

passed in any season so free from swell as we had it. It was quiet and smooth, enabling us to join in our Sabbath forenoon service with comfort and undisturbed mind. By the afternoon we had passed it and were skirting the coast of Spain. And so, day after day; sometimes so smooth that hardly the least trace of the usual Atlantic swell could be seen, never really rough, sometimes so warm that sun-tops and straw hats were produced, and again cooler, even till overcoats were resumed, to be soon laid aside once more, usually with clear, sometimes almost cloudless sky, though two or three times there have been short rain squalls with lightning. Nor must the continuance of this be attributed altogether to the superior climate of this part of the world. The winter storms of the Mediterranean have been well known both in ancient and modern times, and all will remember that in St. Paul's time sailing was considered dangerous after the equinox, so that it was thought advisable to lay up for the winter the ship in which he sailed, and that through his advice in the matter not being taken the ship was lost on the very spot near which we passed on Saturday evening last. Indeed the Captain pronounces the weather perfectly extraordinary, and so far as his knowledge goes, unexampled, for this season of the year. Surely goodness and mercy have followed us every day.

There has been comparatively little of incident in our voyage, partly owing to the very matter for which we have so much cause to be thankful, the fineness of the weather, and partly to the fact that this line calls neither at Gibraltar nor at Malta, which was a great disappointment to us. And to make it worse we passed both after dark, so that we could only see the dim outline and the lights. But even this was something. The coast of Malta, indeed, we saw by daylight a few miles off, namely as we approached

and passed Gozo, which is a small island just to the west of Malta, and scarcely divided from it, and on which are fortifications, a lighthouse and a signal station. Great was the satisfaction on board that we were in time to report ourselves, for the comfort of the friends who would see in Monday morning's newspapers that we had passed Malta "all well." And for the rest we had to content ourselves with seeing the dim outlines about the mouth of St. Paul's Bay, and enjoying the thought that we were passing over almost the exact course his ship had drifted, though in the opposite direction. A few miles further east the lights of Valetta, the principal town, were plainly visible as we passed it. But besides the buildings on Gozo, and a few on the African coast, we have hardly seen a house since leaving England, except on the coast of Portugal, near Lisbon, where we had a fine view of one or two little towns and numerous hamlets, a monastery said to be the largest in Europe, and built of marble, and a palace, the summer resort of the Portuguese Royal Family, perched up on a high crag with all the appearance of having been first built as a fastness in troublous times. The country around seemed rocky and bare, but from the remarkable number of windmills, it would appear that a good grain-growing country must be near by in the interior. The coast of Africa was often well in sight, especially about Algiers, and again near Tunis, or if you prefer a classical reference, say Carthage. High ranges of mountains run all along behind the coast, and altogether one is not surprised at the excellence of the climate which is making Algiers a winter resort for invalids in preference to the continent of Europe.

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A new French Presbyterian Church was opened in the city of Quebec on Sabbath, 19th of November,