

of them, and inasmuch as we, in accord with time honored custom, have been faulted, even threatened, (not with loss of life but of office and emoluments!)—by the way, gentle reader, lest you should suppose our Sunday services to be entirely unappreciated, we hasten to say that these services were declined on the Sunday we have spoken of because we only offered them on the previous Wednesday, and other arrangements had been made—do not let this parenthesis break the continuity of our jottings,—well, having been found fault with, and so forth, we revenged ourselves by berating our publisher for his shortcomings, he took it in good nature, and in a few days brought out the next number. The genial face of the Bowmanville pastor broke in upon our interview with some Year Book instructions, so between the two Editors friend Climie has his hands full. So mote it be, but where is the fortune to be made out of these important publications?

Lake Ontario gently swelling under a cloudless sky as the sun was sinking in the heavens tempted us to leave the fair town by boat, so having finished in the meantime with our publisher we were driven down to the wharf, at Port Darlington. We have not been there for thirty years. Then, a lad, after two years sojourn in Oshawa, we were returning to Brockville our home. Thirty years! what changes. Grand Trunk there was not, and we had come down to Bowmanville by the good old stage. And the friends of those days, where are they now? Scattered, changed, dead, and we no longer a youth looking on to life with exultation and ambitious hopes, but expecting the evening, solaced, yet trustful as the golden gates begin to gleam. To this day, throughout those thirty years, one step then already taken, we have never regretted, we have found our fellowship with the people of God.

"All the loving links that bind us,

While the days are going by,
One by one we leave behind us,

While the days are going by;
But the seeds of good we sow
Both in shade and shine will grow,
And will keep our hearts aglow,

While the days are going by."

Fortunately for us the S. S. "Corinthian" was not crowded, hence we saw no ground for the complaints we have so often heard and read of the management and attention on this

once popular line of steamers, we readily secured a state room, had every courtesy paid to us, enjoyed the steaming along the shore, saw soon in the distance the electric lights of Port Hope gleam like stars on the "dusky brow of night," looked down upon the Col'ourg wharf at the many young people enjoying the lake breeze and the steamer's arrival, gave another look over the wide waters, up at the full orb moon, down again at the silver way across the lake leading seemingly on to the horizon stars, then turned in to rest, to be awakened occasionally by the dashing of the waves, for the wind had risen with the setting sun, and finally by the quiet of the Kingston harbor which we reached ere break of day.

But we must not weary the reader with more personalities, suffice it to say that we reached Montreal by rail, having left the boat at Prescott, on Monday evening, to find our home with Dr. Cornish, who has just returned from his summer rest recruited for the fall and winter work. At Prescott we joined Dr. Jackson and the ubiquitous Missionary Superintendent Mr. Hall, both looking contented and happy. Of course we conned over the news. We learned that the building in which we first worshipped God publicly on Canadian soil, the Brockville church, had been sold for \$5500, the money deposited under trustees in the bank, and a new building with site looked forward to in the near future as present clouds pass away from our cause in that town, where we have certainly not made progress the past thirty-five years.

Our first call Tuesday morning was upon Dr. Stevenson, where we soon learned that his departure for England is fixed for November 4th from Quebec, much to the regret of every loyal Congregational heart. His resignation as Principal was received by the College Board on that same evening with sorrow; yet every heart said God bless him and his, and may grace, mercy, peace, be with them evermore. We sadly say good-bye.

While on College matters we may say that four new students are reported, men of whom we need not be ashamed, thus bringing the number up to seventeen. It is a matter for thankfulness that labourers are coming in to the harvest field. The Board has been able to make arrangements—temporary, but under the circumstances satisfactory—for keeping up the classes, notwithstanding the sudden loss of the