

"Yes, indeed; I know that. Has your visitor just arrived from England?"

"Oh, no, from Batavia. He came to Sydney in the Dutch vessel—the *Leeuwarden*—which arrived there a few weeks ago. From what Hector said to me he seems to be a person of means, who has come to the colony solely for the purpose I mentioned."

"Well, I am sure we shall be glad to see him at Waringa if he makes any stay with you," said Lathom politely, but truthfully; for he was always glad to see and entertain any stranger.

Dinner was to be served at six o'clock. An hour before that time, Helen was in the garden picking some of the few remaining flowers to adorn the dinner table, at which she was to wait—a duty she especially detested when visitors were present, but which she never tried to avoid—when old Tim limped up towards her, carrying in his hand a bunch of wild convolvulus flowers.

"Thank you, Tim," she said gratefully, "that is just the very thing I wanted, but I had not the time to go down to the creek for some, and the table would not look at all nice with only these few poor flowers from the garden."

"Yis, yis, dear," he said in low tones; "but 'twas not to bring ye the flowers I came."

He looked round carefully to see that no one was near them, and then quickly slipped a small, tightly rolled-up piece of paper into her hand.

"'Tis a letther for ye, dear. Hide it away, darlin', hide it away, till ye can rade it alone."

She slipped it into the bosom of her dress, and as she proceeded to arrange the wild flowers which the old man had brought, her hands trembled.