

From the Church.

LOWER CANADA.

The following Address from the Clergy of the English Episcopal Church in this Province, prepared on the occasion of the late visitation of the Protestant Bishop of Montreal, was presented to his Excellency the Governor General on Tuesday last:—

To his Excellency the Right Honorable John George Earl of Durham, Viscount Lambton, &c. &c. Kt. Grand Cross of the most Honorable Military Order of the Bath, one of Her Majesty's Most Honorable Privy Council, and Governor General, Vice Admiral, and Captain General of all Her Majesty's Provinces in and adjacent to the Continent of North America, &c. &c.

May it please your Excellency—

We, her Majesty's most dutiful and loyal subjects, the Bishop and Clergy of the Established Church in the Province of Lower Canada, embrace the opportunity of our first meeting since your Excellency's arrival in this country, to offer our humble congratulations on that interesting event.

In common with the rest of our fellow subjects in America, we view the appointment of a Nobleman of your Excellency's high qualifications to the important trust of Governor General of British North America, as an incontestible proof of the interest which our beloved Sovereign feels in the prosperity and happiness of her devoted subjects in this distant portion of her dominions.

We deem it unnecessary to dwell upon topics so well known to your Excellency, as the past history and present state of this Province; but we trust that we may be permitted to express our confidence that the high powers with which your Excellency has been invested by Royal authority, will in their exercise be guided by that sagacity, firmness, experience and zeal, which the times require, and of which your Excellency's character, conduct and declarations afford a solemn pledge.

Declared as it is by the highest of all authorities, that "Righteousness exalteth a nation," and deeply impressed as we are with the conviction, that the happiness of a people is most intimately connected with true religion, as the only sure basis of sound morality, and above all, as the only warrant on which to expect the Divine blessing, we earnestly desire as the best return which we can render for the protection and support to which we humbly conceive ourselves to be entitled, that we and all who are committed to our charge may manifest in life and conduct 'whatever things are true, honest, just, pure, lovely, and of good report.'

Firmly persuaded also that the sway of Great Britain, wherever it has been extended, confers blessings of no ordinary value, and that its establishment in this Province in particular has issued in the free gift of rights, privileges, and comforts before unexperienced, unknown and unthought of, we desire, for the benefit of all parties, classes and races, in this province, to perpetuate our connexion with the British Empire.

And lastly, it is our earnest prayer, that it may please the all-wise disposer of events so to order your Excellency's designs for good, that, on the completion of your arduous mission, your Excellency's name may be associated with the memory of restored tranquillity, renovated institutions, public prosperity, social happiness, and the blessings of a people 'fearing God and working righteousness.'

In the name and on behalf of the Clergy,

(Signed)

G. J. MONTREAL.

Montreal, 10th August, 1838.

His Excellency returned the following

REPLY.

I receive with sincere pleasure this Address from the Bishop and Clergy of the Established Church in the Province of Lower Canada.

Expressions of confidence and esteem such as I find in this public declaration of your sentiments, must at all times be peculiarly gratifying to me; but most especially so when they proceed from so venerable a body, entitled, as they are, from their holy functions, and the pure and blameless manner in which they exercise them, to the veneration and support of all who have at heart the advancement of religion and piety.

I allude with peculiar satisfaction to that part of your address, in which you express your anxiety for the prosperity of all parties, classes and races in this Province; such comprehensive and enlightened views are in unison with the holy dictates of the Christian religion, and are indeed truly calculated, if put in action, to perpetuate the connexion of these Colonies with the British Empire.

In this spirit I shall endeavour to act, and shall ever look to your promised cooperation, as one of the most powerful means by which I can overcome the great difficulties, which are opposed to the successful arrangement of all the great questions on which depend not only the prosperity but the very existence of the British North American Colonies.

LETTERS FROM AN EDITOR OF THE EPISCOPAL RECORDER TRAVELLING IN EUROPE.

HOMEWARD PASSAGE.

On board the Great Western Steamer, Bristol Channel, Saturday evening, July 21st, 1838.

Now I have taken my last look of England—a land endeared to me by a thousand scenes and recollections that I can never forget. The shades of evening have already blotted her shores from my view, and the broad ocean is beginning to spread its waters interminably around us, as our gallant steamer with her bows set to the west pushes her course onward into the very depths of this vast world of waters. I could not have had a brighter or lovelier last vision of Britannia's sea-girt isle, than that which was presented as I glided along on the bosom of the Avon, where it winds its sinuous way along, through and beneath the lofty clefted rocks and thickly wooded banks, which impart to fair Clifton neither a few of those charms, nor a little of that beauty which poets have so sweetly sung, till I was wafted into the very centre of the British Channel, where the Great Western with her dark funnel vomiting forth a black column of smoke, and her bright colours streaming in the wind, proudly rode upon the rocking waves, as though impatiently waiting for the arrival of her last passenger, before she darted forward across the pathless deep to the land of the setting sun.

I suppose you are aware that the Great Western, whose first arrival upon our shores seems to have created no slight sensation, does not come up the Avon to Bristol, or even to the hot wells of Clifton, but stops in the channel some eight miles below, for want of sufficient depth of water. This of itself, I should think, would effectually prevent Bristol ever successfully competing with Liverpool in steam navigation. I reached Bristol a day or two before the one on which the Great Western was advertised to sail. This morning, at an early hour, a small steamer left the wharf at the hot wells for the purpose of conveying passengers and their baggage to the steamship. Although it was understood that another boat would leave in the afternoon on the same errand, I thought it better to avail myself of this first opportunity in order to get my luggage quietly on board, and my state room arranged before the bustle and hurry of the last moment. I presume a great many were acting on the same principle, for this early boat was filled to overflowing with boxes, carpet-bags, trunks, and passengers. When we reached the ship all was a scene of wild confusion. Many of the state rooms, built since her last arrival, were still unfinished. Instead of being allowed to take possession at once of the one allotted to me, I found it with many others filled with carpenters, nails, dust, saws, hammers, and all manner of litter. As I looked around and saw the scramble that was going forward in getting the luggage on board, assorting it, and procuring for each pile a safe conveyance to its own peculiar place

of destination, I thought there was likely to be a demand for the virtue of patience. So I stood and looked quietly on. Hours passed by. Quiet length began to reign upon the deck of the ship. My state room was finished, and a portion of my luggage was deposited there. A signal announced that dinner was ready.

I was not a little surprised in going below to find among those assembled in the grand saloon, Dr. Porter, of Schenectady, and Bishop-elect of Massachusetts. I had heard of his being in London, and called at his lodgings, but had missed seeing him. He was now on his way from Ireland, and had stopped here in order to send letters home by the steamship. I believe we were both equally happy in this unexpected meeting. After our dinner, which on the present occasion proved to be a cold collation, it was announced that the small steamer would go to gain to Bristol, and return before the Great Western sailed. I could not resist the temptation of spending another hour with Dr. P., and therefore stepped on board with him. We soon found ourselves threading our way up the beautiful Avon. Leigh Tower, Clifton, and the suspension bridge, were soon past, and we were again at the landing, where an immense crowd awaited our return. It was but a short time before the little steamer was again loaded down with trunks and luggage of every sort, and with so many passengers that not one half on board could find a place to sit. Slowly we again wended our way towards the Great Western. Upon our return we found several other steamers, and small boats filled with spectators, moving in circles around the vast ship that was to bear us in safety to our native land, or leave us to perish in the depths of the ocean. Then followed the dreadful press to get on board—the trepidation, and clamour, and confusion incident to such a scene! At length the last lagging passenger trod upon the deck, and the last remaining trunk had been borne up the stairs and placed on board the ship. The hour of departure had now arrived. Parting friends shook hands, and those who voyaged not with us, had already taken their place in one of the little steamers which now pushed away from our side. The wheels of our vessel began to revolve, and she to move proudly over the water. Then an animated scene followed. The sky was rent with shouts from the surrounding steamers, and echoed back with responsive shouts from our deck, while every moment the distance between us and them was increased.

All this cheering may have been very proper in good taste, but it was in discordance with my feelings. It seemed to me that an humble, silent looking unto that God, who created the ocean, and controlled its waves, and the mighty winds that sweep over it, would have been in far better keeping with the position that we at this moment occupied! Of all that rejoicing crowd could tell whether their waters before us would bear us safely on their bosom to the home of our childhood—or swallow us up in their darkest, deepest caverns, there to suffer till the blast of the archangel's trumpet shall summon the earth and the sea to give up their dead. Such were the thoughts that thronged my mind, as I stood leaning over the side of the vessel, as she started on her course.

And now all were busy in overhauling their baggage, finding their berths, and arranging their staterooms. Almost every one seemed disappointed, perplexed, and out of sorts. The stewards were called hither and thither, and the ship from bottom to top presented a scene of restlessness and commotion. At length the gong was rung for tea, and a vast mixed crowd presented themselves in the grand saloon. They have now retired; quiet reigns in every part of the ship, except in the little knots that are at the other end of the saloon playing cards. I have just taken a walk on deck. The curtains of night are drawn closely over the world of waters that spread around us. The last outlines of Britannia's isle seem fading away. What is in reserve for us on this great deep which we are to pass over, He only, who holds the sea in the hollow of his hand, knows. He is my Father and my covenant God, and how can I commit all to Him!

Sunday evening, July 22d.—Although the sea has not been unusually rough to day, we have all been