

behind, resting himself and leaving me, as had always been the case, to act as pioneer in the forest land. And I dragged weary steps, thinking, indeed, that each step would prove my last. And now the path, by various and almost imperceptible signs, had changed its character, and from being an almost unbroken tract, showed evident signs of human use. And straight before me there arose a pillar of wood with a transverse beam across; and I hastened onwards, recognizing human handiwork; but just as I reached it I swooned away, fainting as I clasped the cross.

When I awoke a tall majestic man stood beside me, and presently gently bended over me. He pressed something to my lips, and I felt new life come into my heart. Then he took me kindly by the hand and led me a little way; and presently I recognized what is really the most musical of all sounds, that of the cold rushing waters. Presently I came to a clear stream hurriedly leaping along the boulders on its way to the sea. I thought I should never have satiated my thirst; and then I rested, with an easy satisfied heart, on the grassy margin. Then I hastened back to Johanne, and this delicious happiness became his own in turn.

I found that my new friend was a Roman Catholic priest, of the Order of Jesus—an order that has been much maligned, that has also received much just blame, and has been a potent influence both for good and for evil. He was a man who had resided much in courts and palaces. He had spent years in what he told me was the biggest of the world's towns, London, the capital of the land to which nearly all of us pirates originally belonged. The principle of his order was that of absolute implicit obedience. He thought that some great mission would have been given him in London, which, at that time, would have had danger as well as dignity; but the order came that he should become a missionary among the Indians of the Southern Americans, and within twenty-four hours he had left the Old World for the New, that he might obey the order. He, with two other monks, formed a settlement ten leagues from here; and he himself was taking some rounds where he thought he would fall in with Indians. Whether the Indians would hear or tear him to pieces was the same thing to him. Whether he should be a Cardinal in Rome, a Superior in London, or a missionary in the forests, was all the same thing. This Father Isidore was to me the very best and kindest of friends. He was very good also to Johanne; and Johanne became so accustomed to the mission that he would never leave it, but declared that he would serve it faithfully all his days. Which he did according to his lights. But Johanne would only serve the mission in house work and field-work, which I also did myself until Father Isidore took me up in a higher way, discerning in me some aptitude for knowledge. And, indeed, only to listen to that man was to imbibe knowledge in every pore. For he told me of the old wonderful world across the water, which I might some day visit. And he taught me the marvellous Latin tongue, once spoken by the fiercest and strongest nation of the world, and in which his holy books were written. And he explained to me the meaning of those holy books, and of that cross at the foot of which I had sunk so tired on the evening of the blessed day on which I met him. Also, being an Italian, he taught me something of his own beautiful tongue, and also of the *Lingua Franca*, which, he told me, all men used in speech and letters. Finding that I knew something of the stars, he explained to me more about the heavenly bodies, and of the exact science that belongs to them. And like Solomon himself he spoke to me of all trees, from the gaily cedar to the hyssop, that grows upon the wall. Indeed, I afterwards found out that if I had searched Europe through I could not have found a teacher more intelligent, patient and tender. Among other things he told me of the famous quina-tree, and of other wonderful productions of the country.

It was certainly a lovely country. It was a long time before I learned to understand and appreciate all the loveliness; but I did this at last through the help of the good father. The climate was cool, moderate, and equable. Going upwards there were only the northern shrubs; but going downwards into the valleys we got the palms and bamboos and the richest vegetation. In the belt of forest between these two extremes, amid tree-ferns and passion-flowers, grew those mysterious trees of which I had heard.

One day I was out in the forest with the good father. We were slowly ascending a natural path in a ravine between two heights.

A sweet breath of air wandered adown the glen, and it bore on its subtle wings a delicate ravishing perfume.

"Ah, this must be the quina-tree," said Father Isidore.

Indeed there was a grove of them. They rose up, almost palm-like in beauty, some sixty feet in the air, trying to outtop their neighbours of the forest, and, indeed, succeeded in doing so.

"Look this way, across the light," said Isidore, "at those waving branches."

As I did so I observed that there was a red and shining aspect on the foliage.

"That strange light never deceives one," said Isidore. "Here we have a mancha, which means a group of quina-trees. Let us get some of the leaves."

The leaves were about five inches long and two broad. They were lanceolate—that is, like the shape of a lance—with a shining surface of

bright green, the stalk and veins being also of a bright colour. The tiny flowers hang in lilac-like clusters, with white curly hairs round the corolla, one of the chief signs by which the real quina-tree is distinguished from many other trees which closely simulate it. I took and pulled some of the bark, and tasted it as I was told, and complained to the good father how extremely bitter I found it.

"Yes," he answered in strange words, which I afterwards wrote down:

"Sape tulit lassia succus amarus opem."

"Bitter juice has often brought help to the weary."

"It is a goodly tree," he said, "and all parts of it have their uses, and there are many other trees closely resembling it, and most likely they are none of them devoid of help and use to man if we could only search out their secrets. There are many treasures in this great land; but more than the gold, more than the diamonds, more even than the precious meadows of waving grain, are these wonderful trees. They can cure ague and fever when nothing else can cure them. When everything else has failed this medicinal tree will bring men back from the gates of death. It has, methinks, some of the immortal quality of the Tree of Life itself. When a whole army is perishing of wasting sickness this can recruit them all."

"But surely people will come in ships from every part of the world and bear away the precious trees?"

"And so they would if they were wise. But mankind do not care for their highest interests, otherwise they would climb the hills for the trees instead of diving into the mines for gold. Some day, perhaps, they will come with a rush, and then I hope there will be wise strong men who will make them plant a tree for every one which they cut down."

"And you have proved how good they are?"

"The bark saved my life and the lives of several of my brethren," said Isidore. "I had a fever, and one or two of my friends had ague by living close to the low swamps by the river, just as happened to you and your own friends. Then we dragged ourselves up here, and one of the Indians, to whom I had been kind, boiled some of the bark in water, and gave me to drink the infusion, morning, noon and night. And we all marvellously recovered."

"I suppose the Indians keep it as a great secret, and do not use it themselves?"

"They keep it as a great secret, for they have not such reason to love the whites as to reveal their choice secrets to them. They have another great thing, the coco, which confers astonishing powers of endurance, and which I have not been able to obtain. It is said that the Indians made the discovery through watching pumas chew the leaves when these animals have been in a highly feverish state. But the Indians themselves, oddly enough, will never use the bark in fevers; and if I give it them, I have to disguise their own fever medicine. They are better, and they think I have brought the medicine beyond the seas, when it grows in their own mountain-belts."

He taught me a great deal about all that family of trees, a very large and mixed one. And, indeed, only a constant familiarity could teach one to recognize the true chinchona among many counterfeits.

"Now listen to me, my son," said Father Isidore. "The virtues of this wonderful tree are beginning slowly, but certainly, to be known in Europe. There was a great Spanish lady who was kind to the natives, and one of them, when she was very ill, brought her a drink of this tea, which cured her of her fever. She was a countess, who, when at home, lived at the Castle of Chinchon, near Madrid; and when she went back to Europe, she brought with her a quantity of the bark of this tree, which she gave to the poor labourers on her lord's estates, who, from the unhealthy soil, suffered much from tertian agues. And from her it is sometimes called the countess's powder, and sometimes chinchona. And the fame of it is spreading all through Europe; but there is very little of it, and few people know how to come by it. Now when you go back to Europe, as I hope you will, you shall take with you boxes of these plants and many seeds; and you must sow some of these when you can, and the medicine you give or sell must be for those who seek to heal fevers and agues. And it is possible that you may get much money, my son; but always consider from whom you have obtained this bark, and that there is something holier about it than mere craft or gain."

And now my whole mind was fixed on the question—how I should come to Europe, and, above all things, visit that wonderful London of which I had heard so much, and which seemed to me more wonderful than even Rome itself, of which Father Isidore spoke of much. And the thought acted upon me as a great encouragement to do all I could in acquiring knowledge and cutting strips of the bark of the precious quina-tree. And the good fathers, instead of putting any hindrance in the way of my departure, helped me all they could. And they would have helped Johanne as well, but Johanne said that he was quite satisfied with things as they were, and wished for no other life, least of all for another life of wandering, of which he had had enough in coming from the coast. Father Isidore told me that if ever I could come to London, he could there give me business letters to people whom he knew of old, with whom I could dispose of myself and quina-bark to the best advantage. Also, he said, that if I waited patiently there would surely come a vessel across the ocean bringing the commands

of the general of the order, by which I might return; and he told me—what I have surely learned—that all good things come to him who learns to wait. But it so happened that I had to wait long and travel farther than either of us thought; for at last I went down to the Pacific shore, and thence to Java and the Eastern Archipelago, and so round the Cape of Good Hope, or Cape of Storms, to Europe.

And so it happened that I made my famous voyage around the world which had happened to very few before me, and even now, except to such of my friends as know that I am a man of veracious mind, it is a thing hardly to be credited. Yet it may be that the dreams of the poets may be fulfilled of "putting a girdle round about the earth," and men will run to and fro and knowledge be increased in a way which is beyond conception. The vessel was connected with the Jesuit mission, and from the American seaboard was to visit the Chinese waters and help the brethren there. Much quina bark was sent out to them, and they were also to plant it in China and India, and although this has never yet been successfully done in my time—for I have kept up my information from the good fathers—yet assuredly it will be done at last to the great good of those future generations whom we ought always to bear in mind. For my part I do not agree with the wit who said that we should do nothing for posterity because posterity has done nothing for us. The bark was brought down to the other sort of bark—excuse the paronomasia, or play on words—that was waiting by the shore chiefly by relays of negroes whom we had treated kindly, and who in return acted courteously by us. And so we sailed away. And it would take me many days and nights to speak of my adventures, which in some respects were comparable even to those of Sindbad the sailor, or even to the more veracious Marco Polo. And in that voyage, owing to what I had taken in of the teachings of the good monks, I was able to act as a kind of medicine-man to the crew, even as that beloved physician on board the pirate, whom Lacy and his men cast away on the stormy waters. I sometimes, in these, my latter days, go over to my friend Dr. Sydenham, who lives on the other side of the square, who sits enjoying his evenings before the open window, drinking from his tankard the second or small beer, by reason of the podagra or gout that will not easily endure the alcohol. "And if you take alcohol," says Dr. Sydenham to me, "it will kill you; but if you take it not, you will die." And so he drinketh much small beer with but small result either ways. And one day, sitting swaddled in his gouty clothes, an impudent thief walketh into the room and first drinketh his beer before his face and then puts the tankard into his pocket, friend Sydenham being all the time lame with gout and speechless with astonishment. And it was perhaps this that set my rascal varlet Jem on stealing my own silver goblet. He and I often talk together over that great voyage, than which he thinks there could be no training or education finer, and we think how wisely the countries of the earth would act if they had more of exchanges in their simples and medicaments. When I got at last to St. Katharine's wharf, where there was a little chapel nigh unto much shipping, I went at once to those people in London to whom Father Isidore had greatly commended me in the letters which I carried. They treated me very kindly, and made me tarry with them, showing me much hospitality, and taking me to see all of the many great sights of London town. They told me that there was much demand and inquiry for the new bark medicine, but that there was so very little of it to be got that it could hardly be called an article of commerce. They told me, moreover, that the principal physician of the day was one Dr. Anderson, of St. James's square, who was known highly to favor the new medicine, and to whom I had better apply at once and tell him of the chests of medicine consigned to my charge and ownership, lying at the docks.

So I repaired to St. James's square. Have I not reason to remember that morning and that house! For it is the house in which I myself have lived many years, and in which I am writing these lines.

He did not know me. But I knew him at once, that good doctor, who had helped and healed us on board the pirate ship. Had, then, the sea given up its dead? How was it that he, in an open rowing-boat, had escaped the inevitable destinies of a stormy night on the wild Atlantic?

At first he thought that I was a patient come to consult him. He noticed my convulsive start when I recognized him.

"Have we then met before?" he asked in a quiet sweet voice which I remembered so well.

"Yes, sir," I answered. "It was on board the pirate ship, and I was one of the pirates."

He turned rather pale and went up to the door and shut it.

"Young man," he said, "say not such a word as that, lest the birds of the air carry the secret into the King's chambers. Only last week six young men, lusty and hopeful as yourself, were hung in chains at Execution Dock for piracy. We have suffered much from pirates for many months past, and the country longs for more blood."

"But in-deed, sir, I was only a pirate by accident, by circumstances which I could not help."

"It is enough that you own yourself a pirate. They would hang you first and try you afterwards, if they had time and inclination to try you, after they had once hanged you."

Gradually the knowledge and recollection of me came back to Dr. Anderson. He remembered distinctly that I had served him and his child faithfully, and had wished to accompany him into the boat at the peril of my own life.

"How we escaped I know not," he said, referring to that awful night of the storm and of our own shipwreck, "except by the special mercy of heaven. The very storm that hurled us forward drove us to a haven of safety. We saw before us a tall awful peak, and we went onwards as being the only possible safety for us. And wonderful to say, we were saved through many hours of tempest and brought into smooth water just beneath the peak. It seemed to be an island of call; for although we met no human beings there, we found seeds and fowls, poultry, swine, and a little hut. We remained there for seven months, when a ship came in to water and took us away. And I left there some medicine and a compass and the box of cordials which you yourself had put in the boat, that I might not receive all and give nothing. 'And you?' he asked.

Then I told him the marvellous story of the education which I had received from the Jesuits. And he marvelled greatly that a poor cabin-boy should have been thus trained and instructed. With infinite care and curiosity he made me render the tale of my small acquirements. He was good enough to say that I need only go to a famous London hospital endowed by a good bookseller, and from him called Guy's, and it would be easy enough for me to become a member of the Royal College of Physicians; and he added that if the Royal College of Physicians could teach me something, there was also something that I could teach them.

Then I told him about the boxes and parcels of the quina-tree which I had brought with me. His eyes sparkled as will those of any true man of science when he hears of precious treasures come ashore that will be serviceable to the cause of humanity, and promote the progress of human kind over the kingdoms of Nature.

"Young man," he said, "you may look upon your fortune as made. I have in my escritoire letters from the physician of King Louis of France, and the King offers two thousand louis for some parcels not half so large as your cases, from your account, must be. We will go and see them."

I took and showed them to him. They were even more valuable than he had expected to find them. They were in excellent condition, for Father Isidore had taken care that they should be properly dried before being packed, which is one great means of their preservation. Also I was able to speak to Dr. Anderson of the alkalies and alkalis they contained in a more exact and scientific way than was then known in England. And to make the business short, the King of France paid through the London goldsmiths the immense sum which he had proffered for an adequate supply of the quina-tree. By the advice of Dr. Anderson I went as a student to Guy's, and having obtained the necessary qualifications, I became first his assistant, then his partner, at last his successor.

When my friendly merchants had allowed me to surrender their hospitable shelter, I went and stayed some time with Dr. Anderson in St. James's square. And there once more that celestial being, my Euphemia, who had broke with such marvellous beauty on my purblind sight in the old darker days of ignorance and unwitting crime, once more arose on the orbit of my life. And if anything could have shown me the priceless, deathless value of the education which the good missionaries had given me, it was that I was able to bring an equal mind to her own, that I could appreciate her wisdom, her goodness, her grace, that from books and Nature and travel I could bring something that would interest and stimulate her own fair sweet thoughts. With a thousand delicate subtle touches of mind and character she added infinitely to my poor knowledge; and when her love came to crown all the wonderful gifts of my life, I could only wonder that a gracious Providence had given me a nature so susceptible to happiness, and resolved to devote that life to heaven, to her, and the uses of knowledge and benevolence which the good fathers had pointed out to me when I was only a poor shipwrecked pirate lad who had sunk weary on my knees at the foot of the wayside cross.

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