

punctuality on our return journey. We have on specially happy occasions experienced the same punctuality on the other line. Making all allowance for the newness of the road and rolling stock, we must record our sense of comfort on the journey and in the shunting occasionally indulged in missed the thumpity bump-trump-crack to which we have been accustomed. A sense of smoothness and quiet business like demeanour thus far characterizes the line. Of course the traffic at present does not press, and a new enterprise must be on its best behaviour. We, nevertheless, never had a more cozy home-like journey to and fro than on this occasion. One novel yet simple feature at the Toronto end, either way, was the advent of a tidy waiter, ready, for a reasonable sum, to give a cup of coffee or tea, a sandwich or cake, late in the evening or early in the morning. Our twenty cents satisfied the morning appetite equally with the hurried fifty-cent breakfast along the old line, and we confess to an appreciation when travelling of the luxury of a cup of hot coffee before turning in. We turned in going down, and for some time lay gazing upon the countless host of stars that glittered in the arch over head, dozed and woke and slept till grey dawn appeared. We were then skirting the eastern shore of the Ottawa, nearing Grenville. There flowed the river below, and in the distance the wooded banks rising toward the far off horizon; on the other side where we sat were fields and woods and heights, clothed with rich and mellow autumn tints, shimmering in the brightness of the clear keen morning light and air. As the sunbeams caught the maples they seemed to glow like burning bush, the dark pines made the crimson brighter by contrast, and the white cottages here and there dotted the scene with a mark of comfort and of home. Equally beautiful looked the deep ravines and rugged heights of Scarborough as we neared Toronto on return. The grand water stretch of Ontario lake and the occasional glimpses of the noble St. Lawrence are not seen by this route, but a tourist will certainly get a fairer view of the country as it really is by the C. P. R. route than by the oft-times desolate line of the G. T. R.

OUR home during our stay in Montreal was with our much esteemed Principal. To say that it was a home indeed is simply to say that our friend, his wife and children, were

themselves, and though when our eleven days were over we were glad to turn our faces homeward, we parted with Dr. and Mrs. Stevenson and family with something akin to regret. We were privileged during our stay to be at the Wednesday evening service of the old Zion Church, at the invitation of our brother, Mr. McIntyre, also at a social of the same church on the Tuesday following. The service was well attended, homelike and hearty. We felt no restraint as we spoke a few words to those who came to praise and pray. We record our conviction that Zion's foundations are being relaid in earnestness and prayer. Our friend, Mr. McIntyre, is evidently a pastor. The social was under the management of the young people, and manifested activity, taste and spirit. There had been a social the previous evening at Calvary Church, of which we knew nothing until passed, and which we mention only as an introduction to saying that we met on more than one occasion the pastor of that church, Mr. Hill, and each time we met him our hearts enlarged towards him. With such a genial scholarly earnest man as pastor, the band of workers on Guy street can but cause Calvary to write its record lovingly and strong. We do rejoice at the spirit of progress manifested in these two Montreal churches of our faith and order.

THE evening following the social at Zion found us at another social held in Emmanuel. A genuine social: microscopic pictures, recitations, songs, and a happy minimum of speech making; coffee, cake and ice cream. There was no formal programme, but all wandered or sat at their own sweet will throughout the spacious airy basement, chatting, introducing, smiling, a genuine family gathering. It goes without saying that the pastor and his wife were everywhere shedding geniality around. The previous Sunday found us in the pulpit there, and we must record our appreciation of the genuine taste and feeling manifested in the service of song.

TUESDAY, 14th, found us in the lecture hall of the college, wearing the professor's gown. It will not become us to speak of the lectures, of the students we may. We ministered specially to a class of nine, and must characterize them as respectful, painstaking, thoughtful,