

they had," said 'Lisbeth. "But, Perran, he is very ill."

"He never was strong," Perran stooped over the sleeping child, and listened to his labored breathing. "'Lisbeth, you must get proper food for him, good, strong soup, such as you made for Captain Mostyn."

"Oh! how is the Captain?" asked 'Lisbeth, suddenly rousing to an anxious remembrance of her late patient.

"Looks like another man," said Perran. "Says all our troubles are over now; that these are capital fellows in spite of their being hung all over with dead men's bones. But there, you needn't shudder, 'Lisbeth, they won't touch us."

"No, we are quite safe," she answered confidently; then she asked in an anxious tone, "Perran, will the chief ever give us back this dear little fellow? He seems to count him so very precious."

Perran turned away his head. He did not want 'Lisbeth to see the utter hopelessness he felt as to the result of the boy's illness; he had seen a similar case before—in India—watched a comrade's young child fade in rapid consumption.

Jesse could never be moved, he was sure; how long he would last he could not guess; and, after that, what might be the fate of the rest of the party was a dark problem! But, there! to what use was this pondering over future perils? He would try to be as trustful as 'Lisbeth. So he roused himself to reply, "We could not attempt to return to the coast with Jesse in his weak state; so our best plan will be to settle down in this place for a while, and make friends with the tribe."

"And strengthen Jesse up for the journey," 'Lisbeth chimed in quite bravely.

A further consultation with Captain Mostyn on the morrow confirmed this decision. He was more hopeful about Jesse. Children do pull through so much; why, he was twice given over as a baby!

He was in high spirits; returning health, freedom from anxiety, the opportunity afforded of studying the habits of a new race, the possibility of collecting specimens of rare insects and flowers, which should make him a benefactor to the British Museum on his return to England—all these circumstances combined to make him entirely hopeful for the future.

"We'll carry the little heir in triumph to Greenmeadows," he declared; "and I mean to buy a property close by, which you must manage for me, and when the lad comes of age and wants to turn you out of his nest there will be mine alongside for you to take to—eh, old fellow?"

Perran tried to smile at the kindly suggestion; then he turned the subject to the strange people among whom they found themselves.

"Queer fellows, indeed!" said the Captain; "from what I can gather, they assemble every night at sunset for a sort of evening prayer: last evening you saw it. Well, Peter says the white child taught them to do so. Hallo! you, Peter, come here, sir—that fellow has a wonderful knack of getting at a matter." This as an aside. "What have you been palavering about this hour or more with that lot of darkies?"

Peter grinned. "They tell me what luck white man bring; they never see white man before Jesse there; some say he good to eat, some say no; some like to taste, but fear bad luck. Peter tell them they drop down dead minute they eat white man's flesh."

"There, that'll do, Peter; we know that you are a fine hand at conversation; but I want to know something about the darkies' intentions and ideas."

"They got no ideas," said Peter, confidently; "that why they love Jesse there; white boy got ideas, and tell them."

"What ideas has Jesse told them?" asked Perran.

"Same ideas you got, master. Ideas about what dead men do. Patira think he stay in the ground in the dark; Jesse say no, he go up in the sky in the light; so they pray to the sky every night. When Patira quarrel, or strike with club, Jesse cry, and say God will not have him in the sky. Then Patira afraid."

"Poor little lad! He seems to have been a sort of missionary to the tribe without knowing it," said Captain Mostyn. "Oh, we must pull him round. Your wife is a fine hand at sick-nursing, Perran."

And Jesse did rally for a time, and was able to sit in the shade of the forest, and talk to his foster-brother about old times. The English words all came back to him now he was a little stronger, and he had forgotten nothing of Kings Cobbe and the happy visit he had paid there. Of India he spoke little, of the voyage to New Guinea and its disastrous termination nothing; a merciful haze seemed to envelop that period of the young child's life.

Perran tried to tell him about Greenmeadows and his inheritance there, but Jesse seemed to have no interest in it. If he ever went away from his Patira father, he confided to Perran, he only wanted to go to heaven.

Jesse always welcomed the tall chief with the brighest of smiles. The big savage's face, too, would light with a new radiance at the sight of his beautiful white boy.

Jesse's bright golden hair had never been forced into the top-knot peculiar to Patira fashion; nay, it hung almost as it used to do, in the English days, round the small delicate face, making him still look the little angel his mother had thought him. He was, perhaps, more childish at eight than he had been at six,