

## ON TO THE SEA.

The half-way pillar between Ireland and Scotland, Ailsa Crag, attracts all eyes. It was raised for the purpose when the earth was formed, or when the fountains of the deep were broken up. A look at the high, strong rock, alone in its majesty, towering over the wide waters unmoved by storm or tempest, gives to any mind an idea of Scott's accuracy even in his poetry, when he makes the Bruce say in his last charge to his chieftains before Bannockburn—

"Lord of the Isles, my trust in thee  
Is firm as Ailsa Rock."

The scenery of this Firth of Clyde is very grand. The Scotch land stretches like a semi-circle, or rather two-thirds of a circle, to the Mull of Galloway on the south. The Antrim coast of Ireland approaches to meet it within ten miles on the north, with also a bold and rugged front. Downshire stretches out to the south to within twenty miles, with gentler shores and richer fields, with many little, pretty, shrub-hidden villas and villages before Belfast, built at the top of its magnificent Lough, can be reached. Round the Mull of Kintyre, away by Rathlin Isle, north and north against this sharp wind clearing the decks of the sickly and weak, far away from the Belfast Lough, and to me a multitude of pleasant memories—the *Castalia* speeds on: past the "False Giants Causeway" on to the "True"—may our life's progress ever so be, even if the current leads us round the elbow of a sheltering land—out in the dun night and its fading flight and its rising sea, on and on, though we float in a tempest, to the true in feeling and in heart. For a little longer Scotland struggles to break the north wind for her daughters and sons, by those long blue ridges, barely traceable on the northern horizon, all we shall see at this time of the clustering western isles, once the home of the Culdee Missionaries, out of which they sped as men equipped to raise the Christian light and its hope of progress on earth, and peace in heaven, over Scotland, England, and Western Europe. But we try to catch the outline of the Irish coast, by Ballycastle, the mouth of the Bann, Lough Foyle, and Donegal: finally, the light failed us sooner than the Irish hills, and in a dark and rough night those who cared to go on deck were told that they could see the last light on European ground—the light of Tory Island—and so we parted from Europe, the smaller of the four great continents, yet the richer as yet of modern times in the great work of the world.

## FROM LAND TO LAND.

The following day was cold and cloudy, with now north, next head winds, and occasionally part of both. The *Castalia* carried a multitude of whom few were inured to the sea, and many were prostrated by sea sickness, and there was abundant work for Captain Brown, who was in charge of the emigrants, and others in cheering and helping them. But when evening fell, those emigrants who stood out the sea, wished for a meeting consistent with the Lord's Day objects, and it was held in the saloon, which was crowded by men—scarcely a woman was able to be present—either from personal inability or the discharge of duties due to children or relatives. The last three days of April were clouded above, and the sea was slightly stirred by north and west winds, in which the Irish sea gulls disappeared, and left us solitary on the ocean, but our convalescents became daily more numerous and stronger, and an increase occurred among our children, previously 198, now made 199. May day came next, and at noon we were in latitude 51.33 N.: longitude 32.21 W.: and with rather pressing head winds our run for the previous twenty-four hours had been 152 miles, or 100 miles under the capacity of the *Castalia*, without any wind. May day was cloudless, as it should be: cold as it need not be; and still the wind rose against us as if to protest that we were not wanted in the west; so that the sea became a little more disturbed, and some of our people thought the swell high, but they were mistaken. Our run in the twenty-four hours to noon of the 3rd May was 236 miles, then the wind went clean in front of the steamer and made a rough tumbling sea, with plenty of pitching and rolling for some of our passenger's sea feet: and trouble with dishes and food, all inclined to run in some way not wanted, and disinclined to steadiness. Matters became worse as the day wore