

our steamer down the most dangerous rapid, when, without steam or sail, we made a speed of three miles and a-half in seven minutes, literally jumping down the river. Montreal was reached at six o'clock p.m. Here I was the guest of the Rev. H. Wilkes, D.D., LL.D., the venerable Principal of the Congregational College of British North America, and hon. pastor of Zion Church, Montreal. For upwards of thirty years Dr. Wilkes was the popular preacher of the city, and he is still a leading man in educational and philanthropic enterprises. It was a rare privilege to me to enjoy the company of one so gifted, and owned of God, of such ripe experience and genuine piety. Under God, Congregationalism owes its present prosperous condition in Canada to the untiring efforts of Dr. Wilkes.

The Congregational College is affiliated with McGill University, and the full course of study extends over five years. The Principal has associated with him the Rev. G. Cornish, M.A., LL.D., the Rev. K. M. Fenwick; Vice-Principal, the Rev. J. F. Stevenson, LL.D. Number of students from twelve to sixteen. There are four Congregational churches in Montreal. I had the pleasure of preaching in Calvary Church on the hottest day I have ever witnessed. Whether the hot day had anything to do with my impressions of the Calvary brethren I cannot say, but I have the idea that they are a warm-hearted, earnest people. The Rev. Mr. Forster is the newly-installed pastor—I believe the right man in the right place. Since I returned the good people of Calvary Congregational Church have sent thirty dollars for our home missionary society. The third sermon I had the pleasure of hearing on the continent was in Zion Church, Montreal, from the Rev. Mr. Bray. I had heard so much about this gentleman's herodoxy, that I was almost afraid to venture to hear him. But with my very keen scent for heresy, I must acknowledge that I could not discern the faintest smell. Mr. Bray is remarkably gifted in prayer. There was power and impressiveness in his whole service, and especially in the sermon. He is indeed a very dangerous heretic in the opinion of several intelligent persons—competent judges, with whom I have conversed—who never heard him. He may be. I only speak what I know.

But I must think of home. I am getting tired of the heat, and begin to sigh for the cool breezes off the hills of Newfoundland. They tell me the thermometer is 102 in the shade. I only regret leaving the many friends, old and new, and none more sincerely than kind and good Dr. Wilkes, and his most amiable family. One night on board the screw-steamer Montreal, and I am again in the old City of Quebec, so far on my way to *Terra Nova*. I spent one week in the ancient city, visiting all the places of interest—the Citadel, Plains of Abraham, churches, chapels, and cathedral, the Natural Steps, and the Falls of Mount Moreney.

On the Sunday I occupied in the morning the pulpit of the Rev. D. Anderson, Presbyterian Church, Levis, and in the evening the pulpit of the Rev. Mr. —, of the Methodist Church, same place. By the way, the latter gentleman has recently left the Episcopal Church for the Methodist. He is a Frenchman, a scholar, a good preacher, and devoted to his Master's work. Had been fifteen years a minister in

the Episcopal Church. After a pleasant week in Quebec and suburbs, I took a ride of twenty-seven hours on the Grand Trunk and Intercolonial Railways, and found myself in Halifax. Three days were pleasantly whiled away in this old city. Mr. Lay was my kind host here, and good earnest Captain Mylius, of the s.s. Newfoundland, was my constant companion. With fear and trembling I ventured my precious life on board the s.s. Cortes, of the ill-fated Cromwell Line. What a misfortune it is to get a bad name! Many a thing, animate and inanimate, has got that unjustly, and among these, I must candidly say, not more unjustly than the Cromwell Line. We had a trial of wind, and sea, and fog. I have been a good many times at sea, and can speak with authority. I never witnessed so little trouble in time of storm than on board the Cortes. It would be well if some other lines of more pretensions would keep as good a table, or give even a part of the attentions to the comfort of passengers. Captain Bennett, officers, crew, and stewards were unremitting in attention to business, and in attending—even anticipating—the wants and comforts of the passengers. If I am going to Halifax or New York, I will look out for the Cortes and Captain Bennett.

After exactly ten weeks' absence, I was once more at home, profoundly thankful to the Almighty Guide for "journeying mercies," and for His protecting care over those dear ones of home and congregation.

A CANDLE IN THE POWDER.

A MERCHANT was celebrating the marriage of his daughter. While they were enjoying themselves above, he chanced to go to the basement hall below, where he met a servant carrying a lighted candle without a candlestick. She passed on to the cellar for wood, and returned without the candle. The merchant suddenly remembered that during the day several barrels of gunpowder had been placed in the cellar, one of which had been opened. Inquiring what she had done with the candle, to his awful amazement her reply was that, being unable to carry it with the fuel, she had set it in a barrel of "black sand" in the cellar.

He flew to the spot. A long red snuff was just ready to fall from the wick into the mass of powder, when with great presence of mind, placing a hand on each side of the candle, and making his hands meet at the top, over the wick, he safely removed it from the barrel. At first he smiled at his previous fear, but the reaction was so great that it was weeks ere he recovered from the shock which his nerves sustained in that terrible trial.

There are candles in many a barrel of gunpowder to-day. Many homes have been blown to ruins by them. There is a candle in the cellar of the wine-bibber. It burns brighter with the added fuel of every cup he drains, and ere he is aware, all his hopes for this world and the next will be blown up with a ruin more terrible than any destruction that gunpowder may bring.

There is a candle in the cellar of the liquor-dealer, burning slowly but surely. He who is dealing death to others will be startled by a sudden blasting of his own peace, when the wrath of God, restrained no longer, shall fall upon him in a moment. "Every way of man is right in his own eyes, but the Lord pondereth the heart." "He that by usury and unjust gains increaseth his substance, shall gather it for him that will pity the poor." The man who is wilfully destroying himself may be deluded, and see no danger; the man who is destroying others may say, "I do not see it"; but the eyes which ponder both their ways see not only the evil, but the sudden "destruction" which is before them if they do not speedily repent and reform. See to it that no righteous anger burn against you. See to it that no burning candle is endangering you in your cellar.—*Children's Messenger*,