

and I should imagine he had been drinking, and that, with exposure to the heat of the climate, has brought on a fever. But we'll pull him through, I trust."

The story of Martin's devotion to his friend had passed round among both officers and men, and the account given by Mr. Massey of the former had roused an interest in him, and certain privileges were granted, so that when off duty he was allowed to sit by Ju and keep the bandages on his head moistened. The boy's heart ached as he noted the tossing form, the swollen lips and tongue, and listened to the inarticulate ravings; after awhile the sick boy began to cry for Martin, and one day uttered the first note of the whistle which Martin had so often repeated while searching for him.

"He heard it, I'm sure he heard it, and that brought him back," cried Martin, sobbing as he caressed Ju's hand, and then bent over him again to catch what he was saying so rapidly.

"I'm coming, Martin," he whispered huskily, and then again he tried to whistle. "I'll come back and do my duty. England expects it, don't she? I'll do it, Martin, and I won't drink any of their wine again—beastly stuff! it makes my head ache, and I can't see. Look, look, there's a canary flying about in the trees; and look at the lizards, rummy little chaps. I'll come back, Martin. I'm sorry I went away. I'll come back, I'll come back—I'll do my duty," and then the whisper died away in an incoherent murmur.

Martin was obliged to go, but as he left he brushed against the chaplain entering. Martin saluted, but kept his eyes cast down to hide his tears and misery. The chaplain laid a detaining hand on his shoulder and looked into his face.

"Come, Lewis," he said, "be of better cheer. Your friend is very ill, but you must never despair. He has been led back to the ship—can't you trust him in the Hands that guided him so far? Don't despair, cast all your care on

Him Who careth for you. Or I'll give you a quotation which contains all that the text expresses, and which seems especially suited for sailors:

"Cast all your cares on God; that anchor holds."

Doesn't that teach you? Fancy what the *Niobe* would be at this moment if her anchor failed. And we are every bit as much in need of a steadfast anchor as is our ship. Come, my boy, think of this, and take it to heart. God is holding this poor fellow still; there is no need to despair about him yet."

The crisis of the fever had come, and as it passed it was found that, severe as had been the attack, Ju's strong constitution had surmounted it. Weak and worn he was indeed, very little like the strong, active boy who had set out from the ship so full of life and vigour: he liked to have Martin with him, and would lie with his hand in his by the hour, rarely speaking, yet seeming satisfied. When at length he was taken on deck that he might enjoy the fresh air he saw Cookson for the first time, but shrank from him with



"THERE IS NO NEED TO DESPAIR!"