

Correspondence.

FROM OUR SPECIAL EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENT.

THE VOYAGE HOME.

It was with a strange mingling of emotions that we walked down the long slanting passage way that led from the stupendous stone walls of the Liverpool quay to the tender that was to convey us to the good steamer City of Baltimore.

We had been shopping all day, buying this and that—articles we had intended taking home with us; but had failed to find to suit us elsewhere.

But this is not getting aboard the ship. In the crowd and confusion of the tender we met Christian friends whom we had travelled with on the continent, and at once felt the pleasure of companionship.

As we steamed down the Mersey we had a fine view of two or three miles of the immense stone wall which separates the docks from the river and retains the water when the tide is low.

On the opposite side of the river the beautiful town of Birkenhead followed the stream a mile or two. Handsome villas with pretty lawns stretching down to the water's edge, made a decidedly pretty picture.

Next day in the afternoon we steamed out of the beautiful harbor of Queenstown, into what promised to be an angry night over the deep sea. This was Thursday evening—all Friday we were sick enough, though not so horribly ill as we had been when we crossed before.

The cabin was crowded full, and the Doctor, a man of silver hairs, gave us an interesting and instructive little sermon, delivered with as much fire and energy as though he were a man of thirty-five instead of seventy.

In the afternoon we were in a thick fog, so thick that it resembled a constant fall of finely divided rain; but it did not deter a number of us from going upon the deck and holding a service among the steerage passengers.

The following Tuesday night a storm came up, waking us all from our sleep by the severe rolling and plunging of our ship. The rapid revolutions of the propeller as the vessel mounted upon the crest of a wave leaving the stern entirely out of water, made the whole ship tremble.

Thursday morning at 3 o'clock, we passed the light of Cape Race. Friday Sable Island could be discerned with a strong glass. Saturday brought

us off the New England coast, though not near enough to see anything but water on every side. In the evening rockets were sent up, and at dark a light was seen ahead on the left.

"Papers! Papers!" was now called by a dozen of voices, and the pilot handed down three New York papers. Quicker than I could tell it, all were in the cabin 'round the candles.

That evening, when the pilot excitement was over, we had a concert in the cabin. Two rusty old fiddles belonging to some of the sailors were brought into requisition, beside some good songs by some jolly Englishmen, and some speeches.

Sunday morning we got upon the deck, and the beautiful green hills and sandy shore of Long Island lies a few miles to the north of us.

On what a thrilling sight. How our hearts leap with gladness to behold our own shores once more.

When I can read my title clear To mansions in the skies. We all join to the good old tune of Auld Lang Syne, and hearts melt and tears flow as the sweet tones of the beloved hymn float over that calm Sabbath sea.

Doctor Willis pronounces the benediction and the company separates. Our good Doctor says "That's a beautiful hymn. Why didn't you live it out so that we could all sing!"

We are soon at anchor in the beautiful bay of New York, and a few hours later, the custom house officers overhaul our baggage far more thoroughly than they had done anywhere in Europe, and our company scatters, soon to be distributed over every part of our land, from Maine to California; from Florida to the great North-west.

FROM OUR TRAVELLING CORRESPONDENT IN THE WEST.

St. Louis, Nov. 13, 1867.

DEAR EDITOR: While we lie moored to the levee, on the bosom of the Father of the Waters, I take the opportunity given by the usual discrepancy between River packet promises and performances, to let you know that I have made the Exodus and am come forth out of Egypt, but not by underground R. R. as Moses (the First, not the Second, which is called Andy) did but by the broad gauge route of the Ohio and Mississippi R. R. I had expected Western railroads to be in the style of Western homes, rough but serviceable, but I never spent a pleasanter night in travelling than in coming over this road after leaving Cincinnati.

As to St. Louis, in many respects, it deserves the name—"the Philadelphia of the West." There are whole blocks in it that look as if imported ready-made from the banks of the Schuylkill, and then smoked a little.

brick campanile of great height, in the style of St. Mark's in Venice, but not high enough to impress one. The Romish cathedral is a dingy white building in heathen (i. e. classic) style. I had not time to see the whole city, or to call on Dr. Nelson.

St. Louis needs more public squares. A city must have lungs and even Philadelphia has not half enough, not half as many certainly as William Penn would have given it had he known when he laid it out "after the model of ancient Babylon," that his plan of a garden around every house was an impossibility.

I could not go through St. Louis without purchasing what is in my eyes its most remarkable production:—"The Journal of Metaphysical Philosophy." The Comfists of our age are loud in their declarations that all pure Metaphysics are a thing of the past, an obsolete study which can only attract the addle-pated Drs. Dryasdust of some Old World University.

It seems to be conceded that the Home Missionary Society have left the field in this city much; if not altogether, to the care of the Churches. Most of these, it is true, have enough to do in caring for their own immediate neighborhoods, and yet all have some missionary ability or material unemployed.

Here seems to be an opening for a combination of laymen. Let us organize. Let us bring those benches, dollars, clothing, and laymen together, and we shall be able to start a school around which other resources will accumulate and a new field be opened.

ILLINOIS CHRISTIAN CONVENTION.

The State Christian Convention, instituted by the American Christian Commission, and called by the pastors of Springfield and Peoria, met in Peoria, Illinois, October 29th and 30th, 1867.

AN INSTRUCTIVE VERDICT.—A man by the name of Wm. H. Green was, on the 9th November after a three day's trial before the Superior Court in Litchfield, Conn., convicted of the murder of his wife, or rather—he being a bigamist—the woman who supposed herself his wife.

There is another aspect in which this Journal of Speculative Philosophy seems an omen of good to me. It seems as if we were at last to derive some intellectual benefit from our German fellow-citizens.

bage in the form of manure) switzer case (odorous a mile off,) the Hessian fly, guttural speech, and dirt. They have done their duty in many places during the war, but patriotism is not exotic to the land. They have gone very far out of their duty in trying to overturn the foundations of our social order.

We have duties towards our German brethren, and one duty is to bring out what is best in them by our cordial sympathy. If we turn to them the cold shoulder of international scorn, and treat them as if dogs, let us look out for teeth.

THE LAYMAN'S CALL AGAIN.

How shall the Christian Church more effectually accomplish her mission? has often crossed our mind; plans have been suggested, tried, and one after the other laid aside.

The writer in issuing his "Layman's Call," published in the AMERICAN PRESBYTERIAN of the 17th of October, had in view the awakening of an interest in this subject, and if the reader will turn to that paper he will find the assertion made that one of the great powers in our midst has lain almost inactive, namely, the Laity.

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by the feeling that the world is better without than with him. Priceless to him now would be a good name.

AN OLD TIME COLORED BIBLE SOCIETY.—An old number of the New Haven Religious Intelligence records the institution, August 6, 1816, of "The Bible Society of Colored People of Newark, N. J., and its Vicinity."

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