

the languor induced by a hot climate, and constant feebleness, had kept his mind almost stationary.

Was he always to be a child? Perran sometimes thought it would be so. What he did know of God and holy things it seemed that he had striven, in his childish way, to teach those around him. He had quickly picked up the language of the people into whose charge he had fallen, and every word that fell from those baby lips had been deemed both sacred and important. The Patira belief about Jesse was that he had come from the skies in some unknown manner, so his acquaintance with heavenly things was not surprising to them.

The little fellow had, quite unconsciously to himself indeed, begun a missionary work among these ignorant savages. Not only did he directly repress quarrelling and fighting, but their more barbarous customs of mutilating the dead, and decorating themselves with human bones, so shocked his tender child's heart that the former practice was concealed from him, and the only decoration pressed on him was that of garlands of beautiful flowers, woven freshly every morning. Jesse liked these and always wore them.

Though 'Lisbeth nursed him now, he was only half hers, she would complain. He loved his protectors, the Patiras, and would lie for hours in the arms of one or another of his dark friends.

The warm springs had given him a little strength for a time; but when the rains came on he flagged greatly, his cough returned, and it was soon evident that the precious life, so dear to them all, was quickly passing away from this earth.

A great pleasure to him at this time was the concertina. Either George or Perran would play some simple tune on it while 'Lisbeth or Molly sang. Sometimes it was a hymn in which all could join. The Patiras were most apt mimics, and those who did not understand a word of English would seem to be singing with great heartiness the Evening Hymn with the white people. They had all fled in amazement from the music at first, but afterwards, finding Jesse was not alarmed, they tremblingly returned to investigate this "voice from the sky."

'Lisbeth had begged Perran to try to carry on Jesse's teaching of religion as far as might be. So morning and evening the chief was requested to summon his people for a prayer, which still on their part could only consist of outward show, and faces, instead of hearts, turned heavenward.

George Holt, indeed, had from the first devoted himself to acquiring the language of the tribe; he had at heart a secret desire to carry the Gospel to this poor ignorant people. They were intelligent and kindly; if they were cannibals, it was the result more of gross ignor-

ance than ferocity; he could not go back to the world of civilization leaving them to their heathen darkness. Such thoughts as these were always creeping into his mind.

One day he tried to put the "Our Father," they willingly but ignorantly repeated after him, into Patira words, explaining the meaning of them somewhat lamely as he went along; and the excitement among the poor creatures was intense. The Great Spirit above, their Father. How could that be? His kingdom to come among them? When—now? Oh, yes, they would do His will if the white man would teach it! So the comments ran—George only grasping the drift, not the words.

After that he was always followed by one or another of the tribe, asking him questions.

But the little child was still to be the best teacher in death as in life.

The end was very close now. A day or two of feebleness, and then he asked to be carried out into the air one evening. He put aside Perran's outstretched arms; his "Patira father" must take him.

He lay on the chief's knees for some minutes, the circle round of dark figures growing every moment thicker; then he raised one little hand, a smile of great pleasure came into the baby face. "Hush!" he cried, in the Patira tongue; "my Father in heaven calls me, let me go to Him." A short struggle for freedom, and Jesse had gone as he wished.

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A little grave in the forest! Oh! was this the end of the expedition, its fatigues, its anxieties, its many hopes and anticipations?

'Lisbeth wept bitterly; Perran's heart was sore, too. It was silent George, the lad never thought clever by his family, who was now the mourners' best comfort.

"It isn't the end, 'Lisbeth. Can't you see? It's only the beginning. God knows that Jesse, young and weak as he was, has begun a good work here; and if He lets me, I'll go on with it. Yes, I am in earnest. Leave me behind with that little grave. I am not afraid. I'm a poor sort of witness for God, but better than none. As for you all, the sooner you are off the better."

George spoke truly. There was nothing now to detain the party. The Patiras had sorely felt the loss of the white child, the chief especially was inconsolable; but he now attached himself greatly to George Holt, and, finding that he would promise to remain with the tribe, he offered no opposition to the departure of the rest.

So at daybreak one morning they turned their faces towards the great river, and, with many thoughts and recollections surging in their hearts, left their dead in the silent forest, to go forth once again into the hurry of civilized life.

(To be continued.)