

sees him galloping wildly back to his playfellows. And we are far ahead, seeing something new.

Now it is a thick, green woods. It looks so cool and quiet, we wish the train would stop and let us get off to wander there awhile. We can almost think we see the wild flowers and the dewy ferns. And we know, too, that there we should see the merry squirrel and the saucy woodpecker, with their friends, all gay, and happy, and noisy.

But we are far past the green woods now, and the iron-horse and his load are crawling over a high bridge. Far below us we see the silver water of a river. The breeze sends a gentle little ripple over the water. A merry boat-load of children are picking yellow and white water-lilies, and shouting gaily at us as the train moves along.

Next we catch a flying glimpse of a tiny white house. A group of bare-footed children stare at us as we pass. They wave their little brown hands in greeting, and a white handkerchief floats far out of the car window in reply.

And now we reach a big, noisy city. The