

the Patiras were not amazed at the sight of white people, since for two years they had nursed this white child in their midst—nursed him, too, with evident tenderness; there was no mistaking the fact.

The chief himself was divided between his interest in his presents and curiosity regarding this new white people. At present they were to be treated honorably, it appeared, for the chief signed to them to accompany him to the largest house in the village, where he was to take up his abode with the child. Jesse was his property, and a charge greatly valued.

Love is an interpreter everywhere. 'Lisbeth felt no fear of the powerful savage, whose language she could only guess at. While Perran and George stood by, uncertain how best to propitiate the chief, she lifted the weary child from the litter, and laid him on a soft heap of leaves under the verandah.

Such a tiny skeleton! Oh, God had been good to let them find him alive! If only she might be permitted to nurse him back to health! She had no fears of savages, or fever, or any other alarms now. She had Jesse, and her heart was at rest.

Jesse was looked upon by this tribe as sacred, Joe told her.

"You make him well, missis, and the chief do anything we ask," said Peter, grasping the state of affairs in a moment.

Ah, that was a matter beyond even 'Lisbeth's fond cares! But she had already begun her nursing, evidently to the immense content of the chief. Molly had been sent to tell Captain Mostyn of the course of events, and to bring back the medicine-case and the pannikin.

Quinine was administered to the child at once, and then 'Lisbeth heated water in the pannikin, with which to bathe his face and hands. He had not spoken yet. Perhaps he had forgotten the English tongue, or else the utter exhaustion he was suffering from kept him silent. By many evident signs the natives expressed approbation of the white woman tending the white child. They had done all they could, but he daily faded before their eyes; now there was hope.

He was a bond between two nations. So engrossed were the tribe with their idol, that but little surprise was exhibited at the appearance of Captain Mostyn in the village. He could no longer remain in retirement while such exciting scenes were going on.

There was now little doubt that the whole white party were in the good graces of the Patiras. Large further gifts were made to the chief out of their stores; and he, in his turn, graciously presented them with the second best house in the village as a residence. 'Lisbeth, he signified, must stay with Jesse. At this point Perran went through a little pantomime of linking 'Lisbeth's arm in his, and signifying

that where she went he must go. He had managed to acquire the native word for "wife," and the chief seemed thoroughly to understand, and consented to his request to be permitted to remain with her.

At sunset Jesse lifted his weary head, and looked around.

A slave appointed solely to wait on him seemed to guess his wishes. 'Lisbeth watched the man lift him carefully and carry him to the hut door; there a strange sight met her eyes. A gong sounded, and immediately the natives formed a large semi-circle on the cleared ground. Jesse signed to be carried near. All at once every man, woman, and child fell on their knees and clasped their hands, looking up into the cloudless sky.

Jesse's lips were moving and his skeleton hands were clasped too, but what words he said were lost in the half articulate chant of the kneeling savages. What was that chant? Had 'Lisbeth rightly caught the first words, "Our Father?" She was not certain; but at least the outburst sounded like a prayer, and the Amen at the close was unmistakable.

'Lisbeth hazarded a question when the weary little child was laid back on his leaf couch. Did Jesse teach these poor men to say *Our Father*?

He evidently understood his native tongue, even if the speaking of it had become difficult in the two years of its total disuse, for he opened his blue eyes, smiled at her, and nodded affirmatively. Then he clasped his hands once more, and said slowly, yet distinctly, "Jesse pray, Patira pray too."

It had been the example more than the precept of the innocent child which had influenced these poor savages to adopt the act of worship; whether they attached any meaning to the gesture had yet to be discovered.

*(To be continued.)*

Dean Farrar thus strikingly presents the overwhelming obligations which rest upon England with regard to missionary enterprise:—"Why is it," asked the Dean, "that God has caused the white sails of our vessels to dot every ocean on the globe? Why is every sea furrowed with the keels of our merchantmen which have been called 'the fittest avenue to our palace-front?' Why has He given us that gigantic force of expanded vapor which we have made our slave? Why has He enabled us to seize the lightning by its wing to flash our humblest messages through the hearts of mountains and under oceans? It was not for no purpose that God has given us such powers as these. We are not intended to be merely the accumulators of the world's riches, nor the carriers of its burdens, nor the manufacturers of its goods; we are not to be the beasts of burden of the world—but we *are* to be the evangelists of Christ."