

Extracts from the Journal of a recent Tourist.

HOLLAND.

We landed at Rotterdam on the Sabbath morning; and on our way up the river were presented with many distressing evidences that "the first day of the week," much as it is desecrated in our own country, is to a much more melancholy extent profaned here. Persons were pursuing their ordinary avocations on the banks; and on the river, boats were plying in all directions. When we arrived at the quay, called the Boompjes, the noise of the sailors—the coming aboard of custom-house officers—the bawling of waiters from the different inns, each recommending his own as the best, and almost per force carrying passengers along with him—the bustle and confusion of landing—each striving to get before his fellow—not only drove one stupid, but effaced from the mind all recollection of the Lord's day. The luggage of all on board was carried directly to the custom-house. The passengers, of course, followed; and there, ranged in order, we had to await the examination of the authorities. In a short time we were released from the officers, and found ourselves in the "New Bath Hotel," a comfortable inn near the landing-place, and not very expensive. Having refreshed ourselves, we set out in search of the Scottish Church, which, as we were informed by one of the waiters, was situated in the Hoogh Straat (High Street). We easily found the street, but of the church no one could give us information. Being ignorant of Dutch, I tried "gude brade Scotch," but it would not do. I next attempted French with as little success. At length one genteel looking youth seemed fully to understand me, kindly volunteered his services to conduct us, and landed us in the *saloon* of a large hotel! By this time it was long past the hour of public worship. We gave up the search, and returned disappointed to the inn. Having, however, got more correct information, we easily found it in the afternoon, and heard a sermon, more remarkable for its ambition in point of style than the solidity of its matter, from Mr. M——, of the Scottish Church, Manchester. It was with very mingled feelings that I worshipped in this church. It cannot but be an object of deep interest to Scotchmen. It has existed in Rotterdam upwards of two hundred years; and the occasion of its erection was the following:

At a very early age, Rotterdam, in consequence of its commercial advantages, was much frequented by foreigners. Among the first settlers were many of our own countrymen. Along with their commercial habits they carried with them a strong attachment to religious ordinances, and especially to the form of church government which prevailed in the land of their fathers. For a series of years they had no stated clergyman, but availed themselves, as opportunity offered, of the ministrations of different individuals who were either established in other towns of the Netherlands, or of chaplains in the army. About the year 1640, however, the Scottish settlers determined to make an effort to obtain a settled ministry; and with this view applied to the authorities for assistance. The magistrates concurred—not only encouraged them, but offered to help them in the matter. Application was accordingly made to the government; and on the 19th of July, 1642, "after mature deliberation, it was found good, that within said city, Rotterdam, there shall be erected and instituted a church for the Scottish nation, and their noble great mightinesses, for carrying on the same, agreed to, and agree by these, that there shall yearly be paid, on behalf of the States, for a salary to the minister of that church, the sum of 550 guilders." The civic authorities were even more liberal than the government, for they not only furnished a place of worship, but granted also, from the city funds, an additional annuity of 650 guilders, thus se-