descended upon me. I was light-
hearted enough to sing; and I did
sing for half an hour, straight along,
as we went jogging homeward.
Then my freed tongue found blessed
speech again, and the pent talk of
many a weary hour began to gush,
and flow. It flowed on and on joyously,
jubilantly, until until the fountain
was empty and dry. As I wrung
my friend's hand at parting, I said,
"Haven't we had a royal good time!
But now I remember, you haven't
said a word for two hours. Come,
come out with something?"
The Rev. Mr. Gray turned a lack
lustre eye upon me, drew a deep
sigh, and said, without animation,
without apparent consciousness;
"Punch, brothers! punch with care!
Punch in the presents of the passenger!
A pank shot through me as I said
to myself "Poor fellow, poor
fellow! he has got it now."
I did not see Mr. Gray for two or three
days after that. Then, on Tuesday
evening, he staggered into my
presence and sank dejectedly
into a ~~chair~~ seat.
He was pale & worn; he was a wreck.
He lifted his faded eyes to my face
and said: