

FROM TORONTO TO LIVERPOOL.

I have taken a few notes by the way, and it may not be uninteresting to our readers to see them in the *Canadian Day-Star*. Having been requested by the church in Toronto to visit the churches in the old country, with a view to raise money to help us out of our difficulty; and also to present before the friends of our movement the claims of Canada as a field of labour, I was not tardy in getting ready for the journey. Little more than a week after the mission was suggested I found myself on my way to old Scotland, the land of my birth. I left Toronto on Friday morning the 17th of July, and sailed down Lake Ontario in one of the United States steamboats to Oswego. The lake was lovely, and the fields and woods on the lake shore looked beautiful in the distance, being richly clothed with their midsummer garments of green.

Lewiston was the first point where the boat called for a short time. It is about seven miles below the far-famed falls of Niagara. From this village we had a fine view of Brock's monument on Queenston heights. We reached New York on Sabbath morning. The rail down the Hudson from Albany was delightful. It is certainly one of the finest rivers in the world, and never fails to charm those who love fine scenery, or the beautiful in nature.

But in entering New York, though it was the morning of the Lord's day, we soon had ample evidence that the city is great in respect of its wickedness, as well as in many other respects. This was only two days after the great riot, when for three days in succession the previous week, the whole city might be said to be ruled by the lawless mob; when might for the time being trampled in the dust all laws, all order and authority. We observed in various parts of the city quite a number of houses which had been badly injured, and some almost entirely destroyed by those who were bent on plunder and wickedness.

In the afternoon, I attended Mr. Love's Sabbath school and addressed the children. He is one of the city missionaries, a brother beloved, and doing a good work for Christ in that great and wicked city. I preached in the evening to an interesting and attentive congregation which he had gathered around him.

On Monday afternoon I was conveyed on board the *Great Eastern*, though she did not sail from Flushing Bay till Tuesday afternoon. I had never before been in the great ship, or even looked at her from a distance, and I must say that my highest expectations were fully realized. To give a description of her size is quite unnecessary, as this has been repeatedly done in the public newspapers. The crew of the ship, including stewards, engineers, &c., &c., is four hundred and twenty. She consumes about two hundred and ninety tons of coal every twenty-four hours. You walk a quarter of a mile to go round her deck once. Her two engines are about twenty-six hundred horse power, and her tonnage is thirteen thousand three hundred and forty three. Every thing connected with the ship is conducted on a scale of magnitude which attracts the attention of all observers. There is a very fine band of instrumental music on board, and the passengers are not only favoured with tunes from the band every day which help