

carcases drawn up on the beach, and the great fires lighted to boil the blubber.

Now, they are lolloping about in the sunshine, consuming quantities of small fish and coming so close in shore that one can see the whole shape of their marble-like bodies swimming, not ungracefully, in the blue.

In striking contrast to these giants of the sea are two saucy little kittens frisking about below the verandah, biting each other and boxing with their tiny velvet paws, so sinuous and so graceful in every movement and in such singular contrast to the clumsy gainbollings of puppies of the same tender age. These little cats are striped like coons, but their mother is the colour of a ripe apricot—with a very smug expression!

A grey goose wanders by with nine lanky goslings that have doubled in size during the past fortnight.

Cyrias and Telesphore run blithely up the hill with the empty water-butt on a little cart to fill it at the creek. Cyrias, barelegged and grinning, balanced on the shafts, urges Telesphore to run faster, and they race along at a fearful pace, the tin bucket jangling all the way. Presently they come into sight again. Panting and puffing and pushing the barrel, now full to overflowing; up the hill they go,