

look for new species, and even here these are hard to discover; but if I took to getting rare specimens for sending home, there would be an unlimited field of work for me. Of course the difficulty is getting them home alive, for in a country like this, where there is practically no winter, they are never in an entirely quiescent state, and would require the most careful packing in cases specially constructed for them, and would need attention on the voyage. Still all this might be managed, and a steward might be paid well to take them under his charge.

"Well, I will think it over, Wilfrid. Your idea certainly seems a good one, and if it pays the great horticulturalists to send out skilled men to collect plants for them from all parts of the world, it should certainly pay me, who am living in the centre of one of the most varied groups of vegetation in the world, to send home consignments."

Ten minutes later they rode into the clearing. A loud whoop of welcome was heard as they appeared, and Jack came tearing down from the house to meet them. A moment later Marion appeared at the door, and she too came flying towards them. Mr. and Mrs. Renshaw also appeared on the verandah.

"I need not ask you how you are, my boy," Mr. Renshaw said as Wilfrid, who had leapt from his horse as Marion ran up, hastened forward with her to the house. "Your mother has told us so much about your illness that I hardly anticipated seeing you looking a picture of health. Mr. Atherton, I am delighted to see you. My wife has told me how much we all owe to you both for your care of Wilfrid and for having brought him and my wife safely out of the hands of the natives."