

of, "River here, little river!" from Peter, who had got ahead, was almost a relief.

But how to cross the stream? The women could not swim, and the probability of alligators made the idea unpleasant in any case.

Peter ran up and down the bank like a restless dog.

By-and-bye he shouted, "Bridge here, come 'long."

Bridge, indeed!

'Lisbeth and Molly were in despair. They couldn't cross on that slippery tree-trunk, which had either fallen opportunely from bank to bank, or been placed there by natives. Why, no one but a dancer on the tight rope could feel at home on it! Peter, with his bare feet, danced across "like the monkey he was," Molly said, "but——"

"Hush!" said 'Lisbeth; "we can do everything we are told." But she set her lips tightly together, and looked as if it would be an effort.

Perran, however, was at her side. "Here, I'll settle the bridge for you," he said; "it isn't such a bad substitute after all. Here, you, Peter, come back. Get me that great cane yonder; now, look out, run over with the end of it."

The lad soon grasped the idea of a railing to the bridge. Cat-like, he crossed again to the further side with the cane, Perran holding the other end; then Captain Mostyn walked over, holding the rail, as an example to the women; and, after that, 'Lisbeth plucked up courage and followed his example—George watching her carefully on one bank, and the Captain stretching out a hand on the other. Molly, of course, could do no less than "follow missis;" what else had she come for?

On the further side the party tarried, and took their first picnic dinner. Sin-sing had prepared that, but for the future they must depend on their own exertions.

The meal over, Peter, at Captain Mostyn's order, was about to climb a tree to reconnoitre, when he suddenly exclaimed, "Native here, been to fetch water!"

He was attentively considering a newly made footprint on the mud by the river side. There was a continuation of the marks guiding to a narrow beaten path.

"Village ahead!" declared Peter; and up the tree he swarmed to make sure of the point.

Yes, from his perch he could spy a stockade or fence in the distance, above which peeped the tops of several native huts.

"All right; it is well we should make friends before dusk," said the Captain. "Now for your beads, Molly; sort us out something irresistible."

He spoke gaily; it would not do to show any alarm at the idea of meeting a Papuan tribe in its own stronghold. Sam, for all his size, was but a coward at heart; and Peter was

young and untried, ready, no doubt, to take the cue from his elders and betters.

Besides, was not this part of the country marked down on the rough map he carried, as inhabited by a friendly people? Time enough to shiver when actual danger threatened; so he gave the order to march.

Molly had arranged a scarlet cotton handkerchief round every man's hat, and she and 'Lisbeth carried several glittering looking-glasses as a propitiatory measure. What other defence 'Lisbeth used was not apparent to the world. No one heard that silent "God keep us all from harm!" which went up to heaven from her heart.

Only God could defend the little company in this unknown world!

*(To be continued.)*

YEAR by year Jesus sets Himself before us, a little child, in great humility, and bids us become like Him, that when He appears again in His glorious majesty we may again be made like Him. Year by year, through His holy Nativity, He calleth us to behold Him, and crieth by His very speechless infancy, "Take My yoke upon you, and learn of Me, for I am meek and lowly in heart, and you shall find rest unto your souls."

This is the special festival of humility, as of joy—a lowly joy—a joy of the lowly. Our Lord, from the manger where He deigns to lie, preaches to us humility. This was the beginning and the end of His teaching. He taught it in action, by His birth. He taught it in all His life and suffering. He summed up His teaching in this a little while before His sufferings, when He washed His disciples' feet, and said, "Know ye what I have done for you? If I, your Lord and Master, have washed your feet, ye also ought to wash one another's feet. I have given you an example, that ye should do as I have done to you. If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them."

He not merely, as in the days of His flesh, setteth before us a little child, and bids us become like it, if we would enter into the kingdom of heaven. He has become that little child.—*Dr. Pusey.*

REGINALD HEBER wrote the hymn, "From Greenland's Icy Mountains," in the year 1812. Eleven years after its composition, Heber was consecrated the second Bishop of Calcutta, his vast jurisdiction embracing British India, Ceylon, Mauritius, and Australia. After a marvelous and brilliant episcopate of only three years, he died of overwork. Now, in this jurisdiction, where only seventy years ago toiled a single bishop and a tiny staff of clergy, we find more than a score of bishops, thousands of priests, and some millions of communicants.