

"Not if he wishes it?" questioned the poor mother.

"He won't wish it," said 'Lisbeth.

"Then you won't stay with us?" asked her young sister Susie, trying to prison a cold hand which 'Lisbeth drew away.

"No, dear, no; not unless you chain me," said the wife.

After that, another plan came to the fore. 'Lisbeth was to go to Australia—to Green Meadows—there to remain in safety while a party was despatched, with Perran as leader, to the interior of New Guinea, George, her brother, having offered to take charge of her during the absence of her husband.

There was a general feeling of relief when 'Lisbeth turned gratefully to George at this proposal. "Yes, do come, do; I shall be so glad" (the conclusion, however, spoilt all); "but I shall not stay at Green Meadows; we will all go with Perran to New Guinea."

It was no use arguing with the wife of four weeks; it only seemed to throw her into a feverish state of agony, in which she followed Perran about as if not daring to lose sight of him.

Would he play her false—for her own good, as he thought?

She was nearly ill with these alarms, till Perran, harassed on all sides, put a stop to her terrors:

"'Lisbeth, you wrong me by your fears," he said, one weary day, full of discussions and discouragement. "If I am not a Proudfoot by birth, I am by feeling, and I will be true to my wedded wife. Even for your good, child, I will not consent to be parted from you, since you are so sorely set against it."

And then 'Lisbeth's heart sang aloud, although her lips spake nothing. She could bear all things now, she could laugh at those changed prospects which made poor old Farmer Holt so crusty to contemplate. She could coax that old father back to good humor, and dry her mother's tears before they fell. All must be right if she might be by Perran's side. New Guinea had no alarms for her. See what a strong party they were already, and Government would help them, too. Captain Mostyn said the Queen was most anxious to explore that island, and who knew? perhaps Perran would get some grand post there, if poor little Jesse was alive and must have Green Meadows. Oh, it would all come right now!

Perran had had some uncomfortable moments to wear through, when he thought of all the dangers and sufferings which might befall the young wife he was taking from her safe English rest, but his late master dispelled such self-reproaches.

"I thought you were a more religious fellow, Perran," said the Captain, when he found his late manservant with a very grave face brooding over his anxieties. "Where's all

that trust in God looking after things, however awkwardly they seem to turn out, which poor Michael used to drill into you boys?"

The question was that word in season just then needed.

"Thank you, sir; I hadn't thought enough of that. I won't worry any more about this New Guinea business, and 'Lisbeth shall go with us. I have no right to leave her against her will."

"Go with us," Perran had said, for Captain Mostyn, with returning health, had felt that very natural craving of a spirited young nature for an expedition into a new country. He, too, would go to New Guinea, and help in the search for the missing heir; for as such Perran, despite remonstrances from Farmer Holt, insisted on considering little Jesse. And he had a friend in Sydney, too, who had a capital yacht he would certainly lend for the purpose. He must be telegraphed to at once to have the vessel in sea-going order.

Very soon every one smoothed down to consider New Guinea put in the place of Australia. There were so many chances against finding the lost boy—so many reasons why Perran and 'Lisbeth should still be master and mistress of Green Meadows—that even the farmer left off grumbling, and the packing and collecting of goods went on much as before. Only some special boxes were labelled "New Guinea," and into them went very strange packages and bundles, with Birmingham names on the covers. 'Lisbeth and the other girls laughed heartily after peeping into one small box almost too heavy to lift. It was full to the brim of tiny red beads, and red cotton handkerchiefs. There were, too, many dozens of a somewhat unwieldy collection of small looking-glasses, and common clasp knives.

"Perran, what is all this rubbish for?" asked the old farmer, at last; "looks like prizes for an infant school."

"This is our money," answered Perran; "in New Guinea we shall buy food of the natives with these articles. I hope to lay in a larger stock in London."

"Humph!" The farmer thought it must be a queer sort of place out yonder. "Call it New Guinea, and the folk not to know the value of a brass farthing. Well, well, strange things do come about nowadays, but he never thought to send a girl of his to such quarters. He washed his hands of the whole business."

"But you wish us well, sir—you trust me with 'Lisbeth; say you do, and then I shall go out with a good heart, afraid of nothing."

For all answer a very horny hand grasped Perran's. For some reason, Farmer Holt could not let his son-in-law see his face, but Perran was satisfied, and went about his work with a better heart than he had done since that last most exciting letter arrived:

(To be continued.)