

and gave place to a wide "corduroyed" path of rounded saplings, neatly levelled with a filling of small stones. Here, too, the prospect, even at night, was decidedly pleasant, for the vegetation was dense and luxurious, and nearly all the trees growing near the water had their trunks enwrapped in masses of creepers—wild convolvulus, mulberry, and the climbing date, the sub-acid fruit of which were locally called "black-puddings," and the air was filled with the rich perfume of many flowers and plants, for there is no truth in the so often quoted statement that in Australia the flowers "are without smell and the birds without song."

At the foot of the corduroyed road was the little jetty, and as Helen stepped down the bank she saw the figure of Tim Doyle, an old "lifer." He was engaged in lighting a lantern that was placed on one of the jetty bollards.

"Good evening, miss," he said, in a rich Irish brogue. "Sure, an' I was just afther wondering if ye'd be coming down the night."

He limped—for he was very lame—towards her, carrying an empty box in one hand, and set it down for her to sit on.

"Thank you, Tim. It is a beautiful night, is it not?"

"It is that!" and the old man sat down on the wharf beside the girl and clasped his hands around his knees. A short clay pipe was in his mouth, and she could see that it was empty.

"Isn't your pipe alight, Tim?"

"It is not. Sorra a bit of tibaccy have I seen this God's blessed day."

Helen laughed softly as she put her hand in her