

## Notes by the Way.

F. J. J. S.

## FROM HALIFAX TO LONDON.

[FOR THE CHURCH GUARDIAN.]

Perhaps one should pause before venturing to say anything of an Atlantic voyage, a matter of which so many have experience and all have knowledge. Had I crossed in a ship of one of the great ocean lines I should probably have left this, my first subject, unwritten. Circumstances, however, alter cases. I crossed in the S. S. "Sicily," first of the Halifax Steam Navigation Co's boats. Were I asked, why? I might say what an English traveller said who crossed in a Cunarder, "They have never lost the life of a passenger or even a letter," but I would not. I did so because it was cheaper, a matter of no small importance to a country parson.

At 6 a. m. on Sunday morning, Sept. 30th, we let go the lines at Richmond wharf. Soon the ship's head was turned seawards, and away we went with a succession of joyful *toots* from our steam whistle. What a strange mixture of feelings is experienced at such a time, especially by one about to cross the great Atlantic for the first time. *Ego*. The imagination and affections are both excited, the former looking forwards, the latter backwards. The prospect of ten days of "masterly inactivity" is delightful; that of an uncertain number of what Mark Twain calls the "Oh! my!! complaint"—seasickness—by no means so.

Swiftly down the beautiful harbour of Halifax we steamed against a cold south-easter and mist. It has always been my fortune, or misfortune, to leave Halifax by water on Sunday morning. The captain's words this last time were consoling—

"Sunday sailing  
Knows no failing."

When the pilot boat dropped astern I felt that the last link was severed. The roll of the open sea soon made itself felt (sad experience), my feelings became too strong for me; I went to my stateroom. "Other landsmen have the same thing done." My diary is before me, but I shall not inflict it upon my readers. Under dates Sept. 30th and 31st is seen language of a very melancholy tone, which would be scarcely more interesting than the diary of the humorous American referred to, which read for several days in succession "got up, washed, went to bed." The monotony of Monday and Tuesday nights was broken by terrific thunder and lightning. As the good ship went upwards and still upwards, then down to "the valleys beneath," the vivid flashes gave me, through the side light, glimpses of the surging waters.

Under "Oct. 12th," I read, "went on deck about 8 a. m." followed by a sentence which gave a grim satisfaction when penned, "Learn that fellow passengers have been all more or less ill." If I remember rightly, "a faint smile was smiled."

On Thursday, soft and balmy as a June day, we passed our first ship. What an interest was awakened as the stranger *neared* us. On she came, every glass was turned towards her. As she passed we read, in large white letters, "Kingdom." We passed out of the cold Arctic current and felt the soft south wind from off the Gulf Stream. Overcoats and gloves were left below. Day followed day, each increasingly enjoyable. At length our second Sunday came upon us. Passengers and crew assembled for service. The saloon was well filled to hear the time-honoured words of the Common Prayer. The solemnity of a service at sea is peculiar. Throb, throb, throb, went the great engines like the beating of a great heart—a great heart in which, under God, we trust. Confession, Psalms, Lessons and Thanksgiving were gone through, then the combined voices of passengers and sailors sent the dear old words "Jesus, lover of my soul," floating up the companion way, along the decks, and round about the

good ship, till the sea birds must have wondered at the unusual sound. How our surroundings intensified the force and meaning of—

"Let me to Thy bosom fly,  
While the nearer waters roll,  
While the tempest still is high;  
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide  
Till the storm of life be past,  
Safe into the haven guide,  
O! receive my soul at last."

On Sunday night we witnessed one of the most beautiful sights it is possible to conceive. The wind died away till, as the sailors say, there was a *stark calm*. A soft dense mist enveloped us, and the sea became intensely phosphorescent. I have seen it beautifully bright on the coast of Newfoundland, but never anything like so bright as it was on this occasion. Under the ship's bow and along her side ran a broad bright stripe of silvery light, so bright that the ship's sides, though the night was very dark, could be seen as distinctly as in the day. From this light a succession of gracefully curved waves of the same were thrown right and left as the ship rolled on. Behind the light from the ship-wake was so bright that the seamen, "heaving the log," could be seen, dark figures against a bright background. To add to the beauty and novelty of the scene, a large school of porpoises came round the ship, and darted hither and thither, cutting the surface of the water with their long fins. The effect was splendid. It was as if scores of silver rockets were being discharged. Even the man at the wheel turned his eye from the compass to watch the unusual sight.

Monday night we came dangerously near running down a sailing ship. She passed closely to us, burning a *flare-up* in her rigging. Tuesday was enlivened by the presence of numbers of ships of every size and description. As we drew nearer the mouth of the Channel they increased in number. We were signalled by a barque desiring to be reported. By the hoisting of strings of flags, the meaning of which was a mystery to me, we learnt (1) she was the "Electra," of London (2) from Hawk's Bay, New Zealand, (3) to London, (4) all well, (5 and 6) 118 days out, (7) desired to be reported. One hundred and eighteen days out!! "A life on the ocean wave, a home on the rolling deep."

Wednesday, at 2 o'clock p. m., we got our first glimpse of dear old England. The Lizard Point peeped at us through a thin blue haze. We soon drew near enough to see the shore stretching into Mounts Bay. For the remainder of the day we watched the shore and the shipping. When the former faded away in the gathering shadows, we watched the ships still till late into the night. One after another they passed "with ghostly sails unfurled."

Next morning the white chalk cliffs of Beachy Head towered above us, then we got a view of Hastings, an old square Church tower was an object of special interest to me. On we steamed till the long low sandy Dungeness was passed, then the white cliffs at Dover. What a crowding of historic associations; grim old Dover castle frowned down upon. Dover town looked out at us with its great lord warden hotel and massive pier. One of the Calais packets passed swiftly across our bows, the south foreland lights flashed out, the night and the fog gathered about us and we dropped anchor for the night in the Downs.

Next morning at break of day we steamed into the mouth of the Thames, through countless craft, up the River to Gravesend. Here we learned that the ship, owing to some carelessness on the part of one of the freight owners, would have to go back to Thames Ferry, but would enter the docks next day. Leaving our luggage on board we jumped on board a river tug and soon put our feet on the soil of Merry England. A few minutes run by train, and we found ourselves in the noisy teeming streets of London.

CHARACTER, judgment, virtue, unselfishness, mastery of one's own self, it is these that tell in the long run, far more than the most brilliant qualities.

## OUR AMERICAN BUDGET.

THE President has appointed Thursday, the 29th of November, as a day of national thanksgiving.

THE Convention has approved a resolution to issue a new French version of the Book of Common Prayer.

A DEPUTATION was appointed by the Convention to attend the next Provincial Synod of the Church of England, in Canada.

THE Rev. W. B. Walker, Assistant Minister of Calvary Church, New York, has been nominated Bishop of Northern Dakota, the new Diocese.

THE offertory at the consecration of Dr. Potter was over \$6,000. Daily services and weekly Communion have been established in Grace Church.

IN Christ Church, Louisville, there is a "pool" on the north side of the chancel, where baptism by immersion is administered when thus asked for.

THE Pastoral letter of the Bishops assembled in Convention is an earnest, able, practical document, and will be read with much interest throughout the Church.

IN committee of the whole, Judge Sheffey, the able chairman, remarked that a new petition was needed in the Litany, praying for deliverance from the General Convention.

BISHOP PADDOCK, of Massachusetts, states that during the last ten years the total contributions to parochial development in his diocese amounted to nearly two and a-half millions *more* than during the previous ten years, being ninety per cent. increase.

THE Rev. W. S. Rainsford, who has just returned from Europe, preached last Sunday at 11 a.m., at St. George's Church, on Stuyvesant-square. The alterations in the chancel have been completed, and the surpliced choir, under the leadership of William Albertus, sang for the first time with good effect.

THE Bishop of Rhode Island, in his sermon before the General Convention stated it as a "noticeable fact that in those quarters where the most rigid and elaborate forms of doctrine were once enforced, as in the city of Geneva and other parts of Europe, there prevails at the present time the most radical and ruthless unbelief in everything supernatural."

THE words of the Bishops on good literature in the household are timely:—"There can hardly fail to be before long a general effort to supplant with pure but entertaining reading the ruinous publications that are poisoning readers of all ranks—a literature of divorce, of seduction, of adultery, of moral death. The pulpit has its responsibility; special combinations may do something; but far more is to be done by breeding pure manners and guarded thoughts in young children through the instruction of mothers and fathers in dwellings where daily domestic prayers quicken the conscience and cleanse the heart."

THERE is also a powerful denunciation of the self-satisfied engrossing worldliness that is creeping into the Church. "Because so many care more for social position than for heaven, and give twenty times as much for amusements than to religion, so it is only reasonable that this spirit should show itself sometimes in Church organizations. The worldly spirit comes in and controls the pews and the finances on purely worldly principles; and often the preaching condescends from being the message of God's prophets to a pious echo of the world's opinions."

THE Bishops recommend the work of "disenchanted society of its low delusions, of elevating and spiritualizing it, and to begin, as the old prophets did, at the House of God. Let the world come in there by all means to listen, to learn, to confess and pray, to be baptized, converted, and sanctified, but not to vulgarize, to desecrate, or to rule. Let the "prince of this world," when "he cometh," find nothing there of his own, as he found nothing of his own in the heart of Christ."