

you have to say, though, to tell you the truth, I feel more like pitching you over the hedge than anything else."

Ju's face flamed crimson, and for a moment it seemed as though he must choke, so hotly did the tide of passion surge through his veins; but Etty bent forward, and touching him lightly on the shoulder said, "Poor Ju! Don't be too hard on him, Martin, he's going to tell us all about it."

"Why hasn't he told all about it before? He's had time enough," was Martin's reply.

Ju straightened himself up. "I'll tell you all about it. I didn't speak at the time because I was afraid. Afraid I'd be punished; afraid you'd cut me altogether, Martin—you were always so down on a fellow if he didn't do his duty; and I didn't want to lose you. It was Cookson who was at the bottom of it; I saw afterwards that he was only playing me off against you just for spite; but he just stuffed me up full of jealousy, said you were making up to the officers to gain their favour; and somehow or other when you used to talk and preach to me about doing my duty I felt mad, and I did and said things just to vex you. Then Cookson made me feel I was put upon over that caning, and though I don't believe it now, he told me you were the one to split on me about smoking. Altogether I was as unhappy as I could be, and the day when I said to him that I'd bolt he chimed in that he was sick of the ship too, and if I'd keep away from the ship, when he came ashore he'd join me and we'd stay in the island till the *Niobe* had sailed. He had been there before and he said it was a lovely place to live in and we'd do well for ourselves. He told me where to go to, and keep close for a few days, and he lent me a little money. I went to the place—it was a dirty wineshop in a back street—and then I sat and drank till I didn't know what I was up to, and somehow or other I got into a row and had a fight. That was how I got the blow on my head. Then I suppose the man heard of the hue and cry after me and was frightened, and the second night he walked me off somewhere. I was stupid with drink, and I only know we kept going up and up. He could speak a little English, and he made

me understand to keep on and then I should find some friends. I thought he meant Cookson, so I walked and crawled on, and at last I got to a place when I felt I could go no farther, so I got in among the fern and laid down, and a long time after I heard your whistle. I couldn't, I didn't dare to show myself then, but it roused me, and as soon as it got dark I started and walked down again, and you know the rest."

"What made you tell now," asked Martin, "after keeping quiet all these years?"

"You spoke about the whistling, and I've often felt I'd like you to know that I did hear you, and I felt grateful to you for going up to find me, only I was so afraid you'd throw me over; but now I felt I must tell the truth. I couldn't sit here and act a lie with Miss Etty's eyes upon me; I couldn't do that."

A silence fell upon the group, which lasted for some minutes; then Martin rose and went across to where Ju sat on the grass. "Old man," he said, "it was wrong of you to desert, but I see how it was now. I drove you away when perhaps you would have come and told me. I didn't mean to preach and be a prig, but I was for all that. Come, let's be friends again, let's both forgive and forget."

There was something suspiciously husky about Martin's voice as he spoke, while the tears rained down Etty's pale cheeks.

"That's my dear brother who always does everything right," she whispered.

Then having gripped one another's hands in silence the talk after awhile drifted back to the time of Ju's illness, and Martin told of the chaplain's visit and how he had told him to trust God and leave Ju in His hands, and repeated the line of the poem,

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

"That's beautiful," said Etty, with shining eyes. "I wonder who wrote it."

"Tennyson," answered Martin promptly. "I asked the chaplain afterwards, and he lent me the book. Etty, I wanted to give you something before I went away to sea again, and