

speed and with far less fatigue than by taking either of the railroad routes to New York. In the next place, the distance from Quebec to Liverpool is less by 403 miles than the distance from New York to Liverpool. That part of the voyage, however, which consists in crossing the Atlantic, is reduced by a much greater figure than this, in fact by nearly the whole distance from Quebec to the Straits of Belle Isle, 705 miles, that is, on the whole, by 1100 miles. This, to persons who have an objection to the sea, is a matter of some importance. To myself, who have never before seen the St. Lawrence, the gratification afforded by a view of that river and the scenery above and below Quebec, was beyond what I had anticipated. The eye which, during a residence of some years in Upper Canada, has been "starved," as a Highland gentleman on board forcibly expressed himself to me, by the want of elevated scenery, may here revel in the prospect of lofty hills and mountain ranges which form a background to the beautiful slopes, covered with pretty farm houses and picturesque churches, which skirt the banks of that noble river.

Quebec itself is one of the most interesting, as it is one of the oldest cities on the continent of America; and a week would be too short a time for the tourist to devote to exploring the objects of interest in the city and its neighbourhood. Having only a day to spare, I took a drive of about seven miles through the parish of Beauport to the Falls of Montmorenci. This drive and the Falls have been so often described that I shall not detain your readers with any account of them. One interesting circumstance, however, I cannot omit to mention. We observed that on either side of the road, for several miles, great numbers of spruce and other ornamental trees had been set in the ground so close together as to form a continuous avenue, the effect of which, when the trees were all in fresh foliage, must have been extremely picturesque and pleasing. On asking the driver what had been the occasion of this rustic display, he informed us that the road had been thus ornamented for a procession of the candidates for confirmation, to the Roman Catholic Church of the parish. The impression which this gave me of the devotion of the French peasantry to their church and the religious duties which she enjoins upon them, afforded, in my own mind, a

painful contrast to that which the observation of many years has given me of the disregard of the solemnities of religion and the want of religious sentiment to which, as I cannot but think, the mournful divisions of protestants among themselves have mainly contributed among the population of the Upper Province and generally throughout America.

That the errors and superstitions of Rome have rendered imperatively necessary the separation from her communion of those who profess the true Catholic Faith, every sound Anglican must admit; and that external unity would be too dearly purchased at the expense of truth, we cannot too deeply feel. But is it not a melancholy reflection that among the various Protestant sects of Christendom, is found not only the very reverse of unity, but every phase and form of error, both in doctrine and practice. How earnestly should we of the Church of England seek, both by our exertions and our prayers, to obtain for her, and the other Reformed Catholic Churches of Christendom, that sway over the hearts and affections of the people, by means of which alone they can be effectually established. How blessed would it be could Protestant Christians be induced again "to dwell together in unity," to worship together in the same house of prayer, to partake, as members of the same family, of one bread and one Holy Table, to blend their voices in one holy anthem of praise, to obey one spiritual ruler and head. How beautiful would be the sight, were our bishops received throughout the country, no longer with jealousy and suspicion, but as the fathers of their respective flocks, clothed with spiritual authority and empowered to dispense spiritual blessing; were a township to yield not its twenty or thirty candidates for confirmation, but to pour forth its youth by hundreds to receive the imposition of hands. Were believers thus "of one heart and one soul," no alarm of superstition would be raised were the church decked with evergreens and the very paths which lead to it adorned for so interesting an occasion: nor would there be lacking hands willing to contribute their labour to so holy a toil. Not that religion consists in such observances (who, for a moment, entertains such a thought?) but that it is probable such little adjuncts to the interest of our public solemnities would have the effect of rendering the Church's