

coach, which was heavily laden, was overturned with great force.

I was ignorant of this at the time, however, and of all the else. When I came to myself, I was lying on a bed, at a roadside inn, in great pain. I tried to move, but could not; and the agony caused by the attempt was so great that I shrieked, and again sunk into insensibility.

This did not last long, however; and when I once more recovered, I found myself under the hands of a surgeon, who was forming my head. I had barely sense enough to answer a few questions this gentleman put to me; but I gave him my father's name, direction, and the next day, both he and my mother came to the inn.

It was some days before I was pronounced out of danger. I was unable to be moved; and then, by short stages, and in an easy carriage, I was taken back to my home. By this time I understood how narrowly I had escaped with life. I had been thrown from the coach-top on to the hard frosty ground, and fell on my back. The violence of the fall was partially broken by a thick fur coat which I wore that day; but for this I should probably have been killed on the spot. My collar-bone was also broken, and my nervous system received a shock from which I was long in recovering. Strange to say, I, of all the passengers, was the only one who received any severe injury.

I need not say that this accident at once put a stop to my voyage. The *Burbampooter* sailed without me; and my prospects seemed irretrievably marred.

For some weeks I felt indifferent about this, as about all the else; I was incapable of much thought, and was only thankful that the accident had occurred within reach of my father's house. As I slowly recovered health and strength, sad murmuring feelings were uppermost in my heart, and sometimes I gave them utterance. Instead of being grateful that my life was spared, I groaned with impatience at the disappointment which my hopes had undergone.

"Mother," I said one day, "I cannot make it out at all."

"What cannot you make out, George?" asked my mother, who was sitting beside me, as I lay on the sofa.

"How is it I got this hurt? You believe that God answers prayer, I know, mother."

"Yes, I am sure he does. He does more than hear prayer, George; he hears and answers."

"Always, mother?" I asked; and if I spoke as I felt, it was with a tone of scorn and unbelief.