

pher's Stone. Fred's speculations and my own had precisely a similar issue, and what recklessness had effected for the one, a careful prudence continued successfully to supply for the other. So it is all a game of hap-hazard after all, and he who most unscientifically backs the "colour" stands no less chance of rising a winner than the most determined devotee of the table who ever invented an infallible martin-gale.

Iron pots and earthen ones swim down the current with differing fortunes. So it happened that while great capitalists had burnt their fingers, the small speculators were consumed bodily. It was well for those few who had even Wheal Ellens to fall back upon. Mine, at the critical moment, yielded sufficient and even profitable realization to give us once more a new start in some less glittering field, and that we determined on seeking northwards, within the Capricorn.

In all our sorest disappointment I believe we both had more pity for Fred than for each other. There was something inscrutably wrong about his unfortunate affairs at home. Nelly heard but seldom from Miss Fenchurch, and always unsatisfactorily—Fred never. His letters had indeed remained so long unanswered that he had all but abandoned their continuance, and, losing the one great cheering hope of his life, was rapidly sinking into a moody and purposeless apathy. So we rejoiced at the occasion of seeing him start afresh on comparatively untrodden ground, and collecting a scanty residue of some of the most cherished of our Lares, made sail more gaily than might have been expected, close-hauled against the sweet north-easter.

On our route lay a halting-place which is among the most lovely the world has to show. There was but a day to linger there, and we employed it in a merry pilgrimage to the most interesting haunt of pleasure-seekers within the Great South Land. There stands, on the little plot of ground first cleared in all that continent—cleared as the last resting-place of two of gallant old Captain Cook's ship's company, and still smiling in smooth, sunny swards, a suggestion of life eternal beyond the brooding shadows of the sombre forest it has escaped from—the last memorial of a noble life, the life of a brave man and a good Mason. Fifty-five years after the *Astrolabe's* fore-topsail had been loosed in the bay opposite, came thither two of his countrymen to erect, "to the glory of France and to the memory of La Perouse," the column whose legend tells us, of his gallant record who had sailed thence out upon the shoreless sea, whose grave has been forever hidden in the vast Unknown, but whose place is eternally in the higher Temple, the foundation of whose gates are of jasper and beryl and amethyst and chalcedony, and within whose shining towers the Great Architect is surely gathering His own.

It was the merest accident in the world that has caused this story to