

but when Captain Mostyn said, "Let us pray," and the newcomers knelt on the floor of the hut, the position appeared so extraordinary to the ignorant savages, that they burst into uncontrollable laughter, running off in every direction.

No one had ever taught them to pray, it was evident. The little service was continued more happily in their absence. Only the chief's daughter remained. She had attached herself specially to George Holt, and with the powers of mimicry, peculiar apparently to this tribe, she had knelt when he knelt, and folded her hands in imitation of 'Lisbeth opposite to her.

Oh, how glad a thing it would be to teach this willing creature's heart to follow the leadings of her hands! To teach her to know the true God, whom even now she was trying ignorantly to worship!

On the Monday morning the chief was formally invited to an interview. He was a singularly intelligent man, and little Gipse, who had spent the whole of the previous day with the English party, helped him to guess at the meaning of the strangers. Peter and 'Lisbeth also made capital interpreters, natural quickness with both taking the place of actual acquaintance with the language.

By dint of many signs, and reference to a young child in the village of about the size Jesse might be supposed to be, it was at last made clear to the chief that they were in search of a lost child, but, when they pronounced the name of the tribe, he first went through a pantomime (so lifelike that 'Lisbeth trembled) of braining Captain Mostyn with his stone axe, to show the ferocity of the people, and then he suddenly threw himself upon the white man, embraced him, offered him tobacco, and finally took his arm in the most affectionate manner, and led him to the door of the hut.

Captain Mostyn repressed, as best he could, all feelings of disgust at this close contact with the unwashed savage.

"He means, sir, that he will be our friend," cried 'Lisbeth.

"So far, so good. But the chief next insinuated that much scarlet cotton, beads, knives, and looking-glasses would be necessary to complete the contract. These were produced and laid in a heap before the party.

Now Captain Mostyn went through his part of the play. By the side of the chief's large heap of spoil he raised a smaller one, and then he fetched the lad, whom Peter already had named Joe. Then he took Joe's arm and led him to the door, and across the cleared ground to the stockade entrance, pointing northward to signify that he was to accompany them; then he brought him back to the house, still arm in arm, to signify a safe return, and conducted

him to the heap of treasure which was to be his reward. Joe was delighted, and wanted to lay his cheek against Captain Mostyn's, too, but this was more than he could bear. He ordered Peter to act as proxy, and take all further embraces.

After that they all dined together in token of friendship—more kangaroo chops!

That evening Peter, who had spent the day with Joe, gave the result in such a complete form, that the council of Englishmen thought it best only to place a partial reliance on his story. It sounded too accurate.

"He tell me all 'bout it," began Peter ("if you going to snigger, Sam, better you clear out of this); Captain, *he* knows I understand all nigger talk." There was a skit at Sam intended here, which the great sulky fellow thought of resenting, but didn't. Peter went on: "Joe he quite know what to do, he know this tribe, what has one little child, quite well—he take us there in nine days and a half night. Then we hide in bush, and he take tobacco and beads, and try buy Jesse; if not, steal him, and we all run back. That fine, eh?"

"Let Joe take us to the tribe first, and we'll see about the rest," was the answer. At least it was evident that the stripling had no objection to act as guide to the party, and that was much gained.

All were anxious for the start, and chose to believe Peter's next announcement—"Joe know beauty nest for us to sleep in, only three hour from dis place," so they started that same afternoon.

It would be only useless and wearisome to give a diary of this march through forests and swamps—fatigue and danger always in the company of the lively band. Joe proved faithful, nay, he speedily became attached to his strange masters, rapidly learning their language. The greatest annoyance experienced on the route arose from the sulky ill-temper of Sam, and yet he was of such a powerful build that they could not do without him, however much they desired to be rid of the grumbler.

He settled the matter, however, by entirely disappearing on the morning of the fourth day, and taking his load with him.

"Mighty good riddance!" said Peter.

But what was in his pack? Nothing could be spared of the small stock of necessities brought with them.

"Only dem papers and boxes to keep beetles in for Mr. Crane," Peter avowed—"not much food."

But 'Lisbeth softly whispered something in her husband's ear; only three words: "*All the quinine.*"

"Hush! do not let us speak of it," he answered in the same tone.

It was indeed a grievous loss; it almost meant death, in case of future attacks of fever. But