

had brought with him, not forgetting to fill the empty boxes with ferns, which grew plentifully in a swamp, at a short distance away. The life was quiet almost to loneliness, and but for the the papers and letters from his mother, would have been far worse, as they kept him in touch with the outer world.

Sunday came with a peculiar quiet, as even the train did not come in. So to beguile the time and break the stillness, he took his Prayer-book and read the service, through to the end. The next week he did the same, and while engaged in doing so, raised his head and saw a man gazing intently upon him. He appeared to be a pedlar, judging from the pack he carried, and the small box in his hand.

As he was quite close to the open door of the Station before Arthur saw him, he looked up, and closing his book, spoke to him. The man laid aside his things and sat down on the step leading up to the place, and asked Arthur not to stop but to go on reading, saying he would like to listen.