

of the safe return of the travellers (saving George Holt, who had chosen to remain behind as a missionary) to the steamer waiting in the river, and finally of the arrival of our friends at their new home in Australia—Greenmeadow.

Naturally enough, Farmer Holt could not but be glad that, after all these ups and downs, his favorite daughter should be safely installed in a prosperous home of her own. He was not an unfeeling, nor indeed an avaricious, man, and he had a "Poor little chap!" to spare for Jesse, whom he had seen once or twice in the old days, as a child trotting by Michael Proudfoot's side. "A white-faced lad! Never could have made a man of him! Well, Perran has done fair by the poor child, and now it's all his, the big Australian property!"

So said the farmer, as he passed the letter on to "mother" and "the girls." But that scene had been enacted ten years ago, and what has it to do with to-day's smiling faces, holiday clothes, and church bells ringing? A great deal, I can tell you; and yet I will not tell you, for you shall come into the village street and find out for yourself what is the cause of all the stir and excitement, and why King's Cobbe is moved to its very heart's core to-day.

Here we are, in the stony, steep main street (only a lane in size) which leads from the church to the Cobbe. It is thronged with people—men, women, and children, in Sunday coats and ribbons. They are waiting for something or someone, evidently, and the greatest crowd assembles at the spot where the street divides, or rather where the road from the Grange joins the High Street.

Master Lott, grayer than he looked ten years ago, occupies a prominent position on Mr. Smirke's (the London chemist's) steps. Mr. Smirke has lately arrived in the town, and requires much information about county and King's Cobbe matters, and Lott is the man to instruct him.

He is at work now. Let us listen: "Well, as I told you, Perran Proudfoot, he has never disgraced the name, not here nor t'other side of the ocean, not as man nor boy. He couldn't bring the dead to life, but who's to blame him for that? Not I. If his life could have saved the little un's, Jesse's, he'd have given it. But the Lord above wouldn't have it that way. He'd just laid it out that Perran was to have that fine bit of land in Australy, and make a decent God-fearing spot of it in a country where, I hear, there's plenty of gold and sheep, but mighty little religion. Perran was always one to carry a thing out he set his heart on, and he sets himself to do his best for Greenmeadows. Money he gets out of the place; good he'll put into it if he can.

"So, first thing, he and his missis ('Lisbeth Holt as was, as nice a girl as you'll find all the

country round, and with a spirit of her own), they two start *Sunday* on their land. There weren't no Sunday known there before, only a sort of a day following Saturday, when folk lay a-bed and counted their money, and eat and drank twice as much as usual.

"They got the country folk, black and white, to come to the Big House, and Perran, he outs with his prayer-book, and reads and prays for all the world like a parson, as near as may be; and the blacks, they all say Amen till the whites have got over their shyness. And then there's singing! 'Lisbeth—I beg her pardon, Mrs. Proudfoot—she has a grand voice of her own, and after a while the service grows, as you may say, so pop'lar, that there'll be a regular fair of horses picketed to the trees and posts round.

"Who preached? do you ask. Well, I asked that too; and Perran he says that there wasn't a sermon like, but a bit of a talk after the praying and singing; and sometimes the captain, when he was out there, took it, and sometimes Perran himself, or any other decent settler who had a word on his lips for good.

"But when the Sunday gathering got to fifty or more, Perran, he gets restless-like, deep down. Says he, 'There's fifty souls, all bound for some place beyond Australy; who's to see them safe on their way? One of those surely to whom the Lord gave power to teach and baptize in His Name.' But real parsons weren't to be had then for love or money in Australy. So Perran makes up his mind and writes home to Sir John here. If he'll find the parson, Perran 'll find the money to keep him, and the rectory, and by and by the church.

"Well, to make a long story short, our folk here do find a good, hearty Cornishman who's up to black souls as well as white, and out he goes, and now I hear tell they do things in the Greenmeadow church 'most as nice as we have 'em here. And the first baby the parson baptized was Perran's eldest—a little girl. How many children has he? two; girl and boy, Mary and Jesse; you'll see 'em by and by, as fine children as may be. Proudfoot all over. Perran not a Proudfoot! There, there, Mr. Smirke, you'd best stick to your drug-messing. A Londoner ain't one to lay down the law here, or pretend to know about things as belong to the place. Perran, I say, is a Proudfoot—all his six feet; and if he didn't happen to be one by birth, that's a' accident, I say, as he couldn't forecast or prevent, and it didn't ought to be mentioned in polite society."

Lott moved a few feet away from the chemist; he was feeling a little huffed at this newcomer presuming to disparage the hero of the day; for indeed Perran, now returned with his family on a temporary visit to the old country, is the hero of this bright day. A moment, however, sufficed to smooth down the irritation,