

fitted for marriage, and Ruth C—— was to have more, for she was going to St. John to purchase the dainties and more personal part of her trousseau. Early in June, she took her passage in Beckwith's sloop and embarked after a tearful parting, for a journey to the city was a serious undertaking, often lasting a week and longer when the wind was not fair. It was Ruth's first journey, she was shy and timid with strangers and wholly unaccustomed to shopping, but neighbors who accompanied her were women of experience, and had promised her assistance and motherly care on the expedition.

The travellers had been provided with generous hampers, and plenty of sewing and knitting to help the hours in passing and to prevent waste of time on the voyage. Sometimes when becalmed they would go on shore in search of early berries that ripened in the sunniest meadows.

In this way nearly a week had elapsed before they came in sight of St. John, or rather, of the Indiantown shore. All gathered on deck to watch the approach and landing, but Ruth stood a little apart in silent, maiden musing. The vessel was keeping close to the rocks on account of the depth of the channel, when suddenly from the cliff overhead a rock was loosed, and with a noise like thunder crashed onto the deck, crushing the young girl beneath it.

It was as if a bolt had fallen from heaven and paralyzed all who were present. When the stone was rolled aside, the young heart so recently filled with sweet hopes had ceased its beating forever. One can