

occupied by private residences, was most striking.

I cannot thank too much this kind family, representatives of the theological professor of Harvard, and his helpmeet (who must have been a genial and sympathetic couple) for the rest and refreshment of this week of my stay in Boston.

*Saturday, September 12th.*—Purchased a few photographs in passing through Boston and got on board the "Cephalonia," Captain Walker, and started at 1 P.M. for Liverpool.

The voyage lasted until Tuesday the 22nd September. There was some fog for two days or more and much steam whistling, and it seemed as if the screw would never stop, also a cold wet day. The mate and the captain read service on the two Sundays. The vessel had but thirty saloon passengers and those not specially interesting. A Jesuit coming from the States to England and some young men returning for a holiday after doing well in the States, from whom I learned something of what I took to be the pure dishonesty of much of the politics of the United States. There was a concert. Some beautiful sunsets, and Venus and the moon were very beautiful. I got one