

plore aloud what he called his imprudence.

"Where is the naturalist now?" cried he, alluding to Tarling; "he is employed, without doubt, in counting the petals of a flower, or in drying a herb, in the hopes that I have brought him home a dish of fish for supper; I wish that one like him was hanging on every gallows in the three kingdoms."

"You are wrong, Ridler," said Arthur, who then just made his appearance at the door of the hut, "for the naturalist has been well employed all day."

"And what does he bring us?" asked the old smuggler, ironically; "a rare insect, a curious stone, or some plant decorated with a Latin name?"

"None of them, Ridler."

"What then?"

"Plenty for the present and for ever."

At these words Tarling drew from a basket, made of the bark of the *balibayo*, plaited by Mrs. Keppel, some farinaceous roots, which, thanks to his long researches, he had at last discovered; these were the *papas* and the *baba*, *monocotyledonous* plants, much used by the South Sea islanders, and with which his previous studies had made him acquainted. He also found some *gapsaps* and *ignames*, which were near maturity. He explained to his companions their nutritive properties, and the method of increasing them by cultivation, so that they had no longer to fear a famine.

The unexpected good fortune restored hope to George, who suffered Mrs. Keppel to dress his wound, whilst William prepared the repast.

But the wound was more severe than Ridler had at first supposed. He was obliged to remain in the hut during several days, and, accustomed to live in the open air, and amid

active employment, he soon became low-spirited. It was then that Mrs. Keppel became useful to him by her pleasing conversation, her attentive care, and above all, by her example. She taught him to be patient; she pointed out to him the many little compensations which long suffering had made known to her; she initiated him gently into pleasures that were until then unknown to him. The coarseness of his mind insensibly wore off; his heart became more feeling towards others—more expansive; it became sensible also of emotions and pleasures, which, until then, he had not suspected to exist. He no longer shrugged his shoulders when the invalid sang her hymns; on the contrary, he liked to hear that soft feeble voice which brought to his remembrance that of his mother. By listening to the prayers repeated night and morning by Mrs. Keppel, he, by degrees, recollected those which he had been taught when a child; and thus recalled to pleasing reminiscences, long forgotten, he would begin to speak of his early years, passed in the Highlands of Scotland; his errors, his scruples, and his delights. Thus, unknown to himself, the strong man became a child; and, while recollecting to mind the pure impressions of youth, he began to comprehend them and to love them.

His foot got better, but the imperfectly healed wound prevented him for a long time from fishing. One day when he was lamenting his incapacity, and complaining with some bitterness of the awkwardness of his associates, Trot declared that he was now ready to take his place.

"You!" cried Ridler, "if we wanted any one to climb nutmeg trees, or walk on their head, I should believe you; but what have you done ever since your arrival besides finding