

In another lull of the car-wheels we find that pa has skipped over to Marathon ; and this time it is the daughter who is asking a question.

“Pa, what is a phalanx?”

“Well, a phalanx — it’s a — it’s difficult to define a phalanx. It’s a stretch of men in one line, — a stretch of anything in a line. When did Alexander flourish?”

This domestic tyrant had this in common with the rest of us, that he was much better at asking questions than at answering them. It certainly was not our fault that we were listeners to his instructive struggles with ancient history, nor that we heard his petulant complaining to his cowed family, whom he accused of dragging him away on this summer trip. We are only grateful to him, for a more entertaining person the traveller does not often see. It was with regret that we lost sight of him at St. John.

Night has settled upon New Brunswick and upon ancient Greece before we reach the Kennebeckasis Bay, and we only see from the car windows dimly a pleasant and fertile country, and the