fully, and did not seem unhappy on account of his blindness. Father told him although he was blinded to earthly beauties, he hoped he could with his soul's eye behold brighter visions than any presented in this world; but, alas! his soul also was darkened—a far more fatal darkness than can befall the outward sight. His soul was blinded; for he saw no beauty in the blessed Saviour—no beam of glory coming down from the infinite throne of love, whereon sits Jesus Christ, pierced his benighted soul, any more than did the rays of a noonday's sun pierce the film which covered his eyes. He was groping his way blindly to eternity.

My father turned from him in sadness. He felt that sincere grief which a Christian should feel at seeing a fellow-mortal walking in the path which leads to everlasting death. He expostulated with him, and endeavoured, in the few moments they were thrown together, to send one glimmer of divine light across his soul. I do not know whether he succeeded, as he soon left the train: we have never heard from him since.

If some of the incidents which came under my observation were of a solemn nature, so others were especially amusing. One old lady was returning home to Canada, from a visit to her friends in Boston. What a rare specimen of