

[illegible]

18. 19. 20. 21. 22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 27. 28. 29. 30. 31. 32. 33. 34. 35. 36. 37. 38. 39. 40. 41. 42. 43. 44. 45. 46. 47. 48. 49. 50. 51. 52. 53. 54. 55. 56. 57. 58. 59. 60. 61. 62. 63. 64. 65. 66. 67. 68. 69. 70. 71. 72. 73. 74. 75. 76. 77. 78. 79. 80. 81. 82. 83. 84. 85. 86. 87. 88. 89. 90. 91. 92. 93. 94. 95. 96. 97. 98. 99. 100.

The 2d Lieutenant, Captain Jolid Loitch, seems to be a very gentlemanly man, polite, affable and attentive to the passengers. His first officer, Mr. Briggs, not less so.

It seems somewhat strange, that here, as in Heaven
Christians meet as Christians, and converse as Chris-
tians yet here they meet as Rabbins and Tuda-
The only thing that occurred on board, to mar the har-
mony and pleasure of Sabbath devotions, was an at-
tempt made in the forward saloon in the evening by
Universalist-spouter and spiritual Harpser, to pre-
claim his infidel sentiments, and thrust them on a for-
lately, who becoming small by degrees, and beauti-
fully less, he had to close his oration to an audience of
some two or three, by adjourning this die.

distance run last 21 hours, 238 miles; day fine
the morning—passengers clean & all on deck—
in the afternoon—light breeze—sea rather calm, with a
S. W. breeze—all canvass set and that will draw.

On Wednesday, Evening, Mr. Clarke of the French Canadian Missionary Society, delivered in fore-Cabin, a most interesting lecture, on "Enterprise as illustrated in American character." The Lecture was very happy, and the audience much pleased.

August 24th - Sea very rough - wind from N.
West - a cross sea - heavy roll, many persons on board
very sick - lost on deck, lat. 51° 30', lon. 23° 30'.
distance last 24 hours 299 miles. The heavy blow in
evening - sea rolling from N. West - vessel not
vessel rolling and labouring, but running 12 1/2 knots
many things got on deck - at 01 on 24th August 24th
the weather cleared and quiet at 01 on 24th August 24th

SATURDAY: A fine day, vessel sailing by land-
sights all the day—expect to reach Liverpool at 3
to-morrow, Sabbath-morning. Weather wonderful change
24 hours has produced on this aspect of every countenance
and—imp. a little girl on board had properly remark-
ed, the very ship looks glad this morning. The fog will
be closed this evening, and thereby for sailing on Mon-
day morning, when the Traveller hopes to be able to
appendix it by a brief account of Dr. McNeill's ad-
mon in Liverpool to-morrow afternoon. The Dr.
should, ere this time, have been on the bench of Bish-
ops, either Colonial or Imperial.

The sail down the British Channel was very pleasant. Every new scene that presents itself along the rugged Irish coast is replete with great beauty, and fresh interest. The green fields and undulating hills, and rich scenery formed by the salubrious breezes from the South and West, give the observer the very idea of richness and fertility; but the sad history of the wretched island rushes into the mind, and in avowment suggests the idea, so forcibly put by Bishop Heber in his reference to another country, "Every prospect pleases, and yet all doth sorrow."

The only incidents that occurred on board during the day, to relieve the monotony of the sail down the coast, was a very well discussed in the 7th of Sept. between the Rev. Mr. Inglis, of Albany, and the Spi- ritual Rapper; the latter having issued a challenge to the former to prove the inspiration of the Holy Scriptures. Some 70 persons attended, and Mr. Inglis, in a calm, dignified, and convincing manner, established the positive view of the question, and completely upsets the vagaries of millen scepticism, in which our Rapping friend seems to be a vagabler. At 3 p.m., the Rapper gave a lecture on Spiritualism, in which he offered a solution of the perplexing story of Saul and the Witch of Endor, accounting for the descent of Moses and Elias, on the ground of the Raps, also.

We have just lost sight of the Tusker Lights, and are bending our course for Holyhead, expecting to meet the *Asia* about midnight. The traveller now fires to report at 10 o'clock, expecting to awake near the entrance of the Mersey.

Two facts will now close this part of the log. The first was omitted in this list, viz., that G. Isidore, a Latin, emigrated suddenly from Halifax, a few weeks ago for Bessarabia, under the name of Mr. Isidore, and for family, from *Prigol*. Second, That the traveller has spent ten days on board the *Nagara* with a merchant from Central America, from whom he learns, 1st. That there are no Jews in any of the leading towns and cities there. 2nd. That the Jewish Religion is not tolerated there. and 3rd. That there never was, and cannot be, any missions save Roman Catholic Missions in Central America.

LIVERPOOL, Monday, Morning.
P. S.—From the Grecian Hotel, Dale Street, the
Traveller, joggled to Prince's Park, at least 10
miles, to hear the Rev. Hugh McNair. The Church
a new suburban one—built in the old gothic, or rather
neo-gothic style of ecclesiastical architecture, beau-
tifully located in the S. E. corner of the Park,
reaching this spot, the building was filled with a large
respectable looking and intelligent congregation. The
Service was read by the Curate, and Dr. McNair
preached from I. John, 1. ch. 6—9 verses. The
address was good and clear. The Reverend gentleman quoted
and read an extract from Bishop Horsely's Sermon
on "The Blood and Water," and after expounding
very lucidly, he gave a most forcible application to

CHARACTER OF ROBERT BURNS. Who, of the mil-
lions whom he has adorned, Joseph, Jova him? To
be the most beloved, of English writers, with a title
that is for a man! A wild youth, wayward, but full
of tenderness and affection, quits the country village
where his boyhood passed in happy musing,
in idle shelter, in fond longing to see the great world
out of doors, and amidst rank and fortune—and
after years of dire struggle, and neglect and poverty,
his heart turning back, as finally to his native place,
as it had longed eagerly for refuge, when sheltered
there, he writes a book and a poem, full of the recol-
lections and the feeling of home—the parents, the friends
and scenes of his youth, and peoples Auburn and
Wakefield with remembrances of Lissay! Wander he
must, but he carries away a home relief with him, and
dies with it on his breast. His nature is true; in re-
pose it longs for change; as of the journey it looks
back for friends and quiet. He passes to-day in build-
ing an air castle for to-morrow, or in writing yester-
day's elegy; and the moment is away this hour, but that
a ease of necessity keeps him. What is the charm of
his verse, or his style, and humour? His sweet re-
flects, in his delicate compassion, his soft own, his
tremulous sympathy, the weakness which he owns?
Your love for him is half pity; You could not and
tired from the day's battle, and his sweet minstrel
sings to you. Who could harm the kind, vagrant har-
per? A bow did he ever hunt? He carries no wea-
pon—save the harp on which he plays to you; and
with which he delights great and humble, young and
old, the captain in the tent, the soldier round the
fire, of the women and children in the village, at
whose porch he sings his simple songs of love and
beauty. With that sweet, airy, earthly, vacant of
Wakefield, he has found an extraordinary entry ham-
let in Europe. Not one of us, however, has heard,
but once or twice in our lives, has passed an evening
with him, and undergone the charm, of his delightful
music—*Thackeray's Humourist*.

BEWARE OF BAD BOOKS.—"Why, what harm will books do one?" The same harm that personal intercourse would with the bad men who wrote them. That man is known by the company he keeps is an old proverb; but is no more true than that a man's character may be determined by knowing what books he reads. "A good book can be read without making one better; a bad book cannot be read without making one worse." A person may be ruined by reading a single volume. Bad books are like ardent spirits, they hurt neither the stomach nor the medicine—they are poison. Both intoxicate—one the mind, the other the body. The thirst for each increases by being fed, and is never satisfied; both ruin—on the intellect, the constitution, health; and together the soul. The makers and vendors of each are equally guilty and equally corrupters of the community; and the safe-guard against each is the same—total abstinence from all that intoxicates mind or body.

Dr. Morrison and the Gull. When Dr. Mor-
rison was on his way from England to China, he vis-
ited New York and called on an old friend there.
This friend received him, and a bed not being ready,
gave up his own bed to him. Besides this bed was a
crib, in which a little girl, the daughter of the doctor's
friends, slept; and she, being in bed when the doctor
came, was left undisturbed. Early in the morning
the little girl awoke, and as usual, turned herself to-
wards her father's bed: but to her great surprise, and
terror, she saw, instead of her own dear mother, a
strange man in the bed, with his eyes fixed upon her.
The little girl raised herself up in her crib, and, look-
ing at the doctor hard in the face, said, "Mam, do you
pray?" Dr. Morrison immediately answered, "Yes,
my dear child, I pray to God every day of my life; and
he is my best friend." Satisfied that all was well, since the
stranger was a man of prayer, she turned around and
fell asleep again. Was not the little girl right in trust-
ing herself to even a strange man who loved and
feared God, and prayed to him every day?

I will hazard the assertion, that no man ever did or
ever will become truly eloquent, without being a con-
stant reader of the Bible, and an admirer of the purity
and sublimity of its language.—Fisher Ames.