

had taken it *en route* out of mere curiosity ; it was obvious to her that she could gain no moral here to preach at the head of her poor pupil. These lights and gay costumes and languid quadrilles were the mere glorification of idleness ; and she had brought this suffering one to America to show her—in our rapid transit from place to place—something of the real hardships that human nature had to fight against and endure, the real agony that parting and distance and the struggle for life could inflict on the sons and daughters of men. Saratoga was not at all to her liking. There was no head for any discourse to be got out of it. Onward, onward, was her cry.

So it was that on the next day, or the next again, we bade farewell to this gay haunt of pleasure, and set out for grimmer latitudes. We were bound for Boston. Here, indeed, was a fruitful theme for discourse ; and during the long hours, as we rolled through a somewhat Bavarian-looking country—with white wooden houses set amid that perpetual wooden forest that faded away into the hills around the horizon—we heard a great deal about the trials of the early settlers and their noble fortitude and self-reliance. You would have fancied that this lecturess was a passionate Puritan in her sympathies ; though we who knew her better were well aware that she had a sneaking liking for gorgeous ritual, and that she would have given her ears to be allowed to introduce a crucifix into our respectable village church. That did not matter. The stern manners and severe discipline of the refugees were at the moment all she could admire, and somehow we began to feel that, if it had not been for our gross tyranny and oppression, the *Mayflower* would never have sailed.

But a graver lesson was still to be read to us. We could not understand why, after

a time, the train was continually being stopped at short intervals, and we naturally grew impatient. The daylight left us, and the lights in the carriage were not bright enough to allow us to read. We were excessively hungry, and were yet many miles away from Boston. We had a right to speak bitterly of this business.

Then, as the stoppages became more lengthened, and we had speech of people on the line, rumours began to circulate through the carriages. An accident had happened to the train just ahead of ours. There was a vague impression that some one had been killed, but nothing more.

It was getting on toward midnight when we passed a certain portion of the line ; and here the place was all lit up by men going about with lanterns. There was a sound of hammering in the vague obscurity outside this sphere of light. Then we crept into the station, and there was an excited air about the people as they conversed with each other.

And what was it all about ? Queen T—soon got to know. Out of all the people in the train, only one had been killed—a young girl of fifteen : she was travelling with her father and mother ; they had not been hurt at all. The corpse was in a room in the station ; the parents were there too. They said she was their only child.

We went on again ; and somehow there was now no more complaining over the delay. It was past midnight when we reached Boston. The streets looked lonely enough in the darkness. But we were thinking less of the great city we had just entered than of the small country station set far away in the silent forest, where that father and mother were sitting with the dead body of their child.

(To be continued.)