

next day; but, as I left home to rest, I thought it prudent to decline, though I might just as well have promised, for by seven o'clock that same evening we were on our way to Picton, Nova Scotia. The fog followed us till we entered the Straits of Causo. Here we found it bright and beautiful on either side of the strait. There is a population, principally French Catholic. The scenery is charming; it is only equalled by Goose Bay, in Bonavesta. We arrived in Picton in time to attend service in Princess-street Presbyterian Church. A very instructive sermon was preached by the Rev. Mr. Ross, brother to Principal Ross, of Dalhousie College. I spent all Monday ashore in the very pleasant and hospitable homes of the Messrs. Ross and McMaster, relatives of our esteemed citizen, Smith McRay, Esq. From these families I received much kindness and attention. With a splendid horse I was taken over several miles of country. I visited three cemeteries and the high school and academy, spent several hours in the school, paying such attention to the working that my head ached all the rest of the day; but I determined on leaving home that I would examine the boasted school system of the Dominion and the States. Well, if Picton is a sample of the schools of Nova Scotia, they deserve all the praise they get, and more. A boy or girl must be a veritable dunce who is not educated after graduating in those two institutions, and all the children *must* graduate, and the only charge is for books. The best education in the land is within reach of the poor man's child. Poor Newfoundland! your educational advantages are a long, long way behind those of the Dominion. Your miserable denominationalism is the curse of the colony, and generations unborn will bewail the bigotry of a now deceased ecclesiastic, who, taking advantage of the critical position of a few politicians, forced on the country the hated denominational and sectarian Education Act of 1876. I will, doubtless, return to this subject when I come to describe the school systems of the United States, Ontario, and Quebec.

But to return to the voyage. Having taken our cargo of coal, we heaved for the St. Lawrence. We passed close by Prince Edward's Island, and soon found ourselves in smooth waters. All along the coast we could see the comfortless-looking dwellings of the inhabitants, principally French Canadians. The only substantial and comfortable dwellings are the churches and convents and residences of the clergy. These are systems of religion that contrive to keep their votaries poor and ignorant, while they enrich the clergy. Witness Spain, Italy, and the Province of Quebec.

#### QUEBEC.

There is much to interest the historian and the patriot in this old city. But I found something that came closer to my heart, for here played in childhood one as dear as life to me. There is the dame from whom she learned her letters—and this old lady who shakes me by the hand carried her in her arms, and often she climbed on the old gentleman's shoulders. Here is the spot where the house stood in which she was born, and from which she was rescued from the

flames; there she picked the wildflowers and chased the butterfly, long before she had the good fortune to call me husband. It would be strange if Levis had not charms for me—it has. I rambled over that old spot, and mused—and—and—I'll not tell. You might know too much, or think me sentimental. But I am enjoying my holidays now; I may be poetic, sentimental, imaginative, or whatever I like.

There are some splendid buildings in Quebec, among which I may notice the Lovell University and the cathedral, and, indeed, all the churches. The old streets are narrow, and some I should say dangerous in winter. The new Assembly House will be a magnificent structure. I hope to give more attention to the points of interest on my way home. I had only four days here, and one of them was the Sabbath. In the morning I attended service in the Presbyterian Church in Levis, pastor Rev. D. Anderson, but the Rev. Mr. Cool, from New Glasgow, preached. Congregation is small, but the church is very neat and comfortable. There is also an Episcopal and Methodist cause: these would not make one ordinary congregation; the Methodist especially is miserably small.

In the evening I preached in the Congregational Church, Quebec. Here the Rev. Mr. Powis has laboured for upwards of twenty years, but is now called to Zion College, Toronto. The Lord has greatly blessed him in his work. He is an able preacher and a good pastor. It will be difficult to replace him. The Church is in great distress at parting with him. The building, both external and internal, is a gem. The inside is like a parlour. I judged there were 250 present. All appear to belong to what we call the better class. I met a Sunday-school scholar from St. John's. Six years had made so much change in the boy that I did not recognise the young man.

I left Quebec on Tuesday for Boston, *via* Montreal, promising my brother-in-law, Mr. Buchanan, that I would endeavour to return this way, and spend a few days in sight-seeing. If I do, my readers will get more information about the city where the English soldiers thrashed the French, and where the noble hero Wolf fell, grasping the crown of victory.

I will bid you good-bye, while I step aboard the floating palace the s.s. Quebec, *en route* for the land of the stars and stripes.

#### REST.

The traveller in a desert land—hot sun above  
And burning sand beneath—footsore and weary,  
Longs to see some huge grey rock, within whose  
grateful shadow

He may rest, and find repose.

So, dear Lord! would I find rest in Thee.

My tired and weary heart can find no resting-place

Amid the world's turmoil, only on Thy warm breast,  
dear Saviour!

Can I find repose. There rest is precious, rest is  
sweet;

And soul, and heart, and brain, are all refreshed,  
And the racked nerves and body calmed and soothed  
by Thy sweet peace within.

Would that we oftener fled to Thy blest side, dear  
Jesus!

And made Thy heart our home. H. D. ISACKE.