the delighted eye rested on blue hills, crowned with groves and towers and spires, in the distance; sometimes a long low ridge, evincing the very perfection of tasteful cultivation; then a bold sugar loaf eminence; again, a steep and craggy peak. There an old ruin, some castle which, like its country's flag, had borne for a thousand years the battle and the breeze, perched upon an inaccessible eminence; lakes, rivers, and winding and bubbling streamlets, crossed by massive and highly finished stone bridges; all, all was a scene of enchantment, and created an excitement of indescribable pleasure and delight. Lovely England! no traveller hitherto a stranger to thy shores, can possibly anticipate half the thousand-fold attractions which thy smiling land presents on a bright day in Spring, as he is borne along through a few of thy most fertile and highly-cultivated counties;—all nature arrayed in the richness of her vernal green, the songsters carolling in the hedges and groves, the cattle sportive and happy in the luxuriant fields, and man rejoicing in the contemplation of the unnumbered bounties and beauties which a gracious Providence spreads around him!

This elevated and joyous state of feeling, on drawing up at Wolverhampton, experienced a momentary check from the remarkable effect upon my feelings of a melancholy sounding German ballad, half chaunted and half sung, in a half ruined building near; but the sensations of gloom were soon changed into those of a more mirthful character on beholding two or three grotesque figures emerging from the ruin. These were female emigrants from Bavaria, who come over annually by thousands to earn a small pittance by singing ballads and selling small fly-brooms to the kind-hearted people of England. At first the sight and sound was novel and impressive; but subsequently in London the hundreds daily and hourly met with, dissipated all the romance with which their first appearance was associated.

From Wolverhampton to Birmingham the country presented one continued range of furnaces, coal-shafts, and all the paraphernalia of extensive iron manufactories. The effect of these at night, combined with the sooty complexion of the individuals who are employed about them, is peculiarly striking, and realizes some of the descriptions in Dante's Inferno. After an hour's stay at Birmingham, where we changed horses and dined, and where the delay was greater than usual, from its being one of the great receiving & distributing places of mails, we pursued our journey towards Coventry, where we arrived just at the close of the day. The election for the town was then in progress—and groups of individuals with ribbons and flags betokened the usual stir attendant upon such events, especially in so stirring a time, when the result of the present general election was to determine the future fate of the Reform Bill. From Coventry to St. Alban's our journey was by night, and therefore I could say but little of the country; but for nearly the whole distance from St. Alban's to London it is a perfect garden. It was my good fortune to travel a second time over the same ground, at a still more attractive season, the month of August, and on a Saturday afternoon; when in addition to the indescribable magnificence and loveliness of the country, the interest of the way was much enhanced by the hundreds of post-coaches and splendid carriages, phaetons, gigs and carriages driving from town, that their inmates might spend the Sunday in the country. We passed thro' Highgate, and after a drive of 270 miles, all stoppages for every purpose included, in 30 hours, we arrived at six o'clock on the morning of the 30th April in the vast and magnificent city of LONDON.

(To be continued.)

VOLTAIRE AND HALLYBURTON IN CONTRAST.

What a different estimate did these two individuals form respecting the boon of life.

"Who," says Voltaire, "can without horror consider the whole world as the empire of destruction? It abounds with wonders; it also abounds with victims. It is a vast field of carnage and contagion. Every species is without pity pursued and torn to pieces through the earth, and air, and water. In man there is more wretchedness than in all the other animals put together. He loves life, and yet he knows that he must die. If he enjoys a transient good, he suffers various evils, and is at last devoured by worms. This knowledge is his fatal prerogative; other animals have it not. He spends the transient moments of his existence in diffusing the miseries which he suffers; in cutting the throats of his fellow creatures for pay; in cheating and being cheated; in serving, that he might command; and in repenting of all he does. The bulk of mankind are nothing more than a crowd of wretches, equally criminal and unfortunate; and the globe contains rather carcasses than men. I tremble at the review of the dreadful picture to find that it contains a complaint against Providence itself: AND I WISH I HAD NEVER BEEN BORN.

Now let us hear the language of the excellent Hallyburton, who died as he lived, full of confidence in God. "I shall shortly get a very different sight of God from what I have ever had, and shall be made meet to praise him for ever; and the thoughts of an incarnate Deity are sweet. O, how I wonder at myself that I do not love him more, and that I do not admire him more. What a wonder that I can enjoy such composure under all my bodily pains, and in the view of death itself. What a mercy that having the use of my reason I can declare his goodness to my soul. I long for his salvation. I bless his name. I have found him, and die rejoicing in him. O, blessed be God that I WAS BORN! O, that I was where he is. I have a father and mother, and ten brothers and sisters in heaven, and I shall be the eleventh. Oh, there is a telling in this Providence, and I shall be telling it for ever! If there be such a glory in his conduct towards me now, what will it be to see the Lamb in the midst of the throne. BLESSED BE GOD THAT EVER I WAS BORN.—*Jan.*

Youth's Department.

SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS.

To the Editor of the Church.

Sir,—In selecting for your very promising periodical the following questions, allow me to furnish some remarks with which these questions, on their original publication, were accompanied.

"My object in the questions which follow, is to interest parents in this important branch of religious education, and to put into their hands such facilities for this department as their own want of leisure might not permit them to command. I propose therefore to give, in the first place, a regular set of biblical questions, relative to Scriptural characters, in alphabetical order, and when these shall be concluded, they will, in all probability, be followed by similar questions on Scriptural Doctrines. It is intended that seven of these questions should be given out weekly—i.e. either one every day, or the whole on Sunday, as may seem most eligible: and should the answers be punctually inquired after and duly inspected, I doubt not but that the proficiency of the pupil will soon, and that very abundantly, appear. The method pursued in the selecting of these questions will render it necessary for him to search the divine records with diligence and accuracy; and thus its several parts must of necessity be continually meeting his eye.

"It may perhaps occur to some, that a chronological method would have been preferable to that of the alphabetical order which I have adopted. The same idea occurred to myself; but upon making trial of both methods, I felt no hesitation in fixing upon the latter. Its advantages appeared in many points of view, but more especially in the increased interest it afforded to the student, who by this means is pleasingly carried forward from one book to another without that feeling of weariness attendant on being kept so long to one part, and to one known series of characters."

I have only to add, on my own part, that these are questions which may probably be found highly useful also to the conductors of SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

A WELL-WISHER.

I. AARON.

1. Who were the parents of Aaron?—(EXOD.)
2. Which was the elder, Moses or Aaron? and what was the difference in their age?—(EXOD.)
3. Why was he not permitted to enter into the land of promise? (NUMB.)
4. Whom did Aaron marry? and what were the names of his four sons?—(EXOD.)
5. How long did Aaron live? and where did he die?—(NUM.)
6. Which of his sons perished before the Lord in consequence of their offering strange fire? and what was the conduct of Aaron on the occasion?—(LEVIT.)
7. Which of his sons succeeded him in the office of High Priest?—(NUMB.)

The following beautiful answer was lately given by a pupil of the Deaf and Dumb School at Paris, to the question, "What is Eternity?"—*The life-time of the Almighty.*

It is a good rule of morality; Never to do but what you are willing all the world should know.

THE SABBATH.—It is no rash assertion, that from that holy institution, the Sabbath, have accrued to man more knowledge of his God, more instruction in righteousness, more guidance of his affections, and more consolation of his spirit, than from all other means which have been devised in the world to make him wise and virtuous. We cannot fully estimate the effects of the Sabbath, unless we were once deprived of it. Imagination cannot picture the depravity which would gradually ensue, if time were thrown into one promiscuous field, without those heaven-directed beacons to rest, and direct the passing pilgrim. Man would then plod through a wilderness of being, and one of the avenues, which now admits the light that will illuminate his path, would be perpetually closed.—*Bishop Dehon.*

Dr. Fothergill, who was a man of singular benevolence, was frequently imposed upon, and as frequently told of it, his constant reply was, that he would rather relieve two undeserving objects than that one deserving person should escape his notice.

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