

we were scheduled to reach at 10 on the following morning.

At intervals that night, as the writer awakened and heard the ceaseless rumble of the wheels and the never ending roar of the exhaust in the smoke stacks of those two mighty engines broken at intervals by the wild howl of the whistles, his thoughts ran on the perfect machine the locomotive engine had become since the first crude, but successful attempt of Stephenson to master the problem of steam locomotion; how many times during that long night's run had those ponderous wheels revolved, how many times had the steam valves opened and shut, how true must every part of the huge machine work and how clear must be the brain and steady the hand of "the man behind the lever," as that mighty train, freighted with human lives roared and rushed and howled through forests and tunnels, over bridges and around the shoulders of mountains: the wonder seems to be not that accidents were so many, but that they are so very few. After a short stay at Moncton the train was again boarded for Point du Chene, where we found awaiting us our own fine S. S. the Northumberland, commanded by Captain Cameron, than whom a more genial companion or better seaman never trod a plank. The passage was made in the usual time "and then home."

