

well protected from rough weather, and being naturally well drained throughout. It is almost as good a situation, for a person wishing to settle in the district, as can be found. For the labourer it is within an easy distance of good work; and for the gardener or farmer it is close to the local market, while the cost of carriage by water is almost nothing.

If twenty people can be found, the land will be divided between them. They will elect their own committee and treasurer, who will receive their payments for the land and forward them to the Government. The price of the land will be about one shilling and sixpence per acre, payable every six months for ten years, after which the land

becomes the property of the holder, and one-third of the price is returned by the Government.

I think I have said enough to show how possible it is for men of small capital to make their way in the Colonies, and within a few years to acquire a hundred or two hundred acres for their own. If any one would like to know more I shall be happy to send him all information if he will write to me—Rev. J. C. Yarborough, † Sunnybank, Leeds.

But I must warn every one that emigration only pays to those who are willing to work, and to work hard. Steadiness, sobriety, and trust in God are the passports to success all over the world.

## On the Quay.

**I**T was a wild September morning after a stormy night, with grey clouds flying low over the grey sea, and scuds of rain hissing in the pools of salt water that the high tide had left on the quay.

It was early, yet there had been stir enough on the quay, for the few fishing boats belonging to the little town had been beaten in almost before daylight by stress of weather. They had no fish, but were glad to get in safe, for the wind was still freshening, and the white horses tossing wildly out at sea.

The boats were made secure, and the fishermen had climbed up the steep, narrow street to their homes, thankful for food and fire, and the sight of wives and children. There was hardly anyone left upon the quay but one gentleman, a stranger, who was pacing up and down to keep himself warm, and an old fisherman, who leaned upon the sea-wall, looking out towards the misty horizon.

The gentleman looked round at the other more than once, but the old man never took his eyes off the sea, till presently the gentleman, Mr. Stamford, stepped back into the

little inn that opened on to the quay, and came out again, carrying a fine telescope. He adjusted it, and came forward to the sea-wall, sweeping the misty sky-line at a glance, trying, if possible, to discover what the other was looking for.

The old man turned with a start, looking with great interest, not at Mr. Stamford, but at the glass.

After a moment he drew near, almost touching Mr. Stamford's shoulder in his eagerness, and spoke in a hurried under tone:

'Can you see them, sir? You can make them out plain enough with the glass, can't you? My eyes used to be good enough, but they are failing me now. That's why I can't see them.'

'What is it you can't see?' asked Mr. Stamford gently, respecting the trouble that showed itself in the old man's trembling lips and haggard eyes.

'My boat, sir—my boat and my two boys. A little boat painted blue and white, and a patched sail. But they'd not have the sail up now.'

Mr. Stamford looked again, carefully and long. 'Nay,' he said unwillingly, 'there's not a boat to be seen, near or far.'